

The
Travels, and Philosophy
and Life and Times
of

DANIEL
MOONEY



~~the autograph of Daniel mooney~~

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Daniel mooney the author of the book himself

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The
TRAVELS, and PHILOSOPHY
and LIFE and TIMES

— of —

DANIEL MOONEY

Born in the year 1860.

On the Dublin Road between Banbridge and
Drommore, County Down, Ireland.

AN IRISH EXILE

Edited by the Author
Daniel Mooney—Himself



WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
1930

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The TRAVELS, and PHILOSOPHY and LIFE and TIMES

—of—

DANIEL MOONEY

Now I have no doubt but whoever reads this book will say and think, can all this be possible and true that this man says he knows with them being deluded by newspapers that are paid to deceive them, because they say who will we believe if we don't believe the newspapers. Well, all I can say is what the Lord Chief Justice of England said at Toronto, in September, 1927, that the newspaper men were a lot of hypocrites and kept back the truth, and I presume they are well paid for doing so. After a lapse of 24 years they will say this is a lot of old bunk to suit the times and those that know all these things have taken place will scorn to realize them for their own interest sake, but as Shakespeare said, "guilt is so jealous of itself that it spills itself in fearing to be spilt;" so I desire the readers of this book to look back upon the tragic traditions of the past that were always cloaked by periods of time until the records were made known, then they stood in fear and dread of their own lives and we do know that history repeats itself, if not in one way, it does in another, for as Allison said that wrote the British Essays retaliation was to be deplored but it couldn't be stopped.

1903, June 23rd, I began to write the first lines of my life's history, and times. I am not a classic scholar, nor do I profess to be, but I have learned and been taught in that great school of adversity, suffering under oppression's load of persecution and scorn indescribably. Daniel Mooney, born in County Down, near Banbridge, Ireland, in the year 1860 or 61. I began to write the history of my life and times as I have said in 1903, 23rd of June, I began to record and set forth the events of my life that I seen taken place in my time and presence and I set them forth, regardless of contradiction. No matter what the best of learned men think. Some may say I am mad or insane, because I set these things forth that I know to be true by experience in suffering through them and by them. Some will say when they read what I have written that I am carried away or cast adrift by these silly ideas, but these will be those that never knew history, far less the knowledge of philosophy and science that I have

elucidated in this book. The mysterious power exerted by natures inhaling force to make men know how to reveal the truth, but this I know will prove to some to be a mathematics proposition to be proved by a reasoning chain of evidence, but when those are cut off that formed the chain of evidence that had the experience and could reason, I don't therefore look to any uneducated minds on the subject, but to those that make a real consideration of them, but as I endeavor to illustrate and put on record these events which I have passed through and by, I trust they will be a benefit to all men who come within these pages and have the good fortune to be able to reason with my meanings, as I have set them forth in my own circumstances concerning my travels and difficulties through life in the land I was born in, and also my toilings among mankind through the British Empire and Continent of America. My desire here is to set forth a true statement of what I seen and how I felt by seeing and by the treatment I got myself, and the treatment I seen meted out to others, how I toiled and how I seen others toil, and the most important of all was the difficulties we had to toil under, sometimes oppressed by our taskmasters, and other times by cabal party faction of the ignorant and incomprehensive, lead by sectarian fiction and theologian demagogues stirring up strife by category predicaments, among the unwary circumspect of mankind. The Rev. Dr. John McMurdey was a Presbyterian minister in Belfast, Ireland. He and his brother, Thomas was very kind to me when a boy about 7 or 8 years old, and he used to kiss me in acts of kindness and good will, and when I was beset on every side by Orangemen and Roman Catholics, because I detested both their principles and denounced their acts towards one another as cruel and unjust, that they separately devised ways and means to take my life twenty years ago when preaching in a church in Belfast, he came to hear about it and he with a Mr. O'Donnell, a chief magistrate, of Belfast, a Roman Catholic, arranged a meeting in St. Mary's Hall, Fall's Road, Belfast, to explain to the Roman Catholics of Belfast

who I was and what I was In 1904, that he knew me from a boy. So as Tom Moore, the Irish poet said, "the heart that has truly loved never forgets, but as truly loves on to its close, as the sunflower turned to his God when he set, the same look that he turned when he rose."

In these old superstitious days the Church and the King kept the stand, and men were but slaves kept in wonder of a home in a far distant land. The Jewish God must be dethroned, a personal diety must go back to the darkness of barbarism from whence he came. Theologians must abdicate and Pope's priest and clergymen labeled as extinct species, must occupy the mental museums of the future. As Mr Ingersoll said, "in my judgment this book sustaining original thought will hasten the period of that blessed time when we shall see the gray dawn a-breaking amongst the children of men, that their eyes may be opened and their intellectual brain to inhale the knowledge of the truth, they say to me what religion will you give us if you don't teach Christianity." Well this is my religion, teach the people how to make the best of this life and not be squandering time about some other world we know not of, somewhere else which is blind faith, and impossible superstitions assumption formed and promulgated by inquisitions and confabs to ensnare the unwary and make him a slave annihilated by degrees like the spider and the fly, sucking his blood, entangling him in his well planned and woven net, like a Bible designed by the Jews to confuse and nullify the perceiving mind. My doctrines are these, teach the boys and the girls to be just, honest and true with liberty and freedom this world to go through, to be truthful to one another, and to be kind and help the weak, to have patience and forbearance one with another, keep calm and cool, and avoid excitement. Give reverence to wisdom of the wise, listen to the instructions of your parents if they are wise and cultured, and always listen to and with discretion to the elementary teacher, he is the first to enlighten and set aglow your mentality that enables you to inhale the nourishment of wisdom from your environments through and in-life. Then apply the rule for the teaching of the meaning of production and distribution and the meaning of economy, which is the way of making or building carefully without waste of time or material dissolve or separate so or put together or compound to utilize so as to last and wear long, teach them the time should be used in making or producing and how long they should spend in the way of making their labours profitable to themselves and their masters, and teach them the economical ways of buying and selling to the advantage of themselves and their country Teach them the meaning of transfer of profit and loss in and through production and distribution through and in interchange of transfer in shipping, the meaning of customs duties and tariffs, how they effect their productions and distributions to and from the markets of the world. These and many others never naming invention of machinery and improving facili-

ties in many ways. This is what I give you in the place of Christianity. These are my religion, clean and comfortable homes with a just and living wage. This is a religion made Germany great and this is a religion will make any nation great, and all this teaching is kept out of the elementary schools for so-called Professors to live on the taxation of the toilers. This religion of mine without being refined will beat all the Jew's theology ever was written. No more hiding in your colleges or your nations done, this Bible gives us so many perditions and the New Testament so many threatenings about this life and a world to come, and the Jews to my mind knew how to write a history if they did write them all to fool the Gentiles and the wise Greeks if you will. They tell us these people saw the snorting and puffing engines and motor cars and I suppose flying machines all in a vision of subnolance and dreams, and it seems to me such men as Saul and David, not forgetting his love child Solomon, and many others of these Hebrew tribes were devising means and ways to confuse the nations, by these books they call a Bible, and when I see all their Christian Churches camouflaged and not knowing where they are going today, I give the Jews credit for the way they have doped them with this book's confusion and the Ministers and Priests remind me of red Indians I seen at a fair in St. Mary's, Ontario; writing out slips of paper like a Minister's sermon, spaying their fortune or future state. I went over to one of them and said, don't you know you are only fooling these people and he said to me, "what's the use in spoiling me." So the Christian priests and ministers are in that position today, and the Christian Jews don't want to be spoiled neither for they are out casts and has not where to lay their head. Moses was a son of Pharoah's daughter and David seen the star in the East but they shift the dates back and forwards to suit their teaching of this Bible, and their reactors the Jews are bred into all nations, they are citizens of the world, their foreigners to Palestine or any other clime they will still wonder.

But I must state here before I proceed any further, that my father's name was Charles Mooney, and his mother's name was Mary Rorke; they were real Irish, and his father was a blacksmith by trade. His mother had two brothers who went out to Africa sometime in 1820 or thereabouts, and they went after the gold digging, so they discovered a drift that stands to their names to this day—Rorke's Drift—and they amassed ten million and a half pounds. They left it to my grandmother, Mary Rorke, my father's mother, but she died at the good old age of ninety-one years and never got it. So much for 'Kingism' in Great Britain and Ireland.

My mother's name was Burns, and her father's name, William Burns, and her mother's name was Jane Kerr. They were both of Scottish descent. Her father, William Burns, was very near related to Robert Burns, the poet. My father's mother had another son besides my father, to one of the Scottish Plan-

ters by the name of Cunningham, who was a magistrate in Banbridge Town, County Down, Ireland. I am called for him, by name Daniel. He did all the communications of my grandmother to her brothers in Africa, and he tried hard to get the ten and a half million pounds before she died, but he did not succeed because I, myself, saw him killed by his horse falling on top of him, going over a fence while riding after the hounds in the hunt field. The horse fell back off of the top of the fence on him, and this occurred just beside my Grandmother's house. My Grandmother looked out at him where he was lying dead and she said, "There he goes now; I knew he would have a bad end." He tried to do her out of her brother's money that they left her. He lived in Lenaderge House, two miles from Banbridge.

This part of my experience will be continued later on as it falls in with the times as my life proceeds. But I must relate my mother's christian name was Isabella Burns. Her father and mother were Presbyterians. They went to Macharaly Church, the parish next to the one I was born in. Their minister's name was Mr. Thompson; he was a friend of Lord Kelvin, and my Grandfather, William Burns was some relation to him. He preached in that parish until he was blind, so that you will see that on my mother's side I am a so-called Protestant, and on my father's side a Roman Catholic, by sects and schisms as you go by, but although my father and mother were of those sects, I reject them both. I personally believe in the Supreme Power which I feel within me and see in all moving nature around me, which is a natural power.

I also denounce all worship of prophets and mediators, or would-be mediators of any kind. I also find the teachings of Christ won't stand the test of the moral law, and the laws of civilized nations won't adopt his teachings any more.

I at the age of thirty-four became convinced that there is no mediator between God and man. I never could believe in the new dispensation because the old was formed by man, therefore all dispensation is weak and frail.

Well, now, my father's mother kept a little shop by occupation, her father had a small farm, and in their time it was very hard to get any schooling. There were the National Schools around the country, but in those days my father had to take his coal or turf with him to make a fire, to keep themselves warm; and each boy and girl had to do the same, at school, and provide all books and materials. Well, my father, got a pretty good elementary education, for his time, in that part of the beginning of the nineteenth century. So my father and mother got married in 1855 or thereabouts. My mother's christian name was Isabella: She could neither read nor write—a quite isolated woman—but I was born in the year 1861, I think, and when I was five years old, I wound the bobbins for my father to weave with, alongside with my oldest sister, and I ever remember well a flogging my father gave me for running away

from my work. I had a great taste for horses and I always ran after them in the plow to get on their backs coming to the stable—that's what my father beat me for—and I believe now it made me very attentive to my duties in after life, and notwithstanding all the trouble in Ireland, with its bad governments, in my young days, 'I still look back with joy to my boyhood days, of youth, in that unhappy land, when by the moonlight, I would go to the little Grocer's Shop for the candles, that my father and mother used to weave at night with, to nine and ten o'clock. I would stop on the hillside in sight of our own hamlet or cot, and listen to the click of the shuttles as their echoes reverberated to the distant hamlets, until they ceased in the space of oblivion. And the light in the little windows in every valley and hillside flickered forth its reddened glow that charmed my emotions and feelings, and that caused me in after years to chant to myself the sublimest lays.

There about seven of a family of us, four boys and three girls. This was about the stirring times of '68. I saw then, not the children of the Roman Catholic Church, but the children of that great hereditary Church of England planted, eating the Indian meal porridge dry, without either sugar or treacle, while I was blessed, thank God, with a little milk, through my father's and mother's people. But I can assure you it took my father and mother all their time to get us meat and clothing, as we were growing up to be big. My father thought it better to leave the country and go to public works in town or city, but he chose the worst for us and himself, I might say, although we were living in the midst of the Ulster planters, there were very few of them could read or write. My uncle, William Boyd, and my own father were employed nearly every Sunday writing letters to America for the people around that part of the country.

It was in this very part of the country that I went one Sunday to the Sabbath school, at the National school, to be taught the Bible, but at the age of five—I remember it well, though so young—the first thing accosted me was the boys and girls bellowing out at the tops of their voices, "There is Papish Rorke, or Mooney." I went home and told father and mother what they said to me at the Sunday school and I did not go back there again, but it disheartened me a great deal, and I now, at the end of the nineteenth century, when education is advanced and in the ascendancy, when I hear them laugh at the idea of the Irish girl or boy going over the ditch or fence till this kind of people would go by; indeed, I have done it myself, and therefore, I do not wonder at them doing such things, when I was unable to protect myself from such cowards as are in the North of Ireland.

It has been proven in the Law Courts of Ulster, that they outraged, and in some cases, murdered to satisfy their brutal and bigotted ends. When a boy, myself, in this very place I often went over the ditch or fence because these wretches were waiting to injure me somehow and I had to go off the road and

sometimes hide in the fields or hedge while they would be walking up and down trying to find me. These boys were Church of England taught, and were always trained to hate all creeds but their own, and when Mr. Gladstone dis-established their church, they almost all became Methodists and the civilized people got rest for awhile. But I am sorry to tell you that they have all joined the Orange Society and returned to their old vomit again and they wallow in the mire.

But although my father was a staunch Roman Catholic, he never censured me for worshipping God, whatever way I chose, but of course, he wanted me to go to church.

Well, my father and all our family left this country home or habitation where we lived in a cotter's house, my father had rented of a Mr. Hance McMurdy. He had four or five sons, this Hance McMurdy, and my father and us helped him to take out his crop every year we were there, and he had a young son about my age at that time, that brought out the tea to the reapers in the evening. They called this son, John, and another son, Thomas, and we were very fond of each other, and we kissed each other like brothers, and they would separate the fine bread from the coarse, with fine jam on it, and give it to me, and one of these same boys became a Presbyterian minister, and when the greatest struggle of all my life came upon me, I had almost forgotten him, but he had not forgotten me. He came forth in St. Mary's Hall, to plead my cause as the Reverend Doctor McMurdy, because we loved each other from childhood. In the midst of all my enemies, he still proved a friend. They were very kind to my father and us all. These were the kind of people Ulster should have been planted with—that had no enmity toward their fellow-creature, but the greatest respect for the cultured, and humanised, and sympathy and pity, added with kindness for the ignorant.

Yes, I will ever remember the night we left these people's place. The horse that was hauling our chattels refused to leave the place and they had to burn straw under him to get him to move. I said at the time, "This is an unlucky shift," and so it did prove both unlucky and fateful to both my father and us. It was the beginning of our adversity and the dissolution of our home. We made this shift of ours in the year 1871, to a Mr. John Smith's, bleachfields, near Banbridge, at a place called Milltown. Then I was about nine years old, and at that age I first began to realize I was born for adversity.

My father could do all kinds of farm work although he was a weaver by trade, and so he started to plow in this new place, and I and my oldest brother Charles, went to work on the bleachfields. There we started to stint or spread out the linen when the wind had blown it into the rolls, and we gathered up the pegs that pinned the linen down to the ground. In this very place I earned the first money to pay for the first pair of boots I ever wore, at the great remuneration for my labor of sixpence

a day—or twelve cents—from six in the morning to six at night—and in my bare feet with the white frost on the ground; we had to join a Club to get these boots and pay twelve cents a week, with about twenty or thirty members, and then draw lots for who would get the first and last boots, so that sometimes you had your boots paid for before you got them. The reason for these Clubs was because the people could not afford to pay for their boots all at once, their pay was so small, so twelve cents a week till the Club ran out, got them their boots. Dear me! These were the hard times in part of my beginning to sustain myself.

When we had to pass the Doctor of the Factory's Regulations, they had to hide me away. I was not the age of ten years, which was the age to go to work at that time.

This Mr. John Smith had five sons and two daughters. The oldest son, William, was married to Sir Daniel Dixon's sister. Sir Daniel Dixon, was Lord Mayor, of Belfast, in 1903, and was connected with lumber and the linen trade of that city, and after he had been elected member of Parliament, for one of the divisions of Belfast, he dropped dead at his own gateway, and he left a large fortune, through his economical manipulating, he accumulated five hundred thousand pounds.

I, myself, was ordered out of my bunk—as they called them at sea—by one of his officers, when I was very sick, to go down to the stokehole to the fires, when I was not able to get out of bed, and because I did not nor could not obey, his Company gave me a bad discharge to prohibit me from getting another ship.

John was called for his father; he managed the bleachfields under his brother William. George married his cousin, Miss Ferguson, of Banbridge Weaving Factory. He was a judge in India at seven thousand pounds a year—that beautifully governed country where so many privileged sons of Great Britain make their nests among the green bowers and groves under the Asiatic sky, that their royalty love so much because those adopted children—their Indian Empire—are so easily beguiled, they are like the lambs, they never cry though the knife is near their hearts.

Bryce was a Doctor in Belfast, and James travelled and booked orders for that firm. Annie was at home with the father. Their mother was dead at this time. She was a Banbridge woman by the name of McLelland.

These Smiths went up to Buckingham Palace every year in Queen Victoria's time, just the time Edward's sisters were courting the Duke of Argyle, and the Duke was very jealous of this John Smith, of Banbridge, because he was there every year—this is Buckingham Palace for you in all its glory—but when John got married they stopped going up to Buckingham.

This was the most discouraging part in all my adverse lessons, and the real beginning of them. In this unfortunate position, my father had the large sum of forty-eight cents

a day which the master in that unfortunate country reckoned a big wage, to bring up a large family on.

My father was feeding the separator, and a man by the name of Swords was minding the engine. The man Swords would stop off drinking, and my father would have to take his place at the engine, so this man Swords got jealous of my father taking his place; he was an old Army pensioner and he could only do the one job, and through his enmity, he put some poisonous stuff in his drink—or to make it plain—he put it in my father's drink, and the result was that they had to take my father nearly ten miles to the nearest town to a Doctor to get him pumped, and they were small farmers and had no vehicle or wagon to carry him on, so they took him on a wheelbarrow, over a rough country road, with his head bobbing up and down over the road metal, so when the Doctors got him pumped out he was very far through, and Dr. McLelland, and a Dr. Dobbin, of Banbridge, County Down, pumped his stomach, and they said, his head with bobbing over the road metal was become as soft as a cabbage. That was in 1874, and every time he took whiskey or beer or intoxicating drink, it affected his head, and if he took any of these liquids after they weakened his mind, and in 1879 we had to remove him to Downpatrick Asylum for the insane. He here spent twenty-four long years of confinement within these walls of demented pain, which goes to prove, that although in other Asylums of the same kind they get very bad abuse, he was kindly treated by the Doctor of that institution—Dr. Nollans—and during that twenty-four years of my father's confinement I never visited him because it was a dread on me to look at a man or woman insane, but I always wrote to mother to let me know every time she visited him, and when I had made up my mind to visit him, mother would not let me, which I regret to this day.

The criminal acts and deeds partly by my own friend, and partly by my enemy's. This wretched man Swords that doped my father was an Orangeman, and my father was a Roman Catholic, so that anger was vengeance and his wrath was cruel, and whatever he put in my father's drink is a mystery to this day, for he took it to the grave with him, because when the Doctor told him about it, he poisoned himself, for he died in two days after. No one could or would imagine the enmity of these two schismatics of the population that are planted in the North of Ireland, by the English Government, as a safeguard or kind of garrison, to hold the natives in subjection to their will.

Yes, while working here in this very place that my father got almost to his end, I was compelled to take notes of the acts and deeds I saw performed by these people, or rather, wretches that were located in this part of that unhappy part of my native land.

By these marriages comes the curse of life upon the children in after years. I could notice almost everywhere, the excuse for race hatred was religion. These two peoples in

the North of Ireland never take a thought about the future of their lives, far less the consideration of their offspring and descendants that will rise up in judgment against them, because of their suffering and persecution. They look at face and outward forms, that ever counts for nothing—inward void of understanding under their garb, filthy corruption by their immoral acts and their degeneracy goes forth to the world in a state of deformity, such as egotists or fanatics about their sects and schisms, without instructions from a pure father, and unnursed and nurtured by an uneducated, ignorant mother. If these poor creatures were better instructed concerning the raising of an offspring, and the serious consequences of the obligations they are taking upon them, it would be a great blessing to these generations to come, and if man would study the saying of Shakespeare, and consider the perceptions of Charles Dickens, he would greatly improve himself and those around him, and he would speak out plainly then, and say to men and women as Shakespeare did himself—the breezes idly roam, the clouds uncertain motion—they are but types of women; oh, art, though not ashamed to dote upon a feature, if man thou wouldst be named, despite the silly creature. Then we would have no mixed marriages to cause misery to their children in after years, as I am about to record.

And here alone, lies the fundamental principle and real gravity of the young life and offspring that leads in after years to the destruction and disaster of many well-intentioned boys and girls. But if women only knew that the child is the marble from which she herself is sculptured, and if the youthful block is disfigured, fractured or broken, where may we find the moral, mental or physical chisel that shall obliterate or remove the damning effects.

In this very place, I could neither read nor write at the age of nine years. I went to a Protestant night school, beside the bleachfields of Smith's. It belonged to Smiths, although it was under the Government Board. Well, these boys conducted themselves so badly, by putting out the lights and breaking the slates and throwing things at the master, that the master had to close the school. Then we went to the Roman Catholic school, at a place called Lawrencetown, near Gillford. Our master's name was Gaghegan. Here I stayed until I was past the third standard. It was here my father sent me to the Roman Catholic church to learn the Ten Commandments and their Creed, but I learned the Ten Commandments and took a great interest in them, which I remember well to this day, and I still hold these ten commandments to be the only true facts in the Roman Catholic church. I often think if the Church of Rome would keep those Commandments, and teach the people so, and never mind their other dogmas, such as penance and self-denials and those prayers for the dead, or repose for souls that are gone, I hope to be in a better place or happiness, that they may have better joys than they had on the earth they have left, to

have peace to their souls, with a susceptible change, with a different quality of beings, and not like my father and mother, with altercations and angry disputes about Catholics and Protestants, which caused me to pause awhile.

In after years, I put myself in mutual correspondence with all facts concerning their wrangles, noting and acting alternately or reciprocally, as I reasoned with them, weighing everything that I saw took place, in the balance of justice and reason. But I must tell the Commandments I learned in the Catholic church in my boyhood days at nine years old. I still remember them well, and they keep me still from the power of the beast. They are short and sweet. First—I am the Lord, Thy God, thou shalt not have strange gods before thee. Second—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain. Third—remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Fourth—Honor thy father and thy mother. Fifth—Thou shalt not kill. Sixth—Thou shalt not commit adultery. Seventh—Thou shalt not steal. Eighth—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor. Ninth—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. Tenth—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods.

Now, I hold these are the proper and right commandments; they are short and easily understood, therefore they are better than long harangues, and with no complicated meanings to confuse the mind of the boy or girl. These, I believe, are the best instructions can be given the child. Well, I learned these properly when I was nine years old, but I do not infer that I always obeyed them, nor yet did I honor them as I should. But this I do know, they were a bridle to my tongue and a shackle to my body, and as I got older and experience increased, I thoroughly relished the benefit of them. As Bunyan says in his *Pilgrim's Progress*, I contended with the evil spirit and they helped me; and I often reasoned and pondered over his sayings, and I considered the progress of Bunyan's own life in Bedford jail, and I still believe the ten commandments helps to carry us through, and after the lapse of forty-five years, I have proved these effects to stimulate me, and every time I think of them, they invigorate me, but remember these commandments are natural laws made by man.

Well, now, after learning the commandments, they tried hard to teach me the Creed of their church and to get confirmed into it, but here, at the age of nine years, I could not see my way clear to do so, to adhere to such a dogma, as I believe in the holy Roman Catholic church, and in holy Saint Peter, and Saint Paul, and all the saints in heaven. Here again, as Bunyan did, I stopped at the wicker gate, and by listening to my father and mother about their religions, I thought I would stop preparing to get confirmed into Roman Catholic church, till such time as I would be able to read and write myself. So when the time arrived for the Bishop to come to confirm the boys and girls into his church,

it was on a Sunday, and there were quite a lot of people in the village to see and hear the Bishop speak. In Ireland they gather with stalls covered over with gingerbread and soft drinks, all for Confirmation day. Well, I ran around these stalls and avoided the Bishop, which indeed, I am very proud of today, not that personally he would have done me any harm, but as I see today, the followers of their great ecclesiastics of such dogmas, in their enthusiasm and pride of such a faith, are both superstitious and dangerous towards the other creeds, and in fact, in some cases, become fanatical towards their fellow creatures. In fact, fanaticism is more appropriate to their calling, while to me they seem but to embarrass, to puzzle and perplex.

Well, in this very Parish of Lawrencetown I commenced my meagre education, with my twelve cents a day, and my father's forty-eight cents; it was hard and adverse to get any kind of education at all. I was at a day school one Sunday, as I said before, and I never had the privilege of getting taught one letter of the alphabet in a day school, after or before, in my life, but I resolved, in spite of adversity or adversary, with help, I would get understanding and with every effort I would exercise I would continue to persevere to obtain knowledge. I then went to night school at this very place, three nights in the week, from seven to nine; two hours we got taught every night we attended. I must say this was a National school, controlled by the National Board of Education of Ireland. The master was a tall, dark man with a dark complexion. His name was Kagon instead of Jagan, as I stated at the beginning, a Roman Catholic, and as I have told you, the Protestant school closed its doors with the bad conduct of the boys, which I was very sorry at indeed, because it was near at hand for me at nights, but I had farther to walk to the Roman Catholic school, but was glad to avail myself of the chance, if I could walk the distance. There were boys and girls at that night school, the girls sat on one side of the school and the boys on the other. While the girls were reading, the boys were doing sums and calculations, or writing dictation, or doing out Copying Book lessons. We just got an ordinary education—dictation, spelling and copying writing, reading; and weights and measures; pounds, shillings and pence; and geography. We were taught no grammar at night school, it was taught in day school, but I must say this master was a good teacher of the lessons he taught. He was affable, yet firm and determined. I seldom, if ever, saw him smile, yet he was courteous and forbearing towards the scholars. I attended this school till I passed the third standard. I could do compound proportion when I left it.

While attending the Roman Catholic school, I must say, my attention has often been drawn to the two sects of religion outside the school. There was always rancor or enmity between the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, and I noticed the want of magnanimity or generosity was always on the Protestant side

though there were quite a few, as with myself and like myself in consideration and reason, were moderate and reasonable in their acts and sayings towards the Roman Catholic.

I noticed upon the Protestant side there seemed always a distrust or fabrication going on continually among them, concerning the Roman Catholics, fault finding, and delusions of fallacy, was what I found continually among them, in all their observations and remarks, and I noticed most of all, the Orange factions were still the most impudent and had the most effrontery; all the enmity and fanaticism of intruding upon the feelings of these poor, and as I think, misdirected people, but unfortunately they have not all that guiding spirit of humanity and knowledge that their countryman had. Thomas Moore, when he said, come fill round the wine and leave points of belief to simpleton sages and reasoning fools, this moment's a flower, too brave and too brief to be withered and stained by the dust of the school; your glass may be purple, while mine may be blue, but while they are both filled from the same bright bowl, the fool that would quarrel for the difference of hue, deserves not the comfort they shed on the soul. Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side, in the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree? Shall I give up the friend I valued and tried, if he kneels not before the same altar as me?

Yes, we have far too few inexperienced and untravelled people in my days and time. I here noticed in my young days, the first symptoms of a nation's weakness, and indeed, I might say, its degeneracy. The child taught to have no communication with those that its sect and its creed differed from, under a threat of punishment from its parents, and worse still, kept down by threats of the parson or the priest, of the dangers of hell and excommunication from their ordinances, if they continue in their fellowship with them, this is the breaking of the union of heart without which no nation or community of people can be strong or great. When this degeneracy of friction is come dis-unity is scattered among them. It is not ignorance, it is cunning, devised sectarian heresy, to command and manipulate the power and authority over the children so they hold the power of diversification in their own hands, which causes the children in after years, to engender strife, because they know these children are not circumspect to their cunningly devised fables, which keeps them ever in authority and power, when the children attain their boyhood days.

I myself had been playing at a game of marbles with the boys of the Orange sectarian gang, when they put me and my little brother Hugh away from their game. It was in after years that I noticed the cause, and understood their censure, by attending their ceremonious or formalities on the twelfth of July, or event of celebration of King William and the Boyne. I saw then the cause of this asperation and defame, by listening to their arrogance and lordly ideas, even in their excited moments of

their desires after this world's goods. A Bishop of the English church in Ann street, Belfast, in 1904, expressed himself in this manner: "What can we expect from them that's fed on skilley?" about his antagonist, the Roman Catholic, when they were rejoicing about Home Rule for Ireland. He was that short of meaning of any kind that he expressed himself as before stated. So when a Bishop or the head of a church expresses himself in this manner, what can we expect of the ordinary Christian. I think it is no disgrace to live on skilley, when a people have nothing else to live on, but I guess he was pretty full up himself with roast beef, along with the juice of the vine when he commanded so great an articulation. That heretic himself is reported to have said: "Blessed are the poor that die in the Lord Christ."

Well, now at that very young age, I have attended these demonstrations of this sect and schism, that is, these Orangemen's festivals, and the enmity that is displayed there is not to be coveted by any right thinking people. Orangeism is Kingism, and all their teachings are arbitrary and tyrannical. I have attended sham fights of King William and King James, representative of the Battle of the Boyne, with old guns shooting and set fire to old flags; a rehearsal of all the old battles they fought in this King William's time. In the keeping up of all these ill-feelings, I have seen them in cattle trucks and horse-cars, when there were not sufficient cars to carry them to a place called Scurved, where they held the sham fight, with a lot of those old and young ministers of the so-called gospel, that have met misfortune rough hand by rash adventures, and which path they still pursue. They get up like parasites upon an elevation or some sort of platform, to announce and proclaim themselves from—a good advertisement for themselves as a man of a gab. They commence their subject, and that is free and religious liberty, Derry, Acheran and the Boyne and I have seen 80,000 present at one of these celebrations. But there were more there to see and hear them than there were Orangemen. A good many thousands like myself, we were there having a holiday, to see the procession, and to hear the harangue mongers that lectured to them.

There were in that crowd, Catholics, Liberals, Radicals and Socialists, and all kinds of politics were there too to hear and see the Orange Band going and coming. I have seen some scenes in those cow wagons, going and coming to this gathering, and in the horse wagons too. There was anger, indignation, resentment, wrath, fury and rage; men and women and children packed and crushed together, with the drum sticks playing around their ears and heads and arms, was a terror to look at. And then the fury of getting into the cow wagons was frightful. No civilization was to be recognized there. They called themselves brethren, but when the time came for them to disperse and the engine blew her whistle, and the bell chimed for her to move off, the name of brotherhood ceased, and Hip!

Hip! Hurrah! was no more remembered for the day was gone. In a wild animals they rushed for the cars or wagons, men, women and children in a scramble for position or place in that train, regardless of life or limb, opening and shutting the car door as they crowded inside and if a stranger got inside, pity him. If the crowd he was among saw some of their village people's friends wanting inside, they would open the door and take her in and throw the stranger out on the platform. Then and there you saw the Orangeman in his glory, the ones inside shutting the door, and the ones outside hauling it open.

I saw there one fine young man getting hold of the side of the door instead of by the handle, to pull it open. The result was, they hauled in with such force that it clashed on his fingers between the sides of the door and his fingers were flattened out like a leaf of paper and he was a tailor by trade, so that he was no more fit to follow his occupation nor earn his bread by the art he learned or had chosen to follow. And with foolish women bringing children to such a gathering, being crushed and crowded in some cases to fainting fits and actual death.

In others, as was in this car and had I stopped any longer in the field, I would have had to take the horse wagon. Then inside this car and all the cars were alike, with the big drum started to beat, and though there was a great art in beating this drum. It reminded me of the African with his clappers and his tomtoms, and to judge between the two in reason, civilization and culture. I think the wanderer of the desert sands has the benefit of the doubt. While these Orangemen would be thumping the big drum, they would be looking all around to see if anyone was looking at them, and if there was, they would thump so much the harder, until the drumstick would hit someone on the head that was near to them. They were so fanatic, like a match struck, they went off in a flame. They seemed to me a people with an instinct, but no conception of perception. They realized not the future, and to sceptical and nauseating believers in fallacies, but the Pope always got his share of their regards for him, and their compliments always meted out to him, such as "To hell with the Pope," and "God save their King," and "No Surrender." This is their line and greatest song that I ever heard them sing.

After all this praise to King William that crossed the Boyne, and as they say, gave us free and religious liberty which they denied to every sect but themselves. Now, I will say this part of the programme is past; night has come, they all assembled at their respective halls or lodge rooms, to have a social time, with their wives and sweethearts; some of them drunk, and some of them, as Shakespeare says, "Mad in nature's love." They eat and drink and rise up to play, sing songs, mixed with murder—which is their favorite theme—at the beginning and ending of all their social gatherings, such as young McBrien's and others. Then at the close, the

wine and nature's intoxication takes hold of them. They covet some other man's wife; or try to seduce one of their brother's sisters. With the finish of their carnival or carousal, they indulge in fights with hands and fists, yes, and brute force, by kicking, biting, and eating each other like dogs, which made me think at the time, of Darwin's theory about the ape tribe where they spit and bite at each other, then they go home with their so-called brother and his wife, thereby taking advantage of his brother's wife, giving her wine or strong drink, and likewise her husband, until both are intoxicated; then he puts his brother to bed; afterwards he takes privileges with his brother's wife and seduces her, which puts an end to the happiness of their lives ever after, and a scorn and disgrace upon their children.

I, myself, at one of their socials, saw them half kill each other about the girl, not in any love for them but to gratify their own wretched nature, which is brutal in the extreme, and in this dastardly state of corruption, jealousies of his own has caused the seared and cooling jealousies of an insistent husband towards an insistent and deceived wife. This is the Orange brethren. Oh, yes, at this age of nine years I have noted many events, and in this case, one man by the name of Jonathan Burns, a full cousin of my own, and he had his sweetheart, as he thought, with him—a Mary Hopkins—and I was sitting upon the hay in the barn beside the Fiddler Murphy, with a crutch and a short leg. In the middle of the night they had a violent quarrel about their girls, (and this cousin of mine was red-haired, and the man that fought with him was red haired), about this girl. Well, I noted them and they called this man Ashwood, that quarrelled. So after the row was over they began to take the girls home and Ashwood wanted to leave this woman home, but I heard her whisper to him to wait till she would go home with Burns and then she would come out again and meet him. Well, on Fair Day, I saw this girl going for milk along a country road where I was herding cows, and this Ashwood overtook her on the road in a place where the trees almost met overhead on both sides of the road. I watched him there having circumlocution or communication with her which would not be very complaisant in after years for Mr. Jonathan Burns, for he married her, and she blamed the baby on him before marriage.

It has been fortuitous for me at and on occasional times, to take note of such things that I might be able to cite or quote, as I can do to this day, but this is not the worst of these Orange orders. After doing such cowardly acts in their workshops and at saloon bars, they bluster and spread calumny and defamation and contempt to despise their so-called brethren's beloved sister. By their acts and their works I know them. Yes, I remember when my sisters were learning the linen weaving at this very village near Banbridge, I often went and watched them till they would take their dinners on the roadside, in my meal hour, for fear of tramps or

some of these wretches of Orangemen, that were ever on the prowl, insulting them or committing some diabolical act upon them.

I will never forget, on one occasion, while taking a walk after my sisters had taken their dinner—I was just leaving to go to my own work—after the girls were safe to the factory, at a place where one road ran into another—they called it the Lurgon Road and it ran into the Guilford Road. It was a very nice road in the summer time and many and many pleasure seekers went that way; the chestnut and oak trees overshadowed the road, and there was a glen with wild flowers scattered around, and a little brook that streamed gently through it. There was a wall, in some places, twelve feet high, that separated the roadway from a big residence. They called it Banview House, because it overlooked the River Bann, and it was elevated above the banks of the beautiful stream. I netted it, though against the law, to catch trout and I got some good ones weighing five pounds, but the net broke and I never got another. Well, as this is a description of the place I must proceed with the events that took place there.

The wall around the place was broken down in different places, but this little brook streamed down into the Bann was an important place in many ways. It had many peculiar ideas about it. The road here crossed the stream that wound its way down through the glen, and it had an archway about five feet high and about six feet wide. I often sat on the verge of the wall at night in the shade of the trees above and around me and listened to the echoes of the voices in the distance and the footsteps tread, and in my young days here, I always kept a dog. He was three-quarters bull and one-quarter terrier. He was a hard fighter and a good companion, and also a good watch house dog. Here, one night, when I was sitting on this wall, I could not keep my dog at rest, about nine o'clock in the evening and I took him up on my knee, for fear of him making a noise; and it came on a very heavy shower of rain. Then I heard the voice of a child crying in the plantation on the other side of the road from me, and I heard the voice of a man and woman talking, and I thought it very strange to hear them in such a lonely place. So I went home and told my father and mother about it.

Next day I went to the plantation and could see nothing remarkable there. Just as I was about to go away the dog raised a rat on the side of the brook and he hunted it into the archway under the road, and there were large stones here and there I could step on, so I went in after the dog and rat, and when I was half way through the arch I came on a flannel bundle rolled up. So I rolled it over with my foot and I saw it was a young child dead, ~~but~~ it was alive the night before, that I heard crying in the plantation. I was just a little over nine years old then. I went with the dog right home to my father and told him I found a dead child, and he reported it, but I was too young to give evidence, but at the

inquest of the child, the authorities had its mother a prisoner, and when I heard her cry and speak, I knew it was the woman's voice I heard in the plantation that night with my dog. But they had not the man that was with her in the plantation; she took all the blame on herself and screened the man. Whether it was the father of the child, or her own father or brother, I know not, but they did not get him, nor she did not tell, and she got six months in jail for it, and ever since that event I took notice that if I heard man or woman speaking, I knew that voice again. Strange today, that same woman, or her sister, put a child in a well on Mr. Wright's farm near where I was raised, at Mullafarnahon, when I was five years old on a Sunday. I showed it to my father, where she loitered about all day and she buried it there with stones in the old well in the ditch well. That is a tragedy.

But at this very same place I saw a dramatic occurrence which I will relate to all those readers of my true records, which I have passed through and seen in this life, in this county, Ireland, there are post cars, and cars you can hire to take you from the little town out into the country districts. In this town of Banbridge, with a population of about five thousand people, the country folks do a lot of marketing of buying and selling their products, so if they have not a vehicle of their own, they walk into the town and hire a car coming home after marketing, as it would be too late in the day to walk back and forward. Well, as usual, these places were my old haunts, because there was a weaving factory, just at the bottom of the road, Dickson's factory, for weaving linen, and my sisters were learning to weave there and they came out of the factory at dinner time to get a warm dinner instead of taking it with them. While they were taking their dinner, I would watch till they were done with it, for they would be molested by those tramps who infest these districts of the country where these mills and factories are. As I have told you previously, the Orange faction is ever on the shift from one place to another, and whenever they think there is a chance of doing evil they are always on the job, so that your suspicion is always aroused, wherever these vagrants are to be seen, and I made it my duty to look after my sisters and friends, while I had the time. My meal hour was always before theirs and it was a pleasure to me to have an interest in their welfare.

While doing this at that place one day, I came to the rescue of another young woman, by the name of Miss Adamson, a farmer's daughter, who had occasion to go into town, for some wedding garments for her wedding, and she hired a car to take her home, so at this beautiful, lonely place of the road, the car driver stopped and asked me to mind his horse and car. So I said I would. Then he told the girl to get off and walk a piece of the road and when he got about a hundred yards from me around the turn of the road from me he took hold of her and forced her down on

the side of the ditch and she fought there to retain her virtue, till I shouted I would drive off the horse and so I did. I then drove the horse away about a mile and a half up to my own door, so I would know him if anything happened the girl, and by this act I there saved the morals and virtue of the farmer's daughter.

Not a hundred yards from the same place, I nearly lost my life. The first time I ever had strong drink in my life was that Saturday night, my cousin, Andrew Melroy gave me drink at that age, to hear me speak, and my cousin had to see his sweetheart, and he sent this man home with me, a James Anthony, a millwright by trade, and this part of this beautiful road was very dark at night with the trees overshadowing it. On the side of the road was a great wall between the glen and the road, and on the other side was a big, high bank, and a ditch ran alongside of the road, and a field of oats was alongside the ditch. So these Orange fellows lay waiting there for me coming home. I had no dog with me, but this man Anthony, and there was a place in the ditch that they could come down into the road. Well, I remember coming along the road that Saturday night and will remember it till death takes me. We were talking about religion as we staggered along, thinking of no harm from anyone, but suddenly there came a stone from the field above us and struck the wall before my eyes with such a force that the fire flew out of the wall before my eyes. Then this young man Anthony told me to stand against the wall, and while I was standing against the wall, these fellows came down into the road, and their were three of them, and I assure you they will never forget the punches that man Anthony gave them, and that quick he did it, you would have thought he was waiting for them. I thank him for his strength and his agility, for I never heard men hit the ground so quickly and so hard in my life as those three men did as he put them down. Then he took me by the arm and ran me down to the houses that were near by, without ever looking round, and that young man was a Protestant and my father was a Roman Catholic, so that Burns' words are true to this day, "A man's a man for a' that." But I never found out the names of that party of desperadoes to this day, but there is one certain fact and that is, that I have seen plenty of fighting men in my day, but in the dead of night, on a lonesome country road, with trees overshadowing it, and three men jumping down on one man, to my opinion, is and was one of the fearless defences, and heroic things I ever witnessed. He went to America right after it took place, and a true acquisition he would be and prove to that great country, with its free institutions and its grand equality to all. This is some of my experience concerning partisanship.

Then again in the bleach fields where I worked, I have seen the young Orangeman throwing down a Roman Catholic to the ground and then get on top of him, three or

four of them at a time, and there jump down and upon him until he would be black in the face. Sometimes I was afraid of him expiring in their hands, and at my own risk, tell them to let him up; owing to my mother and her people being Protestants, I oftentimes escaped their hands, and the old Orangemen and black preceptory and Knights of Malta—which are all the inner circle of their orders—they congegated together and laugh and make fun of the acts of the young ones. These are their supposed wise men. I have sat at my dinner, while no one interfered with me, but with regardful feelings I have sat and watched some of those Roman Catholics, how they endured their punishment while they should have been resting and eating their morsel or so-called blessed meal that they had to struggle for to possess. I have seen here these Orangemen throwing wet, dirty bags at them, dirtying the bread he was eating, and his face and clothing, and I know all those were scant enough that he possessed.

Yes, I watched one, George Diamond, coming from the Grocer's Store with two or three loaves of bread, and his tea and sugar on his back, with his two little boys by his side, carrying a loaf each, with hunger gnawing at their little stomachs. They were snatching a bit off the loaf here and there as they went along the road until they met, or fell in with on the road those alienated sects that are foreign to the Irish race. They come along and knock the provisions from his shoulders and scatter his sugar and his tea, and dirties his loaves in the gutter, while the little boys stand crying, knowing full well it was all they possessed for the next week, and picking it up out of the dirt, weeping. Here is where I possessed my first impressions of the inhumanity of man in Ireland, to his fellow-creature. Enmity, as Hazlett says, is here. The dwarfed, deformed offspring of egotism, bigotry and superstition, with its teachers, is the curse of Ireland—brought about by lazy, cunning, devising money-grabbers, whether it be minister, priest, or land-grabber, or manipulators and speculators. It is a device to conjure up profligacy, of the statesman, of the railroad magnates, and bankers, and commercial men of all classes in these great countries, to delude the unwary and unthinking people of these countries. God knows there is plenty of them. They read some man's speech, and look at the article in their paper that they are accustomed to read, and if you would dare to dispute the authority of that daily paper, you are in danger of your life.

Then, as Burns says, they finish up with religion. He says: "God knows I am not what I should be, nor am I yet what I could be, but twenty times I would be an atheist clean rather than wear the garb of religion, cloak for a screen." I have watched the British Governments in all her conquered colonies, and there never was an uprising of the people against their rule, but they laid it down to religion, sectal castes, which is a fraud and a farce. Allison that wrote *The British Essays*

said: "Almost all revolutions or rebellions were caused by race hatred," and I believe him. It is farcical to say religion has anything to do with these uprisings in Ireland or India. It is to hide themselves from the eyes of the public concerning their bad government, or rather as Burke told them, and warned them, of their extortionate taxation of these countries, and taking away the authority of the people from where the taxation was gathered. But Ireland is a hatred place between races at the present time. It is English and Scotch jealousy with the Irish people themselves, for position and power, because in that little island there is not enough nor sufficient for the people themselves, far less for a lot of interlopers and loafers that want to live on others, and let me tell you that this Ulster-Scot in Ireland, in his desire to possess means and power, at the present time, are the sole source of iniquity in that unfortunate country. The poor Irish peasant is an innocent creature; he has no communication from the greater world, unless a letter from a friend in America, is his sole source of information, tied up in his little cabin by the mountainside or the seashore. The National school is his highest grade. He has no access to any social writer or thinker of that class, which is the stimulant for all true and honest reforms of the greatest and most progressive nations. It is the sole food of the greatest pioneer of this world, and besides he is hampered by his clergy urging him on to the next world, forgetting he has something to do and accomplish in the world he is in; tying him up to creed and formulas of nonsense that distort the brain and leave it nude, or holds it fast from perceiving what would ever be illuminating it.

Yes, the greatest curse of the poor, unguided people is in their training. They receive first by their Jubes and so-called Fathers the clergymen themselves, teaching their flocks of all denominations not to have fellowship with their fellow creatures because he is not of their creed or sect or schism, separating justice and truth and good social communication, which proves a barrier in after life, to the good intentioned and well-disposed persons of our race.

Now myself, at the age of fifty-four, in Canada—in the wild west of Canada—can easily see the contrast of the evil teachings of the different sects of today. Where there is no minister located, nor priest of any kind, in the midst of us, we can agree to differ in opinion about actions of many kinds, and visit our neighbor's house in times of sickness, and difficulty and never have an angry word about realizing our duties to our fellow creatures. When alone in the wilderness of this world, we never question our neighbor about his future. We leave that to himself, here is the goal and there the object we have in view, and if we be just to each other, we are sure to have the benefits of that consolation.

I remember well in this place—Dickson's Factory—before it was reconstructed and made into a weaving factory, it was a Mr.

Samuel Law, owned it. He failed, and it was lying denuded of its real beauty and grandeur on the banks of the Bann. Here was one of the places where the cotton spinning prospered before Lancashire took it from Ulster and Ireland. Here inside of this deteriorating building that Cobden had made desolate by transferring the looms and spindles of his Arkwright machines to Lancashire—and I presume he made a good fortune out of them—when he got his Free Trade passed and an open market to the world's raw material gave him a chance to buy cheap cotton, and his Arkwright machines and looms drew him and his company a nice little stake, for he outwove the handloom weavers of other countries and produced more, and sold cheaper by his steam loom power and machines which grasped Britain the trade of the world, almost to this day. But I must tell you it was inside these walls I first listened to the echoes of reform and the emancipation of Ulster and Ireland by a Sherman Crawford, and then Thomas Dickson of tenant right fame, I herewith fear and dread—watched the proceedings and listened to the speakers under the dread of some detective or shorthand writer appointed by the English Executive in Ireland to take notes of the proceedings, and listened to the speakers—and probably arrest and conviction under the Coercion Act of those days. Here I got my eyes opened to the persecution of the Irish peasant or tenant of the Irish soil, that caused a thrill of pain to pass through my veins, while I heard the speakers relate the unjust rents and taxation of the country by English and Scotch absentee landlords. I stood there, in my bare feet, listening to thrilling tales of hardships by these poor Irish sufferers, which caused me to begin to think about my own existence in my future life.

After that exhaustive exposition of opinion had taken hold of me, I was resolved conclusively to refute all imperious accusations against the poor Irish tenant that was cast out of his cabin into the frost and snow, with nowhere for a shelter but the sky above him, not knowing where to go. Here my contritions turned towards the sufferers and henceforth the flame of love for suffering mankind became a glow and emancipation within me grew apace. Now, in this place, there were many educated farmers, as far as elementary teaching could teach them, and they had a great deal of the old annals or ancient history of their own country before them, which made them very circumspect, not to condemn nor despise their enemies, and I saw this kind of people was in no way contemptible, either towards their neighbor, or those that would asperse through haughtiness, to defame them. These people in Ulster have struggled through all kinds of imposition against the Orange bigot Conservative proselyte, pervert and coercion acts not a few. Now I am coming to be eleven years old and I take notice of all things around me.

Now, at Lawrencetown National school we were a mixed lot, as I said before, but there

was still that hatred of sectarian brotherhood that is so pitiable and wretched and is not to be found in any other country, only in exceptional cases and places, and these places, I deplore very much. Indeed, to see prepossessing young boys taught to beat one another—because of the creed they profess—and worse than all that—at that age, distrusting one another, and as a Mr Foote, the editor of a paper they called "Truth" said, "You lie and wait to slay one another, you Christian brethren, that never see anything among the civilized people" This is the condition I found things in, in the North of Ireland, and by the suspicion and superstition of the North, what can I find in the South and West—the North that calls itself educated, is the most prejudiced, and I fancy especially, because they create impure desires and thought among the people. When a sect is diseased and defaced, it surely is degrading and hurtful; such is the course and imbecility and insanity are its end.

I met in that school a boy named Larkin, who seemed not to trust nor stand to speak with me, because they were all Orangemen's sons, as I said before, that were with me, only a few like myself. He had his widowed mother to work for then and he was very young—only a boy—and I noticed by him standing at a little shop window before the school boys and girls went into school, I could see he would not trust any of us, and in after years when I read of him in the great Dockers' Strike, at Liverpool and Dublin, I weighed him in the balance of my mind and then satisfied myself of him—that he was a boy of farseeing conception of people and things around him, knowing time and place, but those of the would-be class called him down and gave him the honor of being a mob orator, but I can assure you, a boy of his years, when I saw him first at the night school and perceived his great perception of people and things then, I said to myself "He will be more than a mob orator." ignorant Orangemen's sons would get me to arrange fights with these Catholic boys—even my own cousin—every week, between Protestant and Catholic. Us boys never quarrelled among ourselves, only when these Orangemen made us, and by making us fight, it was very detrimental to us in after years. They made our friends enemies when we grew up to be young men; and even carried it to distant lands against us.

Yes, in after years, it brought enmity, spite and malice aforethought before us, which in different places crept up before me and against me. Yes, I regret all these proceedings in my time, which were not of my making or my choice, but coerced upon me.

Now, in the bleachfields in these days things were quite different to what they are now. The linen webs were woven and the damask linen that made our tablecloths and hand towels, by hand-loom weavers, of the best trained men and women of these days. They had boiling pots which held from one hundred to two hundred webs, and they made a lime

lye or dip composed of black soap and lime. The blood would be running out of my finger tips with the work and the chemicals going through the pores of my skin. These were the days of so-called "Old Timers." But the science of the new chemical school has changed this process. In these days they send no cloth out to the green grass to be bleached. In these days it would be too slow a process and the millions would not get their demands quickly enough. Therefore, the bleaching is done now, both in linens and cottons, by the quickest chemical process that can be devised by the profession in this trade, but here, in my time, when the best linen went through all its turns, it was sent to the rub-boards and the rub-boards were driven by steam, with troughs of boiling water with soap and soda ash in them, and so many delft eyes for as many webs as would pass through them at a time. There were these boiling troughs and the webs were attached to each other at the ends as they passed through, and the boards were grooved all over the face, and they were placed one on the top of each other, which worked by cranks and cog wheels.

The webs were placed through these delft eye-holes to keep their place going through between the boards. This process, by rubbing the soap and soda ash into the linen, whitened it, so we were left a good, strong linen shirt and tablecloths and towels that would last us three or four years without break or rent in them, and they just got a light run through the calendar bluing and starching machine, with a little blue and pure starch to give them a glossy finish; then up the large pressing calendar, with a heating apparatus inside to dry as well as press. But in my time, they used the bitteling engine to press hard and tight on large beams, about twenty-five webs, or according to the quality, there might be fifty webs at a time, and they were bittled there for so many hours; then stripped off and taken to the finishing calendar to receive their last run before they went to the finishing calendar of the linen laper, who lapped it up and made it ready for the markets of the world.

I may state here, whenever the foreman of the departments did not suit the employees in any of these departments, whether in the bleaching of the linen or in the finishing of it, they oftentimes got him discharged from his situation by damaging the linen. If it was in the bleaching, they would put a piece of lime in one of the webs going into the boiling pot and it would burn holes in it; and if it was in the bitteling department, they would put some sharp thing such as iron or a hard piece of wood under the sheet next to the cloth and cover it up for a while and then take it out before the day man came in, in the morning, so the cloth would be cut and nobody know how it was done. They often got both workman and foreman put out of their jobs by these acts and doings. I have heard them, when they got nearly drunk, boasting of how they put such a bugger out of that job. These were the devices of wicked men of the aliena-

ted population of the North of Ireland, by trying to plant their race in the country, and by so doing often transplanted themselves to some other place by migration. Race hatred, was at this time intense in the North of Ireland, and they were well aware that few of these ignorant people took any thought or suspicion when such things took place, but I always had a suspicion of them doing such things, and I believe at the age of eleven years, I could have put my finger on the men that did it, but I had to be very circumspect in all my expressions concerning these and other things.

I now write a few lines in commemoration of that glen on the banks of the Bann, in my boyhood days, where I saw so much.

Of in my childhood, I strayed through the
wildwood,

And broke the wild brambles that strewed
through the glen;

And amongst the wild flowers I have lain
there for hours,

And listen, the echoes come back to me
then.

The rivers were streaming, the wild birds
were singing,

All nature around me gave pleasure a blend
The sun he was shining, whilst I was reclining,

And viewing all nature as I seen it then.

The fruit trees are blowing, on the river they
are rowing,

The stockdoves loud echo at the other end;
The bees they are coming, for I hear them a'
homing,

Such joys amongst Nature I couldn't tell
when.

For the fishes are playing all around where I
am straying,

I can hear the loud scream of the water
hen;

The day is now dying and I feel myself sighing,

For the joys and the pleasures I had in that
glen.

But amidst all my rambles, through valley or
brambles,

I remember the loved ones I had in that
glen;

But now they are all gone, like the birds that
are flown,

And strewed like the ferns that grow o'er
the fens;

But as wood grove and flower disappear from
the bower,

And wild birds, their music, from their
thorny den;

So man disappears from the home of his child-
hood,

Never more to be welcomed by friends he
had then.

But I here must relate a scene that took place that I witnessed on one of those occasions when these Orangemen were celebrating the defeat of the Irish at the Battle of Boyne, on the twelfth of July, 1872. While they were going through a Roman Catholic district of that part of the country, at this place Lawrencetown, there was a little siding or station for the train to stop at and below this place there was a little village called Hallsmill, and there Henry Uprichard, had bleachfields, and David Lock, had flour mills, and the corn or oats as they call them there, was very long in the fields along the roadsides where these Orangemen passed by, and the Irishmen knew they would pass by that way, so they located themselves in the oatfields and with their old rifles, lay and waited on the procession passing by and then fired at them along the roadside. I myself, was there to see them, and there was a big wall on one side of the road, and the bullets struck this wall and fell down flat at my feet on the road where I was walking, and the Orangemen were shooting at them in the oat fields. Along this road there were arches of evergreens and all kinds of emblems worked in them by the Irish, and at the Orange side they had all kinds of emblems placed in the arches—King William and orange lilies and other orange emblems placed in the centre of these arches, strung from tree to tree across the road, and if they did not know you, they would make you take off your hat under the arch and curse the Pope, before you would get by that way. Then at night, the Orangemen coming home from their demonstrations would pull down the green arches and trample them under their feet, so the Irish would retaliate, and then there was a riot, and I noticed always that these Orangemen or Ulster Scots as they term themselves, never attacked the Irish only when there were police or soldiers to protect them from the Irish party. On this special occasion, I had a great laugh at the Chief of Police, and the Orangemen. He happened to be a just man and a serious man and did not care for any of the sects that came in contact with him when discharging his government duties, and he ordered his force of Police to pull down all the arches of orange and green, and they did so, and while they were pulling down the orange arches the Orangemen began to throw bricks and stones into the Police ranks, and wounded some of them, but the Chief took no notice of their attack, but drove into them with the bayonet. There was one old Orangeman, an ex-soldier by the name of Mathes and he had a blackthorn stick, so he attacked the Chief with his sword, but I did laugh when I saw him and the Chief at it; and the Chief stabbed him gently in the posterior, but as soon as the ex-soldier saw and felt the blood, he took to his heels and ran, and putting down his hand and feeling the place he was gouged, he would look back and run. This was a general thing all over Ulster on the twelfth of July, by these knavish Scotch people that is the garrison in Ireland, by raising animosity and ill-feeling among the

Irish people themselves, they have caused the Irish people to leave their places and comfortable homes to wander over the frozen prairies of Canada, and the tropical swamps and reptile regions of Australia. Then these poor frightened, deluded peasants come to see, they were confiscated, robbed and exiled; to these and to those remotest regions of the earth—the Scot in Ireland, by his calumny and defamation, abroad, about the Irish people in Ireland, and through their Ulster-Scot papers, that it is more than any respectable Irishman, of his country and his kin, can palliate.

I do say, without doubt, that Scotchmen are exceptionally wretched; in particular, these just peasants of the Irish race; they have tried hard to proselyte and pervert people that differ from them, to believe that Irishmen are contemptible and despicable and ungrateful, but I say, a people who cannot rise above social jealousies, business rivalries, political partizanship and religious bigotry, and cannot recognize the good works of an opponent, I say to them that can do such things, and recognize them, is a worthy man, but the man that cannot recognize them writes for himself a condemnation surpassing all human eulogies.

Now, father had seen that he could stay no longer in this place, and the manufacturers of Belfast, wanted families of young women and boys for their flax mills, so they sent canvassers around the country to get these families. There was one man that knew my father, by the name of Joseph Clark, a gardener in Belfast suburbs, with a Mr. John Emerson, a mill owner, at a place called Bellasillin. He came to my father and asked him if he would come and take charge of the yard with him, for the man he had in charge was stealing the stuff out of the place and he was going to get him shifted to another job, for he was responsible for all the stuff about the big house, so he asked my father to take the job. But we were a very short time there till that man's jealousies against my father grew very strong, this man, I mean, that my father got his job. He was shifted to cleaning out the lavatories in the mill. His name was Randolph McDonald, a knavish bigot, and he envied my father all the time we were there, although he was shifted from his job because of dishonesty, to a lower job of cleaning out these lavatories. And that hatred continued until they took my father's life—his sons and his friends—for it was they that were with King Edward and the Campbell's when they killed my father and mother and brother and sisters, along with a Miss Boyd, a cousin of my own, and Miss Rorke, my father's friends. Clation, the Chief Detective of Belfast, took them all in there and told them the king wanted to see them, but they never came out of that Hall alive again, for Bob Fitzsimmons, the fighting man, and his brother, got fifty thousand pounds out of the Rorke's ten millions and a half, to guillotine all of them for the king, in Broadway Orange hall, Sandy Row.

And when suspicion broke out the Chief Detective Clation shot himself in Belfast, and his brother, a Methodist minister, in Philadelphia, a little time afterwards, I saw in the paper, shot himself. This is a great beginning for royalty and their friends with their secret society in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

I have a great lot to write and make known about these great events that the people of England and Scotland, scarcely know anything about, but those that have read the acts and deeds of the French monarchs before the Revolution, will not doubt my report.

Well, here I am twelve years old and cannot get working full time in the factory until I am thirteen years old, and this Joseph Clark took me into the garden with him to water the flowers in the greenhouses and give him a hand at potting and firing up the furnace to heat up the greenhouses, of which there were a few, but I remained there till I was thirteen years old, which was the Factories Act Rule at that time, to start work in the Mills, full time. Well, father took to drink, and weak nature and it affected his head a great lot, but we could not stop him from taking it.

I was taken into the mill, into what was called the machine shop, where they dress the flax to make it ready for the preparing rooms, to spin into yarn to weave the webs with. I had two sisters and a brother at work here, older than myself. My brother, Charles, was in the flax store beside me. Here I had a dollar and three-quarters a week—this is 1874. I worked there a few months, which is a very remarkable thing to record at this time and place. The foreman or boss I was under was a full cousin to the journalist, Stead, that went down on the Titanic, editor and proprietor of Review of Reviews, in London, where his bronze statue stands on the Thames embankment today—1915, September 12th.

To let the world know what the transfer of matter means, if I give my nature to any one, no matter whom, that nature will proceed from the stomach to mature with the blood, whether to degenerate or elevate the system, according to that nature being pure or impure, and that nature assimilates with the blood that it goes to, and they can hear the echoes of each other as long as they live, and by that transfer of matter, the one that gives to the others has a temporary power over others that ever tempts them to commit something they would like to accomplish, and they can make a plague out of it, as the Campbells did, and does with me, by confusion of tongues. These are the abominations of dissolution spoken of by prophets. This Duke of Argyll's family and Sir Colin Campbell's family have worked all this wickedness since their connection with the royal family.

They commenced with Huxley; then they proceeded to Mr. Stead, and last of all, they descended to a poor, hard working, laboring man, your humble servant, that King Edward said himself, we were no people, but a people that is called no people, shall be called my people, sayeth the Lord, by the prophet; and

ignorant people, and even learned men, because they had not the experience, would not believe, but Charles Darwin, proved on animals, and Huxley lectured on it, and said that which I know. Thank goodness they cannot transfer the spirit, but they can transfer the matter. Professor Hœchel, of Berlin, or thirty miles from it, with his great Socialist Museum, knew their cunningly devised unnaturalism. Well may Allison say. "From the day the king interferes with the freedom of one of his humblest subjects from that day is the sure indication of the nation's fall."

Well, now here is what I am going to tell you. When I heard the Titanic going down I was talking to Mr. Stead, and he asked me who I was, and I told him. I told him also it was Sir Colin Campbell's daughters that gave him and gave me their nature, and I listened to him till he ceased speaking. People that don't know, call it Spiritualism, but it is simply the transfer of matter, and the assimilation of it, with the desires of those that give it to you working in your blood as they twist and desire. You that have received it from them, you have to fight against their nature that is working through your veins, by their filthy desires. It is a hell to contend with them, and I know of no punishment too great to give to the women that do such things, and all governments seem to take no notice of it, and it is women that always do it.

You will remember his contribution, or an article named, "The Maiden's Tribute" in the Pall Mall Gazette, in 1889, when this same royalty in England gave him twelve months in jail for that, contribution of knowledge he gave to the world, the Maiden's Tribute, showing how they transferred the matter of their nature, the filthy creatures, to know your thoughts and hear your voice, and worse than all, interfering with the public business in dealing with others. Whenever you look on anybody, they, and all that have their nature, flashes upon them and know their business, which is horrid in the extreme. This is royalty and how royalty wants to live with their Orange secrets; they want to rule the nation, worse than the Emperor of Russia, that murdered and robbed the people of that country before the people knew anything about it themselves until the War broke out. They had no chance of getting at him and they could do nothing until they got the people to believe what they really had done—the Emperor and his Duke Nicholas, by beheading and killing those that had money, and those he got money from, and I tell you what is a true fact, that while the British papers were full of all those atrocities that were committed in Russia, King Edward, and the Duke of Argyle, along with young Lord Erin, and Lord Letrim, were busy doing the same things in Ireland, assisted by everything that had power in Ireland, that belonged to the Orange Society, in that country, from the Judge on the bench, down to the lowest magistrate and the meanest detective of his forces in Ireland, blinding the eyes of the public about the crime in Russia.

All these crimes were devised by himself and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyle, because King Edward had gambled all the money he possessed and the Duke, like himself, was on the begging list. This is the king that Englishmen and Scotchmen are so proud of being a great sportsman, but a man that sports other people's money and sheds their blood, I never considered great enough to recognize, let alone honor. When I listened to him drinking my health, and the way he did it, with those wretched Campbell's that gave me their nature along with him, to assist him in their bloody deeds with their jubulations and unnatural desires and designs so as he could hear me and I could hear him, in their presence by the power of that cursed discovery by Aristotle—the transfer of nature from the one creature to the other, which is a vexation of the spirit and agitates the blood internally, and excites the mind, and inflames the pulse of passion, that is more severe than crucifixion and harder to bear than any form of torture in death itself.

Well, now this Englishman, William Stead, was my boss and he was very kind to me and the Mechanic Shop wanted an apprentice for the tackle and gill making in the repairing department of the factory, and the foreman mechanic sent up to Mr. Stead for a boy to learn it, and Mr. Stead sent me to the job and always visited me to hear how I was getting on. Afterwards, I was four years and a half at that trade when I left it; and during all that time Mr. Stead looked and inquired kindly after me, and his storeman by the name of Johnston, that my older brother worked with, took to the drink and neglected his workmen and mixed the stuff so that Mr. Stead asked my brother to take his job, or if he would not, someone else would get it for he could not put up with him any longer. My brother Charles told him he was not good enough a scholar and could not take the job, but Mr. Stead told him he would teach him to read, and write if he would take the job, and to calculate or count, and he said to my brother, he himself, that he would do all the important work till he would be able to do it. This was an Englishman born in Leeds, and served his time or apprenticeship in that city, to the flax dressing.

Before he came to Ireland, he had great experience in his profession. He worked in the city of Cork, in the flax mills of that city, and all over Belfast, and in his own country—Marshall's of Leeds—and the townhead of Manchester, and also in Walker's and the Delphia, of that city. The reason I enumerate his qualifications in his profession is not because of charitableness towards me, but because he was one Englishman that was free from bias acts or deeds of that kind. He absolutely realized that he was born into this world a free man, and he believed freedom and friendship should be extended to all men that acknowledged justice and truth, no matter what their creed or nationality may be. I quote these few lines as an Irish man should do and speak of an honest and just English-

man, to assuage and alleviate his great character, and honor his personal desires and true ambitions, that is the means of forwarding along the lines of life, a signal that will catch the eye of even the unwary, and transform them into the path of virtue that the world itself may particularize them and their pre-eminence, and as I am treated as the great Stead was treated. I will say as Huxley said, "Thank God, they can't transfer the spirit that holds them at its own will." This is my effort to set forth the facts of my experience in Belfast.

At this time in Ireland, things were very bad, insofar as the Scotch Orangemen, or the Ulster-Scot as he calls himself in Ireland, was trying all in his power to oust the Irish peasant from his country, and his home in Belfast, on the twelfth of July, at their celebrations.

They wrecked the houses of the Irish people and chased them from their daily employment, in the mills and factories, and when they complained to the manager or foreman of the works about the insult, they were laughed at and told if they did not like it they could go—that was, they could leave their work—after inducing them and their families to come therefor they said before my face and in my ears, a Mr. Andrews, Manager of the Queen's Island, Belfast, said that to an ex-soldier, when he complained to him about the men throwing bolts at him. He told him that very boldly if he didn't like it, he knew what to do—and Judge Andrews was that Manager's uncle, and it was only when they could not do without them, when their orders were in good demand, that they made any effort at all to protect them from insult, and in some cases murder. They broke into these poor people's dwellings in the dead of night and murdered them in their beds. They did the same with some of a family of mine later on: after they killed my father and mother and brother and sisters, while King Edward's sister's daughter, Isabella Campbell, the Duke of Argyle's daughter, because I told her in the asylum grounds she was a pauper on Ireland, and they robbed my old friend, Miss Rorke, and killed her with my people, and that roused her again, and she hurrahed and cheered on the Orangemen and called for them to go with the massacre of my children, with Sir Colin Campbell's three daughters first in the fray.

The celebrated Lady Scott—Bob Scott's wife—the Greenock shipbuilder, whom he divorced by reason of her adultery with his own cousin, Alexandra Tuff, of the Clyde Rope Works, Greenock. This woman had a frightful and preposterous life. She told me herself she had connivance with King Edward when she was at school. She told me herself through her unnatural transfer of matter to me, by her desired acts of communication. She would by doing so, to know my feelings, and here and also by these acts and deeds, tried to work upon my feelings, and if possible, drive me to some violent act or deed. These are the Campbell's of the Duke of Argyle and lady blood fame, that showed

that drama in the Law Courts of England in 1882, when and where Sir Charles Russell and Sir Henry James received their titles and congratulations at the English Bar.

Well, at these trying times in Ireland, as Pacley, in Belfast, by the landlords outraging and taking privileges of the peasants' wives, and daughters, and evicting them that made known their attempts at the same, then planting the Scot in their homesteads and holdings, while Bismark was trying to Lutherize Germany, at the same time and by the same process. The Scotch knaves, such as the Duke of Argyle, and Lord Roseberry, through that cute Jew, Benjamin Disraeli, were given to form a new basis of religion in Ireland, and partly accomplished it, with General Booth and his Salvation Army, though that vague cry about religions, which any sane man and modern historian knows that the Scot possessed no religion, but he realized the worth to himself of possession, position and place, in the good things of this world.

One of the Clarks in the contest for the presidency of the United States, said that these English always lit on the green spots of their country, but guilt as Shakespeare says, is so artless, so jealous of itself that it spills itself in fearing to be spilt. So Mr. Clark, the Mine owner, had fortunately or unfortunately, lit upon one of the spots and his pregeneracy were the real Scots. Well, these celebrations of the defeat of Ireland—for that is what the twelfth of July really means—by that celebration, the defeat of the Irish by the English and Scotch at that time. But I could never see anything but race hatred in it; the Orangemen go about applauding free and religious liberty, but to find it out among them, beat me. For the life of me, I could see nothing but freedom and power and position for these Orange-Scotch migrants, whether they were landlords or plebians. They mocked at the Irish, how they worshipped, and scoffed at them about Christ's mother, while they professed themselves that the woman's son—Christ Jesus—died for them and is interceding for them in that kingdom that is to come. But I doubt very much if there is such a place for them.

I have passed through their crowds of rioters, with patterns for my foreman of the foundry, of comb and barber, between the Shankhill Road and the Falls Road—a foundry where 1500 men and boys met to work. The Shankhill Road was Orange and the Falls Road was Irish. So at the time of these celebrations they met at the meal hours and threw stones and bricks at one another, and to get by them, you would have to curse the Pope and shout, Hurrah for King William, and after that, if they had a doubt about you, they would knock you down and kick you before you got away. You could not drink a drink at a public bar in Belfast, but they would be in to see what you would say and do.

Listening to Nobs and Bums in a Public Bar
They think a spell, of wit they tell, when drinking round the bar;

But they are boasts and only toasts, for such
as creatures are;
But if I be true, I will prove to you, they
often go too far,
But the wildest brays, and great hurrahs, here
often goes agare.

This is a congratulation to one girl that I
went to night school with, a Miss Elizabeth
Stephenson—that asked her husband about
me before she died.

O, Eliza dear you left me, but did not forget
to say
That God, Himself, would bless me when you
were far away;
Although this world did mess me, I yet will
sing a lay,
In praise of you that bereft me, while here
I'm left to stray;
We were both young together and talked of
youth's bright day,
To night school in all weather we oft did wind
our way;
Both young and old caressed me, we all seem-
ed very gay;
But now you're gone and 'stressed me, and
yet I must delay;
I in my arms caressed thee, and you never yet
said nay;
For truth alone had blessed you, when you
took my love away.

You, to your Father's hall, addressed me, to
hear what he would say,
If I could be your husband, on some near
future day;
But in that separation, I oft from you did
sway,
To seek some new employment, and in life
make better way.
But there was one more attentive, to hear
your father's plea,
Yet thoughtless youth preventive, in many a
serious way,
But wisdom's ways not centive, no matter
what they say,
Yet youthful love was cherished, through you
to me I say,
And I hope that I won't perish, till back to
you I pay.

—Daniel Mooney.

As Shakespeare says, excessive love has
coolings, and I see he says, that in passages
of proof, time qualifies the spark and fire of
love. He says, there lives within the very
flame of love, a kind of wick or snuff that
will abate it, and nothing is at a like good-
ness still, for goodness growing into a plea-
rity, dies in his own too much, and he says,
nature is fine in love, and where it is fine it
sends some precious instance of itself after
the thing it loves.

This Elegy is written on a woman by the
name of Jane Donald. I served with her
father, a farmer, at St. Mary's, Ontario, and
she was a school teacher there.

Your glittering shines are but the rind
That fall from vulgar lore,
But had you the mind to be more kind,
You would have had a great deal more.
—Daniel Mooney (1909).

Here I know ignorance proves my foe,
Or else I would be to blame,
But while at the dam you will not meet with
lambs
But goats, or much the same.

Written on Sir John Jackson's works in
Argyleshire, March, 1909, my experience
among natives in that place.

—Daniel Mooney.

When I first left the land of my childhood,
Across the wild ocean to roam,
I thought on the joys and the pleasures
In that country where freedom is known,
And with hopes among scenes that surround
me,
With music my very heart toned
When I thought of the love that first bound
me,
And caused me to wander from home.

Chorus

Then farewell to the land of my childhood,
Where I first took a notion to roam,
And good-bye to those hills and those valleys,
I can see when away on the foam.

But when out here upon the wild billows,
Where the seagull does float on the foam,
And the day star attracts our devotion,
Far away on the great horizon,
And the seas they are rising like mountains,
As the ship she goes sailing alone,
While the sun, shining down like a fountain,
As the spray in its brightness has shown.

Then farewell to the land we are leaving
For fear that we never return,
And good-bye to those friends that are dear-
est,
That their hearts for us never may yearn;
And now here's to my love that is with me;
That embraces me, both night and at morn,
And remembers me still through tempest,
When the ship she engulfed in the storm.

And at night, when asleep on my pillow,
When the watch it is called me, do warn
Of the dangers that's lying before me,
In that course, though I know I was borne.

—Daniel Mooney.

My Opinion of My Own Life and Others

When in my passage through this life, mis-
fortunes I have seen,
Yet I sang my songs of sadness here when
joys to us they would bring;
When the flowing bowl it did go round our
circle, it would seem,
That none would be forgotten there, if
friendship love would bring.

Though nights and days have passed since
then,
Yet recollections green of some I know I did
befriend,
But now they can't be seen.

Chorus

So let us not forget ourselves
When high upon the swing.
For we know that falling from aloft,
Afflictions sure will bring.

Then if a friend you chance to meet, no mat-
ter where we've been,
Let us avoid the cares and strife that sorrows
would them bring;
When our passage it is o'er, though it dark
and dismal seemed,
We will have one consolation here, that
brothers we have been;
We sometimes here forget ourselves and also
friends we seen,
But recollections will recall the best of friend-
ly things.

We sometimes see ourselves low down,
In the middle of the stream,
How glad we welcome then a friend,
When aid to us they bring,
Then if a man you chance to meet,
In your passage by the way,
If you cannot treat him like a friend,
Some honor you could pay.
Remember then when in this life, we haven't
long to stay.
So treat a friend while he's in sight, or per-
haps you never may

—Daniel Mooney (1905).

Written and composed by Daniel Mooney,
to a widow woman, named Mary McKnight, or
Horner, near Whiteaby, Belfast, 1904.

Since all alone, and far from home, O! love I
think of thee.
And when in despair of any care, you a com-
fort be to me;
When winds do sigh that around me fly, in
their passage wild and free,
You draw so near that I never fear, what here
becomes of me.

Chorus

When in the dale or through the vale,
No matter where I be,
The spirits' sound is hovering round,
With love for you and me.

And when in the shed we are calmly laid, and
our forms no more they'll see
Perhaps they'll find beside our shrine, the
willow waving tree;
And if man should ever ponder there, where
Nature's laws he'll see,
O may he offer up a prayer for a soul so
brave and free.

And if they open up the grave, where the
ashes of me be;

May no slave nor tyrant there, be mingled
with the free;
And when the warbling birds around that
calm and peaceful vale;
Do echo forth their songs, of love, where hu-
man hearts do fail;
May the flowers that bloom beside our tombs,
Be wafted with a gale, with a wind that's
free,
O'er a soul like me, to a love that never fails.

This piece of prose compares myself and
man to the rural nature. It is meant to show
my youthful days, as we see the spring time
in its embracing charms. Here we compare
the autumn to our limbs getting stripped off
the youthful muscles, leaving us bare and
naked to the gaze of all mankind, showing
the spots on our trunks, or our recklessness,
when the leaves have fallen from us and left
us naked to the gazing world.

I have seen the bleak winter and cold frosty
morn,
With their wild desolation in tempest and
storm.
I have seen the poor creature here, almost
deformed,
From friends separated, here die in the morn.

As I look from the window, this place I do
scorn,
And the lapses of time, since the day I was
born,
But now all the splendor of nature adorns,
Both the hills and the valley with wild berry
thorns.

And there is not a hilltop that is clead with
green corn,
Nor a wild roaring brook, but my heart it
does warm;
But if I was a painter to picture a form,
I would surely create it in tempest or storm.
Then I would see it depicted and worn.
Wrecked on the billows of life, and forlorn.

There I would see the wild features of scorn,
Bedewed with the culture of ravages worn.
Then thoughts of the newest would have from
my breast,
And deeds of the truest would leave me to
rest.

Time has a visage although it is past,
And it is better to read it while in it we last;
And if it is worn with marks on the brow,
It will never be torn with ravages now;
Who has a future that ever went fast,
Not clead with a metre to weather the blast.

Now, here is a picture for some to contrast;
In man's evolution from the first to the last,
Young, from the cradle, just look at its form,
He enjoys all the fables to write in the storm;
There he finds knowledge and wisdom was
bought
From the school of experience, but not of a
thought,
Out of the cradle but into the deep.

Not for to slumber, but out of his sleep,
 There he awakes, but what of his form?
 Pruned by the tool of experience born,
 There the poor creature, scarce able to creep,
 Wearing the scars of the thorns on his feet,
 O, pity him wholly, one suffering, meek.
 —Written at Purdey's barn, County Down,
 Ireland, August, 1906, Daniel Mooney.

This is another song to the memory of Mary McKnight, or Horner, Whiteaba. She was a very near friend of mine.

O that vale that is nearest to my heart,
 It's the dearest I left on that island far away
 O'er the sea, for there whilst restraining
 From sad fortunes gleaming, I first met the
 loved one
 That's nearest to me; and although o'er the
 ocean my heart with devotion,
 Looks back to the joys and the pleasures, I
 see.

And when I'm reclining in some pleasant
 valley,
 And viewing all nature, where I love to be,
 My heart will call back, o'er oblivion's green
 ocean,
 To that loved one who's nearest and dearest
 to me.
 Though oft-times I strayed through the vale
 and valley,
 Whilst looking for pleasure, but there was
 none for me;
 But oft in these countries, when far from
 home we are exiled,
 There are joys among sorrows that none
 other can see.

But if e'er I return to the home of my child-
 hood,
 It will be love of my country, dear Mary, and
 you.
 Though the wild billows roar, and the stormy
 winds stress me,
 And cyclones and blizzards around me do fly;
 I look back to the time when my fond hand
 did press thee,
 And wondered if ever you would come to be
 mine. (1906).

This piece written by me, is indeed a very sorrowful piece, because I am forced by the wickedness of King Edward and his Orangemen, by execution and murdering of my people, in Belfast, in 1903, and took ten and a half millions of pounds of my father's and his cousin's, Miss Rorke's money, and gave me their cursed nature, to open up my mind, that they might know all that I knew, and sometimes I have been very hard on my fellow Irishman, in politics and other social questions, which I now see plainly, they were right not only in their opinions, but in their demands also. (1903).

O Erin, my country, with love I adore thee,
 Lamenting your wrongs, do cling with me
 still;

Had I but one glimpse of the bards that sang
 o'er thee,
 What love, with emotion, my soul they would
 fill.

There was Moor, sure he sang of your lakes
 and your mountains,
 The dells and the vales where he played in
 your scenes;
 With Emmet, a bard, though he was a
 martyr.
 With blood never purer, has flowed through
 the veins;
 With love for his country, his life didn't bar-
 ter,
 But offered it up for the souls that remain.

In music, your songs, they shall ne'er be for-
 gotten,
 They will roll like the billows, the tempest
 unfold;
 And if love for your beauty shall ever be
 thought on,
 It shall come from the feelings your sons have
 untold.

There was Davis, a bard, whom no one would
 thought on,
 Nor the broad views he took of the sons you
 enrolled;
 He travelled a path none others had trod on,
 And he sang in your praises in letters of gold.

Though doomed here a martyr, myself am
 unworthy
 To try in your honor thy sons to extol;
 Who have laid down their lives and broke all
 the charters
 That enslaved them to tyranny in ages of old.

But to sing of your wrongs here what have
 we begotten,
 But sorrows, thy sages around thee have told,
 But now is the time for our souls to awaken,
 For the scenes that's around thee have all
 been of old.

But if I could express from my lips, all the
 feelings
 In praise of the deeds of your sires, so bold,
 I would draw from the hearts and the souls
 that are kneeling
 Praise in thy glory that never was told.

O, could I, with the thrills of my heart
 Ever light on the strings of the minstrel that
 now thee deplore,
 I would throb with the lays he would there
 lay his might on,
 And there with pure love, my country adore.

In love, sure your daughters, we oft here
 caress them,
 And sing of your praises when far from your
 shores;
 Though exiled from home, we ever will bless
 them,
 Though you and their beauty we never see
 more.

When they were threatening me of death, this King Edward, and his Orangemen, I just thought of the words of Isaiah, 51st Chapter, and 7 and 12 verses.

"Harken unto me, ye that knows righteousness The people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be afraid of their revilings. I even am he that comforteth you Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die, or the son of a man that shall be made as grass."

These are a few lines that I should have kept till I got farther on with my history, but I just thought I would pen them down now, in 1918, at William avenue, No 475, Winnipeg. It is about a school teacher, I served with her father in Ontario, Perthshire, St Marys, Isabella Donald. She offered me \$800 00 to start me on a farm if I would marry her, and owing to my children being killed, I could not accept it, so I wrote this compliment to her—

O Bell, O Bell, where is the bliss
Of seeking sorrows for a kiss,
That might here end in misery's mist,
And leave us awful dreary-o,
But had I been here on fortune's list,
I might have found the theory-o,
But love is gone, and aught to list,
But hardship sad and weary-o.

—Daniel Mooney, to an old girl that wanted to marry, April, 1912, Toronto.

This is an elegy to Loch Katrine, Scotland, when I was travelling round that country, in 1909. This Loch Katrine, supplies the City of Glasgow, with water from the surrounding hills of Perthshire.

O Loch Katrine, I love you, thy waters are pure,
Both the heath that surrounds thee, thy woodlands and moor,
And the streams that come to thee, so gently they flow,
Fill my heart with emotions, wherever I go.

As I view from the mountains, thy streams as they swell,
Through the vale and the creek, midst the blue heather-bell,
In a path that is rugged, but still with a glow,
In their course, to Loch Katrine, as onwards they go.

Caledonia for pleasure, in mountain or glen,
Though stern and rugged, there's beauty in them,
Her braes, they in winter, are covered with snow,
In summer the gowen and lily do blow;
The mists from her lakes and her valleys ascend,
Like the dew from the heavens, when man they befriend.

O, these streams of Loch Katrine that around me do flow,
Fills my heart with emotion wherever I go.

Though strange to your lakes and your mountains and glens,
Both love and true friendship, I seen amongst them,
And oft as I wander, your hills I do know,
That love for Loch Katrine does still from me go.

Though away from my country and kindred, then
When wandering your hills and your mountains and glens,
The thoughts of some loved one would oft from me go,
Or a feeling so tender that oft from me flow;

But if love's true affection does come to an end,
It will be in oblivion when my spirit ascends
And there among pleasures and joys I will know,
I'll remember Loch Katrine, where e'er I go.

In 1903, I was sailing at sea and working as a stoker aboard merchant ships. I signed on in Belfast, to go to Port Talbot, in Wales, to load coal for Las Palmas, Canary Islands, in a ship called the Lord Downshire. The Captain's name was McGill. He was a Belfast Orangeman, and a cruel one too, and his Company he sailed for was the Ulster Company. Sir Daniel Dickson, was chairman of that Company. He was also at that time, Lord Mayor of Belfast, and to let you know the reason I speak of Captain McGill's conduct going into New Orleans after leaving Las Palmas. The Doctor was coming aboard the ship and he ordered the men to wash down the scuttles of the ship, before the doctor would come aboard to examine the crew, and send to quarantine any sick before we would go into port. The Doctor's boat came alongside quicker than he expected, and the dirt ran down from the scuttles faster than he expected, so he hollered at the men, what were they doing, and how was it that they did such a thing—after him telling the men to do such a thing himself. Then, at night, he tried to dock his ship before other captains that were lying in the stream of the river waiting their turn, but he was caught there too, for Harbor Master Mooney, hollered out to him in the dark, from the wharf: "How are you coming, who is there?" and he says, "Captain McGill of the Lord Downshire." Well, the harbor master shouted out, "Captain McGill, lie out there till these other captains are berthed, that came in before you."

This is an instance of the Belfast merchants, not alone in their worldly pursuits but in almost all their transactions. They remind me of the Scotchman in his football match; "let us always have the benefit of the doubt, off side, or no off side, before the referee's decision." That is the Ulster-Scot, in Ireland or out of it.

Well, now in this Las Palmas, there was a missionary there, so he came aboard, and Mr. Captain McGill, wanted to stop half a dollar each for the missionary, that we never saw

before. So I objected to it because I knew I did not believe in it, and I also knew that Roman Catholics did not believe in it, and other self-thinking men, and I thought to myself, that if there are any benefits to be derived from this business, why don't the Master Shipowners keep it up by their own subscriptions, instead of dodging after the work-ing man, for all their upkeep. No wonder we have so many beggars for the Mission fields. They reap the benefit of the harvest, but they toil not, neither do they spin. Why, these loafers crucified that heretic, Christ himself, because he said this knowledge was without money and without price. See what these sects and schism will do for their existence, which goes to prove that this life at the present day, is a jungle of manipulators, grabbing and gambling, planning schemes after the war, that none but the wary can realize or perceive.

So-called statesmen, carried away by enthusiastic followers, lounging and forgetting any perception of the times, and people, we are passing through and amongst. The guides of the people of today are men like the wreckage of a deserted ship. They are driven by different tides, because they have beat about on one tide and too slow to detect the currents that sent them adrift, until the tide was against them. Then, too late, they have realized their position, but their wrecked fragments are not sufficient to capitalize and construct a new constitution, and the mind that was once strong and perceiving has now grown weak and unconsolidating that it cannot grasp nor utilize the tools of construction that would form a constitutional basis for a consolidated government, that would be safe to legislate for a mass of unthinking men, to satisfy their longing souls' desires. Because, as Solomon said, "One in a thousand have I found," and goodness forbid I would pose as a man that knew all things. But I yearn to see emancipation and justice meted out to mankind, that he might improve his condition.

Now, here are my remarks about Las Palmas, or an Elegy to that place by Daniel Mooney, May, 1903.

Inside the breakwaters of Las Palmas Bay.
Our ship she dropped anchor on the fourteenth of May,

There being no harbor but sand or dry clay;
All around lay coal bargoes, to discharge us they say,

There came the boom boats from a place called the quay,

With all kinds of wares among us to display.

There was changey for changey if you don't like to pay,

But be you ever so mangle they won't go away,

There was aught but mud cabins 'round the face of the brae,

And just but one street, sure you can't go astray,

There's a place called the Bethel, go in if you may,

You can there write a letter if you don't want to pray.

The people I saw in this place were all Spaniards, with the exception of a few stevedores or British planters, that are among these settlers. They have no education of any kind that I could see, but that Romish politeness of an outward show or manners that would lead an unwary traveller to believe they were educated, by politely seizing their hat or cap and saluting you. I saw one of them get killed by getting entangled in a winch, and they all gathered round him howling like a lot of wolf hounds after their food, without no signs of any reason or natural culture of the elevated mankind about them.

They had a marketplace on the side of this Main street, and a little stable or shed, well whitewashed, to put their asses in when they came down from the hills around the little town, with their cocoanuts and bananas and other wild roots that the Island produces, to sustain them, and the more unrefined the sustenance of any population, the more rough and rugged shall be their forms.

Here also they have lots of untamed canaries which they are glad to trade for clothes, or even food, and they have their winehouses and bodagoes, which is the name of an alehouse, and in these places, or adjoining them, they have their bungalows and beds decorated in them to enjoy the pleasures of nature's passions, and imbibe the wines that in the mornings brings pain and sickness and red eyes, for the wise to look upon.

These writings I should have held over till later on, but they are so fresh in my memory that I resolved to write them down here.

I made a tour of Australia, New South Wales and Queensland and New Zealand, and I may say I was not impressed with the old country's constructions and consolidations in that country. To me, leaving America, and especially that part of North America called Canada, that is the only analogy I can draw or make a comparison between the two countries, in progress of their construction, by forming their constitutions, by the reasoning powers of their leading pioneers, to form institutions and to consolidate the same that would draw to it the enumerating bodies and sources of mankind, that have perceived their future weal. The difference I have perceived, and did perceive when I landed in Sydney, or New South Wales, was this: the old English gait, and Welsh hidden ideas, slowness, no hustle, no desire of haste—but give time forgetting what Richard said: Lost time never can be found again.

In their parks were crowds of men, with books, of all secretaries of Labor Clubs; capital and labor wrangling and quarrelling about their rights and their wrongs; and their literature and old conservative dogma handed over to them from England, Oxford and Cambridge University, or the old Latin

School—not a thread of social politeness or economies are allowed to be woven in it—but, do as I do, and what I tell you to do—is the forerunner from Westminster, in London.

As I passed through amongst them, and toiled with them, I could see nothing but what has been, and what already is no new invention. The railways of Australia are a disgrace to England and the people can do no kind of work until they get the money from the British Government; a country tied up in the midst of its own resources by a would-be guardian like the Old Country is something for the Australian to deplore; taking away his gold and silver, and neglecting his products that he has to live on or by.

The railway accommodation for the farms is like the old mail coach still. If you miss this train you will not get another one for a week, and they go so slowly, some places you could run as fast. And here again, the Old Country style—small engines, narrow gauge tracks, and at the most, a half dozen of cars is their haulage along those tracks.

Yes, Australia needs some railway construction or directors like Mr. O'Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, or men of the New School. A man from the Old Country is not fit to open up these countries because everything is conserved by him to promote his own interest, or to benefit by it. They are so accustomed to watch one another for their positions in life, that it makes them tie up things, and even tie up themselves sometimes.

I saw in my time, managers of corporations and towns constructing narrow streets, to save money, and in a few years' time had to widen those streets and throw the ratepayers of the town into extra taxation, by having to pay the owners of these properties not alone for their buildings, but for the loss they incurred in trade by having to remove from their properties, so that it is better for go-ahead men in these positions than a man that cannot see before him. We need perception to peer into the future, and if possible, see beyond, and time is so short, as Shakespeare says, we would do what we should do when we would, for this world changeth and hath abatements and delays as many as there are tongues, are hands, are accidents, and then this should be like a spendthrift sigh that hurts by easing. Shakespeare says: "To my sick soul, as sins true nature is, each toy seems a prologue to some great amiss, so full of artless jealousy is guilt that it spills itself in fearing to be spilt." So it is impossible for these Old Country men who have made so many mistakes in their own country to dictate to the learned and comprehensive minds of these countries, that have travelled and seen and toiled amongst the new resources of the producing systems of these undeveloped countries, which is not an interruption of the systems, but a gradual improvement, beneficial in all parts of that nation's progress.

These are the kind of men wanted in Australia, and men to have the power over their own production, and also the power to utilize

the wealth of their own country and not be dependent on an English Foreign Secretary, to dole them out what they require, or close down their enterprise whatever that might be. That country has resources and the climate is very severe by the heat in some places and the want of water in others, and the best near warm. In some parts the reptiles are very many and dangerous to sleep at night. In some parts of Queensland it is very bad. You can hear the screams of all kind of reptiles or wild birds and animals that keep you awake, but there are some fertile and nice spots to reside in, such as Darling Downs, in Queensland, and a few in New South Wales. When I visited it the times seemed very bad. Small towns were lying dead and Sydney seemed to be the only place alive. Even Brisbane seemed desolate, with the exception of a few ships loading or unloading, all was quiet.

They need the real American Government with freedom to work out their own salvation, without interference of a government from the Old Country, which knows nothing about the conditions of the people, but written statements sent to them through some secretary, or would-be representative of the people. Telegraphs and telephones are the government of today. No experienced traveller or toiler among the people will be heard, and no voice listened to that has warned them of the separator's cry. Dictation and oppression is too hard a burden to be borne without resentment or restraint. Then comes rebellion or civil war. Imposed taxation without representation is a lever in danger of being broken at every end, and an old dog-headed race like the English can ever be brought to understand the meaning of their emancipation, or regeneration in a new country. They are like the Jews; they claim to be right and will try to persuade you and me to believe them; no matter what predicament they are in, they will turn round and tell you, this is the way it is done in England, and at the same time, they had no thought that it is quite impossible to adopt English methods, simply because they are not adaptable to, or in a country like Canada.

The way of construction must be different in all snowy, frosty regions, to those climes that have milder climates and shorter winters there, for I tell you the Englishman is much too bull-headed. Let me ask why? The Englishman thinks he should be the authority on all questions of the day. I do not think I am a classic in anything but personal experiences, by listening to them and working with them, both in England and America, and I could see no matter what the subject or the act performed, or to be performed,—he was English and he knew. Another thing which exposes them to the man that does perceive, any of them at all that have an elementary education, are all tipped with the accent of the old parson, and instead of elocutioning them, it has squamated them, which is a plural of conglomeration diffused through accent. But they are like myself, they have seen their day, and I hope

they are glad. Later on I will, if I am spared, give a longer account of these countries.

Daniel Mooney is the composer and experienter of these few lines in Sydney, New South Wales. My travels and observations placed here.

From Botany Bay, on the fifth of May,
Our ship withdrew her anchor-o;
But for Sydney town, on it I frown,
Their people lore is crankey-o;
Their place of grace I could not trace,
On Sundays they were genty-o;
In the stagem grounds, the boxers found
With all things rude and rankey-o;
From Langford's Clubs to Brigan's pubs,
With saintly souls that's sanky-o,
They fleeced me there, I do declare,
As they did the roven ranter-o;
At Whillamaloo, from me they drew,
My purse and all my fancy-o,
The police clown, for Old John Brown,
Was loyal to his chanter-o;
The orange and green, there both I seen,
For which I have no fancy-o;
But now I am free, and on the sea,
With scenes around me plenty-o;

For Auckland town, our ship is bound,
With lots aboard and plankers-o;
With all the craft and hillagraft,
I saw one hope there shankled-o;
For to refund five hundred pounds,
He stole from Sydney bankers-o;
He is there in jail for to bewail,
Three weeks before his sentence-o;
To be sent back to town to get renown,
Or thrown down by pouncers-o;
All on our deck was not a wreck,
But nature's poor adventurers-o;
Manipulates to operate, with hands
And all licentiousness;
With nature pure, I am not sure,
But passion ruled eventually;
We had complex of arts compounds of parts,
Complexions many colors-o;
But compliance sure, had more been there,
Or else hey had ne'er been rudey-o;

At Auckland quay, it rained that day,
Their streets were wet and muddy-o;
Around their shades were pretty jades,
At our ship all were glorying-o;
With half drunk lads, around like cads,
With boxing gaits aring;
To fight they would, with Irish blood,
Their souls within them sparing-o;

So now we sail for Auckland fail
To entice us with their farmers-o;
To Vancouver town, our ship is bound,
Her name it is alarming-o;
Of Niagara fame—that is her name—
It sounds so sweet and charming-o;
But at the Fiji Isles, we stop awhile,
To look at Britain's bargain-o;
Their native slaves I see bereaved,
Of nature's truest guardian-o;

Their ranks and file, the convicts' smile,
Does meet your eye so tardy-o;
On street or road, or their abode,
They fear and dread their guardsers-o;
They dug with spades, the streets they made,
Barefooted in the bargain-o;
Their loving smile upon their little child,
My heart it set a chargin-o;

Now we sail away from this little bay,
Of Fiji Isles extending-o;
From the priestly monks, and publican sconks
With their begging arms, extended-o,
These heathens wild, they do beguile,
That they are their true befrienders-o;
Can it be true, this red, white and blue,
That Britons boast defending-o;
That has made her pile, by fraud and guile,
Through heathen lands outrending-o;

We are now away for another stay,
At a place called Honolulu-o;
Where Briton's pride once did deride,
But now it's taken from her-o;
At that port of call, I could see her fall,
By ignoring fact and physic-o;
When the ship she stopped, the doctor got
Aboard to count the visage-o;
Where along the deck, the crowd they packed,
Like a swarm of empty lizards-o;
With a misfit crew and officers too,
Like a lot of hackneyed gizzards-o;
Did try to scorn, when the doctor warned,
Them all to keep their places-o;
That man of state, they did instigate,
And tried to make ill-feelings-o;

The wretched state of these islands is to be deplored—people almost living on wild roots of their country, without any means of manufacturing them or refining them to make them palatable to their tastes. A big English state building, with walks and carriage drives, gorgeously surrounded by flower beds and beautiful shrubs, dug around by these poor slaves in their bare feet, and native soldiers walking around on guard, in their bare feet, with a rifle by their side, to protect these parasites that helped to enslave them.

Yes, I went to Scotland about the year 1880 or 1881. I worked there in sugar factories for about eight years, and when I landed in that cursed place, Greenock, on Sunday morning, I thought it was hell itself. With darkness in that place, I stood at awe, and my older brother met me at the boat, Prince's Pier, Greenock, Scotland. Charles was his name. I went up that town with him to his house or hovel that he was living in—one room or compartment, with two built-in beds along the side of the wall, to save space and give more room out of small bounds.

As you will know, the Scotch are very economical financially, but I have proved, naturally they are physically preserved from manual labor, but I have proved they are a degenerating race from immorality—lustful, impulsive, infatuated after the desires of the flesh—injures to the constitutions more than the manual labor they so much desire to

avoid. It is a weakness and an intellectual one caused by the germs of degeneracy, set in, already at work within them.

Well, my brother introduced me to his wife and her friends and me arriving off the boat, I thought when I was introduced to his mother-in-law and his wife's sisters, that they were a different lot of people to what I had left behind me in Ireland. I could see they were hiding and cunning and had none of that affable, free disposition that followed my countrymen and my countrywomen. There was a lurking and waiting disposition that I did not like among the Scotch, and I believe as Hazlett said in his second edition of *Hypocrisy and Prejudice*, not alone in women but man also, that their first perception of people and things in general, are nine times out of ten correct. If not interfered with, other people's observations. Well, I was going to go straight back to Ireland, but my brother told me I would get to like it when I would be there awhile.—but I never thought I would have stayed eight years there.

Well, I started work in the sugar factory, Roxborough Sugar Refining Company; Richardson and Binney, and Masson was manager and director. I worked there, rolling casks or hogsheads full of sugar, weighing sixteen and twenty-one hundred weight, rolling them on cars and wagons, and piling up bags of sugar, two hundred weight, six and seven high, two men together had to do one thousand bags of a night, and some times three hundred casks from six in the morning to nine or ten at night. I was about twenty years of age when I started in that place, and those eight years of hard work made me look twenty years older. Well, among these Ulster-Scots I had a hard time of it. They would mock at my speaking, and walking along the streets at night they would tramp on your heels to dirty your boots and tempt me to try to get me to insult some of them. Their recreation at night is walking the principal streets of their towns, and football on Saturdays. That is the practical part of their amusements. Just a few of the better educated attend the theatre or any place of knowledge or improving culture.

It is false to say that all Scotchmen are enlightened and better educated than the most of the British people. It is true Mr Gladstone too gave them a lift in life, introduced free education in Scotland, first, he said to see how it would work, and it worked very well. That gave the majority of Scotchmen the advantage of a free education, but that does not infer that English and Irishmen that had the means to obtain a good education, and had the desire to possess the same, with the thirst for knowledge. In many parts of Britain and Ireland I have no doubt but they are superior to the Scot, even though Mr. Gladstone gave not alone free education to Scotland first, but also compulsory education which I believe benefitted them very much, then and now, but so long as it was free I upbraided it for its sake because it helps the thirsty soul after wisdom

and places him nearer the altitude of a higher education that he most desires to possess. I say the Scotch should celebrate the name of Gladstone because they elected him to Midlothian, and he stood by the Scotch and he honored the name of justice.

Yes, in this town of Greenock and Port Glasgow, and Paisley and Glasgow itself, I had nine years' experience of the Scotch people, and when you know them and get acquainted with them you will get along all right with them. But to speak of them generally as a people to notice and take cognizance of, is a different thing. Their habit is a lustful practice of a sneaking, immoral disposition coached by the love of intoxicating drinks; that comes next to their natural foods to them. An old adage by them is, "the morning the pay;" that comes round every two or three weeks, and on a Saturday night then is their beano. They confab together, men and women, in their little, snug compartments, and quaff the flowing bowl as Moore said, while they talked of their work and occupations. The men that were educated planned how they would get into a better position and do their fellow superior out of his situation, while the women rejoiced and would say: "We will just have another wee ha'f one, I feel I could; Jock, what are ye goin' to have." They all go home drunk, if they can make home, but sometimes both man and wife get to the Police Office for not being able to go home straight, and sometimes in these single compartments, there is a friend or a strange boarder living there, which encourages the evil of immorality, the children looking on at their mother's and father's actions in a state of drunkenness. And if you were taking notes of these people, all you have to do is to go to the outskirts of the town and stand at the bar by yourself. You will there be accosted by some woman asking you, "Is there any good in your mind" or "Are you going for a short time with them," or "Will you stop all night with me?" Mind you, these are men's wives, whether for the love of nature or money for the drinks I know not. They seem not to realize the married life of their country.

I have passed by the doors of men I knew well—some of them I worked with—and their wives standing at their doors, leaning against the portal watching me going by, and when they could stand it no longer, they asked me inside—they wanted to speak to me—and walked me into the bedroom and sat down on the sofa and pulled out half a muskon of whiskey and treated me. But I would not touch her because I knew her husband and she was a married woman. That was only one, but there were hundreds like her in that same place. Yes a Scotchwoman in Scotland seems to be regardless of wedded life. If they know you and have a drink with you they will make free with you when they get the chance. I have seen them put the light out where the mother and daughter were, to encourage immoral actions. Get drunk and go into the bed before your eyes, trying to

get connivance with me, and like the Spaniard, after they have revealed their secret parts or exposed them, if you refused their offer after that exposition, they would knife you.

This is my experience in that country with these people. Whether they have money or not, this surely is them. But now I come to the North of Ireland men in Scotland. As the American traveller said about Glasgow and Edinburgh; he said he found in Glasgow rich vulgarity, and in Edinburgh, he said he found proud gentility, and he said Scotland was a haven for women, and cows, and a hell for horse and man. But now this Ulster Irishman is very fond of himself in some respects, and the Scotch masters of labor were equally proud of him too, whether it was want of an advanced education, or to inexperience, I know not which, but according to this Athens of the north of Ireland—that is the Greek squareheads of Belfast that claim all the knowledge for the Ulster Scot. It surely is not the want of education, so then it must be inexperience. Well, be this as it may, these men are speaking generally, a big specimen and strong rough fellows, but inarticulate of any science of any kind. They, for a long time, worked by the strength of their bodies until they get worn down and are compelled by sheer weakness to adopt the art of invention, which necessity is surely the mother's when he lands in Greenock or Glasgow, with his fortune with him from Ireland, which is the perfection of health and strength of limbs and body. That is his inheritance in this world, that God has given him. He starts work, neglecting, or I must say unaware, to use that art to preserve his strength and prolong his days, and on Saturday night he frequents the saloons or beer shops, as they call them there, and whiskey and beer goes down their palates freely until it evaporates to their brains and diffused through their veins and bodies. Then and there they get irritated, and in their estimation elevated above the ordinary being, and in their weakness of opinion about themselves and other things, they will look along the public bar to see if anyone has taken notice of them by their much speaking, and give a great laugh if anyone took notice of them, as the sneaking Scot often did for his own benefit and interest to get them to buy the drink for them, and by their weak minds, give him an understanding about their business or interests that they would use in judgment against them, in confab with their boss or their foreman, in the week they were about to enter, about what they thought of him, and the way he got the work done, and what they intended to do concerning the masters in general.

These men, by their silly outward speaking, by not knowing the time and place for to speak, often ruined their conditions and blurred their prospects that were bright for them in the future. Many a time I have considered and thought over words I used in places like these myself—but I became wary

of the business and took care not to express words or sentiments that would creep up in judgment against me.

Well now the foreman sometimes dropped in himself on some occasions, and would have a drink at their expense but very seldom at his own, and he would try to find out if any of them wanted his job or occupation in the Works, because a job in that country, if any good, is going to be handed down from father to son. Now these poor fellows have only an education they term a literature one. Well, now I hold that is a very poor education indeed because a man may be able to read and write, and yet not understand properly what he reads and writes about, and a man to understand what he reads and writes must have the perception of analysis to detect and diffuse and also to compound and assimilate; he must either have possessed these methods naturally, or he must be taught them. Classics and mathematics are the principal parts in the education of the young in my day, and equivalents can easily be solved by a just reasoning and weighing in the balance of justice.

Well, now these men can't be called ignorant because I hold that a man that ignores must understand what and why he ignores for I hold he believes he is either right or wrong, that is why he ignores. So these men in that country are in a state of bondage unto this day as Richard Cobden told the English landlord, when the landlord told the tenant to vote for the Conservative members. Cobden said in a letter he wrote to the English landlord, and told him that to teach a man to be honest, he was first to teach him he was to understand he was free, so the freedom of speech is a great thing to be proud of, where it is, it is not without its subterranean analyzations and its deceitful constructions. When a man standing by injures your conceptions and obliterates your real meanings, for his own means of existence, and those that are benefitted by him or through him, try for a time to defame you, and ideals you have in view for the benefit of mankind. Yes, I do see in many things, as Mr. Gladstone said, "Silence is golden," though that heretic Christ himself said, "If he would hold his peace the stones themselves would cry out."

Well now in that country these Scotch people are very clannish, and there is no room for any migrator of any kind, only for their unskilled labor, where they are on the lookout continually for Irishmen to do their dirty labor, unless there are some Irish marriages among them, then they may get the benefit of a few easy jobs.

I mind here in this very town of Greenock, when they were wanting a man to keep the working girls and boys religious society rooms, my cousin, Jonathan Burns, applied for the job. There was only seventy-five dollars a year in it, with free light and coal, and for that job there were about twenty men waiting to see who would get it. Well, when it came down to the last two men—my cousin

was one of them—so my friend was presenting in a church choir, and there was a missionary there, by the name of Doctor—He was going out to Australia and he was a leading hand among the working boys and girls of that place, and in the proposing of the last two for who would get the job, Mr. McPhaill, a great Scotchman, said it would not be right to appoint an Irishman while there were plenty of Scotchmen there for the job. My cousin was a Presbyterian, and there was Free Church and Established Church—all there, of the Board—to vote in the man. Well just before they took the vote, Mr. Doctor—that was a missionary going out to Australia, asked leave to speak a few words before they would vote, and he said: "Gentlemen of this Board, I am on the eve of departure to a strange land to be a minister of the Gospel, and if God spared me to land there safely—as I hope He will—if I be selected as a minister to some church for to be taken a vote upon, an Irishman comes forth and say, he is a Scotchman, we can't have him—how would I feel in that position of being rejected because I was a Scotchman. That is the position of that Irishman tonight."

So you will note here that race hatred is a wonderful factor to deal with. Perhaps at times we insult, as the statesman or would-be statesman insulted that great man of all the statesmen of Edinburgh, that had the truest soul to principle, and the warmest heart that ever beat, for the love of justice and truth. Here we must be careful in our intercourse amongst nationalities as I see so many of those Scotch and English, mind you, priding themselves in high places of the state, and walking in the arrogance of pride in their knowledge and wisdom of this world, casting scorn and insult around them, without a thought of the humanized feelings that have to bear with it. I myself, have felt for others more than I suffered for myself. The Scotch seem to be all alike—the would-be reformers that came out from Rome, the dregs of those filthy clans still drags over them, they think one clan is better than another, but I have no doubt they see evolution among them is a degenerating one and hence their jealousies of the pure in action and in mind.

Yes, on the Sabbath Day they almost all assemble at church though they were rising off the floor after being drunk the night before, I myself, with my own friend, have been to church after coming out of a Shibeen on a Sunday, drinking whiskey and beer, and I have no doubt but you will say I was as bad as they were, but I never believed in these formulations of any church or sect. I always believe in private prayer. My friend was an elder of the church and stood at the door watching them put the money on the plate, and when they were all in, they would then take the money into a room and count it and hand it over to the minister or the treasurer. They think it is a crime to be absent from these formulas on the Sabbath Day, and the minister starts his sermon by begging for the Sustenance Fund for the minister of the For-

eign Mission, and the Sabbath school management, or the Orphans' Home, all are begging and looking for alms—that the orphans, and infirm could be and should be provided for out of the public treasury and let the ministers and foreign missions provide for themselves because if they are Christians for this simple reason, their leader that they profess to follow—Christ himself—said this knowledge was without money and without price.

But the dregs of Rome still follow these Scots Reformers, as they did Luther, and if the truth was known, Martin Luther was a Scotchman instead of a Dutch farmer. What did he give us to make us understand we had seen and possessed a new and greater light by him coming forth from the midst of the dragon, as the authority of some great kingdom or principality and authorities that rule in them. That is the dragon which is meant to abate and frustrate all good works that are opposed to them. Well, the Roman Empire is considered by Protestant commentators generally to be the power indicated by the great red dragon, as you will see. Rome in the person of Herod, attempted to destroy Jesus Christ, when he sent forth and destroyed all the children of Bethlehem from two years old and under. Who was Herod? A Roman Governor. From Rome, Herod derived his power. Rome ruled for the responsible party in this transaction, and it may be a fact worth mentioning that during the second, third, fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era, next to the eagle, the dragon was the principal standard of the Romans legions and that dragon was painted red as though in faithful response to the seer held up by the seer of Patmos. They would exclaim to the world: We are the nation which that picture represents. The dragon being a symbol, could deal only with symbolic stars and the chronology of the act here mentioned would confine it to the Jewish people.

Judea became a Roman province sixty-three years before the birth of the Messiah; so that we see all this superstition did not originate by the Romans themselves but through the actions of the Jews themselves. Here is an echo of lament that one of our own poets echoes at Rome's fall. "She saw her glories, star by star, expire till not even a single star remained to glimmer on the vacant and dark night." The fearful ravages of barbarian hordes who, under their bold but cruel and desperate leaders, devastated Rome, are vividly portrayed in the following spirited lines:

And then, a deluge of wrath, it came,
And the nations shook with dread,
And it swept the earth till its fields were
flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave,
And together lay in shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

Whether right or wrong, this was a visitation of a diabolical kind on this great Empire

and city of Rome. I deplore these visitations by barbarous hordes of men and women, that ever destroy the good with the bad. Now to this Babylon, which I take to be the church—whether of Rome or any other sect that has set forth a doctrine of blasphemous presumptions, as claiming to be not alone mediators between God and man, but actually claiming the power of God Himself to forgive sins, going that far in Christianity itself that they assume to exercise the power themselves of forgiving sins. They have even discarded the mediatorial interceder himself, as their heavenly assistants in the sanctuary above, and the sects of Mormons and other denominations that are covered with fornication, adultery and covetousness which decorates that whore of religion, with her leprosy, spots of corruption and degeneracy.

In Greenock, in Scotland, I was in a Salvation Hall prayer meeting of General Booth's rented botheys, and I can assure you it was the Babylonians' leprosy that I saw and heard in that place. In West Stewart street, Greenock, they put out the lights to pray and immorality's passions were adrift for half an hour, around me. It reminded me of Paul and the Corinthians as he said, as I almost became as one of themselves that I might gain some of them. If we have to commit sin and break the Commandments of God to serve Christ, it is a poor realization indeed, but I would not be honest if I did not express here my belief. I firmly believe that the Bible was written by seers, and superstition put into force by proposition; to make it short, pagans were the civilizers of the first races of mankind that recognized law and order. I hold all advancement sprang from them, from Moses up, and they were all superstitions, from Moses to this day. It is superstition and conjuring to believe that Elijah stopped the rain from coming down from heaven, or Moses turned the waters into blood of rivers, they say they did these things by the power of prayer.

But I cannot believe that God reveals to man that great desire of his heart to accomplish such things. You will say I don't believe, but I will show you where your faith fails you. You remember Christ in the Garden before His crucifixion, praying to the Father, if it were possible to take that cup of suffering from Him, and ordering Peter to gird on His sword. It is sufficient proof to me that God would not hear Him, and by his acts and deeds at the time, it seemed to me that He was a man confused and disarranged in mind. His turning the water into wine was another conjuring trick of superstition that I do not believe in, and Moses' tomb or burying place is another freak of craft about Herobee or Mount Pesgay, no one knowing where His body went to. Elijah's fiery chariots and Christ's ascension are to me a superstition I cannot endorse nor palliate.

All along the line of Christianity convinces me that their formulas are but a code of confusion and a wretched diversification of irregularity—disputing and refuting one an-

other. No wonder Rome's doctrines stand where they do; they are as a church universal for the simple reason they are unified in all doctrines and obey the oracles of its chief command, but Luther's doctrine is here a little, and there a little, when he believed that Christ was born against the natural laws of God, that is, His mother was overshadowed by an angel or God Himself, and not conceived by the natural connivance or communication of man. Then I see plainly they are more Popish than Rome itself, and another thing I can see no account in any statement ever made by Christ Himself, that he was anything but the Son of man. He said, concerning Himself, "The son of man hath not where to lay His head." He did say when his father Joseph, and His mother, were looking for Him and His mother told Him, she and His father, were looking for Him all day, and He is reported to have said, "Woman what have I to do with thee; wot ye not that I am about my Father's business?" But you must understand that all men that believe call God their Father and He said, the devil himself believes and trembles. So it is against reason, to suppose Christ was born into this world without an earthly father.

Why, we learn that Joseph was jealous with her and was going to put her away. Every incident points to the fact that He was man and not God. God is a spirit eternal and infinite, but we found Christ. He was born into this world a man child, as it was proclaimed "A child is born." But as Mr. Foote, the editor of a paper called "Truth" said, "Christianity will not stand the test of the nineteenth century, far less the twentieth century." The Bishop of London, said Christ's teaching could not be adopted to the laws of nations.

Just imagine a man that hated you meeting you on the street, because of your religious views or expressions concerning them, drawing off and hitting you on the one cheek, and him that cruel that he would kill you, if you turned to him the other also. This is Christ's idea before he had the experience of them crucifying him. Would that stand in mortal law? And the man that worked all day for a penny, and the laborers were few, but at noon the master hired another man at a penny for the half day, and quite natural, the man that worked all day and bore the heat of the sun complained at night, that he had worked all day and only got a penny, and the other man got a penny for half a day. Christ gives his decision: Did not I pay thee thy hire? Now it was an honest contract, but was it a just one? I wonder how the Trades Union of my day would swallow it.

I think Christ's Socialism was something like Lloyd George; it was liberal where it suited and Conservative where the Lords were and I believe he is a great Christ Jesus man, and believe me they are worth a-watching, I make no insinuations but give true facts.

I knew two brother-in-laws in Greenock, Scotland, that were officers in the church I went to. One head and superintendent of the

Sabbath school—Mr. Cormane—and an elder called Mackiney had a hardware business in Cathcart street, Greenock, Scotland, and he failed and hid away the hardware goods before they took stock of what was in his store, he removed in wagons to his brother-in-laws' store, and he only paid half a crown or sixty cents to the pound to his creditors. He went over to his brother-in-law to get his stuff or goods of hardware to start a bigger shop, but when he went to get them his brother-in-law told him he would send for the Police for him and he kept those goods and started a store himself with them.

Here are servants of Jesus Christ—I think I spoke of them before—and these North of Ireland Scotchmen in Scotland are almost all Orange, and they are some of the native Scotch who abhor them and shun them like mad dogs. It is the lower Scotch that mix up with them. These Ulster Scotch and Irish men mostly mix up together in the public works of hard labor, not that they have any desire to be together, but it is a necessity to sustain them that they work together, and while employed at their works they are still watching to injure one another and kill one another. Yes, I have been in their company when I could hear them whisper to each other, "We will make him drunk and put him in the dock." That is the North of Ireland Orangemen off the Duke of Argyle, and Sir Colin Campbell type.

Yes, in the boat yards, these Orange wretches—for that is a lurking coward's name—that lie and wait to kill any man that does not like their Order, and has come out from among them; in this town the docks or wharves are close up to the streets and only a railing fence of one chain to keep a drunken man from falling over, and they pretend to be very kind to you till they get a chance of pushing you over the dock side, and your body is got in the morning, or perhaps carried away with the tide, out to the shores of the Clyde, and when found, no inquiries about how it occurred. But the Coroner's return of "Accidental death."

I myself, have watched all these proceedings in those countries that boast so much of freedom and free institutions, is a disgrace to our civilization; bound and bond-up slavery; one sect dreading and fearing the other and secret societies a dread and a fear on every side, and as Shakespeare puts it, "The king is so much hedged round by divinity, that treason can but peep" to what it is in politics and religion. The people are urged on by ministers and priests to realize that their sect is the right one and all others are dangerous and hateful and also deceitful to listen to or associate with.

These Scots are a dreg upon civilization, because everything they take in hand is self-desire and design of purpose too in some way benefit by their actions and deeds. I notice in every land they have migrated to or emigrated to, they use every means in their power to take hold of the people's feelings by praising them, to get into their confidence,

that they might succeed in their business pursuits. They have, I perceive, followed Judean decisions, by hypocrisy and deception. I noticed them leaving New York on a tour and they did forget that time to hide their deceit. They did it barefaced, to bravado about the land of their adoption and praise to the Stars and Stripes of America when they were leaving that country for Scotland, by assembling a large crowd of American Scotch to cheer them on their way. This is the craft, all astute politicians and astute economies are taking hold of at the present day, and I hope all transactions in commerce between the peoples of these countries and the world may take note of the times and this kind of people.

Yes, this religion garbed with that cloak of hyppocrisy is the spewed out dregs of Rome that follows Luther's diversified wretches, of Churches of State, that have no resting place here nor to come. I notice that all secret societies, from the Free Masons down to Orangeism, and Friendly Societies, have sprung from Kings and Judaism; all their symbols and passwords are taken from this Bible, and were written according to its confession by its wise and foolish men, which I take for granted, is a mixture of confusion, and so David Hume, of Edinburgh, said about it: "It would not stand nor bear the foundation of reason, and anything that would not should be burned."

I like to see how bad some of it is, and the good will do me no harm. I do know, with the exception of a few people—prophets and lawmakers—we have not much to possess, but it is better to have it for the older people to instruct the young, but the young should not have access to it. They should be instructed by the older ones. If it is full of good lessons it is also full of bad ones.

Now, the leaders of these sects will say I am dangerous simply because I do not believe their theory. They tell us about the devil and the dangers of hell, but when I ask the question: Why did you make Satan to tempt us? They will tell me, I have no right to ask questions, why God did this or God did that, contradicting their own leaders. "Prove all things" Paul said. "Hold to that which is true and good." This is my candid opinion. The desire of a position to possess the things of this world when it was opened up to his view. He thought to himself, how will I possess means and power to obtain these things? As Dr. Johnson said in a letter when he was writing his Dictionary, to Lord Chesterfield, he was trying to obtain what the world was contending for, that was honor and position in it, so that man in his desires to possess is not only regardless of his fellow creatures but in some cases, tries to annihilate them for fear he would possess before him.

Have you ever taken notice of the lower animals—or pardon me for calling some of them so—the cows in the pasture fields that are feeding side by side, when a strange one comes in among them, they will kick and hook him or her till they fall on the ground

or run off the pasturefields to the outskirts of the pasture into the barren ground and eat the inferior pasture. Did you ever see men imposed upon in the work shop when they were strange to the place, shoved about to all dirty jobs, and imposed upon? Yes, I have watched the swine in this respect when put in among strange ones to be fattened before they were killed, and would you believe me, it gave me great concern about the strange, suffering ones. They would bite and eat at the strangers for fear they would take their meat or their beds, pushed in a corner for fear. How much are you Christians better than these?

Yes, the desire of the heart is the devil they threaten us of in this world. That was Christ's imagination on the high mountain; that was Bunyan's imagination in Bedford Jail. The devils within us when our covetous hearts go out to possess things of this world that do not pertain to us, and our conscience buries within us when we do wrong and fail to possess. Love thy neighbor as thyself, thou do well. Meddle not with strangers in the fields of labor with you, nor envy him not. Remember we were strangers in a strange land. Feed the hungry and provide for the poor. I now think this setting people at variance with one another should be stopped. Race hatred is very bad and sometimes their actions and expressions are very bad and hard to put up with. A cultured and travelled man suffers the most by it because he is the most sensitive to it. Whether it is the want of knowledge or wickedness I leave to others to judge, but in this City of Winnipeg, where I am writing now, is a population of foreigners from almost all parts of the world, of the most degenerated, filthy population I ever saw or heard, and insinuating what should be done with me because I know them, and these wretched Campbells gave me their filthy, corrupted nature to assimilate through my body, and open my mind to the world that I passed through that these wretched creatures might take off me.

This is the Babylon whore and Jezebel in the North of Ireland that has power for a little time under the beast, King Edward the Seventh, Sir Colin Campbell's daughters and their cousins, the Duke of Argyll, to get my grandmother's ten million pounds—Mary Rorke, County Down, Ireland—and Morris Williams' money of Queen's Cliff, Victoria, Australia, that he left to his niece, Margaret Williams, my wife, that the King and the Campbells, along with the Orangemen of Belfast, killed my children and father, brother, and sister, in Belfast, in 1903, and up to 1904. I am the victim of these herds that your Kaiser Wilhelm hales from. These are your Ulster Scots that shout so much against Home Rule; miradors and assassins at every corner you turn. No wonder these Protestant churches and Christian sects want to amalgamate with the social and philosopher population of the country. They see their authority and power under the beast is near its end and they are looking out for a place

before that storm arrives, that will cast them adrift on the rocks of their disasters, without a shelter or haven or bay to cast their anchor.

I think there is no fitter reply to those sects than Franklin's autobiography of the philosopher, who was a friend and teacher, "I never doubted" says Benjamin Franklin, sitting down in his seventy-ninth year to write of a life in which everything he had essayed had prospered and he had, without pushing himself, into men's counsel of all men become the eagerly sought consultee of mankind. The existence of the Deity that He made the world and governed it by His providence—the most acceptable service of God was the doing good to mankind, and our souls are immortal, and that all crime shall be punished and virtue rewarded either here or hereafter. Whether Franklin meant the sins of the fathers are visited unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, I know not, but I hold that hereafter is the visitation on the children's children in the natural body and form. With soul and body they will suffer here and if the fathers and mothers of this generation do well, so will their offspring inherit the blessings in the next generation. This is my experience and I hold it to be true.

Well, Franklin said, these I esteemed, the essentials of every religion and being to be found in all the religions we had in our country. I respect them all, though with different degrees of respect as I found them more or less mixed with other articles which without any tendency to inspire, promote or confirm morality, served principally to divide us and make us unfriendly with one another. Though I seldom attended any public worship, I still had an opinion of its propriety and of the utility when rightly conducted, and I regularly paid my annual subscription for the support of the only minister or meeting we had in Philadelphia. He used to visit me sometimes as a friend, and admonish me to attend his administrations, and I was now and then prevented to do so, once for five Sundays successively. Had he been, in my opinion, a good preacher, perhaps I might have continued, but his discourses were chiefly either polemic, argumentative explanations of the doctrines of his sect. Not a single moral principle was inculcated or enforced, the aim seeming to be rather to make us members of the sect than good citizens. At length he took for his text that verse of the fourth chapter of Philippians: Finally, Brethren, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely or of good report, if there be any virtue or any praise, think on these things, and I imagined in a sermon on such a text, we could not miss having some morality, but he confined himself to five points only, viz., first, keeping the Sabbath day; second, being diligent in reading the Holy Scriptures; third, attending duly the public worship; fourth, partaking of the sacrament; fifth, paying due respect to God's ministers.

These might all be good things but as they were not the kind of good things I expected from that text, I despaired of ever meeting

with them from any other, I was disgusted and I attended his preaching no more.

Franklin was, we are told by them that knew him, known to be a thoroughly good man. He had a definite, private system of religion which like everything Franklin did, was not practised haphazard, but regularly, resolutely, and with progressive results. He drew up a table of thirteen prime virtues by which to develop himself in a uniform way, not only morally, but mentally and physically. He saw that moral leadership must be based on sound health and mental balance and power. He mastered the virtues in his list and made them the habits of his life, taking them out, one at a time, and giving a week to each, the little book in which he set down this table of virtues, appending three mottoes of inspiration and encouragement, and adding two prayers—he carried about with him all his long and profitable life of 84 years. Franklin's prayer was as follows: "O powerful Goodness, bountiful Father, merciful Guide, increase in me that wisdom which discovers my truest interest; strengthen my resolutions to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to Thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favors to me."

On the whole, Franklin says, speaking generally, of the effect of his system: "I was, by the endeavor, a better and happier man." It may be well my posterity should be informed that to this little artifice, with the blessing of God, their ancestors owed the constant felicity of his life. To the joint influence of the whole mass of the virtues, all that evenness of temper and cheerfulness in conversation which made his company sought for. I should have called my book "The Art of Virtue," because it would have shown the means and manner of obtaining virtue, which would have distinguished it from the mere exhortation to be good. That does not instruct and indicate the means, but is like the apostles' man of verbal charity, who only, without showing to the naked and hungry, how or where they might get clothes or victuals, exhorted them to be fed and clothed. James 11, 15-16.

This suffices me and satisfied me of the Christian of today. In my opinion there is no greater blasphemy than appears to me today, than to set up man born of a woman to be equal in honor and power with Almighty God, far less, the woman herself. This is worse than any form of pagan worship. Pagan worship, in my opinion is a show of works and performers, of admiration to the eye, without elevation or satisfaction to the heart or soul. Hell in the Scripture, is not meant a pit in the earth, but refers to the times of confusing worship that is and will be upon the earth. A bottomless pit is a place you cannot define its depth anywhere, but Satan has been chained for a thousand years—or any number, of years—simply means a change in the nations of the earth, of a peaceful, purer, holier assimilation of worshipping and obeying God's commandments. All fleshly sacrifice and offerings by man are barbarous, and Christ's

body, as the Christians confess, was an offering, and his crucifixion was barbarous, I hold all dispensations were devised by man, hence they are weak and fallible. Man's creation in the Garden of Eden is supposition, put into force by power and authority, by proposition. Who dare stand before me and tell me Adam was put into a deep sleep and a rib taken from him to make that woman Eve.

You tell me again that all things are possible with God, but that statement just leaves you where you were. You say God reveals these things in the spirit to man, but I believe as Huxley believed, these dreams have a cause and the cause is the effects of anything in my own experience. I have proved there is a cause for dreams, visions. I made a tour to New South Wales in 1913, from Canada, and I sailed from Vancouver, and I saw that country did not suit me, and while in Sydney I took a notion of going back to Canada again. When I took my ticket out for Canada, it was a few days before the ship sailed. She was a new ship, and before she sailed I dreamed a dream—that the ship was knocked about, some of the stanchions broken and portholes driven in, and the electric winches shifted out of their places, and hatches nailed down. Well I considered my dream and I could not see in it where the ship went down, so I resolved to go in her, and I did. Well all those things came to pass and the ship did not go down, and the Captain said it was the roughest passage he ever had and he was a long time at sea. So you see, as Huxley said, there was a cause for me to dream.

Well, it is experience that teaches all men and during my time in Scotland—which was ten years—I made it my duty to analyze and test and weigh in the balance of reason, the acts and deeds I saw performed by these people. The learned and cultured of them had the art of hiding their faults, or at least, attempted to do so. They are courteous but reticent and suspicious. I could always get along with them that were educated, and learned, but an uncultured and unlearned Scotchman is the essence of vulgarity, exposed by the wildest rudiments of sentiments and actions. Their lives are similar to the clans simulations or wandering tribes of North Europe, or the North American Red Indian, by which I perceive and see in this North American country where I reside just now.

The Scotch settler is the principal one that I see associates or cohabits with the Indian with, I might say, the exception of the Frenchmen, who very much resemble the Scot in his immoral tendencies. As I view the past history of the race, coming out from the crawls of uncivilization, I still think the Scotch have a tendency to go back there. Their historians are great setters forth of the conditions and characters of other races, and blurs, to a certain extent, the unwary readers about the true facts of their own race. My brother's wife was Scotch and I myself, was married to her sister. I mean they were Scotch born and brought up in that country

by a Scotch mother—three boys and four girls were raised up to manhood and womanhood, with their father and mother, in one single apartment, eighteen by twenty feet, if not less, in the town of Greenock, in a street called the Venell, of very low repute.

When I arrived with my brother in that same town he himself, was living in a single apartment, but their family was only one. The street he lived in had an appropriate name; it was called Wellington street, but I don't know that the people were any better in that street than they were in the Venell huddled up, together, male and female, seemed to me to be the great evil and forerunner of immorality in that most boasted country of knowledge. But excuse me if I do tread down the thistle, it is to keep it from pricking you. They have given us lots of good names that they hold up to posterity, about the works they have done, but I viewed the workers with care, the wise heads of that country's greatest commercial capital—Glasgow. They did take into their trust the corporation finances of that city, and in some parts of that great city they made a good job of it, but I trust you will allow experience to speak here.

I was in that city in 1909 and stopped in one of their Corporation model lodging houses. As I walked into that house I had a new suit of clothes rolled up in a parcel with me and left it down, on one of the seats while I was engaged in getting a room, and also getting some stores for my supper. When I had done, I went for my parcel but it was gone; I asked the keeper about it and he laughed at me, and said I should have carried it with me, and seemed to enjoy the joke of me losing my parcel. I went to the Police Office and gave the report and in half an hour, the thief returned because he could not get them pawned, as the pawn man had suspicion on him because in Glasgow it is a customary thing to pawn things very often and they generally know all their customers. When he came in I told him as I was leaving the city I would not be there to prosecute him and therefore I would let him go, but in this great model lodging house there was no notice of any kind to warn you of thieves, and them round you in dozens.

There is a long range of hot plate to cook on, and cooking utensils to serve your purpose, but while you are cooking your meat, if you look round one moment, it is stolen off the pan or cook-plate, and the man in charge seemed to be in co-operation with the thief and asked him if he could not get it away.

The beds are more like a place for caged animals than for men. You have only space to stand and room to lie down; wire netting above your head to keep the next one from stealing your clothes or taking your money—all assemble at a lot of tables in the dining hall or cookhouse, to pass the time away. They seemed to me all to be a lot of undesirable with the exception of a few migrants here and there, seated amongst them. Like myself, who have been imposed on or oppressed by the sects or schisms that are ever at

work against justice and truth, supposing one thing and suspecting another. Their City Fathers may have meant well, but the nature of man being so weak and fallible, that it never attains its end it had in view.

It is true they carried many good reforms into effect in the City of Glasgow, but also many of them proved a failure, and in part, disastrous to some of the inhabitants of that city. The corporation meant, I suppose, to elevate and protect the floating population of the city, along with the desolate and homeless, but it also enticed from the parent's care innocent, easily deluded boys, to imbibe that habit of disrespect for morality and purity by the associating of themselves with this class of the community that are ever devising means and ways of dishonesty to satisfy their longing desires, that they might elevate to some place of prominent position by their deviations and acts and deeds. This, I am sorry to say, is evolution descending, which I know in after-years, but not alone the boys' chances of prosperity, but brings disgrace and disrespect to the community and city to which they belong.

In the City of Glasgow, and Greenock, and Paisley, their people seem born to manipulate filth and corrupt practices. The single apartment system is the tendency to filth and immorality, I believe, and all the knowledge I could ascertain from them was taken from the Book of Solomon. These proverbs and ecclesiastics are their sole guide, which without the exception of a few observations, is a code of deception and knavish ideas, of how to take advantage of your fellow creature, and their conversations in the public houses, at the bars, and what they call the snug apartment is hidden immorality and disgraceful shame. Religion's garb hides a multitude of sins, and like their North of Ireland country men, their only cloak for race hatred and prejudice. When daylight takes its flight and the night cloud appears, in their by-ways, and closes as you pass along, the women and men lying on your doorstep, you tripping over them on your doorstep, and in the middle of the night you will hear them scream, "Murder, Police"—when some wretch refuses to pay them their hire. In some parts, the women with a little child in her arms, will ask you if you have any good in your mind, or are you going up the close for a short time—that means, for bad purposes or lewdness—and I found that some of the best educated of them were very filthy and impure, and they seemed always to like to indulge in feasts.

In their shipbuilding yards they were paid every two weeks, and when they had paid for their food and raiment, they indulged in a carousal banquet on Saturday night and sometimes to the middle of next week—men and women, lying side by side, drunk on the floor. I have seen a man by the name of Cummings, lying drunk with his daughter twenty-five years old, above where I was stopping in 15 West Stewart street, Greenock, Scotland. Any pay night you please, take a walk through the town or city, and if you are acquainted with

the people and the districts, you will see what I write is confidential and true. There is not a race of people under the sun tries to hide its sins by religion, more than Scotland does, and to prove it was not even equal to the occasion to do so—at a meeting of the General Assembly of the Established Presbyterian Church of Scotland, a short time ago, there was a young minister there that had been pure in character and he made a proposition to the Assembly before him, that the character of the Ministers be inquired into, but the Moderator said it could not be gone into because immorality had eaten into the church.

Yes, they are a fallible people and pride themselves on their great knowledge, but there is nothing so detestable to me as a man or a people professing to be knowledgeable people that they know, and has been taught in the upper school, while they show forth the actions and express in words and deeds the vulgarity and lewdness of the dust of the school.

My brother and I were married to two sisters, born and brought up in Scotland, and I can assure you I rued that annexation and cohabitation. The Scotch seem not to realize wedded life. They look upon the acts and deeds of others towards them, regardless of the conditions of their wedded lives. If a man treats them and sympathizes with them, that is not married, she realizes that he would be better to her, without a consideration that he was simply fooling her. They are a people hard to make out. I know for my part, that a woman that is married, and has her husband living, and loses her virtue, is no use to me, nor could I have respect for her. They eat and drink to gorges, and gulp it all up on Saturday and Sunday, and the men's wives, with young men, on Monday booze it out what is left over on Saturday night. Then for the next pay, they run in debt, and pawn the clothes they went to church on Sunday with. The wealthy section booze within doors, and no alehouse is to be seen near his private mansion, but I must relate here, the Scot although he pretends to be the friend of the Irish, is, I believe, his greatest enemy, whether it is his prejudice concerning his Ulster-Scot in Ireland, or a hatred because of superiority of character and purity of nature.

I remember well my wife taking her first son, a baby, to the corporation Doctor to be cut for pock. Dr. Shoulters was his name—and there were a lot of children there to get vaccinated—and that country, especially in the towns, there is a great lot of venereal disease through their lewdness and filthiness. I could see their degeneracy staring me in the face—and he took the infection of the most degenerated child in the room and put it on my strong, healthy child, that when it went through its system, it became weak and almost useless and ever after never seemed the same. When he grew up to be a big boy, I said to the wife: "That is because my name is Irish, he has ruined the child." That was a learned Scotchman—so that the Irish that trust to them are betrayed and deceived, and

they are all dishonest and prone to wander into disrepute.

Their games are football and bowling rinks in the country districts and villages; coult throwing and gambling round their coal fields. The country districts are almost nude of culture and refinement. Their elementary education is confined, like Ireland—no assimilation with the outer world, with the exception of a holiday trip to some of their cities or towns that of the same instinct and customs as themselves. He is a privileged peasant if he reaches the city of Edinburgh, or London. He toils hard in the country districts, and the women work hard and rough on the farms and dairies, among the cows. With these drawbacks they are left without romantic knowledge that the migrater always and ever possesses. We have their tourists, and would-be historians ever proclaim the far-reaching wisdom and economical ideas of their countrymen, the Scot.

I was amused at an article I read in a Winnipeg newspaper. It was about the farmers of Canada improving their conditions, and adopting new appliances. Here a Scotchman makes the insinuation that the Scot was adaptable only to sit in the office and think out some plan of invention, and to give him time to do so at a handsome sum of remuneration for it, thinking that a few of the dead-heads would take notice of him. In fact, to think of such and take notice of it, by the experienced man, was an insult to the learned and progressive authority of that country in which he did reside. He also forgot that this life is in an advanced and inventing age. He must be taught to know that perception, and not deception, is the rule of the road.

Yes, I know Scotchmen and where there is diverse controversy, deception is always sweet to them, in that Scotland is an inlet, but the outlets are small. It receives the healthy and strong to do the hard toil, but the outlet of that toiler's production is conserved, but not to his own bank account. They have laws in Scotland, and by-laws, that some of British and Irish never dreamt of. Why, if a Scotch girl sees a nice young man and has a desire for him, she will do all in her power to get pregnant by him, because the laws of her country are so framed that he will have to support the child, and partly herself; and in Scotland if a woman has three children to a man, and not married to him, she claims him as her husband, and he has to support her and the children, let him live with her or not.

I will not forget the first time I went along the public street with my brother and his wife to do some shopping on a Saturday night. I went into a Clothes Shop to buy a cap, and my brother and his wife were with me, and his wife was buying some things for their home. She lifted some things and put them in her parcel and rolled them up, and when we came out on the street she began to tell me of her cleverness and showed me what she had stolen. I said to her, "Go back and lay them where you got them because I will lie under no suspicion for anyone." That was my first

experience in Scotland and of the Scotch, where I stopped at my brother's in Wellington street, in Greenock.

On a Saturday night, young widows and women of all kinds would come in there and drink ale and beer with a drachm of Scotch in it, or a wee nip as they call it, and always a half musken on the table. In this town of Greenock I could hardly get in and out to my meal for married women coming after me into the very house at my dinner, and try to make free with me. Often they tried to get me into their houses when their husbands were out. They have taken me into their rooms, beside the bed, and treated me to a drachm of whiskey, trying to get me to cohabit with them, and since the Government has made it legal for bareing Societies, the women to get the booze and rid of the child, often hasten its life away, and the Scotchmen themselves, in their own Friendly Societies, make it a point to draw as much out of it as they pay into it by lying in sick—this is what Scotch men call friendly. This record of him and his is no make-up story, but my true experience amongst them. They do like to hide their faults, and low, mean actions.

Before I got married I remember well I was stopping with my cousin in Cathcart street, Greenock, Scotland, and there was a man, a clerk on the Caledonian Railway, lived near by us, and his wife was a gray haired woman, of about fifty years of age, but looked strong, good featured, and a good conversationist. She came into my bedroom and asked me for some money for she was very sick after drink, and she told me she came from Belfast, and she loaded the guns for the Orangemen in Sandy Row to shoot the Irish in Belfast.

I could enumerate a great deal more concerning my experiences in that so much recognized country, by its country-men and would-be historians. They are a humorous people to associate with, but a dangerous people to trust or place confidence in. I worked in the Sugar Factories in Greenock, Scotland, and while there I joined a few of the Friendly Societies. One was the Forresters, and I was acquainted with a good many of them that were members, but ever kept myself to myself, because I was a stranger in a strange land. But in this Friendly Society there was a secretary and a treasurer had charge of banking and drawing the funds. The treasurer's name was Donahey and he had on hand one hundred and twenty dollars, and when the sick members wanted to receive the ailment money at the end of the week, he had applied it to his own use and the members could not be paid. Well, he wanted a certain amount of time to refund the money that he had charge of and I heard he was going off to America, so I objected to the proposition, and moved that the money be forthcoming at once, or we would take proceedings against him at once. For that action of mine, which I perceived was an honest one, made me many enemies, but I believed it was just on my part. In that country, in my opinion, it is a crime to be honest.

Well, during my time there, there were two murders in Scotland. One was the murder of a young Englishman by the name of Rose, by Lawrie, of Cotbridge. The other was young Hemberg, at a place called Goatfell—and Arracher. Well, this Lawrie's father was a grain dealer, and he himself, was a pattern maker in Springburn, Glasgow. It was about 1886, and he was tried and sentenced to be hanged in Greenock prison, Scotland, and the authorities got up a petition for his reprieve, and one Saturday evening I was going down the street for my evening walk, and the street was Sir Michael street, and in it was the Mechanics Institute, and at its door were three men with a table and a book on it. The young man at the book was red-haired, resembling the Murreys of the Graham or the Campbell Clans. He accosted me to step up and sign the petition, with my brother Charles. Well, my brother signed the sheet but I refused. They told me I was cruel, but I smiled and said he was found guilty by his countrymen, and therefore I don't believe in disannulling the law. But he got a reprieve, and I saw him after in another institution and heard him say he deserved to be killed. That was his remorse and regret for killing a man.

I was in a public house or Beer Shop in Berhope street, in that town. The man that kept it was an Englishman by the name of Hunt, and while standing there I saw some beautiful Yorkshire terriers, and I asked who owned them, but they did not tell me, and I found out after it was Berry, the Hangman's dog, from Bradford, to hang Lawrie that I would not sign the petition for his reprieve, and I saw the carpenters build that scaffold to hang him on, but he got a reprieve the night before the day that he was to be hanged. Well, strange to say that man Lawrie was a full cousin to the girl to whom I was married. His mother's name was Cuthberthen and so my wife's mother's name. They were two sister's, and I never knew it till a long time after, then I was separated from her.

My children were fine children by her, but I left them to her and cleared away. My wife's brother, when I was going with her, he and I quarrelled on one Saturday night before I married her, and he was a slater and steeple-jack by trade. He had some weapon behind his back to hit me with, but I escaped his hand, and on Monday morning he went away to a job near Edinburgh to repair the top of a very large stack or chimney, and he fell off that stack, one hundred and sixty feet, and was gathered up in a sheet and sent to his mother in Greenock. That was two days after he was going to kill me. Shortly after, I had partly to support his mother and little ones, but the heaviest of the burden fell on my oldest brother that was married to her eldest daughter; and just a little while after, a younger brother of his, they called Morris Williams, was working on a cutting on the railway on the night shift. I gave him his supper that night and told the wife to make him up something for him through the night to eat, for him to take with him. Well, in the

middle of the night he fell over the embankment of the railway cutting and was killed, and carried in mutilated like his brother. The mother was a drunken woman. These are the effects that take place because of the sins of the father and the mother.

I must relate here, I had a brother married in Ireland to a Scotch girl, that went over with her mistress from Scotland, that got married to a Mr. Dixon, in that country, that owned spinning mills and weaving factories. She was a Miss Coleman by name and my young brother, Henry, married her, not knowing her pregnancy by another young man in the same district. Well, God relieved that young brother of mine of that young woman by taking him away without suffering any pain. A crane he was working in Mr. Denny's shipbuilding yard, broke down and smashed him to pieces in a moment of time, that caused him no pain or suffering. This was in Dumbarton where Lipton's yachts are built.

Yes, the Scotch are well worth watching. It seems to me this race mixture is a dangerous one. They never have the same warmth of feeling for one another; it seems to be only nature love, which is a moment hot, then cold and severed—pleasure's love—but no consolation, no comfort, no desire for easing pain, no carefulness to prepare for the future welfare of the one you should cherish and love. They look upon the form of the creature when in its spring, and radiant, but declines as it declines and recedes as it recedes, without a glimmer of admiration or emotion for the flower that once adorned their breast and bloomed so fresh and fair upon their bosom; heaves not a sigh of regret for the balm and sweetness it diffused in its consolations and exhortations of gratefulness towards those they loved. Race marriages are very seldom a success and lead ever to deeds of mistrust and suspicion, and deception follows in their trail, and they tell us this Scotchman is so cool and calculating that he is to be trusted and taken as an example to guide men.

I have seen them fight in their football field, about their game. I have stood against the ropes in their football fields when in their excitement watching the players kicking the ball, they would kick the balls off my legs if I would not shift from before them. In their excited moments, they thought it was themselves playing the game, and when in discussing with them, especially with their educated ones, when your argument is true and unshakeable, they will give you no time to expostulate with them or show them their weakness, without interruption or trying to confuse you by stopping your speech. And as to his passions being better than any other man. I never could see it he is the most wretched, reckless, angry man I ever saw or heard in all my life. He is dangerous. I have watched them at their national games amongst themselves, and I have seen them trying to injure others for life, in that game of sport, and I have known them to die soon after from the effects of the hurt, and they said it was accidentally done.

This is Scotchmen in their own country, because there are so many competing for a living in that country, but you know outside their own country they are clannish and ever claiming everything and anything that comes before them. In charity, they are very frail to recognize worthy necessity and hold and conserve the mite they should remunerate towards their fellow-creatures. I could see him, in his own country, jealous of everyman's hand that is in view of the object and aim his heart desires to attain. Their country is small and damp and cold, so their hearts are equally cold. I lived among them and was married to them. Treat them well and you are a good fellow; treat them badly and they will crucify you and trace your steps like bloodhounds. Their girls are fair and of a blonde type, stout and prepossessing. They are the only stock in that country that I saw was not conserved—affable and very introductive, free at all times and places. Their characters are always of a hidden disposition. They like to credit their native poet Burns and proclaim his chronology, that is, I may tell something to a friend, or something to a bosom croney, but I'll aye keep something to myself, I would nae tell to any. This is their heart and soul's devotion, and the maxim of the real Scot. He is like the Welshman at home—has hardly enough and nothing to spare—kind and affable when he has the power to distribute the interests of others and speculate upon them to his own advantage. His wit is ever apparent with his easy, enticing introductions, while at the same time he resembles the Jew in his pretence to be distant and reticent, while at the same time he wants to know your innermost soul. He is a preface of anticipation to conscribe with. Without experience and perception you are unable to cope with him.

Immorality is a factor in his life he cannot conceal or purify it; he is lewd, deluded, and do how he may, the scars of that being's well formed sculptured face defame him and single him out among the sons of men as such. I will not descend to the dust of that school, to enumerate their deeds and designed actions.

I have sat in the camps of Canada, both lumbering and contractor's works, and I must say without the fear of contradiction, that the Highland Scot is the most filthy and deceitful creature I ever listened to. In short, he is corrupt. What little he does know, he is ever expostulating it and congratulating his own deformity. Modesty—I could see none in him. Courtesy in him meant deception to you or them that had intercourse with him. Everything in their country is confined in space that is shut up and not utilized, confined and cribbed. Even their High Schools, like Ireland cannot be reached by the poor.

I worked in their sugar refineries in Greenock, Scotland, I worked in the Roxboro and in the Glebe and in Neil and in Dempster, and in Scott's old house, and in their new house, Berry Yards. In Walker's and in the Cotton Mill and sugar refinery—that was seven fac-

tories I worked in. I worked there for about eight years in that town which had four ship-building yards and large docks twenty miles from Glasgow. It was a great town for migration. When the shipyards were busy and lots of work the people flocked into it, from England and Ireland; and when bad times came the people went away again, so that one time there would be about eighty thousand of a population, and in three or four years there would be about sixty thousand of a population.

Well, in these bad times, the people were in starvation and could get no work anywhere in that country: Those that had the money subscribed to start free breakfasts for the people out of work, and Coffee Shops where these people got a cheap meal. And that country becomes immoral by the suffering of its people, who were compelled to fall into disrepute for their starving children's sake. It is amusing to read the speeches of British Premiers and would-be statesmen about their great revenues and surplus of the same. But how is it, or where is it applied to relieve her starving population that we see around us on every hand, where ~~these people seem to be white slaves~~, contented with their lot and taught to be so, by military forces and Police forces they are kept down, with high salaried officials and authorities in a country that cannot support itself but eight months out of twelve without its dependents. It is a shame and disgrace to civilization to squander its revenue in payments to officers and place hunters of the state, while the people and the people's children cry out for bread.

When these Premiers get into power and make a pleasing oration, and before their colleagues, and receive a great ovation of applause, that carries him like the mariner in the storm, that he cannot ascertain his course nor find his latitude until he strikes the rocks and becomes a wreck in the midst of his own admiration; such is my experience, and there are other would-be statesmen who cannot find their way to the top when they are not adrift on the rocks; they are drifting icebergs that are ever to be avoided and with care to be steered clear of in the calm and peaceful waters, far less in the storm.

Yes, in this Greenock, Scotland, I became a Trades Unionist, and took part with my fellow countryman, Edward Donnelly, of that town, along with a few other workmen. We were working on an average of fourteen hours a day for the remuneration of six dollars a week, and we formed ourselves into a Union, and we got Mr. James Ferguson, secretary of the engineers, of Glasgow Trades Union, to help us to form a code of rules, and we got our Union on the way. It was not long till we approached the Masters for some better conditions and we appointed delegates to put our case before them, but they refused to hear the delegates. They said they would hear and talk to the men themselves. Well, we resolved to let the men speak for themselves and it was in the dinner meal hour. The Manager

said he had put in new machinery and made the work light for us to do, but I told him that was his duty, to keep the machinery in order for the men. I said we did not come there to talk about machinery but we came there to discuss our grievances with him, and these grievances were. We wanted to be paid our time after ten hours a day. He said the firm could not pay overtime,—and they gave us one shilling, or a quarter of a dollar a week, but I told him his so-much-a-week was nothing to us because he could refine two hundred tons a day instead of one hundred and eighty, and would keep us working later still. He said to me I had an easy job and I had no right to complain, but I told that man his easy job was no use to me when three or four hundred were suffering, and if they could not pay the overtime it was better for them to stop the house than keep the men in misery because if the house was not fit to pay the workmen their overtime, it was not worth working at all. The men will have to follow the work, the work won't follow them, so close the house if it won't pay—and they had to; and the men never missed it for they got work other places, but before they closed it down we had to strike for our conditions, and we got them. The Manager slacked off so much every day too; he would have the house cleaned up, and I perceived his object and told the men he was going to stop the house and throw them on the street. So we all turned out and the result was all his sugar and liquid became a solid mass in the pans and receivers and tanks, so he had to agree to our terms, and the head Manager said to us it cost them two thousand pounds, but I told him we gave him time enough to settle the dispute and it was his own fault for what took place.

Well from that day forth, masters and their jubes, the Orangemen, persecuted me until this hour, 1919, January 28th, and some of them we expelled from our meetings because they carried the business of our meetings to the Manager, and the Manager to the Master, and one of them killed my brother because he could not get satisfaction out of me. His name was Bob Hamilton, from Kilkeel, County Down, Ireland, and his cousin told my brother to leave where he was for he would kill him. But he took no notice of him.

Well, thank God, I never trusted to any man but myself, because the prophet said, "Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man, or the son of man that shall die as I and become as grass." I have known men of that Orange Society tried to make me drunk and make an excuse and waylay me, and I would go out in the lavatory and put my finger down my throat and vomit all I had drunk, and make an excuse till I would get some coffee or eatables to sober me up, to that effect, that I would be able to watch myself going home because I knew they were wanting to take advantage of me some way or another. Watching was my motto on every hand. They envied me because I knew well when they could not kill me, certainly they lamed me.

The same man, Hamilton, that killed my brother got an Orangeman by the name of Jack Ronalds to pull a carload of casks of sugar, forty-five hundred weight run over me and broke my thigh; that destroyed my life. I could have run a hundred yards in eleven seconds easily, and that Orangeman had the nerve to come to see me in the hospital, where he was the cause of putting me, and I told him not to come back to see me again. That man went to London and shipped for Australia, but he never got there. The fireman, on that ship threw him overboard for something he had done. I think the Chimborazo was her name. That was the end of that murderer of King William's clan.

I had oftentimes to listen to these Orangemen lamenting the loss of some of their brothers or friends, and them standing up cursing the pope as some of them are today, in my ears, agitating those people that differ from them in belief about the next world. It is amusing to hear these fanatic's lamentations whilst they, themselves, are the cause of it all.

Well, in that hospital where I was taken when he broke my thigh, I had to lie there nine hours before I got it set, with the nurse putting hot clothes on it to keep down the swelling before the Doctors set it, and they were all young doctors; while the ambulance took me there, it was great pain to me when they turned the corners of the streets. I could not bear the pain with the sudden jerk. I often watched the ambulance after I came out with other patients, how quickly it turned the corners with them, where it is the driver's duty to turn them very slow. Well, I lay in that hospital eight weeks and a cage over my leg to keep the clothes off it, and a weight and pulley to keep it in place, that it might not be longer or shorter than the other leg.

Here my wife visited me before I got married to her, and I remember well the nurse saying to me, "What brings her here?" That nurse's nationality was Irish, from the county Wexford, and the doctors did not like her because of her nationality and they gave her all the dirty work to do. She had a sister, a nurse in the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, and I wish I had taken her advice and had nothing to do with my wife that I married afterwards. She was a kind nurse and very good to me, and some of the Scotch people I was acquainted with visited me regularly while I was there and brought me eatables. Mr. Scott, that owned the factory, visited me and brought me sweets and a private nurse by the name of Routledge, from Helensboro, was very kind to me and read books to me at my bedside and consoled me very much. A doctor's wife, that her husband got his two legs broken by his horse falling on him, by the name of Taylor, was very kind to me, by bringing fruit and eatables when I was allowed to eat them and on the recovery list.

When they were making the James Watt dock, there were a great lot of accidents and the boatyards were busy, that all the wards were filled with wounded men. Well, I got a good laugh at a man that came in from the

docks; he fell into the hold of a boat and got hurt. He would take no foods and the nurse thought she would force him to take some porridge. While doing so, he said to her, "Officer Dick, if you don't stop that I will shift you," so he kept the porridge in his mouth and did not swallow it, till his mouth was full, and then he blowed it into the nurse's face and made an awful mess of her clothes, from bottom to top.

These towns are full of what the Scotch call shibeens, or places for selling drinks without license. After the Beer Shops are shut on Saturday nights, these are dens of fallen women, all night and all day Sunday. I have sat with them playing cards on a Sunday, with lamps lit and the blinds tight down on the windows, for money and beer. Life in a nutshell, in Scotland and Wales, hide up and closed in Glasgow, with all its boast of a corporation, examples of its City Fathers in municipal affairs, to encourage and enlighten its people to be moral and virtuous, has still failed to put its hands on the colleges of the city infamy. If they would investigate the cause of these things they would soon find out a remedy to be applied, to the effect, to open up the abscess and extract the matter and clean the bone.

Without experience, we know nothing, otherwise it is supposition and proposition that never will conclude nor finish the defects of mankind in those places. It is a danger of man's life to go in among them, I escaped from their hands very luckily sometimes. I have been in their hotels on Sunday as a bona fide traveller, when you had nothing to do but sign your name in the book, no matter where you came from, if you gave the right distance from the place, and they would pick your pocket while paying for a drink at the bar.

I was out of work for a long time and me being young, I never took a thought to the reason as to why I did not get work; it was because I was a leading Trades Unionist, till I began to consider my position, then I knew the cause, that the foremen were afraid of losing their jobs, and when I did get work they set snares for me until they broke my leg; I had enemies on every side of me, yet I envied none. The Irish girls in Scotland disliked me because I kept company with Scotch girls. I mind one night, and ever will mind it, in Greenock, when walking along the street with the girl I married after, an Irish girl came up to me and drew her fist and knocked my hat along the street before me like a football. I had to laugh at it after that although I was displeased at the time, because I wished I had never married her, her mother being a drunkard, and also her sons imbibed her habits, with my brother's wife, which was her sister, also inherited her bad practices and carried them with her till her last days.

Here are the conditions I married under. I told her if I caught her in a public bar with any man or woman, or her mother, she was no longer my wife. I wanted her to sign it be-

fore we got married, but she said she would agree to it and kept it. She had a lawyer and he tried to chastise me by sending a letter and he told me he would make it hot for me, but he did not get the power, for a few weeks after he dropped dead. His name was Mr. Stranach, a Greenock lawyer, and I was ill for some time and I went to Dr. Cairns in that town. He was doctor for the men building the James Watt docks in that Port Greenock. He treated me for about three months and I was getting no better, but worse, so I went to another doctor and he made me all right in a very short time, and told me Cairns was only destroying me, and I went straight to Cairns and told him what the other doctor said, and showed him the medicine the other doctor gave me, and what he said about his treatment of me. Then he wanted me to go into his office, but I would not go, and I told him he was a fraud, and walked away, but he hollered after me and wanted to speak to me, but I would not go back to him and in three weeks' time he was dead. I know not whether I was the cause of it or not, or whether he committed suicide or not, I can't tell, but I must, in spite of all experience, let you know that Scotland has her good men as well as her bad. Like all nations, they are diversified and separated in principle and in character.

How could I condemn such great men as David Hume and Mr. Allison, that wrote the British Essays, and gave way to their conscience rather than please the principality and authoritative power, for a living's sake, and like ourselves, know here, we have no contented place, but we seek one to come and tried to make life better for those that follow after us. How could I condemn a heroic race as the Muhroes that proved themselves, both in Scotland and Ireland, to stand by justice and the truth and to suffer for it. There are more Scotchmen even today if they could set forth their heart's desires, by the pen of articulation, would denounce the arbitrary, tyrannical imperiousness that is preached around us today. The arrogance of the arrogant race of supporters in my time is so averse against justice and the truth it caused me anguish and agony of heart and all I can do is to be circumspect in all my actions, but without compunction I condemn them. They have no contrition, but to convert to their side, by proselyte, pervert the unwary and profitable thinker of mankind, and for a time, abates and delays the progress of justice.

Yes, Lord Kelvin, or Mr. Thompson, was a great Scotchman, and thousands more forby him, but what I have written about my experience amongst them is perfectly true. The lower and working classes are, at the present time, in the cities and towns of Scotland, and the North of Ireland, where the Ulster Scot is, are at the present time in a state of chronic degeneracy and deformity. Venereal diseases, combined with filth, and the chemical foods the people exist upon, is a testing run, for that race its destination is extermination.

Many shocked men will challenge me, as the Australians challenged Forrester Frazer,

when he told them three generations would find them extinct or passed away forever. They are deformed with their bowlegs because of their mothers keeping them for hours at a time tied up in a shawl when engaged in their carousals which is very often when they have their bawbees to spend, or their neighbor's. Yes, their Doctors have an Association and combined together so they treat them immaterial, or in other words, regardless of whether they die or not. Cheap medicine, if you are sick, especially if the doctor has a share in the drug store, the chemical foods, jams and jellies, butter, and adulterated milks, sugar, even tea and coffee. Their daily foods, I believe in all grades of it has more or less ingredients of a chemical distribution that assimilates and degenerates them.

Money is the rush and desire of the heart is the lust of the flesh. This is man without the power of the right spirit to hold his body in subjection to his will, and I hereby by no means am going to be complacent with my countrymen, the Irish, with being kept down at home in their own country with a military force and having to migrate to England and Scotland, not having the means to emigrate farther afield so that they imbibe the effects and defects of these countries through which they roam, and cannot abstain from the indulgence of strong drink, until they become regardless of the virtues their country possessed. The abstraction has taken hold of them, particularly in separating thought from the cares of life, absence of mind, or deep thought stealing or carrying them away until they become not only contrary to reason and ridiculous, but preposterous, which supposes a total inversion of the order of things. With them and by them, I have watched in the low dens of the city, taking part with immoral women and living on their deluded bodies which I ever detest to see. I always was in favor of licensed houses for these women, where they were inspected and protected and kept clean. It keeps away lustful diseases and protects the progeny of our future race; because lustful women and lustful men must be satisfied, and to keep them in their licensed houses is the proper place. To see married women and men connive immorality over the cities and towns, exposed to the children's eyes and ears, is a shame and disgrace to the corporations of the countries, where they could be housed comfortably from the gaze and stares of the population of the people and kept clean from filth and dirt.

We see all these drawbacks to the people are caused by clerics of sects and schisms, that by their own connivances themselves, in some countries, are worse than the fallen population that they themselves, lecture and preach to. If the married woman is lustful, she can go to the licensed home and stay there and the husband can provide for his children and get a housekeeper to look after his children; and if the husband is strong and lustful, he can spare his wife and go to the licensed girls where there would be doctors to inspect and keep them clean. Then we would

have no nervous, deformed, crippled, degenerating races as we have today,—women watching till their husbands have gone to work till she gets in another man to connive with her and satisfy her lusts or passions—in some cases, to obtain food and clothing for the children—in others, for the love of nature, and you must know, where the woman or man is given continually to this practice, their offspring becomes weak, and in cases, deformed and imbecile.

I mention this to preserve and protect the race—licensed houses for lovers of nature is the only remedy or emancipation that can be applied to preserve the race, along with pure food and medicines. This is the preventive and exterminator of this great degeneracy of this white race.

Now, when in Scotland, I noticed that a great deal of the crime committed there, if not done by the Ulster-Scot migrater, himself, is aid to it and abetted by him. Enjoying myself at nights on the streets sometimes till late when I should have been in bed, the Police would chase us off the streets after eleven o'clock at night, and sometimes used their canes too heavy. One night they cut up a good hat of mine, hitting me over the head with them, and the man that proved my greatest enemy afterwards was the worst against them. In the dark, he hit one of them on the back of the head with a brick till I thought that he was killed. He frightened me and I told him he should do nothing like that, and he was afraid of me telling on him.

I would knock about the streets, of a Saturday night, sometimes all night to see what I could get my eyes on. Women and men drunk, out all night, some run into the Police Office—some men threw into the harbor and drowned and robbed of what they had got. That is a common occurrence in that country. Men in responsible positions, in that country, have to be careful, such as gamekeepers, policemen, watchmen and caretakers of property of any kind, are ever in danger of their lives. I have eaten and drunk with men waiting their opportunity to kill me, and thank goodness had the perception to know them, because I knew their actions and their deeds.

I have worked partly under a man by the name of Forbes, an Ulster Scot, in Greenock, when he and the Orangemen of that town were planning to murder me, and his son was serving his time to be an engineer at that time, in Houston's Foundry, Greenock, and he was killed and carried into him from his work in the foundry, and that chastised him for a little while longer, simply because I saw and said he was not fit to manage the sugar factory and that it would stop if the firm would keep him, and so it did, and then he made a job of himself afterwards.

I have struggled with men's wives to keep them from following me, and with young women, just the same, in some cases having to call the Policeman to take them away that I might get freedom, but thank goodness I never had anything to do with any man's wife

unless I met her as a prostitute on the street, that I did not know where she hailed from. In these brothels I have met the most enlightened women I ever conversed with, in almost all literature, of science and philosophy, to astronomy, and relate in the remotest and farthest histories of our times. Mathematics is easily solved by some of them and the super-sedings of all are recognized by them.

I see the passions of all men and women are a sum in addition, without subtraction, save for those who are wary and by perception, has recognized the purity and stability of the virtuous of the race; that has made intermingling a study, and grasped at the sculptured, refined art, and taken hold of the pure and humanised being that ever springs forth, both strong and beautiful; that elevates and matures the mixture not only in purity of actions and deeds, but also makes their intellectual expressions more palliating and consoling. Yes, nature runs a race of wretchedness, if not cultivated and nourished in course of its productions by adding to it those fertilizing streams of culture and refinement by man's wisdom sought out to enrich the soil for the forthcoming of his offspring, and as it were, regenerate the growth and invigorate the stems that are coming forth and rising before him. The barren places are all mixed up in all populations and amongst all nations. We can see one stream of adulteration furiously hastening on its course in filth and corruption towards its base; and see another one floating along life's rugged path, in another direction, bent on possessing position and power, from his source and desire to obtain, he regardless of the development of the race, for greed and gain, joins in that stream that is polluted with filth and corruption and helps to reform and pollute the pure waters of life that were passing through the cultured fields and flowery glades of their lives. How beautiful to look upon that grand inspiration, and of the just virtues and the true desires of the elevating, progressive being of mankind. How they tend to raise our ambition and desires to soar aloft in imagination of greater things, that makes us take courage and unite our efforts to proceed in action for the betterment of mankind.

I see by drawing analogies and comparisons together of mankind and pure nature as it flowers around us, there is in respect of our nature concerning the changes and intercourses through it, and the difference it makes upon our constitutions—the springs and summers—the autumn's falling leaves, and our freezing, crystallizing cold but enervating winters, mature us and regenerate our blood, that brings us to understand our conditions so that we might protect ourselves and provide for the lower animals, that help materially to sustain ourselves, that all things might be brought to the glorification of Him or that Power which created all. Man, with all his arts, cannot compare nor assimilate the grandeur of His works to that of the rural nature that surpasses all comprehension, and is the line from which he draws the squamish drafts-

manship of his work—to imitate the genius of that Master that has prefaced the earth and all its glory.

I take for instance, the different conditions man has started his life from—when he commenced his race in it, some from obscurity, though from that stock and branch of perception has attained but knowledge from the literature of the school of deception, in periodical journals, and sorrowful stories of presumption, and frightful tales of the horrible have blocked their ways for a while; opposed and oppressed by the higher school of learning, jealous of their position, and competition in life's race to possess the verdured green spots along the way, that are an ever welcome palliation and refreshing bowl to those rushing on their way through life.

We have on the other side, a tributary or contributing stream running into the great river of life, onwards to its base. That tributary is those hereditary, privileged, pregenerated race, by its lust encroaching into filth, has settled down in the bed of the stream and by the putrified corruption of its bed, compels the stream to pass slowly along; by the springing up of weeds and nauseous smells, blocks the passage of the stream. As it were, the banks overflow with that torrent and cause the tributaries to turn another way. As the sects and schisms separate, so do the opinions of men disagree, by their stoppage and refusing to follow the dictations of others, and listens to the whisper of the silent tongue, by the just and faithful, we sometimes, and in course of time, see a small tributary becoming a great river by the emancipation of the great oppressed, that were only smouldering, lying waiting to awake at the sounding call, to set alight and a better glimmer before the eyes of the unwary passer-on.

Christ said not to put your light under a bushel but to let it shine among men, but to-day they say higher education is not for the poor and it is not necessary to educate the poor to a high degree. If they could not make better use of it than the rich, life's race is then not worth running. Today wherever there is seen a perceptive man that is taking advantage of his time and opportunities, he is pounded upon by these hereditary powers and authorities, that delay his plans and thwarts his actions. Adversity is his school, and in after years, he has recognized that adverse circumstances has invigorated him and strengthened him to be more nobler and systematic in his actions—to be fearless of his enemies, and proclaim truth. Just think of it. All men born into this world, naked and nude, of all man's production to comfort him, left alone not in a paradise that man had cultivated for him, but on the wild plains and prairies of an earthly wilderness—to eat the wild herbs that spring forth, after it leaves the mother's breast learns to cultivate them for its own palate, even before it has discovered its shame and adopted the girdle by its necessity. It has improved by cultivating those herbs and wild seeds that sustain them, to be more mature and wholesome.

Then they look around to procure a covering for their skin and bodies. By completing plans to ensnare and entrap the lower or dumb animals, to clothe, and increase their food. By this time they have formed a cot or hut to reside in, and by their energy and foresight, have furnished a comfortable place to dwell in. But there are other tribes running over the plains and prairies, and if not fit to kill, will steal and pillage the others while out hunting and cause them to remove to another place—migrate or emigrate, because of a more cunning devised scheme of confiscation and plunder, if not murder—under British law in Ireland, and many of her dependencies, we are not so far advanced as they would have us believe, save for a few inventions discovered by science and ingenuity by the perceiving genius of the race, and it has helped to refine, but some of the race have never enjoyed the comforts that should be derived from them. The law privileged and confiscators of the race have enjoyed them and lie down in them, but though it looks artful and scientific, I question, has it improved the race.

In the way it is distributed, some have received the refined food, but with adulteration that stands equivalent between life and death so near is the balance that you are dying while trying to live—they call it invention. The machine is so made to produce such things and for the comforts of the body have we improved our condition. They are woven well and neatly, but do they keep back the cold and the heat, and do we enjoy the comforts as well as the old ones.

Why, I was just looking at an old picture of Athens three hundred years ago, and when I viewed its palisades and the grounds around them, I failed to see our advancements in the twentieth century. In the art of nature imitation is a grand thing to practise if it be of good elevation for us all, but the would-be statesmen or legislators of my time take from the one and give to the other. They listen to the demands of one community and ignore the other. Where their own interests are concerned, they consider well before they enforce a change, or try to emancipate; they introduce provisos and separate times to accomplish it, that they may draw their interests from one monopoly and unite it to another. Associations of combinations is the order of the day and the rule of the road. The more influence they can use over the uncombined and the straggling wayfarers, for their own benefit, is a proselytising proposition of no mean type, but fundamental fraud upon those simpletons that are ever given to change their mind, and my sick soul's opinion is that Britain had only two statesmen and only two—Burke and Gladstone; the rest were fads and only princely followers of kings and monarchism.

Now, I believe in the doctrine of Bob Ingersoll. It is said in the New Testament, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and he says, "Suppose after all that death does end all—next to eternal joy—next to being for-

ever with those we love, and those who have loved us—next to that, is to be wrapped in the dreamless drapery of eternal peace. Next to eternal life is eternal death. Upon the shadowy shore of death the sea of troubles cast no wave. Eyes that have been curtained by the everlasting dark will never know again the touch of tears. Lips that have been touched by the eternal silence will never utter another word of grief. Hearts of dust do not break; the dead do not weep—and I would rather think of those I have loved and lost as having returned to earth, as having become a part of the elemental wealth of the world. I would rather think of them as a gurgling in the stream, floating in the cloud, bursting into light upon the shores of the world. I would rather think of them thus than to have even a suspicion that their souls had been clutched by an orthodox God." And says he, "But for me, I will leave the dead where nature leaves them, and whatever flower of hope springs up in my heart I will cherish." This is my firm belief; I like it—Daniel Mooney—but I cannot believe as Ingersoll says, that there is any being in this universe who has created a soul for eternal pain, and I would rather that every god would go back to the eternal chaos, to the black and starless night, than that just one soul should suffer eternal agony.

I have made up my mind that if there is a God, He will be merciful to the merciful; upon that rock I stand. He will forgive the forgiving—that every man should be true to himself, and there is no world, no star, in which honesty is a crime, and upon that rock I stand.

An honest man, a good, kind, sweet woman or a happy child has nothing to fear, neither in this world nor in the world to come, and upon that rock I stand. This is Bob Ingersoll's opinion, and it is also mine.

Now you must excuse me for laying my subject off at intervals, but things that occur around me cause me to variate a little now and then, but they generally corroborate towards my subject.

The experience I had in London, England, concerning what I saw and felt among the people there. Well, I located in a part of the city called Silvertown West, and the population there was a mixed one—English, Irish and Scotch, Pollocks, German and Jews. The Scotch were a very dirty class of the population, and his brother in arms, the Ulster-Scot, was an ignorant bigot and superstitious. Hatred of creeds came to him first before the washing of his body. They came up to London from Greenock, in Scotland, with that Bible craft to carry them through, but it did not always succeed, and their defects were not very pleasing to the English people that had to associate and work with them, and yet with all their defects and corruptible state, they thought themselves superior to the English, that notwithstanding all their defects were a clean people, who could not bear their dirt. The landlords had in many cases to put them out of their houses because they dirtied the walls, and tore down all the paper decora-

tions and destroyed the paint work of the houses they lived in, and that old, foul-mouthed, pokey slang that is so thick and disgusting to the English language itself, far less to the English people that have to bear it.

Well, then, their masters are mostly Scotch that have risen from penury and low condition to the ranks of masters, or rather, slave drivers, by their cunning devisations and dishonest manipulations they have attained possession and authority, that claims the power to rule in every municipality or locality they have masqueraded over, in city, town or country. Their influence is felt, not in any way beneficial to the people. Their principles are listening to others that have devising powers, and constructing from them, to the detriment of those they have taken advantage of, and when the Londoners attacked them for their meanness, they always resorted to that cowardliness of hiding behind the Irishman, to get him to take their part. The unknown Irishman, not knowing their cunning till he was into the quarrel that caused him enmity ever after in London amongst that class of people, while this two-faced Scot creeps out of it. In fact, his deception, in the least of it, is cruel, and they tell us they are a prosperous people. Well, all I can say is, I know the Jew, and how they make their money by deceiving the people, and a Scotchman, no matter from what part of the country, is distrustful, if he is not receiving the biggest share of the speculation in the execution of that business he is connected with.

For one morsel of bread he would sell yourself and your self-possession in this life or world in which we live. His wretchedness, I believe, is all the believing of his Bible. It is more barbarous and deceitful than any other book which I have read, and I believe, the Scotchman by his study of this book, has become, like Jacob, a configator, a deceiver and thief. The deceptions I read in that book are only equal to the deeds and acts the Scotch pursue. All the good things I read in that book would never weigh down, far less, balance the wicked abominations that are set forth in it. This is the place where the Scot has gone off his balance, by indulging in barbarous deeds and acts that these would-be prophets and apostles have set forth. The man that would practise them or live in them is going back to wild skins and the barbit hat. Even if it is true, it is too old and moth-eaten to be recognized in an enlightened age, setting forth the wanderers of the desert and the foolish thoughts of a lot of stargazers, with their armies marching forty years to go round sandy, drifting deserts that we do now in as many hours, to cross rivers and seas and lakes.

It is amusing to look on at the father teaching the child these old Bible fables in the twentieth century, to stagnate the child's brain and confuse his chronology, and as Ingersoll says—"Prepare him for the mad-house."

The Scot is not very interesting to me. His whole desire is possession of the wealth of

this world, with no regard of a just distribution of that wealth, economically or financially—but just possess, whether that possession is power or authority to obtain wealth or distribute it. It is all the same to him who loves himself. When the electric spark awakens him to see himself, then he will realize that he is a malefactor and not a benefactor to mankind.

In their work, this Scotchman or Ulster-Scotchman, in London, where he had charge of men to get work done in these sugar factories, they would tell these workmen on Saturday they had only so many tons of sugar to put through their hands till they would be done for the day. These men worked hard to get it done, and when they had finished that task, they would say to the workmen: "Boys, we have only five hundred more bags of sugar to put through,"—after these men, working by the hour, hard at that, telling them to hurry up, they would soon be done. This is his scheme to promote himself and get his wages raised, at the expense of the workmen he had deceived.

In the very first trip I had out of London, in the Transport Atlantic Line, coming back from Philadelphia to London, we had a Scotchman working his passage back to London, and he was passing coal to us firemen in the stokehole and I took pity on him and I got him a half a pound of tobacco from the steward, but he thought by telling stories about me, what I had said in the fore-castle about men on the other watch, would help him along among the men better than my kindness, but the men knew me and censured me for giving him anything or recognizing him in any way, and he had a hard time till he got into London.

Experience is a great school but charitable men will learn in no other.

Now, I leave this ship, the Montana, and I started to work in this cursed factory of Abraham Lyles & Sons, Limited, married as he was to these wretched Campbells or the Duke of Argyle, that was married to King Edward's sister, that his friend gave their corruption to Mr. Huxley and Mr. Stead, and lastly, to your humble servant, Daniel Mooney, which has proven to the world the abomination of royalty.

I worked there for four years and a half, and I think with the exception of an accident to my hand, I only lost about two mornings during those four years and a half, and that factory was a den of Ulster-Scots, with meanness and filth and corruption—deception that is cowardly and cruel. They were ever begging and running in debt with no intention of paying, and if you ever once refused their

demand, in return, it was calumny and defamation of your character.

I may say I had no friends there, and, by refusing filthy connivance, I made many enemies, but I ever kept in the outer circle, and as far as possible, dissembled myself from their associations.

The English here were affable, but it seemed to me, circumspect, but in the carousal, occasionally they seemed to assuage or to elevate themselves, but no compunction or remorse for those that should receive attention at their hand, and sometimes condemn and despise and scorn for those they should most respect. They are so much like the Roumanians—instead of stopping in their father's house, they have no respect for home. As Moore says: It is tranquil, and especially to the Cockney of London—their fathers and mothers in their old age, are contemptible to them, and no contrition in their hearts to keep them from rushing them off to the Poorhouse or Workhouse for the remainder of their days.

I must say, the Irish here show them a different example. They take their old father by the arm with them to their amusements, and enjoy his fellowship as well as the amusement that interests them, and take something home to the mother that she might enjoy and appreciate. This is hospitality and the most refined humanity. Let us not forget our guardians and those that first set us on the paths of wisdom's way. They are the first virtues and the last we should never forget.

Now, I travelled all over London streets, that were worth travelling over to see anything which might enlighten me. Their Thames Embankment, their Richmonds, and their ovals, their Greenwich painted halls, and their Crystal Palace grounds; their monuments and London tower; I have viewed their Westminster Bridge, their House of Lords, and Threadneedle Street, Law Courts, Drewry Lane; Shoe Lane. I have been in Dirty Dick's Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's, and saw their gorgeous Paganism procession, with Ministers and Bishop—and because I did not get up and recognize it, one lady got quite excited at me, but I felt very complaisant and obliging towards her. They seemed to think I was a man of arrogance and haughtiness, but I was not. I had arrived at the time to know they were dupes to paganism, and their procession with illuminations, carrying crosses, cymbals, and other relics of barbarism, convinced me of their fall to wretchedness of prehistoric days.

If you have any perception at all you will easily see that these ministers and priests are all combined together to possess the power and authority they desire, so that they may

be able to place their sons and daughters in all these possessions, in and through the country that will maintain the biggest remuneration in the distribution of our productions, but they avoid, if you only take notice, of them, to take part in this manual labor productions that they desire so much to have the power to distribute amongst the masses of the people of these countries with regard to their interests, but none for the masses of the people they live upon.

Doctors, lawyers, bank controllers, syndicate manipulators, in railways and waterways, electrical operations, and the aeroplanes, telegraph, heliograph, and any other grafts they can control by their scientific pursuits, but when we show them their scientific pursuits and designs, they turn round then to that barbarous sectarian creed, Christianity, and preach to us 'Man's humanity to man,' in their so-called Christian Science of magicians, conjuring with words, and acts, and deeds, because they cannot stand the test of true science, which is producing, compounding, sifting, dissolving, testing, analyzing, weighing in the balance of reason, its worth and weight to the masses of the people of this world.

'I believe in the great gospel of generosity. Oh! but they say, it won't do. You must believe. I say, no, my gospel of health will prolong life; my gospel of intelligence, my gospel of loving, my gospel of good fellowship will cover the world with happy homes. My doctrine will put carpets upon your floor, pictures upon your walls. My doctrine will put books upon your shelves, ideas in your minds. My doctrine will relieve the world of the abnormal monsters, born of the ignorance of superstition, which all Christians teach in some degree or another. These sentences and words are Bob Ingersoll's and I believe them.

Give us intelligence, and in a little while a man will find that he cannot steal without robbing himself. He will find that he can not murder without assassinating his own joy. He will find that every crime is a mistake. He will find that only that man carries a cross who does wrong, and that for the man who does right, the cross changes into wings on his shoulders and bears him upwards forever. He will find that intelligent self-love; within its mighty arms embraces all the human race.

Oh, but they say to me, you take away immortality. I do not. If we are immortal, it is a fact in nature. We are not indebted to priests for it, nor to the Bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to live, and when one dies, we will say we hope to meet again, and whether we do or not, it will not be the work of theology. It will be a fact in nature.

I would not, for my life, destroy one star of human hope, but I want it so that when a poor woman rocks the cradle and sings a lullaby to the dimpled darling, she will not be compelled to believe that ninety-nine times, or rather, ninety-nine chances in a hundred, she is raising kindling wood for hell. I don't believe in such doctrine, no more than Bob Ingersoll did. As he said, "One world at a time is enough for me." No, gentlemen and ladies, I want no orthodox God or Gods of his kind to rule over me. These orthodox Gods should know in this twentieth century that a people given to thought and investigation cannot put up with paraphrases of a roundabout explanation. That is only a circumlocution about facts and things.

It seems to me, from Rome down to the present day, where this spray of sects originated from, had no love for a future life in any world, but to get the best of this one, and naturally where they were accumulated together of one nationality, they were jealous of the other nationality, for which they all were striving to get supremacy—politically and religiously—and even to this day I perceive their hatred and non-respect for those that mingle with them, save for the remuneration they receive from their hands.

They speak of the church being the only civilizer, but its influence never had any effect on me. Where their treasure was, their hearts were also, and I never knew one of them, whether it was a big congregation or a small one, but would shift for more money, and if they did not accept the call it was only for fear they could not hold it and throw themselves out of a job in a short time. They had the sense to know they had become stale where they were, and removing to a place of more knowledge, that had only heard one sermon that possibly had been written by another person, for him to deliver would in the long run, prove a failure to him, and he refused the invitation, which in the eyes of the public and his church adherents, he had become a great minister of this charitable Christian church.

So much for the fakirs and the magicians of this Christian church, that I hold, are enemies of civilization. Humanity and love they have none, and that for their own sect, is the mighty dollar.

Now I proceed on my voyage from London to Philadelphia, with a general cargo, and we had to call at Swansea, in Wales, to take in coals. While in that town I went to the Drill Hall, to see Jim Smith and his brother perform as Boxers, and I said it was a very bad performance for a man going out to America to fight Jack Kilrain; later on in Union street where I went into a public house, the name of

Williams, to get a drink of beer, not knowing these fighting men were put up there, and there were a lot around the bar drinking and speaking freely, and I said: "If that was all Jim could do he never would beat Jack Kilrain," and neither he did, but Jack Kilrain beat him in France, in snow and wet. But Williams told me I would have to get out if I did not keep quiet, so I made ~~for~~ the door, and he said to me I could drink my beer before I went, but I thanked him and walked out, but I did not know Jim Smith and his brother were stopping there or I would not have given my opinion, and they were upstairs listening to me and I did not know.

This was my first trip as stoker at sea, and it seemed to begin very rough, but we left there and went out to the High street—and I think there were six of us altogether. One was very true to me, from Southampton, his name was Harry Payne—and one other friend they called Thompson from West Hartlepool. They were true-hearted fellows, but the Irish cockneys were a bad lot and very hard to put up with. In fact, I think they are the most clannish, oppressive, wicked men I ever fell in with in all my travels, but cunning when amongst a lot of other nationalities. As Mr. Gladstone said about Rome and the Roman Catholics, so with them; where they were weak they were cunning, and where they were strong they were tyrannical. That is my experience of the Dublin cockney, and they were all Roman Catholics that I ever knew.

Well, I hardened to their tactics as time rolled on, but we went into another house on High street, and what drew my attention there was a young woman drinking with the young men, just returned from their work in the tin mines and coal mines around Swansea. They were very sociable and liked to mingle with us seamen, but they got drunk and would not go home with their husbands, and on a Sunday, their public houses were filled up with men and women drinking, with the curtains down over the windows, playing cards and games of chance, just the same as Scotland, and the paukey way they hide themselves—everything hidden and deceiving and immoral, just like a lot of slaves, a dread and a fear upon them all the time, of those in authority and power, but charitable with anything they have got; but like the Scotch, jealous and suspicious of those that have not got their customs and are different in dealing or actions one with the other.

With all their kindness, I could perceive their pagan suspicion and distrust that at some time or other might break out into acts of barbarism, like the Ulster Scot.

While stopping there till our ship was loaded, one morning, a poor Welsh woman came into the public house, us firemen were having

a drink in, and she had come down from the hills around Swansea, to sell her fowl that she had raised. She should have kept away from the public house, but I suppose she knew her own business best, and she could not speak the English language—nothing but her native tongue, the Welsh. She pulled out her money that she had rolled up in a cloth, out of her breast, and it scattered all over the floor, so these Irish and English cockneys gathered up the money for her, but some of them—I did ~~not know~~ which—kept the ten shilling piece, and it was all that poor woman had to buy meat or food for her children, and she cried and shed tears in that place till it made my heartache for her grief—the remorseless action of greed by those wretches towards that creature was more than I could bear.

That trip going out to Philadelphia was a very hard one on me, but I had two friends aboard that ship—they were one Harry Payne and a man named Thompson, from Southampton and West Hartlepool—that stood by me, so that no matter how strong the enemy we have to contend with, right will bring you friends. I have been waylaid many a time but the assaulter's hands were bound and my assailants were kept still.

We arrived in Philadelphia, and there were some friends of these Irish cockneys came aboard, and it is a rule among all seamen mostly, who know the English language, that no strangers aboard in port are allowed to get any food until all the crew have been served. So these Irish cockneys took privileges of this rule and served out the meat to their friends before the ship men were all served. So I told them, with no disrespect to their friends, they should have waited till the crew was all served. They called me a bastard, but I knew they were guilty of impropriety of language; incorrect, incongruous, but they did not know it.

I went to my friends in Philadelphia and enjoyed myself, back and forward when I had time to go from the ship. I liked the city of Philadelphia and also its people. The educated were refined, far beyond the English speaking race that I mingled in the Old Country with. In fact, I thought them a pulverized people, they had no sarcastic retort, but were jocular towards me.

Well, I came back to London in that ship, but it was hard to put up with the Irish cockneys back on the voyage. Our Captain's name was Williams, a Welshman; and we had two lads aboard our ship, stowaways from Swansea, in Wales, and I saw the cruelty of a Welshman towards a pair of boys belonging to his own nationality, treating them badly at sea, and very scantily fed them and made them work hard all the passage, and when we arrived in Tilbury Docks, he put them ashore

without a cent piece, to beat their way back to Swansea as best they could, and we firemen lifted a few shillings amongst us to help them on their way home. The Captain could have taken them back or round in his ship to Swansea because his ship had to go there from London to get loaded, but he would not let them aboard, so those two young boys—about thirteen years of age—had to beat their way, as best they could. So by suffering myself and looking at others suffer, it was a cruel voyage.

I left the ship and went to work in the sugar factory and the place and customs of the people were not to my satisfaction, so I went on another trip to Philadelphia, and I left the ship there and times were very bad in America at that time, in 1888, just after the great strike of the Knights of Labor, when Carnegie got the workmen shot down by the Militia at Pittsburg Steel and Iron Works. I was there when the city of Philadelphia closed seven thousand saloons and bars. I helped to drink some of the rum and beer they could not sell when their time expired. I worked in Bowes Chemical Works among Russians and Italians and Pollocks of all kinds, and I saw them eat tallow with their black corn bread, and coming out of the factory at five o'clock at night, the children were running after us to see if we had any bread left in our dinner cans, hungry and bare-footed and very scantily clad.

In this great city of Philadelphia, these Italians, in the lower streets of the city, were lying in threes and fours on the floor, without a bed under them; and I have seen some of my own countrymen, pretty rough looking too, but of course, it was the imbibing of the strong drink made them descend, but at that time they were at the top of the tree, in positions of trust and responsibility.

I could see the Irish prosper there and the best and truest friend to meet, either by assistance of advice, but aboard that ship which I left—the Montana of the Transport Atlantic Line—I only existed. Our food consisted of soft watery potatoes and hard dog biscuits that we had to break with a hammer, and steep them in coffee, very hot, before we could eat them, and one small cob of bread, and a stewed bone with very little meat on it, with watery stewed potatoes and the hard work before the furnaces, and the heat from the engine room sometimes was more than I could bear. At times, under these conditions, I could have jumped overboard.

People do not realize the sufferings of the merchantship's firemen or stokers—more than the half of the population of these countries know nothing about the sufferings of that class of men that go through the tropical seas and oceans, and in the summer time, through

the Atlantic ocean. In fact, it is unbearable for humanity because there is too much work appointed out for one man to do. When I was at that work in the summer time, in all the ships I was in, there should have been two men at every one man's job. In the winter, on the Atlantic ocean, you could have done it, but in the summer, it was unhuman and cruel.

Well, as soon as I was paid off and clear of the ship at Tilbury Docks, I went up in the train to London to a place called East London, Westham, around Barken Road, and a place called The Marsh, at or beside Victoria Docks. I had just a few pounds or dollars on me. It was a short trip, but friends of these Irish and English cockneys that were meeting their friends coming off this trip had spotted me, they thought I was a good mark for them to strike off from and also to operate upon me, but I had read Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" before I left home, and as they were looking out for me I certainly was expecting them, but my greatest consideration was how I was to escape from their hands. They followed me up so closely at times that I almost saw the conflict with them. I met a friend I knew at this point and he eased me a bit. They scattered away from me and saw their plans had failed. But just for me, farther along on the street, to meet Dickens' real heroine in Oliver Twist's predictions—the old Jew and his pupils.

On this Marsh I went into a public house they called the White Horse, and it had a horse-shoe shaped bar with a large door in the centre and a little door on each side of it, and a toilet just close up to the door. Well, the old man was a little man sitting on a seat behind the bar in the midst of his pupils, some of them about twenty years old, and others younger, so the boys suggested to the old fox how they would go about me, and the old boy says to them: "Allow me to work it, I know the ropes." Well, I looked around and I set my brains to working how I would escape, and the objective mind and suggestive mind here went to work within me, so I had to be quick in devising and demonstrating within me, the ways and means of escape from them, and still keep talking to them to confuse their actions towards me, so I perceived.

I asked them all what they were going to drink, and I said to the old fox: "You will have some rum to warm you"—and "What will you young men want?" They said "Mild and Bitter." So I said to the bar man: "Fill up the pots and let nothing stop the drinking, and give the old man a glass of rum. Hurry up!" I said, "and don't keep them waiting." And I said: "I want to go to the toilet and will be back in a minute," and I had a little drink at the time in me that I got with my other friend that met me a little before. I

walked with a quick step out of the side door onto the street and round the corner into another street where the traffic was thick and busy, so I got clear of the old gray haired gentleman and his immortal Gods.

But creed and nationality seemed to be the whole desire and inclination of the one crowd or faction, to attack or insult or rob the other with no regard for the honest heart and charitable feelings of humanity. Sometimes I think how we have to change our opinions, and consider the prejudice, enmity and feelings of one race or nationality towards another that suffers from them, and in some cases, these people of this kind are used by fictitious sects to further their interests and promote their welfare through life, which is an indirect course, and almost a subterranean tunnel that is deceptive in the extreme.

Before the eyes of the right thinking people of this world, there is nothing worse in a community nor in society itself than deception and which I know myself, is the fall of both community and nations themselves. It was that convinced Mr. Gladstone how justice should be administered to the British colonies. It was that convinced Edmund Burke of the persecution of India, and drew forth his great demonstrations in his speeches and great orations that have drawn forth the amazement and glorification of the enlightened and great people of mankind, the world over. Mr. Gladstone, by listening to the different sects, in the British House of Commons in their calm and calculating hours of addressing the House, even in that cunningly devised address no matter how well prepared either by another man or themselves for the occasion; the mirror of the heart, which is the expression of the face, in this oration, reveals to the perceiver the designs the heart desired to obtain, through his demonstrations.

Therefore Mr. Gladstone, by listening to these demonstrations, easily perceived these men were not humanized. He also perceived they had never been under the sculptor's chisel of suffering and feeling every chip and every cut of that chisel that made his heart ache and soul throb, with insult, with toil, and sweat, and enmity and spite, until this process under this chisel of experience which I know must be wielded from the furnace of experience and tested in its worth of enduring until it is shaped into that beautiful form, clothed in that garb of righteousness, of the truest conception of humanity, and the grandest of all ideals in your heart—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." "Prove all things; hold to that which is good," because this faith is breakable and fallible, and as Shakespeare says: "There is nothing at a like goodness still." And as

Moses in his excitement, threw these tables of stone to the ground, so will we, in our faith towards one another and in one another.

But there is never deception in justice, honesty and truth, which alone are my three virtues, and should this earth dissolve with me upon it, in any kind of revolution, I would still hold these three virtues.

Benjamin Franklin had great virtues to guide his life, but three will do me. William Penn, I respect him. Tom Payne, I admire. I am quite aware of the fall of man. As Bob Ingersoll said: "The scheme of redemption and irresistible grace began to have a familiar sound with me." The teachers told me old stories while the congregation slept. Some of the ministers became tired of these stories themselves. The fine points grew dull, and they felt that nothing short of irresistible grace could bear this endless repetition. The outside world was full of progress, and in every direction men advanced, while the church, as Ingersoll said, anchored to a creed, idly rotted at the shore. Other denominations, imbued some little with the spirit of investigation, were springing up on every side, while the old Presbyterian ark rested on the arrarat of the past, filled with the theological monsters of another age. Lured by the splendors of the outer world, tempted by the achievements of science, longing to feel the throb and beat of the mighty march of the human race, few of the ministers of this conservative denomination were compelled by irresistible sense, to say a few words in harmony with the splendid ideas of today.

These ministers found that just in proportion as their orthodoxy decreased, their congregations increased. Those, Bob Ingersoll says, who dealt in the pure, unadulterated article found themselves demonstrating the five points to a less number of hearers than they had bad points. Stung to madness by this bitter truth, this galling contrast, this harrassing fact, the really orthodox have raised the city of heresy and expected with this cry to seal the lips of honest men.

One of these ministers, and one who has been enjoying the luxury of a little honest thought and the real rapture of expressing it, has already been indicted and is about to be tried by the Presbytery of Illinois. Then I say as Ingersoll says and believes: that there are thousands of good Catholics, but Catholicism is contrary to human liberty; Catholicism bases salvation upon belief; Catholicism teaches man to trample his reason under foot and for that reason it is wrong. I do not believe in the Old Testament miracles, because every step we take is with doubt and fear, and all is chance when not knowing the cause and effect. Now the Catholic church preserved all those miracles for us, that is the church.

whose word we have to take. That church is the witness that Protestants bring to the bar of history to prove miracles that happened eighteen hundred years ago.

You cannot believe one word that the witness says now. That church is the only one that keeps up a constant communication with heaven, through the instrumentality of a large number of decayed saints. That church according to their doctrine is infallible. That church has persecuted to the exact extent of her power, and always will. In Spain, that church stands erect, that church is arrogant. In the United States that church crawls, but the object in both countries is precisely the same, and that is, the destruction of intellectual liberty.

That church teaches us that we can make God happy by being miserable ourselves. That church teaches us that a nun is hollier in the sight of God, than a loving child and a loving mother, wrapped in each others arms in thrilling love. That church teaches you that a priest is better than a father.

Mankind will be compelled to recognize that science makes friends; religion, superstition makes enemies: The belief is important. I say no, actions are important, judge by deeds, not by creeds. Good fellowship we have to many of these solemn people. Whenever I see an exceedingly solemn man I know he is an exceedingly stupid man. No man with any humor ever founded a religion, never. Humor sees both sides while reason is the holy light. Humor carries the lantern, and a man with a keen sense of humor is preserved from the solemn stupidities of superstition. As Bob Ingersoll said: "In order to get the whole human intellect to get upon its knees before that infinite absurdity, thousands and millions have perished in dungeons and fire, and suffered all agonies, and if all the bones of all the victims of the Catholic Church could be gathered together, a monument higher than all the pyramids would arise, in the presence of which the eyes even of priests would be suffused with tears. That church covered Europe with cathedrals, and dungeons. That church robbed man of the jewel of the soul. That church has ignorance upon its knees. That church went in partnership with the tyranny of the throne, and between these two vultures—the altar and the throne—the heart of man was devoured."

Now the next church that comes along in the order that I wish to speak is the Episcopalian that was founded by Henry VIII.—now in heaven. He cast off Queen Katherine and Catholicism together—and he accepted Episcopalianism and Anne Boleyn at the

same time. And Bob Ingersoll said they had an Episcopalian Church in America, and he said it had all the imperfections of a poor relation. It is always boasting of its rich relatives in England. The creed is made by law the same as we pass statutes here, and when a gentleman dies in England, in order to determine whether he shall be saved or not, it is necessary for the powers of heaven to read the Acts of Parliament. It becomes a question of law, and sometimes a man is damned on a very nice point—lost on a denurrer. Yet the English Church preserved some of the humanities. You did not hate music. You did hate nothing that adds to your sects.

Now we have Wesley and Whitfield: Wesley was a believer in the Bible. He believed in the actual presence of the Almighty. God used to do miracles for him. He used to put off a rain several days to give his meetings a chance. He used to cure his horse of lameness. He used to cure Mr. Wesley's headaches. Mr. Wesley also believed in the actual existence of the devil. He regarded every conversion as an absolute welfare between God and man.

All the devil that is in man is his desires for the food for his blood, that suggests itself to him: before he is hungry, the object is to obtain, and I have no doubt that Mr. Wesley sometimes himself looked gruesome and changeable, if he could have seen himself when something needful to himself passed the other way.

If we could see ourselves as others see us—here is a lesson to be remembered from the words of this very same man. He says, the cause and cure of earthquakes—on which he took the ground that earthquakes were caused by sin—and the only way to stop them was to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, consider how much that man knew, about evolution or revolution, that is the cause of all eruptions on or in any planet. This, a teacher of the people. This Wesley and Whitfield fell out on the question of predestination. Wesley insisted that God invited everybody to the feast. Whitfield said he did not invite those that would not come. Wesley said he did. Whitfield said, "Well, he did not put plates for them anyway." Wesley said he did, so that when they were in hell he could show them that there was a seat left for them.

And that church that they founded is still active. Probably no church in the world has done so much preaching for as little money as the Methodist. Whitfield believed in slavery and advocated the Slave Trade, and it was of Whitfield that Whittier made the two lines:

"He bade the slave ship speed from coast to coast,
Fanned by the wings of the Holy Ghost."

Ingersoll says the Presbyterian, in his judgment, is the worst of all so far as creed is concerned. This church was founded by John Calvin, a murderer. John Calvin, having power in Geneva, inaugurated human torture. Voltaire abolished torture in France. The man who abolished torture, if the Christian religion is true, God is now torturing in hell, and the man who inaugurated torture is now a glorified angel in heaven. It won't do.

John Knox started this doctrine in Scotland, and this is the peculiarity about Presbyterianism: it grows best where the soil is poorest. Ingersoll says: "I read the other day an account of a meeting between John Knox and John Calvin. Imagine a dialogue between a pestilence and a famine. Imagine a conversation between a block and the axe. As I read their conversation it seemed to me as though John Knox and Calvin were made for each other, like the upper and lower jaws of a wild beast. They believed happiness was a crime: they looked upon laughter as blasphemy and they did all they could to destroy every human feeling and to fill the mind with the infinite gloom of predestination and eternal damnation. They taught the doctrine that God had a right to damn because he made us. That is just the reason he has not the right to damn us.

"There is some dust, unconscious dust: what right has God to change that unconscious dust into a human being when he knows that human being will live, when he knows that human being will suffer eternal agony. Why not leave him to his unconscious dust? What right has an infinite God to add to the sum of human agony?

"Suppose," he says, "I knew that I could change that piece of furniture," pointing to a chair, "into a living, happy, sentient human being, and I knew that being would suffer untold agony forever, if I did it I would be a fiend. I would leave that being in unconscious dust."

And yet we are told that we must believe such doctrine or we are to be eternally damned. It won't do. Why in 1839 there was a division in this church; they had a law suit to see which was the Church of God, and they tried it before a judge and jury, and the jury decided that the New School was the Church of God. Then they got a new trial and the next jury decided that the Old School was the Church of God; and that settled it.

And that Church teaches that infinite innocence was sacrificed for me. I do not want it. I do not wish to go to heaven unless I

can stand upon my actions, upon goodness, upon sincerity and truth. Meanness cannot descend below the level of him who would endeavor to destroy the reputation of another because he could not answer his argument.

Can I realize or appreciate and nourish within me any so-called Scriptures inspired, as they say, by a Supreme Power, a so-called sacred Bible, with every passage that cannot be read without covering the cheek with shame, that was modest and knew no guile? But I believe in the Eleventh Commandment—That every man shall be rewarded according to his works.

Now, I come to Silvertown, East London. Amongst the aliens of many kinds, and like themselves, the Cockney had a custom, but no culture. I associated amongst them all. Some were kinder and more thoughtful than others, but in almost the majority, in all cases they were selfish, "taking advantage and giving none" was their motto.

I made another trip in the Montana to see the American people again. The more I saw of them I liked them the better because they were so free and kind; and not that alone, but they know to whom and how to show respect.

Here at 32 Maple Street, Winnipeg, I sit and pen these lines on the 14th of February, 1920. My attention is drawn to the wretchedness of a few of King William's marauders, like himself, proclaiming English rule, and free and religious liberty, and the worst of all, proclaiming themselves Irishmen, which would make an honest Irishman shed tears, to think that an Ulster-Scotch outlander or bandit would claim our kith and kin. He has usurped all the positions of gain and authority and trust to a British Government in that unhappy island, which they, and only they, have made unhappy. These wretched creatures of Ulster-Scot settlers. As Bob Ingersoll says: "The best read Bible readers, the most barbarous people on earth today."

I read in the Manitoba Free Press today the speech of these firebrands in Manitoba Hall, and their collaborators, the Orange Hall. The Free Press at this present time in Winnipeg, has upon its staff, essence of Orangeism—the son of a noted marauder; the name is Macklin and the other Derby—but he likes the journalist Dafoe—and he prefers that name and goes by it. Well, in giving these diabolical speeches he, or rather they, throw the Orange mantle over them, and instead of letting the public know the diabolical members' name, he hugged it up in the word "Ulster delegations," and wildly, he said, did these three thousand Irishmen—most of them Ulster men—He wasn't manly

enough to call them Ulster-Scotch, but Irish—that the greatest martyr that ever suffered and died for Ireland's freedom—Robert Emmet—did not claim, but said: "My crime was the love for the land I was born in;" but the Dogobors, the Reverend (and you) Fred Harte & Co.—declared that these poor Irish peasants, that were in sympathy for their own government by the people and for the people, no matter whether it pleased the minority or not; no matter whether it was a bad government, or a good government, it wasn't Irish, therefore it was not desired. But had these reptiles of Calvin's creed been in the majority in Ireland, they would never have declared, as they did here in Toronto, in Canada, "That the British soldiers should have shot them down on the streets like dogs."

That Calvin follower that stands at the fire with his hands through the slits of the tails of his long black coat, mourning, as it were, for the martyrs they were burning, warming his hands at the fire, and feeling his posterior for fear his coat would take fire at the martyrs' stake, and looking round every now and then to see how the martyrs were toasting. This is the Ulster-Scotch at home and abroad.

Did these roisterers stop in Scotland? We here in Canada and America have no desire for them, and when they come here blustering about the Americans to mind their own business, I would quietly tell you Ulster-Scot you are coming to the American nostrils, as you have to the Irish and mind you, the Americans can deport both you and your brotherhood, to a place they call "No Man's Land" where you belong—and not the North of Ireland where some of you claim to be born. You are the greatest plague on the earth today; when you are not shooting you are stabbing. It is Christ Jesus all the time, you crucified him, and then fell down to his image; and its blood and crucifixion all the time.

Can you not read where the British Flag was pulled down in Africa by the Nationalists of that country, that are of the same blood as yourself, that Dutch bull dog, like yourselves, that will go no road but where he is contrary, and in that crowd the policemen nor the soldiers never fired a shot but enjoyed the frolic. What was more, the policemen wore the rosette of the National Flag—some of them always desiring to be free again. It matters not how good the laws towards a conquered nation, it throbs within itself and longs to get free.

But you Orangemen, since King William's day, in Ireland, are promoted savages, I know you; I was amongst you; you are slaves to prophets and apostolic doctrines, which is the curse of Free Thought, and all good assimila-

tion. Your leader, Edward Carson, in that British Parliament, that too has divested itself of all reason, and in its confusion over the spoils of bloodshed, is returned to paganism, worshipping another David, that caused the torturing of his enemies at home and abroad. That is a wizard they call David Lloyd George—but he is the fall of Britain, like all the Georges. David acted to be mad, and had the froth running down his beard to the ground, that he might deceive some, to accomplish his ends he had in view.

This Carson, that this Lloyd George is advisor to, is the indirect Premier of Great Britain, and he says education is the sole savior of Ireland. What kind of education does he mean? But here is Edward Carson's education. He believes in the eternal blessedness, and in the eternal punishment of the wicked. Tidings of great joy is in it to him, and his followers are so good that they will not associate with those that believe, in Universalists; they will not associate with scientists, but they will invest their money there, in their hard worked out inventions. They only associate with those that believe that God so loved the world that he made up his mind to damn the most of us. They never take a thought of what, or how this cause of wickedness came upon the people.

They must know that any education, no matter what kind, must show the cause, and the cause must produce the effects. Now then, here comes in the confusion of all the operators.

Yes, this man Claton shot himself, and his brother, a Methodist minister or preacher in Philadelphia, when he found himself surrounded by humanity and knowing what his brother did, ended his life in the same way.

The dogs cried that night they murdered my children, the cries of them you would have heard miles around. It was at night, and the ones that did it for the Campbells worked in the Queen's Island ship building yards, and in the excitement after they murdered the children, they fell off the scaffold at their work, and some of them were killed, and some of them were taken in the ambulance to the hospital, and while going over the Queen's Bridge with them, the wheel came off the ambulance and delayed their suffering and increased it. When they got to the hospital they were almost dead and did die there, so that the perceptive man will easily see that our sins will find us out and will not go unpunished.

The simple one will say, Ouch! That criminal has got off—but he doesn't know that the sins of the fathers visit unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me, saith the Lord. He is not slow concerning

his promise. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap also. Wait upon justice and He will hear us. I waited and I have seen his answer in this war. The hate that barbaric man has towards the human being in my time, is terrible. We are so much puzzled to realize that man cannot understand his duty towards his fellow creature in this enlightened age of the twentieth century.

Life is so short at the longest, and so uncertain at its best, that hateful man looks to me to be deformed in sentiment and unpalliating to my desire, far less my taste.

There is nothing so grufol to me as a man or woman showing enmity or prejudice to or about their fellow being. I have been tempted, but I learned to be angry and sin not, and hold your body in subjection to the will of the Supreme Power and not the will of the flesh that is ever craving and never satisfied. Man, I know, is some time before he realizes the real position he holds in and through life, but I know also that the school of experience is the Master Teacher, until he has been dissected and operated upon in that school. There is no confidence can be placed in him. He will act foolishly and still be superstitious of the lessons he has learned, because they made harmonious lessons and not adverse ones. Adversity is a hard school and a convincing one. It has only one fault, and that is, the lessons are long ones, and by the time we get through that college, life is well spent, but you have attained a certificate of knowledge that will never vary, but will adorn your brow with that circumspective knowledge, while the other school will be reckless, and doubtful, while he is there present. You have his future before you.

Now, dealing with men as I find them and toil with him, listening to his desires and expressions of feeling about his conditions through life, I find without me making known to him my experience, that he is dissatisfied with his lot in life, and unable to express or define the cause of it, only, he has too hard to work and too little to earn for it, too little remuneration for it, that is, the ordinary, average, educated man of today, and I can see around me here in Winnipeg, the foreign element of a population occupying the positions of the white man, with a show of education, but without virtue or any capacity, but an unlimited lot of arrogance and ignorant ambition to promote their welfare, and they certainly have prospered in it which is not much to the credit of this city of the West. In some of the hotels, and in every restaurant, they are bespattered around you in their obnoxious Caucasian races, as they first come out from their crawls, save the shrouds or English-made garments that

elevate and adorn the forms of them—gabbling at the dining table, and spitting around you, in a language they themselves cannot properly understand—the English language—with their Polish-Russian dialect, Austrian dialect, and confusing even to the interpreter himself. These people with an outward show of refinement would deceive the acutest eye of the passerby, to look upon them. Their inner life is filthy and dirty, and even when the returned soldiers came home, this class of the community threatened the returned soldiers, by the disguise of going under the name of socialism, and them hateful, contemptible Austrians and Pollocks of every nation.

I know this country, Canada, would be well rid of them all. Some of the farmers, for the sake of cheap labor, told me these people learned of their ways and customs in their homes on the farms, but I could see the children watching them at the barn and listening to them, that they became as filthy in their actions and deeds as the foreigners themselves, I have seen it in this Province of Manitoba myself, and because this cursed royalty transferred their matter to me, I became a gazing stock for their ignorance because they thought I was a spy, or employed by them, but to be aliens, I never saw a more aggressive population or a more insulting lot than what is here in Winnipeg today, with taking advantage of the time of the war, they have accumulated wealth and show it by their dress—all kinds of dress, gloves and great coats of the costliest kinds of skins. It is amusing to me, and there is not a complaisant look or action comes from one of them. The Pollocks and Austrians are the most Pope ridden, and even the most dangerous, and they are that cunning, they hide their articulation of speech by a shrug of his shoulders: "Me don't savey." The day will come that the authorities of this country will be sorry that they ever had enactment or connivance with them, through their vindicators of cheap labor.

But women, with their dirty, corrupted natures, gave it to these people before they killed them, and the reason they did not kill me was because they found out my whole life was to protect life and property, and they had arranged to kill so many. Fitzsimmons and his brother said it was a big lot to execute, because they offered them £25,000, and Fitzsimmons said he could not do it for less than £50,000. This was before he fought O'Brien.

After the Prize Fight, King Edward walked down Broadway with Fitzsimmons nearly falling over him with his broken spine. They were a terrible sight to look at, the King, lame with his legs, and Fitzsimmons like a cartwheel, rolling along too double, with his

head bobbing up and down, almost falling. Then King Edward took his flight, and left the pugilist of his test to pine and die.

After killing my people, they even got my mother to get all her friends—he even brought them from America and Australia, wherever there was one belonging to us or acquainted with us, and my father and all his friends, and beheaded them all. It is hard to tell. Like Diana's image or statue in the old pagan days, as they killed every one that knew the statue of Diana, so they killed everyone that was a friend of mine to get my father's ten million and a half pounds left to him by his mother's friends—Mary Rorke, of County Down, Ireland, near Banbridge.

Well, now this is the troublous times in Ireland, and the war is raging. Rancor, deception and graft is the rule of the road, at home and abroad. It puts me in mind of a Highland Scotchman I fell in with one Saturday night in a public house in Greenock, Scotland, Renfrewshire. He was telling me of his courtship of a girl there. He said one night he was embracing her, and while kissing her he put his hand into her pocket and stole from her a Scottish pound note, worth five dollars in their money, and I said to him, what did you do that for? If you had asked her to give it to you I am sure she would have done so. The answer he gave to me was this: "The dirt was in me and I couldn't help it." The Duke of Argyle's family, and old Sir Colin Campbell's wretched family, with Lord Erran and Lord Leteram, the Orange leader, advised and directed by Edward Carson, that King Edward give to these Orange leaders 500,000 pounds to form them into a Friendly Society in England, Ireland and Scotland—500,000 districts—and each district get a thousand pounds, that their leaders might enjoy the fruits of the spoils out of the Rorke's money that they took from my father. Even Sir William Quartis Ewart, the great linen manufacturer of Belfast, and Chairman of the Great Northern Railway, of Ireland, took and banqueted my father three weeks, to know all about the money, and then handed him over to be killed, and one of Mr. Ewart's clerks said to me, "Half an apple was better than none."

I told my brother Jonathan to have nothing to do with the King nor the Campbells, nor the Orange Society, but to suffer death rather than to have anything to do with them.

Just a little before this, they marched Charley Mitchell, the English pugilist, down the same street and into Fitzsimmons' house. I told the King, "For God's sake, take me and take the head off me and not leave me here alone, a pilgrim on time." But in all my suffering and enduring pain, there is a

consolation and joy, that if we be just we must be true. We are never alone, for that power working within us illuminates and invigorates; like the seasons of the year, it changes us.

We see and feel the charms of nature around us, whether it is the falling leaves of our decaying forms, or the springs of growing nature, to a mature age, like the rushing of mighty rivers or the hissing of rustling winds, we look and gaze upon their forms and acts whether with awe or admiration, and occupy the time of consideration of whether we are fostering or nourishing the invigorating parts of this life, by our desires and actions and deeds, that springs to open up the heart of a porous youth, to inhale the warmth of a balmy sun, to blush out the good, the sweet and pure, until it closes in its pores after inhaling the descending dews, from its warm bed of nourishment. It vibrates not alone in sound, but assimilates and fills up its own nature with joy and glory to itself, if we could behold it. The bloom and flourish ushers forth from every stem and from every soul, all brings forth its young vigor. The old pass away, and no one returns or makes known the future state of man.

Cold, the autumn blast does blow; the trunks of nature clears; the hills that once with verdure shone, now devastate and sear; O man, could you explain to me the thoughts that give me fear; if recompense is for the just, I think it should be here. For nature's grand arraying force I'll never shed a tear, though mountains move and hills go forth, for here I am a seer.

You can encourage and direct the child of your language and your own genealogy but you never will prepare a licentiate of another country, to adopt the tuition of your school, and as it has bothered you in the past you will find it a problem of no uncertain question for solution in the future. Yes, in the meal hour when I meet them in the restaurants and in the streets I think I am arrived in Siberia, or some isolated region among the reptile population of those gorilla tribes that Charles Darwin spoke of, and from the Canadian Pacific Railway Station in Main Street North to the Canadian National depot South, on each side of the streets are Jews from all parts of Europe, and all this fraternity have their windows decorated with all kinds of wares—pardon me for calling them so—with not a price labeled upon them, that they may deceive you, with one at the door captious or cavilling for you to buy, it takes you to have some circumspection to get through that deal.

There is no compunction here in this street; you talk about paraphrase—but there

they will travel around you, tell you what the article costs in other shops, and the great durability of them, and at the same time they had purchased them from an old stock company or at a salvage sale injured by fire and water. They tell you of their qualifications in the trade, and they would not nor could not deceive you. You will rue the day you purchased in Main Street. You will see after it is Mean Street instead of Main Street. This is part of the Jewish quarter in Winnipeg, Canada.

I have had some experience of the Jews; I roomed with some of them and I could see, although their parents sent them to the English schools, their mothers, as soon as the children awoke in the mornings talked to them always in the Hebrew tongue, and when they started to talk they talked a great deal.

I remember one day I went into a Jew's shop—a watch making establishment—and I had no thought at the time of going to the man—I bought it of an Englishman by the name of Mr. Dudley in Main Street and I think he was the only Englishman in that street, of any kind, and it was a watch I bought of Mr. Dudley some time before, and it was a good watch, but I let it fall on the floor and broke the stay, or staff, of it. Well, this Jew looked at it, and he said: "I will trade you a good watch." But I said, "I don't want to trade my watch; I want it fixed." So he said he would fix it for so much, and I thought it was better not to leave it with him at all, so I took it from him and told him it was better to leave it with the man that made it—Mr. Dudley. So he said to me: "Tell Mr. Dudley that I said he was a decent man." So I knew Mr. Dudley was in the same trade as himself, and I knew also that he would be jealous of him, so I called to mind the old Jewish proverb—To praise your enemy while he is in the way. Then I knew he was a sophist, a cunning reasoner of the real Jew type.

How hard it is to kick against the pricks in my time. Paul, I think, was not so hard pressed as I, nor yet was he in as many dangers as I am. The Jew, save for his own interest, is stupefied concerning the improvement of man's condition and he shows it in his contraband goods he transfers in his commodities from one class to another in life. His home is an outward show, but the concealed innermost parts are filthy and dirty. Their front room is covered over with carpets, and in some cases, costly drapery, with beautiful furnishings, at one time very dear, but for economy's sake they have lasted a decade. Underneath this exposition are germs and microbes of the most dangerous type, that move

and crawl hither and thither, from place to place; by odors and perfumes they hide their obnoxious diseases, that are transferred by themselves from place to place in their cheap, homemade merchandise, under the inspection of a so-called government official, to suit their trade of supplies, to an unwary public population of cities and towns, and even into the country districts.

They should still be in Palestine—and you speak of assisted immigration to your colonies—but America and Canada would be well paid in emigrating these undesirables—loyal subjects and all as some of them are. It would pay them well to speculate the money and send them back to their native land. It would take from our midst dishonest practices, deception and fraud. O, but I would rejoice to see them back to that land of promise, of milk and honey, that flows around the banks of the River Jordan, with its festured filth and diluted weeds of corruption, surrounded by its barren, divested hillsides of cedar, and the so-called flourishing palm trees, with here and there bespattered with straw and mud cabins, or rather, an imitation of the crawls they originally came out from—a land of devastation, famine and hunger.

My dear friends, these undesirables have no more thought of going back to this country than our dogs have of going back to the wolves' or coyotes' holes.

Then again we have the Pollocks from all parts of Europe, and other nationalities that they prefer to British subjects but these people they prefer are British subjects themselves and I would like to know when or how they have discovered that as a British race, they are so much degenerated and incompatible in life. They cry out for foreigners, thinking for them or acting for them in commercial affairs; or their manufacturers, when they answer these questions, then I will be satisfied of the British incompetence. But I believe that it is greed that infuriates these British employers to cry out for foreign labor. They oppress their country man to crush out of him what he is not able to do, nor what they could not do themselves. Then these poor creatures like the horse, lies down under their burden, badly fed and badly clad, in cases with a pallet of straw, like the beast he drives, to slumber on. I myself, knew by experience, that the foreigner is both dull and stupid, and worse than all, where he works with the foreigner he is imposed upon. No matter what the foreigner does wrong, or how little work he performs, he is never called to question about it, with the excuse by the foreman—he doesn't know—to the Britisher; while he even turns round to the Britisher, "You should have known better than to have let him do that,"—not only oppressing him at his work,

but by holding him responsible for the acts of the foreigner.

In factory and on farm I proved it the same. They actually thought and think the people they brought from these countries to lower the wages of our people and oust them from their employment, that they had to migrate or emigrate to some other clime for an existence, and I question yet if they have profited by them. They are untrustworthy behind their backs, and distrustful, and unhandy and they will not take teaching—unperceptive and ungrateful, and dictate to you. These very men they asked the British to protect are the enemies of this country and the enemies of themselves, dull and stupid. I have to know yet where they are superior in any way.

You say they are strong, but I never saw one of them yet that outdone, by trusting to their strength, any Britisher. They have no art even to prolong or to protect their strength, and even in a heavy lift or hard day's work, I have watched the strongest colored man, of very heavy weight, working piece work at the docks in New Orleans, against Irishmen, stowing away bales of cotton in the holds of the boats, all day long in the great heat of that climate, and I can assure you with that quick, scientific lift, they were done first, and by far the freshest men at night, when the day was done, and their work done better, although they were the lightest men—because they worked with brain power.

But the Britisher will tell you an Irishman has got none, but he has got that he knows when the Britisher wants to live upon him, as they know in Ireland today. Greed for money floods the markets with undesirables and causes strikes and upsets capital, and in part, throws into confusion the markets of the world.

Consolidation should not be interfered with only when a revolutionary change is needed or required. The deformity of reason in almost all the compacts of trade today, is the cause. There are Socialists around me that do not know the meaning of Socialism. They commence to develop their ideas instead of nourishing them and bringing them gradually up to maturity, they rush the creature, and as Shakespeare says about love: "Their Socialism grows into a pleurisy and dies in his own too much." With them, I am a Socialist and know the meaning of it. I am an anarchist and love it. It has no authority behind it but acts upon sound reason. I admit there are cases of deformity follow in its trail, but they are not of us. It is a soul's desire for the welfare of others, not so much for ourselves—of right against wrong—and justice against injustice.

Politician is a name for renegades and place hunters. Premiers are primarily established for a time but a statesman is established immemorially and his records live after him, like Burke and Gladstone and Abraham Lincoln; these names will never die while the English speaking race lives. They are three of the blessed men that the blessed power allotted to us. They were by the people and for the people. How glorious to look back on the past, especially upon the acts and deeds of great men, whether they differed from us or whether they were on our side of opinion.

If they were conscious of their actions, believing justly that they were right, it gives me pleasure to ponder over their sayings, and when reading them I almost think I am there. It is grand to hear their speeches and the vibrations in their return.

The first step in social life to be recognized is justice. When a man kills a man he gives his life for it. In some cases, there are five or six lives taken for one. I am not going to dispute whether it is right or wrong, but it is the law, and while the constitution was the instrument in forming the laws, we have to bide by them. There are officials acting for the constitution that many a time, by overstepping their duty, have courted death, and in the imagination of their own greatness in their service to their country's weal, have overstepped and stumbled and fallen in that service—that is getting intoxicated and overwhelmed in their inextricabilities till it comes their cessation and collapse. I have been a little intoxicated myself sometimes.

I remember one time in Greenock being out late one night on a Saturday night and police ran me in for being drunk, but I was just right—not too much alcohol, but a little of the barley brae, and he was a very good lieutenant who was taking in the cases, while under, but one of the good kind. He asked the two policemen what was the charge against me, and they said: "Drunk." So he told me to walk alongside the bar, and I did so. I think I never walked as straight and as steady in my life. He asked the policeman what was the matter to bring in a man like that for being drunk, and he discharged me. They thought I was watching them, by seeing me knocking about every Saturday night, and they were just about right, for I was watching their actions, and everybody else, and I must say I never was convicted by a magistrate in all my life but once, and it was in that town Greenock, and they did not let me appear before him, but fined me seven and sixpence, or two dollars.

They run me in, in Winnipeg for being drunk, but the policeman that ran me in died in jail after for aiding a burglar to escape and rob, and I was discharged. I never committed

a crime in all my life, nor could I be charged with one. I hated the public bar and snug drinking all my life, although I have been enticed into them. I enjoyed a little in my own house, but public drinking leads to sacred evils. All kinds of enmity and prejudice is discussed there, lying waiting to kill one another for religion and social griefs. I am glad, for the children's sakes, that bars are closed down in this country, Canada, and I would like to see it extended to the Old Country, for thoughts often come back to me of the suffering of women and children that I often saw there. It was liable there for the most of the destitution I have seen; at times, I dreaded to pass their doors for fear someone would ask me in—for fear of spending the money I had for other things. It is the curse of the Old Country and it is the cause of most of their deformity and degeneracy. The permanency of the curse should be vigorously destroyed. It is equal to the barbarous Orange wretches of that country, that call themselves Unionists. The extermination of both should be very quick.

Here in Canada, it is only abated. Are the people of this country illiterate? Or can they be educated? They return to their parliaments men, to constitute their laws and form a constituted base of procedure. They extract and amputate parts of the germs that cause the disease but I never yet have seen them exterminate them.

In this country, Canada, they have a Prohibition Law that is a farce and a fraud upon the people, and this country, in 1919, February, illicit distilling by foreigners, adulterating drugs by manufacturing the alcohol themselves and adulterating the spirits they have received from the distillers, at an exorbitant price of five dollars for a ten glass bottle, in addition to a doctor's fee of one dollar for the prescription—six dollars, or twenty-five shillings for a ten glass bottle of whiskey or wood alcohol. The country that its people understand these conditions and allows them to exist, is worse than Bolshevism. If the people of any country want to abolish an undesirable act they must begin at where it originated—at its foundation or source. There is no stream in life or in connection with it, even its tributaries, but has a source, and the main must have a base. Where there is an inlet there must be an outlet—and so long as distillers and brewers are allowed to continue this inlet, by its products or their production, there will be an outlet for its consumption.

I am not a legislator, but I am a seer and thinker, and when I behold these proceedings, it makes me wince. I do know that without liquor, there is part of the population in all countries, unfit to use their franchise, far less competent to conduct themselves under the

influence of intoxicating drinks. But this class you will always have amongst you and unworthy of the benefits of true citizenship. As Moor said: "The dust of the school," but that is not to say the capable and conceptive man is to be deprived and imposed upon because of the incapability of his fellow creature. Brandy is a stimulant and useful in time of pain, no matter from what cause it arrives, even from too much of itself, when used right.

I believe there should be Government Stores in every town where there are five hundred inhabitants; and in certain districts, where the towns are far apart, too far from one another—and these Government Stores should be run on strict government principles, and the storekeeper to be employed by government, like a Customs man, and he could collect the taxes or inland revenue in the district in which he resides, and all the profits made by the store in the traffic of these liquors, should be taken by the government and utilized as a revenue for the benefit of the nation, and no man or woman should be served with liquor without their voting card. That should be adopted and marked in the ledger how often that card has been produced or presented before the storekeeper or Customs man, to be served with the liquor, under a penalty of imprisonment if using your card by lending it to any other person, without the option of a fine. These fines are an indirect taxation and a fraud or imposition upon the people, and the government should guarantee to the people of the state a pure drink, free from all drugs or adulteration of any kind. This is the means to kill the illicit traffic and satisfy the just and honest citizen. To my mind, anything else is paralytic and useless.

With very strict supervision over the storekeeper or Customs that retails it.

Now I leave Scotland and go to America, and like all these Britishers that have no experience of other countries, I thought our home references would go a long way in that country, so I got one, but when I arrived there I soon saw it was no use to me. My cousin told me to throw it in the fire, it was no use there, so I did so—but he was well acquainted in that city. I arrived in Philadelphia—he was sergeant on the police force in that city, but when I left Greenock, Scotland, in 1888, times were very bad in that country and there was a great lot of people emigrating to America and Australia. Times were bad in Scotland, and also England, and the people that had any money got out of the country as quickly as they could.

When we left the Clyde, there were seven hundred or eight hundred immigrants aboard that ship—the Grecian, one of the Allan Line and at that time you had to provide your own

bed, cooking utensils, and all you required aboard. It was the roughest passage I ever had at sea, but one, at Mouville, on the North of Ireland Coast, where the different tides meet. I well remember it as long as I live. The hatches were nailed down, and there was one time she turned right over to her masts were in the water and the officers tied to their posts were almost gone. That was a night of nights for me at sea. The ones on the top bunks were thrown out over the floors and the middle bunks with them. I was in a bottom bunk and I thought I could hold on to it, but it was too much for me so I had to let go and rolled on the floor like the rest of them. Some of them were holding on to anything they got hold of; some were praying, some cursing the ship, and some cursing the day they left the Clyde. But I got one good laugh at the dinner table.

An old miner with one eye—there were little curves along the sides of the tables to keep the dishes from falling off the table, and we were sitting eating at the table when the ship, all of a sudden, gave a lurch, and our dishes were full of soup and it knocked the dishes all over against the curve of the table where he was eating, with the result that the soup went all over his face and breast. He never had been at sea before and he thought we were the cause of it going about him, and he got up and he grabbed dishes, knives and fired them all around him at us. I was ducking and laughing for about five minutes. It was the most amusing thing to me of the whole voyage; I enjoyed it.

On board the ship, just when we left Greenock, I met a Scotch Highlander that I was acquainted with in Greenock, by the name of Jack Douglas. He was a cabby and he and I used to drink together in Greenock, and were chummy sometimes and we were glad to meet one another going out to the States. There were a lot of Ulster-Scot Orangemen aboard that I worked with in Greenock and they were opposed to this Douglas, but I knew he was a good man and I would not have it so I left them and kept company with him and kept them from quarrelling during the voyage, because I was married to a Scotch woman and I had to do justice to all. Well, we had all kinds of liquor with us and all kinds of eatables in our trunks, so we wanted for nothing.

There were women going out to their husbands, who had too much drink aboard with them. They were kept by themselves in their own apartments, but attended to by men, which I object to and always did. I believe for morality's sake, the women should have stewardesses to attend to them, and kept by themselves, only in public recreation upon the decks.

I have seen foreigners that did not understand the rules and regulations of the boat come down into the steerage among the men of their own nationality, to pass the time away, and the Chief Steward kicking them to their own quarters, which I believe was quite right, for morality's sake.

There was one case aboard that ship of a woman from Johnston, Scotland, going out to her husband in Pittsburg, America, and after her sickness, she had taken some drink and I suppose it made her feel good, and at night the third steward went into bed with her, but there was an Irishman cried out: "A man in the women's compartment," and the officers took hold of him and put him in irons, and when the boat reached Halifax, they put him ashore there. I went ashore with my chum Jack Douglas, when the boat was discharging its cargo. When we went ashore we went into a toilet for gentlemen, and there was a big well-dressed, Belgian woman there amongst the men, easing herself, and I thought to myself it was well for her to be innocent, that she did not know the rudiments of our race nor the sense of morality or immorality.

The officers told us we had a long time ashore and the ship would not be going for three days, and when the passengers for Canada were all ashore, the carpenters began to clear away the bunks and erect stalls for the cattle coming home to Glasgow again, but the American passengers had to stop aboard the ship till they went to Philadelphia, if they did not know their way about Halifax. I remember well going aboard to my trunk to get something I wanted and I heard a great commotion around where I was, so I went round the alleyway where the carpenters were pulling down the bunks, and one of the carpenters was striving to outrage an Irish girl for Philadelphia, that was there alone, waiting till the ship would sail. I went forth and looked at him very angrily, and it was well that girl was strong or those three Highland carpenters from Glasgow would have outraged her before I came round. I was there at the right time to save her, and she did not know it.

I did not relate of the burial at sea of a passenger that broke his leg coming aboard in Glasgow. On the gangway he slipped and fell, and half way out they buried him. It was the first I saw take place in my life at sea and it impressed me very much indeed. What made it more impressive was the fact that his daughter, and her children were there spectators of the burial of their father. That woman had to be taken hold of by the officers for fear of her jumping overboard. When they cast his body into the deep she screamed aloud, that to me it was soul searing to palliate. He was sewed up in a piece of canvas, with 56's

attached to it to take him down. The passengers were assembled around, and the Captain, from the English Prayer Book, read the service, and when it came to part with his body into the deep, it was a solemn ceremonial, but his daughter and her children were a consolation to the Irish race, to see and to know that the daughter loved the father that reared her.

Well, now, I went back to my chum Jack Douglas, and we took a room in the highest hotel in Halifax. We enjoyed ourselves for three days there, and when we went down to the boat she was whistling out of the harbor, and Jack says to me: "There goes the Grecian," and we were left in Halifax, March 28, 1888. We went back to the hotel and got a little elevated and I started to sing and feel happy. Then Jack says to me: "Dan, you don't care if you never get out of this place," and he began to unravel out his mind to me. "Dan" he says, "I got married in Greenock before I came away, to a head gardener's daughter, and she gave me £200, to go to Glasgow to get two cabs to start to my own hand, but I took my own ticket to Philadelphia and I left her, with these £200, I have with me." "Well" I says, "Jack, I have only seventeen pounds. You are better off than I am." "But" he says, "I can't stop here for she will be after me and my box is in Philadelphia and I have to get it off the boat, so I must get away quick."

He left me there in Halifax and went by train to Philadelphia and he had three pounds some odd of Canadian money of change he gave to me before he left me. Well, I bade him good-bye and I shifted from the hotel to the Immigrant's Home at the wharf. It was cheaper for me not having the millionaire's money. While in the Home there was a girl I asked to change me some money but she would not change it for me, but she would give me money without change, but I paid her, all I got off her when I left there, and I went to the Allan Shipping Office to see when I would get a boat to Philadelphia, and they told me, in two or three days.

Well, I got tired running around and I took a job coaling the ships, at so much an hour, along with a Dunkee man that lost the ship as well as us, and it was wheeling those handcarts with about ten hundred weight of coal in it. It was the hardest job I ever struck in Canada, and not well paid at that time. I noticed there the French-Canadian was pretty smart, and I knew to watch him and Scotty, but the "Pomeranian" came in on her way to Philadelphia from Glasgow and I went on her to Philadelphia, but she received orders to go to New York, and I went to New York on her.

We went in on the Brooklyn side and we had to pass through Castle Gardens. I thought that city a splendid city, when I saw that

Statue of Liberty welcoming my eyes to the Land of Freedom for us exiles from Erin's Isle. It is a glorious welcome to our race, presented by the French, that great race that inherits the knowledge of great science to the world presented today.

I got my luggage transferred to Castel Gardens and I sat down there to rest awhile till such time as I would have to go. All immigrants pass through here. It is seated all round and wicker gates here and there to accommodate the passengers as they pass through—to give your name, where you come from, and where you are going; your age and occupation; and how much money you have got. There you are accommodated with a place to change your money, and upstairs you will find a train to any part of the United States.

New York has its respectable streets, and also its disrespeckable. It has its Broadway and its Bowery, but not of flowers nor wild roses, but of refined and cute manipulators, and slight-of-hand Jewish conjurers; reseaters and back seaters—retailers and double-dealing, is the order of the Bowery.

I then took the train for Philadelphia; it is a passage of ninety-six miles by rail, about \$2.00 fare then in 1888. I enjoyed the trip; I was amazed at the comfort and conveniences of their cars—the passage from end to end up the centre of the car, with seats on every side, shows the advancement of the people in this country, to accommodate and comfort their people. In the Old Country they are huddled up in one compartment that if you are crushed you cannot get up and walk but you have to wait till you go to the next station till you can change, and that, at their so-called 'Guard' opening the door to let you out or in, as option suits him. The toilet at hand for women and men, at different ends of the cars—and water to drink on every train or car. Even with the filth of the foreigner, they are kept clean and respectable. In the Old Country they know their working people see nothing, nor know nothing outside themselves. Therefore it is run on a low mean scale, without comfort, because the Railway Company thinks there is nobody to respect.

There should only be a First and Second class in that country, the middle class is fierce and proud, a perilous go-between that has separated the people from unity in action, even of their own social affairs, which have damaged Trades Unions; and other sects of the population that would have otherwise have brought together a people united in action and communication for the betterment of their own condition. Separating the people is a danger to their own welfare. It makes them selfish and narrow minded, yea, even suspicious and prejudiced of and against one another and

tends to separate them. As Franklin said: that was of a great English race and united his countrymen in America for their own good. "Look at the contrast between the great Englishman in America and the Englishmen that are governing Ireland at the present time. Their whole policy in Ireland is to keep the people separated in school and in church, and they have gone so far as to carry it into their athletic sports and games. Bigotry and race hatred is their sole teaching of today in that country, for fear it would become a United Ireland, that the people would have a better living.

Now, by missing my boat in Halifax, I have upset my friend's arrangements of meeting me at the boat in Philadelphia, so I arrive by train and I had their city address and I soon got there. Then I went down to Front street to the wharf there to get my trunk that came by boat and when I was getting it, there was a woman, and two detectives, come forward to me and asked me if I saw Jack Douglas aboard the boat coming out. I told them I was with him but he left me in Halifax to come here, and the cabman was just gone out with his trunk as I came in for mine, about half an hour before. So it's Jack Douglas' wife and two detectives here from Liverpool, but just a little too late to catch him. He ran away from her and he took her money from her, but I never knew he had done this till he told me in the hotel in Halifax that he did so.

Well I went up to my cousins in Race and Vine street, off Second street, and I was well received there, but his brother disturbed me by writing to my friends, "that it was time for me to send some money to my wife," and I had not started to work then, but was looking around for something that suited me, and it was very hard to get work because it was just after the Knights of Labor great strike that Carnegie got the American militia to shoot down his workmen at Pittsburg Iron and Steel Works and Coal Mines—that will ever be a disgrace to the country he belongs to—Scotland—and a great lot of their Presbyterian Established Churches held out their hand for his blood money, so work was hard to be found.

But justice always sent me friends. My cousin took me down to the factory he worked in before he went on the Police Force—a large sugar refinery on Delaware Avenue and Front street. My cousin worked there before he went on the Police Force, about fifteen years, and he took ill health and Mr. Knight, that owned the sugar refinery, was Lord Mayor of Philadelphia, and when my cousin, Bob Burns, took ill health, he put him on the Force without doing two years' sub-duty right away. He took me to the Manager, a Mr. McCrea, and while we were there, Mr.

Knight came in, and shook hands with him, and he told him I was his cousin, and he said: "Mr. McCrea, would find me a job," and so he did, but I never started in it. I got a job for myself on Washington avenue, in Baws Chemical Works, but it was not a steady job, and I did not like it, but Mr. McCrea sent for me, but I signed on in a boat to sail from Baltimore to the Old Country. I must say I liked Philadelphia. It is a beautiful city, with its white marble stone steps up to their doors, and their fountains and flower gardens is a treat to behold, with their beautiful Cambdentown and Skulkyll River there, and their far renowned Broad street, the greatest I ever set foot on—for beautiful hotels, fountains and flower gardens—no tram ways in that street—its museums and art galleries, with its Fairmount Park Galleries and recreations, are a soothing balm to the weary traveller. And their nanny goats' carriage drive down the park from the elevator to the gates is a handsome drive and a mild one—not too fast but just right.

There are fine women there, strong and healthy, good humored when you get acquainted with them—the most cultured and best educated and refined people I think in the United States of America—and you must know all cities have their dirty and ignorant and filthy population, and Philadelphia is no exception to the rule.

I stood and watched the colored men make their brick out of the white clay and they would not leave a particle of dirt or any other clay in that white stuff, like snow in color, and they made the beautiful, enamelled brick out of that white clay, by machinery; it is a treat to see them at it.

I went to a Dutch Presbyterian church on a Sunday when I was there. There were Ulster-Scots, Orangemen and Scotchmen, and some Englishmen. The choir sang up in the gallery in front of the minister, and he was on a pulpit surrounded by flowers, while he was preaching, and white marble steps up to it. While we were listening to him preach, our feet were on a sling suspended by brass chains, and pads for our feet of red crimson. While we lay back on the seat our feet went to and fro with the greatest of ease. This is what I call grand paganism that Rome does not much excel nor surpass, in a Dutch Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. I intended to stop in that city because the people seemed more cultivated and refined. The best friend I met there was an Irishman. There was one I met out there by the name of Cooligan that worked hard in a sugar refinery. They were building a new char end or black house as they called it in America, and the Manager started him to superintend the men at the work, till it would be built, and then

he was to boss over that department. He made me take some money, but I refused to take it because I had some of my own, but I knew it was the custom of Irish hospitality to do such things in a strange land, so I took it in good part.

I got a job beside him in another refinery, taking down a pan that boiled the sugar, with a Cork mechanic from Ireland, and I enjoyed his 'companionship. He was educated and had travelled. He enlightened me and encouraged me by his instructions about the country, and I found his advice useful. Even in Philadelphia afterwards, while I was in Bowes Chemical Works, I took notice of the process of their chemicals and productions, and also the class of men that worked there. But I should have spoken of my friend from Ireland that made me take the money from him. Just to let you know that this man, because he was Irish—no matter how much he knew or could do—if he had stopped in Scotland all his life he never would have got promoted as long as there was a Scotchman for the job.

Well, now these Chemical Works had a great lot of foreigners working there, and it was the first place I saw a man eat tallow as butter on his bread. Russian Pollocks, and Austrian Pollocks, and some French Pollocks, and I saw in that country what I did not expect to see—barefooted children begging bread. When we came out of our works at night, these children would meet us at the gate and ask us if we had anything left in our cans or handkerchiefs and they would run after us to get it, that it made me feel queer. It was after the great struggle and strike of labor. The capitalists had with their combines, rushed into the country from all parts of Europe, immigrants of all kinds and classes into the country of a fallen, disorganized population, compelled to lie down at the feet of Carnegie and Company—the factories working an allotted space of time—then closing down for a season—and the workmen compelled to walk the streets. This was the condition of things in the United States of America in 1888, when I landed in Philadelphia, and although I was exiled from Scotland for being a leading Trades Unionist, and being a man appointed to meet the masters to bring them to terms, which, thank goodness, we did, and compelled them to do away with piece work and pay us our overtime after ten hours a day. There are no meaner masters, I think, than the Scotchmen, from Carnegie down. They are a curse in the state of manipulators, and covetous bigots, because they are never direct, but always working through subterranean tunnels or channels.

Well, I will endeavor to illustrate to you the process of these chemicals in this work.

The fat and bones from all the slaughter houses of the city are bought from them and taken in here. They have large tanks, about fifteen feet high and round in form, six feet in diameter, with a door on the top to fill them, and a manhole door in the bottom to take the bones out when the fat is all boiled off of them. The bottom of the tank had holes for the boiled gravy or fat oil to run down from the bones into a large pipe that takes it to the receiving tank. When they are boiled enough they are washed down with hot water and steamed out. Then they open the manhole door at the bottom of the tank and drag out the bones and take them away to the kilns floors to be dried. They then either make bone meal or charcoal out of it. If charcoal, it is burned and ground; if meal, it is ground with a grinder or a kind of pulverizer, to whatever grade they require it; and I worked at making the Plaster of Paris out of a very hard stone, and while they put it through a large hopper of an ordinary stone-breaker, then right through a finer one, until they came to the pulverizer. Then it goes through to the different grades of the pulverizer, and when it becomes fine that you can feel no grain in it, then they add some chemicals to make different articles out of it—I know not what. It is filled in white bags—large packages and small ones—according to the order given.

During my time in Philadelphia, I saw one street of nothing but Chinamen, dressed all in blue. If they had their tails cut off as they have now, I would have taken them for English blue jackets. Then another street, they were all colored people. Here amongst these colored women I saw them with the child hanging over their backs; sucking their breast which was new to me, and I well remember that summer of '88, when the city of Philadelphia closed down eleven thousand saloons in that city, I have lain on the ground of one of these saloons on a Sunday and drank rum and whiskey, beer and porter, till I was sick the next day—for that had to be all off the premises the next week or emptied out on the street; and that same saloon emptied two barrels of rum. That same time, I was drinking there that Sunday, at McGraw's saloon, Washington avenue. They turned the most of the saloons into laundries.

Yes, I was at the cutting of the first sod of the biggest sugar refinery in the world. Five hundred men started work that morning. I was there looking for a job but there was none for me. It was an Italian that got the contract of digging the foundation and no Irish need apply there among that lot. They built wharves, and brought the steamships loaded with sugar right up into the sugar refinery, in or on Washington avenue, Sprick-

ells & Brothers, the Dutch Kings they called them—in Philadelphia, they own the great plantation around Honolulu on the Hawaiian Islands.

It is very hot out on them plantations there—too much for the white man. When coming home from Australia we called there, and there were some Englishmen going home with bad health, from these plantations, and they heard me say this was England's fault, and they grind within themselves—and yet they were dying leaving these islands that were too hot for them, and I guess there will be more places than it will be too hot for their countrymen after this is over. They have played the game of bluff long enough, in more places than one, in their history, while trying to bring about an adjustment of civilization in Europe.

We still have the greedy English conjuring after confiscations about the German Colonies in the South and other parts of Africa, by a substitute to the British Government from Australia. Another Welsh acrobat by the name of Hughes, denouncing mandatory by the Germans, while he himself is trying through the British conquerors to exercise the power of mandatory authority by Australians over the same place and people that are foreign to them, and demanding the return of territory to France that they themselves, helped the Germans to take from them in 1871,—Alsace and Lorraine—and ever held it in remembrance of a celebration at Beaconsfield's tomb by decorations every year, of the beautiful primroses he admired to wear in his buttonhole on his banquettings through and around the royal family he served so well.

This confiscator for peace the British people called, and call to this day—Peace with honor—Is it any wonder the nations of Europe dread a combination of the British Empire's representatives at that Conference from every part of the Dominions, but she wants to have Ireland, simply because she knows she would get support from them for nothing, but that which was just, and she does not want that. What does she want? you will ask. I will tell President Wilson right here—what Britain wants at that Conference of Europe and America is a substantial majority on her side, of every question, in relation to the life of everything in connection with the life of the nations of Europe and America. She wants to blind the eyes of the American people, that her Indian Empire as she calls it, is self-governed and should be represented at the Conference.

No one more than I would rejoice to see all free people represented there. But are they free? Why do these poor Indians shoot the British foreigner secretary of their country, if the British Government is a just one. When

I see the action of the British Government I think President Wilson is a silly man to allow Britain to have so many representatives at the Conference of Nations. It is not now he will feel so much, as rolls on time he will see that letting Britain have so many representatives to interfere in every trivial thing of the nations they would be out-voted and Britain left to dictate the road of the sea, not alone to Europe herself, but America themselves, that they would be compelled to throw aside the shackles of the nations' variance and dictate her own terms, for her life among the nations, under Britain's terms, she would, by bluff, not alone damage your mercantile trade but she would threaten your very internal affairs, by a vote strong in numbers, but weak in strength when the conflict comes, as you have seen in this very war, before you entered it.

Even now, Winnipeg is run by an editorial press that served its time in that hotbed of bigotry, prejudice and hatred of all that is just. Belfast, with all its Ulster-Scot Orangemen—both their Free Press, Tribune and Telegram are competitors for the patronage and support of a semi-educated people, that are ever devising but never constructing; agreeing and disagreeing about the means and power to improve their conditions; one day reading this article from the Free Press—the next, reading with the Tribune—and for a washdown, they finish up with a final dose of dope from the real conjurer—the Telegram—and the fumes of this infection has risen to their heads so that their devitation has taken flight, and like their dreams, have passed to oblivion. And this press, so eager for its recognition and patronization, that in some cases attacks itself, far less its own supposed opponent, that it challenged into Court, with the hope of making a pile quicker than by its advertisements, and the encouraging, speculative articles written on their leading columns.

It is amusing to me, as natural to watch as the inherited strains of the animals. The Tribune this week—either the 13th or 14th February, 1919,—he goes back to Belfast, in memory, about the war. He tells of thirteen big ships of the White Star Line being sent out to assist in the war and about them having big guns on them, or reported to the Germans of having heavy armor on them, while he said they had nothing but a wooden gun aboard; and one of those, he said, bottled up the big German ship in New York Harbor, just, he said, to let the people know how they bluffed the Germans.

But I cannot see where the bluff comes in, with the British fleet defeated, and the one-half of the British merchantmen lying under the Atlantic waves. I fail to see the bluff only on the British side. The laugh is the

other way about. These are the would-be's but never could-be's. But what attracts me most of all is this British nation, because it is humiliated, trying to cling to power by appealing to Conferences of Nations so arranged to suit itself and the end it has in view. If it is an Empire, it should be represented from its seats of Parliament without a contribution of its dependencies, and if so, why not include Ireland, that receives the instructions and mandate from a British Government, the same as the Indian people receive the British laws to be administered among them, and they have proved by their actions that they have received that with no more joy than did Ireland—a fallen nation—with America recognized before the war, that Britain was because the public press of that country expressed fully that Germany was an advanced people in science of all kinds, and it was because Germany's merchandise was superior, not alone in workmanship but in durability superior. Because of this advance in these people Britain was jealous of them, which the American press admitted, and through the British press in this country, and by men that had their sons in British positions, never ceased blackmailing and ridiculing the German people and nation, and they, themselves, were the cause of their advancements, in all their arts of the day, by being in alliance with them, but they found out: 'Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man,' and if the American people think they can trust to Britain in any great question of the day, they will find out their mistake.

But, thank goodness, it is a great war, and a wicked people like Britain have suffered that laughed at me, after taking my father's money and killing him and all my people for fear we would get our own, with that wretch, Sir Edward Carson telling him, King Edward how to proceed.

Yes, this confab of a conference that Britain has initiated for her interest, that she might be the means of hampering industry other than her own, keeping down even the internal affairs of a nation that the very means of its existence depends upon it. Britain, at the present time, would do anything to recoup her position among the nations of the earth today. She is a despot and a degenerate, and these journalists are almost all a strain from their Orange-Ulster criminals that were first planted in the North of Ireland because they would be daring and hold against the Irish, owing to their fathers being murderers and their mothers being poisoners.

I knew them myself, sent over under assumed names, from Greenock, in Scotland—that their fathers had killed gamekeepers in that country, and other murderers, even under their own names. Believe me, this will

yet be a thorn in the flesh of this Britain, that has started out, as they confess themselves, upon the trail of bluff. Bluff has a short duration and those that live by it are a soon-conquered oracle. To be a Scotchman or an Englishman today, after this, I would sooner be an Arab on the desert sands.

The nephew of the man that handed over Alsace and Lorraine to the Germans in 1871, sitting at President Wilson's feet, all the road from the so-called capital city of the world, in Washington, the United States of America—pleading for that people to come to Europe and deliver them from their friends, the Germans, whom they trusted before the war—and Carson's Orange-Tory press, supporters in these countries blaring out what they would do against the Americans, and burdens reciprocity—and Britain and her colonies would soon overthrow them. But I warn you Orange subjects of Canada, to keep very quiet for the day of your bigotry and race-hatred is nearing its end. You are like the Red Indian, you are in your last reserve.

Now, I see in the Irish papers that beef is \$19.00 a hundred weight, and the best milk cows \$240.00; sow pigs \$60.00 each; and eggs per dozen \$1.75—all choice. In my time a good cow was £14 or \$74.00—beef 5 cents a pound; eggs 12 cents a dozen, selling to retailers; pork killed, 60 shillings a hundred; sows £5 to £7—\$35.00 each; potatoes 64 cents a hundred weight; chickens 74 cents the pair; ducks about the same; turkeys \$2.00 no matter what the weight, and geese about the same. This beats the record. "Goodness has taken away the righteous from the wickedness to come" is a true maxim of the British evil.

Here, how many times have you been asked how is it that Ulster is prosperous and the rest of Ireland not? The Ulster man never explained to you, but I will, without the fear of contradictions by any just or honest reasoner. Listen to these facts. First, the Railway Companies are controlled and managed by Ulstermen, from the lowest clerk to the highest paid official in the monopoly, that draws in return from the poor Irish farmer or dealer, an exorbitant rate of freight and passage money, that is ever in their power to do so, and any Irish Roman Catholic that is employed at more than a living wage, they are using him as a spy for the Company.

The Post Offices are run the same way. Ministers' sons, of the Protestant population, are preferred, and over a living, the Protestant is preferred to the Catholic, and all recommended by the Protestant clergy, and promotion never goes by merit—even among the Protestants themselves. Conscience is never considered. The Postman, in some places

himself, that has a small remuneration, is a recommended job by Protestant ministers.

The Banks are run by the unbearable interests in return for the loans, by Scotch and Englishmen claiming Ireland as their native land. Their clerks employed, are brought to their desk by the recommendation of the Protestant minister from the school he belonged. If a Roman Catholic—for a living wage remuneration. It is to catch the banking accounts in the district in which he resides. They leave no capital there to be invested for industry, for the industrious Irish, he is shackled there.

We have again the Royal hospitals, invested with the Protestant authority. The doctors are almost all Protestants, and the head nurse or matrons are Scotch or English—no Irish need apply. From Belfast to Cork, I don't think there is a head nurse in a Protestant hospital a Roman Catholic, and it is a general thing in Roman Catholic districts for Protestants to be in charge of Catholic ones. No remuneration here to be invested for industries.

Next, we have the jails to contend with; they have, it is true, a warder, a big, strong man or two, to be turnkeys or warders, to handle the unruly prisoners, at a living wage, but the Governor, and the under Governor and Sheriffs are Scotchmen and Englishmen, at a handsome salary per year, and free quarters, with all provisions free. They can invest in Belfast or Ulster. There is a doctor in these institutions, to keep up by the poor Irish farmer and farm laborer—in taxation—all paying out and nothing coming in.

Then we have the Poor houses. As John Mitchell said, the Orange Government will threaten you of the Papishes and the Fenians, but they will never threaten you of the place you have to die in—the Poorhouse. Look at that imposition on humanity, of the farmers of Ireland. Here, doctors and nurses can forward their money to Belfast to be invested. All this food and clothing and housing free, in addition to their large salaries. This is all to Belfast's credit.

Now their lunatic asylums come next. There I know their inner working, for four years and a half in Belfast, and a more inhuman institution I never set my foot in than that one. All officialdom was vested in Protestants, from the head doctor down, in that institution—three or four doctors; the least pay for them was £500 and all found. I must state that all these institutions were supplied through Belfast merchants, with clothing and food and furnishings of all kinds. These are taken from the poor peasantry of Ireland, and nothing received in return. The doctors and nurses and offices of clerks and would-be officials of these institutions are horrifying in

the extreme. Americans, without coming and inquiring into these conditions of Ulster and the rest of Ireland, would not be converted till they would see and know the truth about Ulster as I do.

All the wealth of Ireland, directly and indirectly, is drawn into Ulster; that must be stopped at once; Irish Parliament or any other parliament; the asylums and poor houses and jails are the happy hunting grounds for the English and Scotch speculators. It is a treat to read over the estimates, and the receiving of the contracts. All Belfast Companies are there, in their turn, to haul in this money from the poor farmer and laborer in Ireland. No wonder there is rebellion, and goodness grant that the rebels will succeed in the reform of that country. And the worst of it all is, that this taxation that is taken from these poor creatures, is invested in Belfast. Manufactures of all kinds and commodities to be transferred back on these poor creatures, through and by their combines of all manipulation of the railway systems, as a washdown for the Irish peasant—to fleece and strip him of all he has got.

Nothing left here for the industrious Irish of the South to invest. These pests of the migrating microbes of Scotch and English have, and are, sucking their blood—not only their investing actions—are creating an ulcer and a cancer that has to be uprooted and exterminated.

I come now to their horrible Customs and Taxation and I speak of their mode of procedure here. As Arthur Quinn sang on the streets of Belfast, in 1874: "They are going to tax the butter and they are going to tax the cheese; they are going to tax the dogs and cats, and they are going to tax the fleas," They are taxing men and women, and they just do what they please; and Irish poet and ballet singer, and composer, they are taxed for everything.

They are taxed for everything they eat and everything they wear, and they employ all the head officials of that Customs or Taxation collectors or investigators in the Government's charge. These officials must be Scotch or English, where there is anything at stake or of any financial interest concerning the English government in that country.

Yes, I have passed by the Dublin Customs at night, when I was a fireman at sea and the ship I was on, the Lord Devonshire. Sir Daniel Dickson, was chairman of the company. In the middle of the night I could hear Lord Arran and Sir Henry Campbell—or alias, Sir Henry Robson—counting the money and taking the gold with them. I wondered to myself what authority they had to be there, handling money, at that time of night, I tell you it made me consider. That was in the

must have been between the Chief Secretary and Sir Henry Campbell or Robson.

Well, now, let this be as it may. These men or staff that are employed by Dublin Castle for the Custom House duties—with the exception of a few, that have only a living wage—are Scotch and English. Very well, all these big paid officials invest their money in new concerns, with a good guarantee, that these wares or commodities will be peddled through the stores of the little towns, among the poor, innocent, Irish population that knows nothing outside the limits of their own little village or town. They are quite satisfied with the look of the eye, or the taste and the smell of these fraudulent, adulterated—in some cases dangerous to their system—commodities. This makes the prosperous Ulster. This is the prosperous Ulster and how it is made prosperous—and here is an instance.

Dublin Castle, with a Lord-Lieutenant, with all found, at a salary surpassing that of the United States—of £20,000 a year, in an island three hundred miles long and two hundred and seventy-six miles broad; and Chief-Secretary at £10,000 a year; his Under-Secretary at £2,000 a year—and I cannot estimate the number of Castle clerks and subordinates to that government fraternity of Ireland—Commissioners of Police Forces, chamberlains, lords, superintendents, inspectors and chiefs of their police forces I cannot number at the present time. Three millions of the population get nothing in return but the jail and the poor house—a police force as large as a standing army in some countries, to compel the population to submit to the test, that keep them and a standing army that no Conference of Nations would tolerate, for to baton and shoot down the population when they object to celebrations of the day that conquered them at the Battle of the Boyne; and these would-be commanders like General French, to clear himself of the German bullets, said they needed him in Ireland to shoot down the disloyalist of that Island, at £20,000 a year. He thought he was safer there, instead of giving his services where it needed him. If he was a Loyalist, he could go to Belfast after the Armistice, and blow of his winning, about him being a soldier, before that Orange fanatic crowd, bellowing about a large nation conquering a little one.

General French I reckon a coward, for not going and giving his services where they were required, and I believe any old fog of a General or Officer could have looked after a disarmed people, but he was like his Belfast countrymen that died in exile, off the Donegal Coast—Mr. Ishmay, of the White Star Line, that shoved the women and children out of his road, that he himself, might get into the

life boat in the disaster of the Titanic, where Mr. Stead, and a persecuted Englishman, along with Mr. Astore, went to the bottom after saving women and children, by helping to put them in the life boats before the Titanic went down. He said in Belfast he was a soldier, but he was a cowardly one.

Now, for a moment, consider that man at the head of an army in any part of the world. Why he got the name of General—which any Englishman knows, by galloping a lot of cavalry after a lot of Boer farmers that had no civilization—who would have allowed him to cut them down with the sword. He was like Kitchener with the Arabs of the Soudan; his anger was vengeance, his wrath was cruel.

And the judges of Ireland, some of them prejudiced, but others trying under adverse circumstances to be honest and just. There was one judge in Ireland that I took particular notice of, in the North. His name was Andrews. He was the most wicked judge, I noticed, in the summing up to the jury and his sentences; the reason I say sentences is because I believe he was that much prejudiced that his reason was totally given to prejudging. He judged a man and had him sentenced before he heard the evidence of his accusers. There was a Counsellor at the bar seeking for briefs that helped him along to a judgeship—by the name of Moore but nothing to the poet Moore. He had, I believe, possessed a place in Ireland they call Bushmills, in the County Antrim, near Belfast, and had a distillery for making whiskey, and this Judge Andrews, had a distillery as well. I suppose birds of a feather flock together. Well, this Counsellor Moore, prosecuting in a case, and he in addressing the jury said anyone knowing the people in Antrim and Down, knew they were immoral; and he was criticised by a journalist, they called Lindsay Crawford, and when he heard it he took action for damages against Lindsay Crawford, and got £500; and this Moore was an aide-de-camp of Sir Edward Carson in the leading of Ulster Orangemen. Well, I read that Counsellor's speech and he said the words. They were published in the Belfast News Letter, an Orange Journal—and a leader of them, and they were both Orangemen, Lindsay Crawford and Moore, and that speech he delivered before the jury; some time previous to this action that lawyer, before another jury, denied on oath in the witness box, that he ever said the words, and sat smiling—but now before his friend, Judge Andrews, he is awarded £500—a handsome sum for swearing a lie in Public Court. Neither of them was anything to me; but was it any wonder that man Christ said, "Cursed are ye lawyers for you make burdens to be borne." But I think I have made it plain to any one with any sense or a

knowledge of physical economics, how and why Ulster was prosperous.

That country, under such a condition of things can come to nothing but depopulation, and let me tell you, if it is the design of Ulster to get a majority in the country England would have, like the Boer War, to conquer Ireland over again, or leave it there to themselves. There is no people as lazy as the Dutch, and as greedy for their guts. They are the only people today I cannot look upon with respect—bar the Jews—There are others of different nationalities that are not evolutionised but could be. That is palatable, as it was no fault of their own, it was their autocratic rulers that kept them in the coyote's den, but I hope in goodness now they will get out from their crawls, if the Conference doesn't tie them up and prohibit them from the scientific progress that would elevate their forms and ascend them to a purer and truer elevation, that we will be able to admire them.

To limit the building of submarines and aeroplanes and warships in any nation is driving that people and nation from thought into stupidity and back to the crawls from which they came, from darkness, so that a degenerated nation like Britain might get time to recoup itself, forgetting that by thought combined with action, is the sure road to progress and advancement; by thought in its actions of devisation, discover art and inculcates practices that complete science, not alone in its analyzing of the parts, to construct and utilize, if the air and sea has to be mastered by mankind, why keep back the possibility of it being done? Never limit the progress of any nation, it will be of use to you.

If you want an indemnity out of the war, let them adopt or apply all their ingenuity to do so that they may pay you for all the damage they have done. If Germany has not invented, she has utilized and improved, and if a people have seen the deficient part of a machine and can revise and improve upon these deficiencies or defects. I think he is a benefactor, an acquisition to the best illuminator of that spark. Excuse me for imposing, because of the war.

I now continue my travels. In Philadelphia was the first place I saw a patrol van to take the prisoners to the Police Court, and the first place I saw a policeman having a telephone box next to his beat, to communicate with the Central Police Office. I saw a policeman spot a burglar on the top of an eight story block or building, and the policeman phoned to the station to send the patrol van to such a place for a burglar. The policeman just kept walking around till the patrol van arrived with four men in it, to take the

burglar, and they had a job of getting him down off the top of that house, but they managed to get him. He was afraid of them shooting him and they were afraid of him shooting them. They fetched him off of the top of the roof and threw him in the van, and took him to the station.

I as strolling around to see the sights of the city, and there was a pugilist with me that my cousin knew—my cousin was a sergeant on the police—and this fellow was showing me around. He showed me one of the big immoral houses, and he said, "Come around to the back till you see this place." So I went round with him. There was a big yard with flowers all around it, and nice girls laughing out of the windows at us. There was a grand stairway up to the door, and on this stairway there was a man sitting letting on he was drunk, and he said to us: "Give me a dollar each or get out of here." And this pugilist says to him, "I will give you a dollar. . . ." calling him a very bad name, and he drew off and hit him a box on the ear, and he sent him tumbling down the stairs till I thought he had broken his neck; and then he says to me: "Come away quickly or we will get into trouble." And I went quickly from that place, I can assure you, but he deserved what he got. He was living on these women.

Well, now I bid adieu to Philadelphia, and I take the Canal boat for Baltimore. As you travel you will always find someone good or evil to introduce themselves into your company, and you have to be circumspect about them. I fell in with a young man on this Canal boat that seemed to be very affable and sociable. There were theatre girls and men on the boat, going from Philadelphia to Baltimore. I will never forget that sail along the banks and surroundings of that Canal. It was gorgeous in odors and perfumes, illuminated by the reflections of the fireflies, and when the morning broke, the echoes of the warbling birds was a treat to hear. I resolved to believe that this new country was sweeter and greater than the old, its people more polite, more humanized and respectful. Justly recognized courtesy seemed to be their watchwords and action. It was very warm through the night—I think about the month of August or thereabouts. As I was walking about the deck, I could not sleep with the heat, I noticed one of the theatre girls asleep with her cabin window open and in her sleep, had put aside her bed curtain and she was lying naked, with no clothing over her but her nightdress or gown. I looked at her form and I thought of Angelo. She was strong looking, beautiful, with a charming smile upon her face of nature's only choice.

The boat arrives in Baltimore early in the morning, and after having some refreshments

aboard the boat, the young man that made acquaintance with me, told me he was going to the Bank to get some money, and we separated. I went into a saloon to have a drink, and a man came up to me and asked me if I would take a job to feed cattle going over to London, and I said yes I would take a job at anything, no matter what. There was a man there that differed with his wife in Philadelphia, came forward, by the name of Frank Kennedy, and he said he would go with me, so we both signed on, and that evening we, with two colored men, and the boss from Dakota, put aboard eight hundred head of cattle and put halters on them all and made them fast in their stalls. How we did it—we put them all aboard, jammed tight up together. Then we got on their backs and put the halters over their heads, fastened them tight on. Then we caught everyone by his halter and tightened him up in his stall. This was my first training of the cowboy life, and it taught me never to be afraid of cow nor horse afterwards.

We started on our trip to London, for Debtford Market. The name of that ship was Montana, of the Transport Atlantic Line. We had a rough trip. I was feeding the cattle Indian corn and baled hay, with the ship rolling and the beasts knocking up against one another. One of them jammed my head, and broke my jaw, up against the railings and I could eat none for three weeks, but drank milk and soup. It was hard work cleaning the cattlepen out, I can assure you, but easier now. You just shift them one by one, and clean them out. There are places behind the stalls to throw the manure out. It was then two or three doors in the ship's side to throw it out. It is easier to do the work in the cattle ships now than it was then.

Well, my jaw got all right again but I worked all the time, which was very bad for it, but I pulled through, thank goodness all the same.

We reached about Dover and when we were lying there, waiting on the tide, there was a German ship going out and she struck our ship in the dark, amidship, and stove in a plate on the side amidship of our boat, and they thought she was going down, and in the excitement, some of our firemen threw their clothes over the side of the ship and getting ready to jump over the ship side. They scarcely knew some of them, how to lower the boats. There was no boat drill in those boats; they were too short handed and too hard worked to have boat drill, but the engineers worked and checked the in-rush of the water and kept the pumps going till the tender came alongside and took off the cattle.

After the crash and excitement among the crew, I was in my bunk, as they call your bed

at sea, when they were running around the deck and I rose up and went out on the deck and looked towards the shore. I could see the lights burning on the English Coast, and thought I to myself, "I will not try to reach shore, it is too far away," so I went back and laid down till the tender came alongside, and then I came out to put the cattle aboard the tender for Debtford Market. This done, I asked the second engineer if he would give me a job the next trip, and he said he would give me a job now, but I told him I would have to go up to London to get my money from the cattle man, and had some business to do there, and I had lost my passage on the tender, and if he would lend me the money to pay my fare up to London, I would pay him back when I would come down again. But he said he did not know me and he could not trust me. "Oh, well, if you don't, I suppose I'll have to walk it, if my face is not worth the fare." So he put his hand in his pocket and gave me the money, and said, "Hurry down as soon as you can." I thanked him and went up to London.

There was a man they called Russell, that worked with me in the bleachfields in Ireland when I was young. He was one of those Orange-Ulster men, and because I knew him I went to see him and stopped a little time at his house, but I would not leave my good clothes there because they would wear them or pawn them, so I pawned them myself, for safety. I walked around a few days and could have got work, but I made a contract with that engineer and I had to pay for respects towards me; he was a man and it was as little as I could do to be one in return.

I well remember that voyage in the stoke-hole. The Chief Engineer was a London man from the Tower; they called him Bully Wright, and I thought to myself he did bully right. He was a violin player; and the second engineer was a Mr. Smith from West Hartlepool; the third a Mr. Dublis. They were good tradesmen. The firemen were Dublin cockneys and there were three very bad ones—two brothers, Garrys, and one Jack Crosby. The other two were fighting men—Freeman and Ward were the most civil and had the least to say, but they left the boat in Philadelphia. Freeman had a brother working there; and we left Philadelphia for Baltimore to take in cargo and cattle.

There was one Englishman from Southampton by the name of Harvey Payne—he was a nice fellow; and the storekeeper was from West Hartlepool, his name was Thompson and a good one. The Dublin cockneys were very hard to put up with—I think it was because I was a North of Ireland man. In Philadelphia they asked me if I was going to chapel on Sunday, but I told them I did not believe in

churches of any kind. The church of goodness is within me. I do not believe in build-ings of wood or stone of any kind, to worship God in. We can worship goodness on the plains or the prairies or mountains top—it matters not to me—but this did not suit their upbringing or training, and they could not understand me, hence they tried to persecute me by imposing on me at my work. This is the reason and cause I have antagonistic feel-ings to those sects and schisms that are ever regardless of justice, and as Franklin said: "Trying to aid their sect, ever separating the harmony and intercourse that united the peo-ple together."

It is the curse of life, moral or social. Well, we arrived at Baltimore and we made fast to the wharf. We went up town and went into a boarding house—a saloon as well, we played cards till morning—losing and win-ning beer, and if you haven't the money you will get the beer anyway, because if he doesn't shanghai you, he will some other one, that will pay for it all. This is what they term a boarding-house-runner that attends all ships coming into port, to see if they need any men and they would supply them. If a seaman had run up a big bill in beer and board, he would see to get him a long voyage to pay the bill he had run up in his boarding house and ale-shop—and the short trips to the men that did not owe much to him—so that the poor seamen had no protection—tossed about from port to port, and any country in the world, sometimes landing in a strange port, with not a cent to buy a meal, in their pocket—just working for the shipowner and the boarding house shrimps, until they be-came a nuisance to the shipowner themselves, by boarding the ship as they came in and en-ticing the young seaman ashore, by telling them they would get them a good ship and good wages, till they induced them to leave the ship, and perhaps at the time she was go-ing to sail, that he would get another man aboard shanghai'd. That was causing the shipowners more inconvenience—as well as cost of delays, waiting for a man, or they could not go without, but it is against the law to go to sea shorthanded, but many a time the masters have done it, by the excuse that they couldn't get the men, but they could have got the men from these shrimps, that got double the rate of hiring them that would secure the money to themselves for this supposed board the seaman owed, and the masters saw that by these men leaving the ships it was costing more money to them than if they stopped by them, because the British ships, in American ports, if a man leaves, the wages are so high that the British ship master has to pay as much to the seamen from America to Britain

as he has to pay for the round voyage from British ports and back, so that you will see all the loss was to the British seaman, every way and any way.

The master got his work done by the Brit-ish seaman going over to America, for no-thing, save his food—when he left his ship in that country he forfeited all his wages to the master, without means to recover his wages, in any way, from the master, no matter what was the cause of his desertion from the ship. The master had nothing extra to pay, but just the wage—while the seaman, through the shrimp and masters' servants, was his cause for leaving the ship—he got nothing in return but suffers and blamed for all—and some-times exiled on distant shores that the colonial has to find him a ship to work his passage home.

Isn't it a deplorable life, the British sea-man's? He is a dog in the manager, and if he breaks loose he suffers for it. Well, the mas-ters were losing money in the deal, this way, by having to wait for men when the ship was ready to sail. This was expensive, so they got a law passed that no shrimps or boarding-house keepers could come aboard ship, in 1888.

Well, I went ashore along with some others to this boarding house or shrimps cockney dens at Locust Point, Baltimore. I stopped one night and two days there, and he wanted to shanghai me, but our ship was going to sail in the morning and I beat it out of the house before she would sail, about one o'clock in the morning, and was going along the wharf back to the ship, where there was a lot of this lumber piled up, and I had no thought of any-one following from the shrimp boarding house and before I knew, a man came up behind me and hit me on the back of the head and stag-gered me, but I went up against the lumber and it steadied me and I did not fall, and I moved round the lumber till I came to myself then I rushed in on him and I put him down. We were close to the river's edge and I knew he would have drowned me if he could, and when I put him down, I swung on his head and neck and took hold of him to throw him into the river. But it was not to be. A man and woman came along at that time and asked me what I was going to do, and I told them "this man waylaid me and hit me behind my back, and only for getting around the lumber till I came to, he would have put me in the river, and I am just going to put him in." But they said it was better to let him go, so I left him lying there and went onto the boat and I just got there in time before the boat started, and Cockney Dan was alongside the boat as she was steaming out of the wharf, and the firemen were laughing at him and making fun of him because he could not

shanghai me, and he felt very sore over being done for once, and we sailed for London.

He was a London man that was done that time in Baltimore, but it was a hard job to accomplish to master him—I did it though.

I forgot to relate, those Dublin cockneys were making it very hard for me, before I went ashore, so the donkey man was listening to them—he was Thompson from Hartlepool—and I did not know. He asked me to put on a fire or two till he would go ashore. I did so, but when I went forth to the fore-castle of the ship I was surprised to see these Dublin cockneys with their faces cut up, black and bleeding, and I asked what was the matter with them, so the storekeeper told me it was Thompson, the donkey man, came forward to the fore-castle and asked them what were they bullying over me for, and they told him it was none of his business and to get out of there. He told them there were men aboard this boat—and he smashed up three of them that you could hardly see their eyes, and they were terrible to put up with—but they gave me peace the rest of that passage.

But when we came into London, or Tilbury Docks, in the entrance to the Thames, twenty miles from London Bridge—here at the shipping office were a lot of prigs that knew this crowd and they put them on my track. They came on the train beside me from Tilbury down to Old Caningtown. When I got off the station, they got off. I saw they were on my track, and meant to have my hard earned seventeen pounds, and I asked goodness to direct me what to do. I got off the street car on Barkin Road and I went into the Abbey Arms there; a Mr. Smith—but he was not there himself and I could not lay my money with him; he knew me well enough, being there before, but his brother-in-law, Mr. Ward, of the Jubilee Tavern in Silvertown, where I was going, knew me better. Well, they closed in there that tight on me that I could see no way of escape. There were no police near, and I began to look around, and it is a small city that you will not see an Irishman in, so I saw a fireman that I worked with in the sugar factory, in Greenock, Scotland, by the name of McLuckys, he went under, and an Englishman they called Bilwright. I saw them and hollered for them to stop, and they stopped till I got up to them, and they asked where I was going. But you should have been there; you would have seen those guys disappear very quickly, like these boys. They would have knocked me down and kicked me and taken all I had on me. They did it with others, and took thirty-five pounds off them, at the Victoria Dock gates, before my very eyes. That was one narrow escape I had out of many.

I got down North Willidge Road to West Silvertown and I looked around for awhile, and at a sugar factory gate, I met Jack Douglas coming out. He was back from Philadelphia working in this sugar factory on North Willidge Road. He came over and shook hands with me and made me take half a dollar from him, while I was wanting him to take some from me, because I had about eighty dollars on me at the time, but I saw he would not be pleased if I did not take it from him. He was going back to work again that night and he did not want to take any drink. Unfortunately, drink is the introduction to the poor man's friendship, which was and is the cause of the fall of many of us. I bid him good-bye there and I never saw him since. Although he ran away with his wife's money, from her, he seemed to be straightforward in all his actions to me and I could find no fault in him.

Well, after I moved around London, I began pretty well, that is I went to all the places of amusement—theatres, picture galleries; music halls, the Irish Exposition and the Italian Exposition, the switch back railways, and last but not least, the Constantinople Exposition, with an after-visit to the Sultan's harem—a lot of Whitechapel Jewesses lying on beds, with attendants to fan them, acting the part of the Sultan's harem—of which I know not, whether it was a real show of the Sultan's proceedings or not, but it certainly was exposed there. I had this man Russell's sister with me. She was serving with an Irish doctor from Cork, in London, and she liked her mistress and the doctor well. She was desiring to get married, but had drawbacks that suit not the man of conception and experience. She eloped with a man from Ireland to Scotland, that was married to another woman, and lived with him some time there. I knew her when I was a boy nine years of age and her about twenty years of age. We lived in the same street and worked in the same bleachfields together. Her mother was a very dark complexion, and so was she, but there was a kind of scurvy came out on her skin every now and then, that made her company very undesirable, and in fact, unpleasant. She was very fond of men, but reticent in her introductions to them, but when they knew her she was hard to repulse. I took her to all these places with me, and she knew I was married, but she never molested nor passed an immoral remark in my company, although she knew that I knew she was fallible. I took her into the Charing Cross Hotel and had dinner with her, and into the switchback railway at the Irish Exposition, and while in there, there was a man's hat blowed off his head and he tried to catch it while doing so

his head struck one of the aprights and killed him.

I bought a pocket handkerchief of a County Kerry girl from Ireland, that was selling milk at one of the wicker gates and she stuck my name on it, and the shamrocks in a cluster that looked beautiful, but I did not get keeping it long. A Scotch girl took it out of my pocket when I went back to Scotland. I was very displeased when I could not get it back from her.

I visited a great lot of places in big London. Then, there was a big strike on in the sugar factories in London, and chemical works; horse policemen guarding the gates to protect these that went in on strike. A lot of Orangemen from all parts of Ireland, with Pollocks from Russia, and other parts of Europe, went in at the low wage that these Scotch masters were paying, keeping men working to fifteen hours a day, and would pay them no overtime. This man Russell was one of them that I was acquainted with, went in on the strike, and kept the Englishman from getting a living wage.

I saw these Pollocks shipped into London from other parts of Europe, with bags on their arms, with the name of the place they had to go like, a lot of cattle packed up at the railway depot awaiting the cars to take them to slaughter yards of the sugar and chemical factory. This was the Scotch master in big London, some of them disputing a shilling or two a week to their workmen, while at the same time, they were giving donations to picture galleries in London, to amuse and satisfy the desires of the wealthy in London, that had the time and means to spend and gaze upon, and to assuage the antiquated pictures of Obiance, that so long have been a pleasure to those that have them to meditate upon them, and criticize the defects of Titan students that have so long, been a blooming flower among the arts of men.

But what is to comfort and console the uncultured mind, not getting time to consider his form, working from morning to night under a load of doubts and fears—never sure of what a day will bring forth, accident, or being dismissed from the work at which he earns his daily bread—or killed at his occupation; where is his time to gaze upon the art of Angelo, or the hand that imitates his art? No pleasure for the British slave. If he could see and look upon, and give time to consider he would soar in thought and become honored, rather than being a slave.

They persecuted me for being appointed to plead for man in our little Union—for these poor sugar house laborers, the masters giving them task work—so much a week for no set quantity of work but as much as they could do from six in the morning till nine and ten at

night, and friends of the royal family at that. Abraham Lyle & Sons, that were married to the Duke of Argyll's sister, and that Duke himself married to King Edward's sister, and even taking action against the Corporation of Westham, for overtaxing their machinery. These are examples of ascendancy by friends of the royal family that were still persisting in carrying on slavery—these very same people, by influence through members of Parliament, after they had or were compelled to pay their workmen their overtime after six o'clock made an invasion of the ignorant constituencies about the foreign bounties being given to the German and French and American sugar manufacturies, to ship it into the British market, and after that, they could not even convince their own employees that giving them a bounty for manufacturing sugar would give them any more wages, when they would be taxed in return for giving them this bounty.

But they went to the ignorant Ulster-Scot in Belfast to carry their vote of confidence in the British sugar refiners for a contravailing duty to be put on their refined sugar that they might compete with the foreigners in our markets, taxing themselves. I told them to pay for dear sugar at home, because they were behind both France, Germany and America in the science and arts of machinery. Therefore they could not compete in the markets of the world, in their manufacturing with all their raw material, of sugar free from duties, from their own dependencies, without a bounty for buying his products in the markets of the world—or so much a ton given to the sugar refiners—taxing themselves in addition to having to pay for dear sugar, with the result that men a few years ago could not pay their taxation without going into the Law Courts, and today these bounty-fed manufacturers are seen and read of in the public press.

A man that I worked under—John Lyle—one of six brothers left the great sum of nearly half a million pounds, since the duty, or giving them a bounty for refining sugar, in addition to the price of it, in the public market. You might as well give a distiller a bounty for making whiskey, as give it to the sugar refiners, and this Athens of the North of Ireland, as they pride in calling themselves, because they were subsidized themselves of the Irish taxation, that they joined with their friends, the Scotch sugar refiners, to tax the people of Britain and Ireland to pay for dear sugar. These are the people that were jealous of the Germans, because the Germans were that far ahead of them they saw they could not catch up to them, and to equalize things, they thought they would suck the blood of their people by countervailing duties.

But me being a sugar house worker for fifteen years to think of shipbuilding workman in Belfast voting for a bill to make him pay a ha'penny or a cent a pound more for his sugar—not speaking of the sweetmeats, jams and jellies and other foodstuffs that will run him up a nice little sum in the year. This was the state of things in the Old Country when I left it, and now with their European Allies to assist them, they want to clog the wheels of progress and stagnate the world for fifty years, that they might succeed by handicapping those nations that see the light by a heavy weight of taxation and confined embarrassments, which will not alone curtail production, but exterminate them, which instead of being a benefit to themselves will be a famine and a pestilence to their people, and I warn them to rather assist and aid the progress of science, that is the forerunner of production that sustains and maintains mankind and is the sure elevator and cultivator of the being.

Philosophy and science go hand in hand—philosophy brings back from the past and sets before us our defects. Science is the art of analysing and desecting before compounding the things and materials we know not the value of, to our race, and for our race's sustenance and elevation, when knowing that rule of procedure, we learn the art of construction and practice it till we have built for ourselves a producing plant that will ever need renovation and improvements. So I say, never tarry with nor delay the utilizing of the advanced thinker. Let his productions of thought be tested and analyzed by sound reason, that ideals greater and more beneficial to mankind may be set forth and our social ideas more assimilated and put into practice, that we may travel faster to a higher perfection before we try to stop the tide of progress.

Some think the world is near an end, but let me tell you, these planets may change and have revolutionary changes, some parts going under the water, and other parts coming up from under the water. But time will never stop. There may be times and times and half of times—believe me, they will still go on. It is because man has been cut off in these revolutionary changes, that has confused them for a time, until the being that has survived got time to realize there was land to be occupied and to be explored, that came from under the water.

"Well," you will say, "there were natives there when the explorer went." Yes, and that is true. But were not they close by to that land that came from under the water after the revolution took place, and quite naturally they would be the first beings to emigrate or migrate to that land that came from under the water. We all know in these chan-

ges or revolutions in the earth, or other planets in space, makes a revolutionary space among and upon the beings that are left on these planets, and we know there is evolution descending, as well as evolution ascending in all these planets, so that we see man so much changed in this climatic atmosphere that we scarcely know where he originated from, so that I say, we know we are here, but we do not know how long we will be here, not so much as to our natural decay, but to that revolutionary change that changes this earth itself.

When you say "Peace and Safety," sudden destruction cometh upon you. Remember Lisbon, and the surroundings of Rome. The earth opened up and swallowed them. While we are here, keep back nothing that is good for all, hasten it along. We cannot consolidate, we can ease and comfort. Here we have no continual place.

Consolidate means to me, in its essence, to be settled down and contented with your lot, while others would define it, as satisfying you which is an impossibility to do. Changes we must have; nature itself demands it. We inhale and digest—so does all nature. The planets themselves rejoice in it. We must cast off or out what is not suitable, and take in or inhale what is needful and beneficial to us. This is my aim in all my life,—to do to others as I would like done to myself. As man's benefactor, thought needs food, and surely science is the growing-up youth. That is the flower that needs the nourishment amongst us. Let us cherish it in all lands and amongst all people. It is the gift and power of goodness in man that sends it forth amongst us. Never be afraid of reforms, unless they are meant for a few—they will divest themselves in their actions and their clear appearance will manifest themselves.

I condemn all opposition to science, either from any pristine state or periods. Some may say I have no prerogative to dissect the people concerning these things of man's duration upon the earth, but all their theologians and historians are problematical in their opinions of the science, that is real genius. That is the pioneer of extraordinary mental power, leading to new and original trains of thought.

I now turn my eyes back to Scotland again and go back there to work or slave in these sugar factories where I formed their Union to better their conditions of existence and give them a little more time to rest their limbs or bodies, that is if they could think, they might at the least, have time to do so, and if I could not instruct them right, I might be the means, like Copernicus, the first astronomer, that set the people a-thinking, when he said the sun went round the earth. Did he not set Galileo

in his cell a-thinking, when he discovered by his science that the earth went round the sun; and did not he draw Newton from his shell of thought, when he discovered the sun was the centre of gravity, and held and holds these planets on which we dwell, and see in space, in subjection to his will.

So to bring man to a sense of his state and condition is something. If we have not been the compass to steer him to his port of call in a straight course, we have been the means of discovering his latitude, and though we have varied in some degrees by reason of the storms and gales through life, yet we have ascertained the course that leads to a better state of things and keeps us from drifting on the rocks.

I started work again in the sugar houses when they were working to fill up their stores that they might close down for a few weeks and suspend their workmen and still have a sufficient supply of sugar for their customers, to fall back on, while their workmen were walking the streets, footsore and hungry. The shipbuilding yards were almost idle, and so-called 'Relief works' were in force. Soup kitchens and free breakfasts were operating, which never should be, because those that got the money without working for it, in some shape or form, should refund either by taxation, or a legal authorized call be made upon them, to feed and clothe the people that are packed to a state of destitution by them. The country is not civilized that allows their subjects to die with hunger and cold, while one part of the population has enough and to spare.

There is no such thing as statesmen in Britain, or any other country, where such a state of things exists. This state of things existed in Glasgow, and in all industrial centres in Britain. There were some, it is true, tried to elevate the poor a little, by providing them with some work to do, and a fair remuneration, considering the time and condition of things all over in that country. But it is a poor parliament and a wretched statesman that cannot devise a means to deal with such problems.

As I have said, it is a disgrace to the nation where such a state of things exist. I struggled there for some time hoping things would change for the better, being ignorant of the enemies that I made by taking a leading part in Trade Unions. I thought when all was settled and the strike over, that master and men had forgotten and forgiven. But no, I could, as time went on, see that I was the object of persecution and defame among the masters, and worse than all, their dupes and spies, the Orangemen, that were working in among us. For fear of my promotion, they would tell blasphemous lies and accuse me of things I

never said or did. They broke my thigh and lay and waited to kill me. Goodness gifted me with hearing that man would not believe. Long from my childhood I realized that I could hear men and women talking a long distance away, and as I said before, I often, late at night, when I heard voices talking in the distance on these country roads in Ireland I would go down on my knees and put my ear to the ground and listen to the voices, and I could tell whether they were coming towards me or going away from me.

No matter what any man says, Charles Dickens fixed and predicted what did come to pass, and I can assure you I could both hear them and see them and knew what they were going to do, and many a time escaped from their hands.

I left the wife and four children with four dollars and half, after paying my train fare back to London again for the second time. I took the train from Greenock to Edinburgh, and I shipped from Leith docks to St. Catharines docks in London, or Hermitage Wharf. It was the time of the Edinburgh Exposition in the 80's and it was just about over when I went there, and there were a great many from London there going back on this boat that I took my passage on, and along with me was one of those Ulster Scotch-Orangemen that wanted to go up to London with me, because he had a brother going to sea out of London to Australia, and he wanted to see him and get work in London, and reside there which he did.

Well, when we went aboard ship at Leith dock there were two firemen aboard that were paid off in Leith and they had about one hundred and fifty dollars between them, and a lot of whiskey and beer with them. So I got talking to them about sea, and me being in the stoke hole a time or two. This was a deck passage I had, as I had no money to pay for cabin fare, so I had to sleep on the seat of the steerage or lie on the deck, which I preferred to the steerage, because it was warm above the engine room. It took us thirty-six hours on the passage going across. These two firemen's home was at the Tower in London, and they were going there, so they asked me to have a share of their drinks and a lunch they got from the galley, of fried fish and other eatables, so I satisfied myself and drank hearty, but they would give nothing to this Orange Ulster-Scot that was with me, and after this repast I prepared to have a sleep. So I took my money—it was not much, two dollars and a half—and I rolled up my shirt sleeves and then I gently rolled up the money in my undershirt sleeve and pulled down my over-shirt sleeve and buttoned it. I then looked around for a warm place to lie down, so I lay down beside the engine room ventilators and

it was nice and warm and I tried to sleep, but could not.

About twelve o'clock in the night, or one in the morning, there came a man and went through all my pockets on the side that was up, and he then gently turned me over onto the other side and went through those pockets also. When he had done, I gave a long sigh and turned over, but he walked away quickly, and I got up to see where he would go to, and all I could see was he had a white shirt on him and he went towards the cabin, and I did not see him any more till the morning, and when the boat went into dock and we went ashore, he treated me to a good breakfast of porridge and milk, and ham and eggs, and told me all the clubs in London I could get assistance from, and how to go about it. I believe after he went through my pockets he found out I was awake, but I was pleased at his visitation, and it satisfied me of how things were done. It was a grand experience on my part, and no damage done, but I knew what would have been done.

Well, I never told anyone on the boat. He was a clever one and I saw him be clever. He went into the first cabin in the morning and washed himself amongst the cabin passengers, with his gold rings on and his white shirt and gold links that he probably stole out of the Exhibition before he came away to London. He was a young man and he said he was a jeweller by trade, but that I do not know.

Besides him, we had other experts more troublesome than he, they said they were on the London Telegraph staff and were on a holiday to see the Exhibition. They were clever but not so artistic or scientific in their actions, but their persistence and determination made up for a lot. I had a parcel of clothes and some beer and stout with me that I got hidden away till the morning, and when I left it in the steerage, these sleight-of-hand gentry would always go down when I would come up, and me being an old sea dog, would leave nothing to chance, and when they went down I went down. They thought then they would work the oracle by one of them trying to draw my attention on deck while the other would go through my bag below. I gave him time to attack the bag, but not to get anything out of it. I dropped the conversation at once and down I went. He had broken the parcel but got nothing out of it. There was a Russian sailor there with him, and I said "Who has been at this parcel?" and he said "I don't know," and I expected nothing else. That was what had been keeping me running up and down, watching these things, and when they could not get into my bag, they went into the Russian's bag and I don't know how much they took out of his bag, but they

put his shirts on them, down below, and went on deck and talked with him, with his shirts on them before his eyes and he never knew till they were away ashore, and then he went raving mad with a big knife in his hand, running round the ship looking for them, but they were not to be found. He went to the Captain but he was too late. The birds had flown and taken their prey with them. This Ulster Orangeman that was with me lay dormant all the time. He knew nothing and ignored of everything. I was more concerned with the picketpockets than with him and had more compunction for their state than his.

When we got clear away from the ship and had our breakfast, these two firemen asked me in for a drink with them, and I went, in with them to a public bar and talked awhile and they told me what road to go, and how to go to North Willidge Road, Plasto Wharf, West Silvertown, and one of them gave me a dollar and the other one gave me three-quarters of a dollar, and told me to keep it to myself and give none of it to the man that was with me, but to keep it to myself, and I did so.

We arrived on North Willidge Road and got a place to stop, but this Russell that I knew that went in on the strike, would not speak for a job for me because he knew I was appointed leader of the sugar house Laborers' Union in Greenock, Scotland, to discuss the men's grievances with the master. He told me to ask for a job for myself, it would be better than him asking for me; but I considered not at the time that these Ulster men were blacklegs and had taken the Englishmen's jobs, that were out on strike. So I went over to one of the Managers that knew me in Greenock, before they came up to London. He was a full cousin of the master's but was himself a workman at one time and knew what men could do and had to do; and also knew, by these Orangemen telling him I was a leader of the strike in Greenock, but he was unprejudiced and endowed with wisdom. 'So he told me to come into work in the morning, and bring the other man with me. I did work in that factory for five years, and I think I never lost an hour's time, with the exception of two or three mornings in those five years, and I never had a collection nor assistance from the Company in any way, or men, but what I paid for. I think that is a recommendation for a believer and appreciation of Trades Unionism.

We are never to infer that all reasonable and right thinking men are against us. As sure as death follows life, as surely will emancipation follow slavery. Justice is the true and pure premediator of the righteous thinker, and sooner or later, will be recognized by all that are in that train. I have seen three men killed and mutilated in their daily

employment, by accident, while building castles in the air. Man in his own selfish ends to attain permanent position and possession, has drifted from the fundamental principle of social existence, and is no accessory in any way to the elevation of the race. Neither of man nor beast, for by his assimilation and association with the problems of mankind to be solved, he must be in conjunction and assimilated with man, that the edification of all may be unified in all and through all, and that the lower animals, let alone man, may come into the glorification of this blessed assimilation that will be attained by man's combination with man, to agree to differ in detail, but be united in the principles to be applied to solve the problems that rise up before them.

I worked in the black house because the clean jobs were all kept for the Germans that were better educated than we. They were placed in all transit jobs, such as delivery of the wares they manufactured to all parts of their distribution through the country and abroad. Their labor was light, ours onerous, detestful and hard. They were afraid to educate us Irishmen, from Cobden down. They said we were dangerous when educated. He even dreaded O'Connell when in the House of Commons, because he knew O'Connell knew England wanted to live on the products of that country. As I heard the Australians say in Sydney, New South Wales, these English and Scotch make a great noise when they are shoved out of their privileged places. You have to watch the actions and desires of the animal to see the end he wants to accomplish to possess and maintain.

I went to this boss and asked him if I could get a shift to the raw sugar at the wharf, taking it out of the barges, to weigh it out for the house to refine it. It was a healthy job, and although it was hard work I liked to be out on the side of the river. Well, the sugar dealers had an association, along with the Sugar Refiners, as to the number of packages delivered in good order, or how much was damaged by water, or other ways, at sea, so that the sugar refiner would not suffer loss in any way, and it was supposed to be weighed very carefully by the scalesman, of which there were many, with a clerk for the sugar refiner, and one for the sugar dealer, sitting in the one box, taking the weights of every draft the scalesman weighed. Those two clerks sometimes got into a controversy about politics or athletic games, and would even sometimes lose sight of a draft altogether and almost all times the sugar dealer was the loser, and the sugar refiner got the benefit of the doubt, and their scalesmen seemed to think they were good scalesmen if they could swindle for their employer. Sometimes fourteen pounds in ten hundred weight was a

dock against the sugar dealer who was to pay that shortage when the cargo was all weighed in—a cargo of perhaps five thousand tons; how much would this sugar dealer be short when that five thousand tons would be weighed in? I guess he would not have made much out of some of them.

I saw at Lyle's wharf weighed at less than one pound in ten hundred weight, which is what should be, because to weigh sugar right, you cannot deal with ounces, so the consequence is your weight is always some over on ounces, or in ounces—and a pound a ton means five thousand pounds in five thousand tons; that means in American figures, two tons and a half of sugar the dealer loses, in addition to mistakes of the clerks; they never name the dishonesty of the sugar refiners' scalesman for his employer I do not say the sugar refiner tells his scalesman to be dishonest, but his scalesman sees and feels it is appreciated by his manager and foreman.

Well in time the foreman put me to the scales. It was the first promotion I got in that place, and the last one, because I was honest, but it troubled me none the less for that. I did what I believed was right, no matter how it pleased or offended. I balanced my scales before I started to weigh, and every meal hour I did the same for fear of someone tampering with it. The Manager of the Beet Root Sugar Dealers came round every day to examine the scales and see if I was weighing just or not, and I was there about six months and I never was one pound in or over, and I knew my masters wanted the benefit of the doubt, but they only got justice from me, so much so that the Sugar Dealers' Manager or Inspector, when he came round, instead of ordering me to take off the weights, and let him see the balance of the scale, whether it was a just balance or not, he could not find any fault with it, till at last he would just stand and watch me weigh a draft or two and then walk away. But when he got convinced of honesty, my Manager got convinced that I was too honest to be there in that job, so he would come round and make me strip the scale and see if it was correctly balanced, but he never could find anything wrong with it. I knew he wanted me to be dishonest, and me being a Trades Unionist, I resolved to ask for a shift to another job where I would have no responsibility between two dealers or traders so I asked a shift to the drying machines.

Before I got that shift to the drying machines, this Manager, a Scotchman by the name of Birney that found fault with me for being honest, went wrong in his mind and was taken to the lunatic asylum and I got the shift, but it was very hard work, and with the chemicals in the sugar poisoned my fingers and destroyed my hands.

While working at that wharf, weighing the sugar, I was accustomed to meeting with many different classes of people from and around London, and all parts of England, Scotland and Ireland—migraters, not a few. The steady working gang was small in comparison with the casual hands that were engaged by the day and paid every night. They were a continual, floating, cosmopolitan population of London. There were men there from Germany, who could speak eight languages fluently and that could perform feats of art. Men that once owned thousands of pounds, held positions in the state under the government of the day. All kinds of artisans and agricultural trains of thoughts and actions—socialists, anarchists, both reasonable and unreasonable worked there; actors from the stage, dramatic and comedian, to the real tragic performer himself. I have talked with them, listening to their desires and the constructive power of their designs, to attain and possess the things they had in view. Some were gamblers and had come down very low by their miscalculations on bad advice; boxers from the prize ring were there and still enjoyed the expositions of the lads in a quarrel, or a scientific show in fun.

There was the tramp, like myself, with the experience of many peoples in many lands and climes, oft in his meditations comparing the past, or his past with the present, and with a smile within himself, draws from his conclusions the effects and defects that have deformed him, too late to recoup and regain the advantages and conveniences he has lost.

Here again I noticed a custom amongst the Londoners that was foreign to us Irishmen. They would lend to each other, if they had it, as much as would pay for a meal or two till they would be paid at night, and then they would pay it back again, but the Irish when they give them the price of a meal, never look to get paid back for it again, unless they make a practice of it, but I considered it honest and a just practice to perform. I thought it obliging and charitable on their part, but there was a bad virtue amongst the whole lot of them. When their fathers got old they discarded them and put them in the almshouse or workhouse, where they were confined and unrecognized by their friends and associates, that would have treated them better in some respects than their own children had done and was doing. It was true, they got out of their confinement for a little time on Saturday to Sundays in some cases, but their freedom was taken from them. They could no more dictate the desires of their conscious submission and obedience now was their lot. Now compunction is loaded upon them, not for their sins but for their children's sins and contrition, not a repentance for their sins

but because of their conditions' perverted state.

When I looked at some of them that I worked with in that position it grieved me to think that the child they raised up with care and pride had forgotten the hand that fed them and the face and form that smiled upon them and cherished the hopes of their future.

In the same city, side by side, were the Irish fathers nourished at their own children's table, with food and stimulants taken to them to the saloon bar, treated as they were treated taking part in their conversations, discussing the questions of the day and hour, with all the social problems of them, and the community in which they dwell. Even at the age of seventy-five I saw them give them money to gamble at the card table that it might enliven and elevate them in their declining days and years of their lives.

What a contrast between the different peoples—the English and the Irish race—the one dishonoring all that is dear to its kind; the other upholding the conditions and respect for the womb and parent that brought them forth, which is the efficiency to ornament the architectural structure of civilization and beautify the beings of our race.

Then again, the superstition of these Englishmen surprised me, about gambling on horse-racing and dog racing; running for the morning and evening papers to hear the predictions and results of the day; comparing one paper with another, which is not wise; they are opposite one another and will find nothing after them but confusion of thought which leads to sacrifice and annihilates the action of exercise. Thereby he throws away his hard-earned money in backing horses and dogs and men, in all kinds of sport, blindly in excitement, and if they win a shilling or two by some paper predictions of a winner, they will all flock to that paper for more information to carry them along till the next event, regardless of breakdowns in health and accidents that never can be avoided, even at the last bell to come forth; nor not realizing that sportsmen often withdraw their charges from events to let the subscribers have a chance of winning, simply to encourage them to keep up the sport, and make their subscriptions good, but I found that out, and when I backed my animal I saw him divested for the fray, and passed my judgment on him before I turned to the Bookies bag.

Believe me, the mass of the British people are numbsculls and cannot realize for themselves. It is surprising what investigating and experience brings us to. I worked with Englishmen and Scotchmen. I could see the Englishman, though he never took me to be an Irishman, has a suspicion of us and seemed unwilling to meet us face to face. He

seemed to have a dread even of the Irishman that was temporary boss or foreman, which I never had of an Englishman because I saw him as he was. The average Englishman has not a great experience of different nationalities of men. They are, as Moore said, about them—a tranquil people, as well as their shores, consolidated and satisfied with their lot, and imagine that they are the people endowed with knowledge that all the world looks up to. They had some good men spring from their race, but they were adverse towards these, and both wrote and fought against them. They are ever among them but not of them—diversified from them in designs and actions as far as the day is from night.

For my part, to travel through and work among Englishmen, I made it an art and I had to take care in practising it. If your guard was broken you lost control of your antagonist and he tried hard often, to put out your eye of the object. I detested his actions and in his conversation I had to sift every sentence and weigh and analyze well every syllable of them. I had to think myself full of him, and I had to digest from mind and soul the thought of ever domesticating him. He was named before my time—John Bull—and I found out that he was an assailant that I could not seriously parley with. I saw his dogmatic principles, both in heart and soul, was an instance of his pregeneracy too essential to me to be forgotten. So it cleared my mind about him, in the future, to have no anxiety about him. He was on the menu—I could pass him over—and these John Bulls in England are like the Orange Ulster-Scots in Ireland—when they read of a great man that had to flee from among them—or they exiled for a cloak to hide their filth, they claim him as a countryman or a friend of their native land:

Now, I go to the saloon bar to have a drink with them, and they have a dirty custom of all drinking out of the one dish or ale-pot, as they call it by name amongst them. And that is not the worst of it, but they have another custom when they pass round the pot, that seemed very mean to me—of the man that paid for the drink, drinking first himself, and in some instances, half emptying the pot, that to go round them all was insufficient and some had only what would wet their lips, and the last drop in the pot was handed to the man they wanted to fill it again. It is a low custom amongst an uncultured population of a big city, that some of them were never outside its boundaries, nor yet knew what its inner circle contained. A people composed of rich vulgarity, and tinted here and there with a sprinkle of semi-civilization no respect nor admiration for refined prac-

tices; nor examples of the true virtues set before them.

They were Londoners and citizens of the biggest city in the world; that is their education and their pride and taught in their schools, that one Englishman was as good as any three of a different nationality, but I guess their schoolmasters have found out by this time it is a false doctrine to think because a man brought up in a big city, with a big population in it, all with the same instincts, the same customs and practices, not knowing the instincts of the other nationalities, nor their practices and customs, leaves them a selfish, ignorant, isolated race, foreign and unperceptive when they do come in contact with those from other climes. When a man or a nation begins to think they are the only ones in the world to look up to for knowledge, it is on the straight road to ruin and destruction.

In this factory in London I could see the fanatic working hard for his living, quarrelling with their fellow workmen indirectly about his church or his creed, that ill-feelings had been engendered into them some time before by listening to a cursed minister or priest's lecture about the persecutions of some of their missionaries for their creed or church's sake, firing up and inflaming the untrained mind that had never seen nor read the like before, and incapable to consider and reason with the subject, goes away from the connivances of that astute conjuring emulations in his proselyte, perverting way, that has poisoned the half-educated and unwary thinker, driven them forth as I have seen them, to lie and wait to kill one another half educated creature, that through his ignorance had expressed himself without the knowledge of circumspection, in some simple, ignorant way that agitated the silly creature. Then he proceeded to convert to lie and wait to kill.

This is the teaching of christianity in the twentieth century. I say, can this cursed, Christian teaching not be stopped? Can man, and will man not be left to the freedom of his will, to work out his own salvation, that these sects and schisms may cease ridiculing one another, trying as Benjamin Franklin said, to add followers to their sect with no concern for man's benefits but their own. They are always trying to divide the people rather than unite them for their own Living's sakes.

If I go once in a while to hear and see how bad they are, after their lectures are over and the collection taken, when the minister or lecturer comes to the door to greet you when you are going out, to shake hands with me, I would sooner see a snake coming forward to me, as him, to shake hands with me, because I can see and feel he wants something. It is

his trade and I can see he has become an efficient artist.

Then I saw the Irish and them got along not so bad when other things drew them away from the thoughts of nationality, but where it crept up, no Irish need apply or be recognized by them. They would associate with them but were ever trying to get the best of them, and we being on the side that gained them something.

In sportsmanship they got a name—or gave themselves a name—that they never err in being just and honest and could take a beating, or give one, in good part, but I failed to see where they could. It must have been amongst themselves, but not between different races of men and themselves. I could always see them prejudiced against those that belonged not to them, which I must say, as an Irishman, I could never do. If my countryman or my countrymen were outclassed, I would be the first to notice it, and notwithstanding my warmest love for their success, I would admit and confess their defeat was an honest defeat, and though I regretted their fall at that time, others would come again to take their places and turn defeat into victory, for no man nor no nation can win all the time and the man or nation that cannot take defeat when it comes their way, as well as victory in its turn, is not, believe me, worth a record in history, for there is no man or no nation, as Shakespeare puts it about love, at a like goodness still.

I have noticed in my travels the actions and deeds, and also the expressions of men at all times where I have passed through or bided amongst them, of those that I could understand in all my intermingling with them, whether it was in hard toiling or in the search for enjoyment, or recreations. I have perceived their desires and their designs to attain them. I have noticed their subjective minds and the suggestive contributor that directs it to its object's desire to sustain it or feed it, because it is nature and inhales and digests.

But here in this East end of London I could see the trace and perceive the mixture of the dirty Scotch, and their co-related, ignorant, Ulster-Scot. The streets in which they dwell are the first sign of a narration to explain their true condition in, which they exist—the smell of their filthy clothes, and the corruptible actions they pursue and desire. They have got the principal parts of the Bible considered well to suit their desires, that they have designed so well, as they think, to carry them through, such as the Proverbs of Solomon and Ecclesiastes, and the abominable acts and deeds of David and Absalom, David's son, with the wicked devices of Jezebel, and Samson's, Philistine persecutors, and Lot's

two daughters bearing offspring to their father. Abraham denying his wife among his enemies, and calling her his sister; and that supplanter Jacob that did his brother out of his inheritance; and Moab who took the poor woman into his bosom after gleaning behind the reapers all day that he was in charge with.

These, and many other deceiving lessons from that, is the sole consideration of that book, and from it, by these so-called educated Scotch and Ulster-Scotch people I have toiled and lived among, in and through the British Isles. And this City of Winnipeg where I am writing these observations down, on the 30th day of January, 1920. This City, with a Scotch Lord Mayor or Chief Magistrate by the name of Gray, born in London, England, and heralding himself as being Chief Magistrate of the cleanest city in the west, but if the public could just get a glimpse of some of these Scotch homes, through the entry or inside, if he was a traveller he would soon divest himself of that thought of being proud of being Chief Magistrate of this city.

What education these Scotch have got, even Edinburgh and Glasgow, with their universities and graduates that are imported to these shores, are only the germs of infesting microbes of pest and plague, that only fortune has saved the place from their assimilations and effects, for this reason. This population is a foreign one—Russians, Pollocks, Austrians, Galatians, Roumanians, and many other nationalities too numerous to mention here; I leave the Jews out because I infer them when I give my true statements about the Scotch. Here they have control of government, provincial and federal. Whether it is direct or indirect, it is their influence that is felt amongst a people that cannot discern or perceive and they are ever advertising themselves about being good citizens, and how good settlers they make because of their love for home, but maybe they are like the real Jew, that is ever going back to Palestine, but afraid they would be compelled to do so.

About ten years ago, the Scot and the Ulster-Scot that is so afraid of going back to the barren, heathery hills of Scotland from Ireland, like the Jew, no more wants to see the barren plains and sand and dust heaps around Jerusalem, but they managed to turn to the Federal Government of Canada, a crowd of Scotch doctors and drug storekeepers, all through the influence of the Ulster-Scots of Ontario and Manitoba, and their Scotch friends.

They returned a Mr. Borden to power, a Conservative, that the papers say today, he is getting the country's Admiral Jellicoe of the British fleet, is reported to be with him, but there is one thing certain, this Mr. Borden has left Canada with a burden of debt she will

never get rid of. These Scotch and Ulster-Scotch, through the country, with their Orange Lodges and other secret societies that are so helpful to the Scot, to carry him through life, that he is ever a proselyte or pervert.

Well, now through this country Canada is the bare-faced grafting or robbery I ever saw or heard of. In the liquor trade, they have taken away the licenses from the stores and hotels and transferred them to the Medical Association and Drug Stores of the country. The quart of whiskey that once cost two dollars costs you now two dollars to the doctor for his prescription alone, and three and a half to the drug store, in addition to the store man adulterating it. This is the result of the Women's Vote, not having the power of mind to reason with the facts and causes of the transfer of these liquor laws, forgetting that if the husbands or sons or brothers wanted to get this drink they would have it if it was to be gotten in the country, and they are taking more from the home than if they were getting it right from a licensed spirit store.

If the distilleries and breweries are not stopped from making it, there is no use paying doctor's bills for drug store prescriptions, adulterated by the storekeeper.

Sufficient it is now for me to show the farcial acts and deeds of the Scotchmen to gain power and authority outside of their country, and even with that polish of their old Conservative Edinburgh and Glasgow, Universities and so-called Model schools, they are unfit to hide their natural instincts and often burst out their ignorant brutishness. They always seemed to me never to be able to carry with them culture and refinement; their emotions are both erratic and distrustful, though they try to conceal it by their pankey sayings, but as one of them told me himself when I accused him about his mean action that he admitted he had done, he said the dirt was in him and he could not help it. With the exception of Allison and David Hume, I have failed to see a fearless public writer belonging to that race of people, and the scrolls are black with their literature in attempting to write history or bunk tradition, and they take Macaulay as their hero in philosophy, but in my reading of this scribe, I consider his criticisms of the poets are weak in the extreme. A man that he is, a Scotchman, to be made a "Sir" of, to please the upper ten, is a weak specimen indeed, to please any right thinking people who are able to weigh in the balance of reason, these essays he has composed. Macaulay says, "Perhaps no man can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind." Then he proceeds to take or make excuses, and says, "If

anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness of mind."

By poetry we mean not, of course all writings in verse, nor even all good writings in verse; and he also infers here other trains of thought in his way of thinking because, he says, our definition excludes many metrical compositions which on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry, he says, we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination; the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colors. Thus, he says, the greatest of poets have described it, in lines universally admired for vigor and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which they excelled; as imagination embodies the forms of things unknown, the poet's pen turns them into shape and gives to airy nothing a local habitation.

Now I cannot see for the life of me how the poets can be insane any more than any other thinker or reasoner with the life of nature and the grandeur of its progress, through the form of its glorious evolution, which is the cause of all reform and change within us, around us and upon us. Man's misconception of this continual change within himself has caused himself and his progeny to degenerate, and therefore has not kept pace with the time allotted to his span, and the consequence is, that through man's duration he has descended, and there are only two observations allotted to man in this process of life, and that evolution descending and ascending are the observations man has got to consider.

Our bodies are subjective bodies, that is, we are natural and subject to nature's laws, therefore all nature inhales and digests, so that our thoughts and desires are first to inhale, that is, a longing and looking for food to sustain the body. Then there is the germatic tie or germs that are essential to the life of the body that yearns for the food that makes our blood, and in fact, they are the blood that philosopher and science calls the suggesting spirit, but it is only the germatic tie of the living blood that is hungry and wants to be fed, that this suggesting spirit really is. When it is filled, it wants a little rest and it suggests it; satisfied with that, it suggests recreation or pleasure. This part of the blood that suggests, draws the subjective part to the nearest objective or object, to satisfy its palliating desire that sustains or maintains it.

My firm belief is that all this spiritualism is a fraud and a farce; the blood is the propellor that sets the shaft, the cranks and pistons in motion in the cylinder of these bodies that we

hear so much about spiritualism. As Bob Ingersoll says: "This body is matter and force originated by their course through evolution, which in this planet or in which we dwell, the sun is the centre of gravity, and without that sun evolution ceases. No wonder, after this planet has taken its circle around the sun and its horizon appears, that the Hindoo in the morning kneels down and lifts his hands to that sun and cries: "Allah, Father!" It is the force that originates all matters that we see stagnated on this part of the earth, that is asleep or dead during the sun's absence, while the earth was revolving around the sun. All insects or microbe germs that seem to pest us so much while we are near the sun seem to be dead or asleep when far from the sun, which convinces me that force and matter is our existence during evolution through this life, and all things as well.

We adapt ourselves to the customs these bodies desire through its evolution. The blood is the life, admitted by all philosophers of the old school as well as the new. The body is the workshop where the engine room exists and it does stand to the machinery is worked out in its evolution and collapse, unless by confusion or accident the walls of this body are wrecked and all go tumbling to the dust. The form of life's fall I term revolution, which is concurrent through life and will be so long as life lasts, but neither the subjective mind, nor objective mind, has any power over revolution, and the suggestive mind is barred from action by the sudden collision, by the abrupt stop which intercepts in and through the whole co-ordinate body, subjective, suggestive and objective, which I am convinced of.

I have read Mr. Hudson's work with his correlations with Mr. Thompson's phenomena and his hypnotic subjects, but as regards these hypnotic subjects, I do not recognize them to have any bearing at all in this process of all true nature, evolution, mesmerism and hypnotism in my opinion, are magician's performers and should not in any way be contrasted or even drawn in analogy with true nature's evolution. They try to explain by saying, a patient first in a case of suspended animation or catalepsy induced by disease or nervous exhaustion is amenable to control by suggestion precisely as he is in the ordinary hypnotic state.

Now, I have no experience of this hypnotic state, nor do not want to, but in the second paragraph they say a patient in a condition like this is always conscious subjectively of all that happens around them or him. This fact, they say, is not always recognized by hypnotists and it is safe to say that ignorance of this one truth has been the source of more erroneous conclusions regarding the signifi-

cance of hypnotic phenomena than all other causes combined. They, in their work of psychic phenomena say hundreds of cases are reported where the patients noted all the preparations for burial, and all that was said and done, and yet were unable to move or make the fact known that they were alive. They say this seems to be universal testimony, although it is possible that the patient might not, in all cases, remember what he had experienced. In fact, they say, it is common for hypnotic subjects to forget their experiences during the sleep, and say, "but that does not militate against the fact that they were subjectively conscious at that time."

But I hold hypnotic sleep, nor any other magician's sleep, has anything to do with true nature evolution. I say the life of all animal races, as well as the birds of the air or earth and the fishes of the sea, is the blood. Therefore as I have said, when the subjective mind, which is the blood, passing over or through the brain, in its true evolution form, this blood is a magnetic tie of a germatic substance, that is linked together in all its co-ordinate forms, that operates the whole body through its filtration and muscle actions, to keep this body in perfect health and motion. This germatic, electrifying motion is in the blood and naturally when the germs are hungry, they yearn to be fed, and that is what the spiritualists call the subjective mind and necessity of man has not got or possessed at all times. The food that was and is palliating to this so-called suggestive spirit, and the objective spirit that they speak of is certainly the objective food that it so much desires and it knows what kind suits it best. That is the reason of the variation in thought. It changes from one object to the other because it has tasted the different flavors of the different foods that are refined, and hence they know which is the most sustaining and invigorating—let it be recreation or other foods that satisfy it.

That is the objective mind as they term it, but it is the magnetic, illuminating forces of our germatic blood; this, and this only is the true, existing theory or fundamental name that I give for the subjective mind and the objective mind, and hunger and thirst are the true suggestive mind. By the smell, and taste, and light of our eyes, that this germatic blood exists in, coursing through our veins, here and there illuminating a thought by suggesting something useful, to its sustenance. These spiritualists and mesmerists and hypnotists I do not believe in. The most of all these kinds of writers are duped and deluded by the transfer of matter and the corruptible workings of these self-abusers, that no one but the real experienced, knows anything about it, and these people, like myself

that have got this cursed transfer of matter into their system, are ever under the gaze and criticism of those we come in contact with, which is almost unbearable and detestable to us.

We have the experience of the feelings that their germatic blood causes by its intruding, trying to assimilate with a force that detests its fellowship, that belongs to another body, and in the acts it tries to perform upon our systems, by their corrupted desires.

To be a statesman in any country you must put country before party, and justice before authority or power. Their aim and object should be for the levelling up of mankind. In no nation or country should man die of hunger where there are provisions by. The state should have a maximum and minimum wage and provide for its weak and degenerating race that the constitution took part in creating—pensions for the old and honorable and afflicted ones. There is no necessity for one man holding hundreds of thousands up while thousands cry out for bread. There is refreshment for all if rightly applied and distributed. The wise are not guiding the foolish because they have refrained from telling him the whole truth.

Now, times get bad in Scotland by change of government and as I have told you, one combination holding out against another—those that are out of power hold back their capital and will not invest without a big interest, under the cowardice and excuse that it would not be safe, and having the controlling power in banks, refuse to lend the money at a just and fair interest until the manufacturers have to slack down and work according to their capital, because they will not lend them the money at a fair rate of interest. Many industrious, clever men have been kept back and frustrated by the combines of this world, because they knew the routine of business and the circumspection of the manipulators.

Men never hated man until he conceived his ideas and plans; then with a venomous heart he detests him because his plans are upset and his devices made known.

I am amused just now at some of the proceedings of the Conference of Nations that are taking part in them. In Paris, President Wilson delivered a speech to the French House of Representatives, and the British Premier and Mr. Arthur Balfour, were sitting, listening to him, telling the French people of the greatness of their forefathers for Liberty and Truth; how they fought for and helped the American people to gain their freedom and independence. I wonder how that nephew of Lord Salisbury swallowed it, he knowing full well, that his Uncle, with Lord Beaconsfield, was the means of confiscating territory when they handed over Alsace and

Lorraine to the Prussian-Germans in 1871, to please the deformed woman with her little hand, and her dwarfed, deformed offspring—the Kaiser. Surely his heart burned within him when he looked back to the deeds of his forefathers that were the cause of these wars of annihilation and defame. I would like to know if he is there at this Conference, to be the cunning deviser and manipulating officer of justice, that vindicator of remitting the truths, empanelled by the astute knowledge of his countrymen, to be appropriate and suitable, to make a just array. But his virtues will not consist in giving to everyone what is their due. Watch him and you will see he will commemorate the deeds of his ancestors by annexing territory that he will claim he is not interested in. But I trust the power of distributing justice will not be left to him. I hope before that tribunal there will be men with perception of the past, that will guide and direct them in the future—that can compare facts and distinguish the truth, and to form an opinion by discussing and determining the truth before they pass the sentence upon it.

There is Germany with dependencies in Africa and with a consolidated government, why disturb them? I hear the vague cry of these British journalists—that the Germans cannot colonize; but can Britain today put her finger on one of her dependencies and say they are content? There is not a land today where the British flag flies but there is discontent. If they tell the truth, they themselves, are the most deceitful and despotic rulers of the present day, held up to praise and bravada by paid journalists and expositions of cartoonists, as Borden paid the Canadian Journalists to help on his war scheme, the handsome sum of three and a half million dollars, that would have been a nice handshake for the returned soldiers or the deserving poor.

Yes if you people had travelled around through these British colonies and conversed with the educated class, you would then know how contented these people are under a British Government—East and West India, Africa and Australia, and where I am now in Canada, all is discontent and eruptions. Well, you say, it is a reaction of the war. Nothing of the kind. Canada was bankrupt before the war and as I said at the time of Borden's election, "I give Canada ten years to be bankrupt with Borden's Protection scheme under the British Rule." Yes, and if they had taken a Referendum Vote when the war was on, in Canada, they would have been defeated as they were in Australia.

I have conversed with educated men from Bombay and Calcutta, and I know if they had the means and power they would be free.

Canada, like the cities in the Old Country, is carried away by a deceitful press. It was amusing to me to see them run to get the papers to read President Wilson's and Lloyd George's speeches as if they were the gods themselves, but I pitied them because I was once that way myself. I used to get different papers and compare them, but when I found out they were parts, and components of parts, that it was time for me to begin to analyze and sift and dissect that I might solve the problem. Then, and not till then, did I see the difference of the ingredients that composed the compound of their fallacious reasonings.

In Alberta I can assure you, when the war started, they could not pay their school teachers and closed down their schools till they got some money from the United States. This is the burden in Greater Canada under British protection and rule. British Columbia was bankrupted by a Scottish Orangeman—McBride, its Premier. Manitoba was robbed by a combination of Orangemen and the half of them never were brought to justice—Roblin, Kelly and Company—and some of them that had just escaped from justice of their Orange-Conservatives Association, moved a resolution that they would form a new Association with the remnant that had escaped from justice of the old Association, blinding the eyes of the unwary and unthinking population of the country. Mr. Aikens and Company, after co-operating with the old Orange Conservative Party that were convicted for their crimes, was vowing vengeance upon their American friends—what they would do with the help of Britain. But it turned the other way against them for America had to both help them physically and financially, and was glad to go to Washington and plead for their assistance through that would-be Borden for he daren't show his face there, but through one of his advisers, that Scotch-English would-be philosopher and would-be statesman, Arthur Balfour, interceded for assistance and mercy. After all their threats about Reciprocity and their boundaries, how quick the dragon turns when he sees he is going to be captured. These are the opponents of the great and honorable statesman, Wilfrid Laurier of Canada.

Since Borden got into power there has been nothing but graft and confiscation—Indian Reserves taken from them and given to his supporters and co-agitators, the Orange Conservatives. I was in that wretched Secret Society myself; they ensnared me into it by proselytism, but I cast their bonds asunder regardless of their prostitutions and persecutions—I cast them to the winds as murderers and defamers, desiring death itself, rather than be a savage and barbarian. Their God and Bible and the Crown, reckless and re-

gardless that heretic Christ Himself told them—Search the Scriptures for in them you think you have everlasting life but they are they that testify of me. So you see this Bible won't save them from the judgment of God. 'I have not forsaken you but you have forsaken me' saith the Lord. So that you will see their dogmas and pagan celebrations of kings and lords is but the relics of barbarism, and have a desire for nothing but power, position and place.

I was amused at one of them in Manitoba at the time Roblin and Kelly took the money belonging to the province, the twelfth of July was over and he had got drunk a time or two and we were taking the change of government very lightly and I said: "This Government's big majority might be the means of settling down the people to be more careful in the future of who to trust in, and to read off those Conservatives." He says, "We are Liberals now." Well, when I was an Orangeman it was a crime to be a Liberal and the Orangemen would kill them and did kill some of them. Why Lloyd George himself they tried to assassinate at Birmingham, and later on they tried to poison him and some of them got imprisonment.

At this very time in London, you will see the agility of the Orangemen here, to turn his somersaults; this is the despotic monarch, not alone of the nineteenth century but also of the twentieth.

They have told me they had no good for an Irishman when they thought I was a Scotchman, but we have caught them too often, and as Allison said, no king has any sympathy for a stepchild only when he wants remuneration from him, as is the case with Ireland—a poor, oppressed and conquered country. She is bullied and kept down by Britain's diplomacy, by her crafty Premiers, so erroneous and so knavishly operated bluff. The American should have said to them, when they stopped their first merchant ship with a foxy excuse, to detain the American trade and damage its commerce, with a braced up Bryce from Westminster to conjure up questions of international law, about treaties and the conference of nations, to baffle American statesmen that are too upwary at times to catch the fox. This is the policy of the compact of the British Cabinet, composed by Attorney-General like Bonar Law, or Carson's, and last but not least, the Balfour accomplishment, along with Premier Asquith, but not a statesman. Here they condone with one another how they will swindle the Americans at Washington. Here they proceed, that none but the perceiving eye and attentive ear can grasp or take hold of them at the moment.

Here are a few words taken from John Morley's pen while he was writing Cob-

den's biography, to let you see the deceitfulness of this race, afraid in their own time, to speak or write the opinions they hold, but leaves it to others as the Scotchman told me, "To blow off the steam or wind, they left exhausting behind them," he tells us in this biography of Cobden's, March 22, 1865. Cobden wrote his last letter to a Mr. Potter. He said about the Irish in that House of Parliament: "I found the populace of Ireland represented in the House by a body of men with O'Connell at their head," with whom, he says, "I could feel no more sympathy or identity than with people whose language I could not or did not understand. In fact, morally, I felt a complete antagonism and repulsion towards them." This man, seventeen years previously stepped over the dead in Ireland three at a time, as he said himself, the time of the famine in 1848.

Is it any wonder we are struggling today to be relieved and separated from their cruel hatred. O'Connell, he says, always treated me with friendly attention, but I never shook hands with him or faced his smile without a feeling of insecurity, and as for trusting him on any public question, where his vanity or passions might interpose, I should as soon thought of an alliance with an Ashantee Chief. So that his hatred of the Irish race was so great that he requested another man to set it forth for him.

Sir Walter Raleigh, lose their heads because they had suspicion of them, their own guilty minds and actions rush them forth to suspicion, to annihilate and acts of violence. This is the English race pleading for what she herself denies to Ireland, a conquered and confiscated nation, by the most cruel and diabolical monarchism the world has ever known.

In the midst of this great conflict between Germany and her ally Austria on the one hand, and England and her allies on the other I am bound on this occasion, as I feel in confidence that I calumniate none falsely, nor defame nor asperse any of these great powers but set forth the candid truth as I believe I see it and perceive it. In the commencement of the war, Italy turned her back on her allies; Why? Because she was looking about for an outlet for her emigration, and I suppose she was promised or granted the same, and some of your American papers said at that time, it was bullish, and I believe myself it was deceitful on their part.

Germany told the Belgian people if she would let her pass through her territory without interfering with her, she in return would forfeit and pay all the expenses she incurred by damaging her territory, but Belgium took no notice of Germany, but instead had formed an alliance with England and France, and

there was no alternative but for Germany to march on through her country in spite of her complaint, and she did so, with great regret at having to open up her guns upon them and partly destroyed her country, with the result England, the leading belligerent herself, cries out "Foul play," which is and ever was, her only cowardice tactics she could possess. At Waterloo, when the Prussians were her allies, she brought them up in French colors to deceive the French that are fighting side by side with her today, and still she proceeds. They have both the Treaty of the Hague Conference, but that is not the worst of this knavish, selfish, cold-blooded, confiscating nation, with no good to its people, but suffering and death. Not this alone, but she actually throughout horrifying proclamations about the cruelty debased characters of the Prussians, and because her allies were mostly Roman Catholics, also to gain the sympathy of the poor, unwary Irish Roman Catholic to come to their aid, and did gain the sympathy of the poor, down-trodden Irish, and also gained the confidence of the Irish leader, John Redmond. She even tried to cause deception and prejudice among the Germans themselves by the instrumentality of her cunningly devised editorials, who are by a great majority Scotchmen, heralding the cruelty and tortures of the Prussians troops, and of the imprisonment of Roman Catholic Cardinals and priests, which as time proceeded and the war went on, all proved to be farcical and enmity against a people whom, I know to be farther advanced in knowledge and refined culture than they themselves.

There is, I know, no more dastardly or wicked writer can be devised on the public press today than a Scotchman, because for money and a name he will do anything that is not too hard for him, until the law of the country takes the editors and the public press more in hand it is useless to make any comments upon them, or about them.

To relate without prejudice, the actions of the British Ambassador, through his telephone, Mr. Bryce, knowing full well that Ambassadors are the swindlers of nations and accomplish many feats in their diplomacy, and he is one of the best of them, to the British advantage. Just imagine Mr. Bryce squandering the time of the American Government, by telling them there was a misunderstanding in London over their correspondence, while all the time the British were arresting and stopping and delaying the American merchantmen, and by this means, thwarting and hampering and injuring all the commercial trades of the United States of America, to hold their own trade good in time of war, and still jealous of the American people getting ahead of them, in trade and trans-

fer of commerce of the world, and while Mr. Bryce still pleads for time, the British sea-dogs kept stopping the American ships and searching them for contraband goods, and so forth, upsetting the whole cargo, as well as disturbing the master and his crew, all under a cunningly devised plea about an old international law, detaining the American ships in their own harbors, not knowing whether to sail or not, causing a great loss to shipowners and destroying even the American trade they did possess before the war began, while the British Government were sounding their notes so loud in England that their workshops were so busy and their foreign trade had increased so many per cent. that I, myself, read in the *Winnipeg Tribune*, "Tradesmen wanted for all kinds of work in England and a guarantee for six months' work, with fare paid," in the month of July, 1915; at the same time, they were thwarting the American shipping, they had the knavish Scotch Editors complimenting their kind friends across the border, or the Atlantic Ocean, to blind the eyes of the American people towards their own interest, that they, the British, were capturing from them, while still worse and bare-faced publications they set forth.

When the *Lusitania* was rammed, they kept haranguing, that now America would go into the war because there were a lot of American passengers aboard that ship, and according to the rules of war at sea, the American subjects should have known better than to cross the Atlantic Ocean on a British ship. But they were not Americans—only by birth—they were like the Canadians I see here. They said they could cross the Atlantic Ocean and not fear their submarines. Thus, they kept dictation up, and boasting about the greatness of her fleet, but I saw her fall. As I heard a Frenchman say, it was not for them Britain was fighting but it was for her own sake, and as Cobden said, about the British and the American War, "Britain," he said, "I am told, notwithstanding all her resources she was beaten hand over hand," and I say here in this war, with all her dependencies, with their loyalty, along with those she compelled to be loyal, and their wealth, she was beaten hand over hand, and she denies it before that great people, the United States went and delivered them from disaster. No wonder Mr. Bryan resigned rather than be molested by an erratic public press. Time will tell he was right in having no sympathy with the devoted enemies of this country, paid and assisted journalists of the millionaire type, such as Carnegie and Pierpont Morgan, and this quack of a President Taft, and his friends, that are a curse to that great and free country, the United States.

These wretched men that made their money or controls the money that was taken out of the blood and sweat of these American citizens, are ever drawing money from that country to distribute among English and Scotch people who never earned a cent piece of it, that even a Scotch minister refused a thousand pounds from Carnegie's hand, and told him politely, in a letter from Dumbarton, to give that money to the widows and orphans of the men he got shot down at Pittsburg Mines and Steel works in America.

You American people should stop the millionaires from taking the money out of your own country; they are only a lot of non-descripts or stand-bys to be sureties for this capital of your country. If it were possible for a German Army to land in your country, like Belgium, I guess you would have no bother with boys like Carnegie, Morgan, and Taft and company. They would be like the Belgians; their tills would be broken open and emptied very soon. These men are amalgamated with English capitalists, and where any nation's capital is amalgamated with any other nation, it is a great danger to the working people of such nations because it is different to a nation department and no security for its confiscation.

By me listening to the English and Scotch population of Canada, Borden poisoned them against you and believe me I heard, and on board ship going to Australia in 1913, before the war, there on board with us was an Englishman who was forty years in the States of America. He was going to see his sisters in Australia and he fell in with some Scotchmen going to New Zealand, and I listened to him at Auckland. He said there to these men he met on the boat, that he would cut the guts out of an American; so I warn you that the greatest enemies America has today are two-faced Englishmen in the midst of you. They would overthrow you if they could. I told that Englishman there to be a good citizen of the country he resided in, no matter what the country was, and he looked at me and never spoke. So the aliens that are your enemies are your own allies.

Daniel Mooney has told you why, in the month of January, 1919, *Winnipeg Free Press*, while they were discussing their programme about the increase of the American navy at Washington, this paper said that this is a case for the European Congress, and your troops not home from saving their country. You would not, nor could not believe the enmity of this people, and for what I do not know, unless it is the teachings of royal Dukes.

Pause for a moment and consider warfare in its reality—nation against nation to obtain its desires, prepares for the conquest and

reckons up the ways and means and the cost of how to proceed, Britain knew this, and for ten long years was still protesting against German progress, and scientific research being ahead of hers. Now, just bear with me a little. When men desire to go into the arena to fight, there are rules to confine them to certain modes of procedure in the contest, but the supreme science is never called into question, but applauded and admired. In the British House of Commons, the Churchills called attention to the preparedness of the British Navy and discussed the question of whether the submarine or the war ship would be supreme, and wondered when war would come,—which would rule the waves. The British were prepared to arrest and take prisoners, or sink the enemy's ships that would not comply with their rule of the road. The Germans, with their submarines had to compete with the British navy and stop their merchantmen upon the seas and order them into German ports, or take off their crews and passengers and sink the ship. So it was proved that their war ships were no match for the German submarine; and when bull-headedness of the British shipmasters would not comply with the arrest of the German masters, they certainly sank the ships, with passengers and all aboard, which was quite right, with the result that the British press, in all parts of the world, were howling out: "Murder! Murder!" while they themselves were doing the same thing.

And when the German aeroplanes visited England and killed a few of the peasants, their whole cry was "Murder!", and against human warfare, because the public press of their country knew full well that the English speaking race would take hold of it and join in the wild goose chase, never once mentioning their allies, that were the experts, the Frenchmen and inventors of these machines, that were continually hovering over the peasants of Germany, dropping bombs and shells, destroying the homes and peace of their subjects. There was no literature in England to show the patience and sufferings of that population, no self-glorious self. No man that ever lived, hated any nation or people more than I, that desired to extend its territory and increase its wealth at the expense of others, more than I; it is an exterminating proposition no matter by whom. No nation can prosper alone, unless it is a self-producing nation. The nations that depend upon the transfer of commodities must be a harmonious compact, considering not alone their own interest, and a just remuneration for their articles of commodities, they do transfer to one another through and by their customs.

I see the rottenness in the dealings and transfer of our own commodities in our internal affairs that have grown up in man, for greed, that he is becoming like the Jew, he has made it his religion to defraud and deceive man. No wonder the prophet said, "Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man." Man is so fallible and weak that he needs to be strengthened by the infusing of purer and better virtues, than his own sometimes. If man could realize that he came naked into this world, and that he would go out naked—and really understand he would find nothing after him, he would be more generous and embrace the justice virtues, that would in after life adorn his brow and console his spirit; that he was a true and faithful servant amongst mankind.

But I must proceed now on the war question. Indeed, as an Irishman I am almost ashamed of my countrymen. John Redmond, a few days before the war broke out, had his countrymen whom he represents, some of them shot down on the streets of Dublin because they were hurrahing and enjoying themselves, by receiving a report that they were going to get Home Rule, or a government of their own for their own affairs. When the King's Own Royal Borderers shot them down, with a Scotchman, Maxwell, commanding them and ordered them to shoot them down at the point of the bayonet. But I said at that time they would get more shooting than they would be able to do.

I think they will have realized by this time, my words in France and after all the persecution that these poor Irish have received at the hands of the Scotch and English people. John Redmond, the Irish leader, actually formed a body of volunteers to go out and fight against the Germans who, I believe, would be better friends to the Irish people than the British people themselves. You will think I am prejudiced because I am an exile from my native land, and my people murdered and robbed by King Edward, who formed a pact with the Belfast Orangemen to murder all my people, to possess my father's money, and with my own ears, heard King Edward tell the Orange people's leaders, to stick to him and he would stick to them, in Broadway Orange Hall, Belfast, in 1903, in July; during his stay in that city, after his public procession through the streets of that city. He stopped there from June 23rd till 1904, after the Prize Ring fight with Bob Fitzsimmons and Jack O'Brien broke Bob Fitzsimmons' spinal cord and ended his career, no matter what blaspheming journals publish for money. Don't believe them. I was there, and this Bob Fitzsimmons with his brother Tom, did the most of the murders or executions for King Edward for £50000. The head of the Orange Society,

along with King Edward and the Duke of Argyle, with Sir Colin Campbell's sons under the name of Robson, and the Campbell elevate these effects.

Some men in their ambition, like Edward Carson, to introduce means and ways of education, which I look upon as a disease infamous to perpetuate upon a people not brought up in a train of thought of investigation. The main thing in the education of any people is to eradicate the defects from the effects. Then, and not till then, will the cause be obliterated. He will tell you working people, science is too high for you to analyze and investigate—but it is nature's first necessity, and without it, no matter how low its degree, man becomes as the lower animals, and degenerating more, he becomes deformed.

Now then, what is Edward Carson's Education Bill? Is its fare worth paying? He must know he is in an Old Country and we are a New. All a father can do is to give to his child its true inheritance, and that is the knowledge it has received at his hand so that it may be able to investigate and analyze and weigh in the balance of reason, scientifically, economically and politically. These are the inheritance of the child. Let us have the School of Chemistry dissolve and compound and most necessary of all, as many languages as we can teach our children: Teach them these languages, where the most wealthy resources are to be found. The tongues of those nations are the most required by our children that owing to the keen competition at home, for a living, they will be able to immigrate and strike out for themselves; that may be the means of producing this wealth that is so desirable to be transferred as commodities among the children of the earth.

As Bob Ingersoll says: "The school house is my cathedral; the universe is my Bible. I believe in the gospel of justice, that we must reap what we sow."

Is this Edward Carson's Education that I propound? If it is, good luck to him, but if not, damn him.

Here is what I believe in: No forgiveness, eternal, inexorable, everlasting justice and the liberty you give away, the more you will have; in liberty, extravagance is economy, and as Ingersoll says: "This doctrine will relieve the world of the abnormal monsters born of the ignorance of superstition," but the Ulster Orangemen are like the barbarians that Ingersoll speaks of, "In their Bible" he says, "I saw a little while ago a Bible with immense oaken covers, with hasps and clasps large enough almost for a penitentiary—and I can imagine how that book would be regarded by barbarians in Europe, when not more than one person in a dozen could read and write. In fancy, he says, 'I saw it carried

into the cathedral, heard the chant of the priest, saw the swinging of the censer and the smoke rising and when that Bible was put on the altar, I can imagine the barbarians looking at it and wondering what influence that black book would have on their lives and future. I do not wonder they imagine it was inspired. None of them could write a book, and consequently when they saw it they adored it. They were stricken with awe."

Just as Edward Carson has taken advantage of these Ulster and Belfast fanatics with their Bible. They think it is inspired and they do not understand it, far less to be able to write a book. They take it all to be true, not knowing that the Bible was and is founded on superstition and proposition.

Now the question is: Is it true? If it is true it does not need to be inspired. Nothing, as he says, needs inspiration except a falsehood or a mistake. A fact never went into partnership with a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of wonders. A fact will fit every other fact in the universe, and that is how you can tell whether it is or is not a fact. A lie will not fit anything except another lie made for the express purpose; and finally, someone gets tired of lying and the last lie, will not fit the next fact, and then there is a chance for inspiration. Right then and there a miracle is needed. But, he says, "the real question is, in the light of science, in the light of the brain and heart of the nineteenth century, is this Book, the Bible, true?" Well, I Daniel Mooney says, to think or say such a book is true, to my belief, it would be, to say the least, blasphemy.

The man or men who wrote this Book, begin by telling us that God made the universe out of nothing. That I cannot conceive. Nothing regarded in the light of raw material is, to my mind, a decided, disastrous failure. I cannot imagine of nothing being made into something, any more than I can of something being changed back to nothing. I cannot conceive of force aside from matter, because force, to be force, must be active, and unless there is matter there is nothing for force to act upon and consequently it cannot be active. So I simply say, I cannot comprehend it.

I cannot believe it. I may roast for it, but I will stand by it like a man. It is honest belief, and when we speak about God, I simply mean the being described by the Jews. There may be, in immensity, some being beneath whose wing the universe exists, whose every thought is a glittering star, but I know nothing about Him, so we can only speak of this God described by the Jewish people.

Force and matter are the God of nature I hold, and until science has proved otherwise, I will still hold this opinion. The first Bible that was ever divided into chapters, in our

language, was made in the year of grace, 1515. The Bible was originally written in the Hebrew language, and the Hebrew language at that time, had no vowels in writing. It was written entirely with consonants, and without being divided into chapters or into verses, and there was no system of punctuation whatever. After you go home tonight, write an English sentence or two with only consonants, close together, and you will find that it will take twice as much inspiration to read it as it did to write it.

When the Bible was divided into verses, between the first and second chapter of Genesis is not in the right place. The second account of the creation commencement at the third verse, and it differs from the first in two essential points. He says, in the first account, man is the last made; in the second, man is made before the beast. In the first account—man is made male and female. In the second, only man is made and there is no intention of making a woman whatever. And so on. That I arrive among a conglomeration of confusion that will end in chaos with them all.

I can never get beyond nor beneath their suppositions and proposition of that book, and the conjurers and fakirs that live by it, for their interest, are in their glory when man loses his time wrangling about it. Its judgment and Judaeism is a lot of wordly manipulators that are more to be dreaded as torturers than to be recognized as benefactors of mankind. Let us cast it from us and recognize alone the true virtues that spring from true nature, in acts and deeds of one towards the other, that will encircle our lives with admiration, that will elevate and enlighten our fellow creatures with that knowledge of progress that invigorates us all.

Science, chemistry, and technical demonstrations, with all the important languages we can afford to learn, that we may show our virtues forth before the world, without craft or conjuring, that our light may shine forth as the morning star among the nations of the earth, that they may realize our desires and designs for the love of justice for all mankind.

Just now, I am reading the address to the jury, of a Labor Member of Parliament, when he makes his final appeal to the jury to find him innocent of a seditious libel. It is one, as this Free Press of Manitoba puts it, of the most dramatic appeals ever made to or before a jury, in Canada. His name and letters of honor or respect are—F. J. Dixon, M.L.A. He walked from the Court House today a free man, but as I am going to say, as a workman, and the representative of his trade in Parliament. He is both cultured and read, and to my opinion, has sound common sense. These are a few of his words when addressing the jury. There was perfect silence, this paper

says, when Dixon rose in the Court room. His voice, vibrant with emotion, leaned over the jury box; his eyes searching the faces of the twelve men who had his fate in their hands, and urged them "to weigh carefully the evidence and bring in such a verdict as you would expect me to bring in if I were sitting in that box, and you were standing here in my place. Let your conscience guide your decision, whether for or against me," he said. "It is the principle of free speech and personal liberty that is on trial." The verdict does not matter much, for after all, the individual is but a small particle of the universe, that proves to me if we produce good ideas and realize in our minds, the benefits of mankind to be derived from them; we are setting forth the music of joy that will enliven and invigorate the progress of mankind, that has enlightened us of all the joys that nature can pursue."

These are the benefits that Dixon speaks of in his great speech before the judge and his moderates, the counsel they want to be employed to defend man who are quite able to defend themselves.

This and this alone, I want to expostulate that man must be left to the freedom of his own will and his own discretion, to reason with and analyze and weigh in the balance of reason. Everything that requires such, whether politically or economically or financially, or our proceedings in any way concerning our glorious and progressive lives. In all our supervising, let us be illustrating and demonstrating to the world that they may take hold of the progressive way, not hiding their light under a bushel, that those that understand not the ways of progress may catch a glimmer of the rays at least that lead towards the paths of harmony and peace.

If we cannot embrace the true affections of Love, we will know that we are on the shores of human consideration that will draw to us the blessed consolation of justice and of truth. Let us come together in harmony and in love, not as the creatures coming out from the crawls. We see the past, the landscape lies before us. The wild, erratic thoughts have left us, and the calm consideration of the future lies before us. For what? To discern the ways and means that we may prescribe for the wants and necessities of mankind that follow after us. This is the true path to pursue.

Our lives are worked up together in existence, that compels us to realize our duty towards one another; to guide and direct and help one another, especially those that are unperceiving, for their own interests. We must guide by our counsel and instruction.

This Trades Unionist Dixon, that was tried for seditious libel, because he was the mouthpiece of those that could not speak for them-

selves, he approached close to the jury box and said: "Gentlemen, look me in the eye look at my face; at my bearing. Do I look like a guilty man? Do I look like a conspirator? Do I look like a man seeking to inflame his fellowmen to violence?" Making his final plea, he leaned his elbows on the box and in a low voice made his final plea. "Gentlemen" he said, "when crises have arisen in my life, when it came time for an important decision, I always have said to myself, 'Dixon, what if you should die tomorrow?' My conduct has been guided by that thought. Your verdict also should be guided in that manner. Gentlemen, death may come at any time to any of us. Suppose that you were to die tomorrow, and you came up at the Great Assizes, where some stern prosecutor insisted on bringing up things that you never did and held you responsible for crimes you never did and that other people committed, would you feel that you could face your Maker with a clear conscience, knowing that you are innocent? Gentlemen, that is the way I feel now. I know that if you render a judgment according to your conscience and according to the evidence, I know that you acquit me of the charges, and defend the right of opinion in this country. That is all I want you to do. Render a true verdict according to your judgment and your conscience, and I am not afraid of the outcome."

"Remember that you are the last resort of the people; that you have guarded the liberties of the people before thereby guarding your own liberties, and will have to do so again."

These are the kind of men we want at the present time, in every land, men that know here we cannot stay, but in evolution's train, passing on, from whence we know not and to hence we cannot tell. We pass on; as the earth revolves so do we. Hence, all we can live for is to leave things better than we found them and enjoy the pleasures of our labor. Give no ear to deception nor to the unjust dealer. Avoid lies and busy bodies, and shun the confusers of truth, and anyone that is dishonest. Mark the wizards and the fakirs and the conjurers of religion that are ever separating the people. Prove all things. Hold to that which is just and true. Fear no one, it is the dungeon of the soul, and none but the superstitious and suspicious do fear. Those that go by the instruction of the Bible are the most to be dreaded. Those that love nature in all forms are the most to be loved.

Now, I proceed on another trip to sea from London, and there was a rough crew, as usual from this port—no sympathy, no pity, no mercy, among these crowds. Heathenism and barbarous acts are within bounds, would

give you no peace on sea or land. That cursed sect is always tyrannical and partial to its own, and always detestable by its ignorance; no culture to admire it; no assimilation of a social joy to appreciate it; no consolation from the end they have in view, to console you. To my mind, a life of wretchedness going back to the crawls is their sure destination. They realize nothing but the power of privilege and extortion from the unwary, and then this hell that they frighten the people about, where did they get it from? Or where did that doctrine of hell come from? I will tell you—from the fellow in the dugout. Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the wild beasts. Yes, I tell you he got it from the wild beasts, from the glittering eye of the serpent; from the coiling, twisting snakes with their fang mouths; and it came from the bark, howl and growl of the wild beasts. It was born of the laugh of a hyena, and got from the depraved chatter of malicious apes, and I despise it with every drop of my blood, and defy it. If there is any God in the universe who will damn his children for an expression of an honest thought, I wish to go to hell. I would rather go there than go to heaven and keep the company of a God that would damn his children, to put a shadow in the heart.

Is it not an infamous doctrine to teach little children; to fill the insane asylums with that miserable, infamous lie? I see now and then a little girl, a dear little darling, with a face like the light, and eyes of joy—a human blossom—and I think: Is it possible that that little girl will grow up to be a Presbyterian? Is it possible? My goodness; that that flower will finally believe the five points of Calvinism, or in the eternal damnation of man? Is it possible that little fairy will finally believe she could be happy in heaven, with her baby in hell? Think of it! Think of it! And that is the Christian religion.

We cry out against the Indian mother that throws her child in the Ganges, to be devoured by the alligator or crocodile, but that is joy in comparison with the Christian mother's hope, that she may be in salvation while her brave boy was in hell.

I tell you if there is any such thing as fleeing from temptation, these cursed creeds should be flown from.

Aboard ship at sea, its first stumbling block between mankind and his duty, suspicion and distrusts are the effects of it. Humor and harmony here are exiled in this world's social harmony; and respect of one for the other is the only religion which should be recognized by a civilized race. That wretchedness which is in the train of Christianity, of its divisions within itself, is sufficient for any sensible being, to keep clear of it. Anything divided

against itself cannot stand, and as Tom Payne said: "A number of years will end it," of the same nationality, from the one town and townland because of their difference of opinion of how, and the way they worship this Christ. They would kill one another, and have done it and still do it.

On sea or on land, I have always seen it so with the British and Irish people, and these very same ministers have published in the daily press, if the people outside the Church just knew how they loved one another they would join their ranks. That was the Christian church's proclamation to the outside world that feared them because the Christians hated the sect that differed from the other one, wanted authority and power over them, although they were Christians, all of them.

Now, when these Christians of all these sects envy one another,—for who shall be the greatest amongst them, as their former of their sects, imposters, or as the Christians call them, apostles, did disagree about which of them would be the greatest among them. Two thousand years has never convinced them of who should be the greatest among them.

No wonder that infidel, Christ, placed the little child in the midst of them and said: "Unless you become as little children you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." This heaven on earth is not to be entered into to have a blessed peace, but by patience and long suffering, in gentleness and kindness and charitableness, which is the true brotherhood and sisterhood of this life.

If I could not realize my duty towards my fellow creature, with respect for his reason, to investigate for himself what is right and what is wrong, his conscience is his God, and so it is mine. But apart from that, they have no respect for those that had the truth, that Christ said Himself, He was the Son of man, and He said, according to these Christians' teachings themselves, the Son of Man has not where to lay his head. How then could he be born of a woman without man. If it is a fact that he came from heaven to take man's nature upon him, he must have been born of man as well as woman. It will not do. If there is a God, he cannot go against nature.

Paul says there is a spiritual body and an earthly body, but I can imagine a ghost or vision flying around me, that had neither feeling nor speech, for a consolation. No wonder the rulers said to Paul: "Thou art beside thyself; much learning hath made thee mad." If a minister and a priest believe this doctrine they are beside themselves, but if they believe it not, and say they preach this doctrine to help the governments of the countries to hold man in subjection to the laws of the parliaments that the people themselves have insti-

tuted, then, I say, it is blasphemy and a heavy taxation indeed to be imposed upon the people.

Matter and force is the ignition of the blood that illuminates the thoughts and expressions of the heart and body. This is the soul and the spirit, and as I said, this spirit is in all matter where force exists, therefore, through evolution in this form, is the soul and spirit that exists in all things. Through hearing and listening to the gurgling stream, I can feel its thrills and motions, as I do the song from the sweetest singer of man and woman kind and bird, that charm my fleeting soul, as in evolution form, I pass away. This is eternity, and if possible it would be for men to stop its course on its way, it would deprive the world of the grandeur of these melodious strains. This is the sum and substance of world without end.

Now it is almost useless for me to try and convince man that is not given to thought and investigation. Man is born, and not made, as the supposition and proposition about Adam and Eve would have us believe; if applicable in one thing, applicable in all. In evolution's path we know there are spots there is not much matter on, not even enough to set force and it in motion. You will notice here that that atheist, Christ, the seed, was on rich ground sown, and it took root, but that which was sown on barren ground did not take root, but the sun, because of the poorness of the soil, scorched it and burned it up, and the birds of the air came and ate it up.

Now, these birds are wonderful fowl. Yes, there are some of them vultures. The rich soil was the investigator; a scientist with a train of thoughts unearthing material of facts which he had compared and sifted, and finally designed and compounded them into solid fact. This is the searcher, the investigator, the sifter, the analyzer, compounder, dissolver, the prover of all things, holding to that which are true facts; but the barren ground is the unthinking, poor creature with no observations to awaken him. The birds that carry away from him even what he has got are vultures in that form or shape of man; in their black robes they call priests and ministers, by their beautiful words alluring them to pay them for praying for them, and join their sect or church, that they may live upon them and take all they have away. These are the beautiful birds—have music in their voices when telling the people: "If you do not follow us and join our sect, you are going to hell to be damned forever." These are the birds that light on barren ground and devour the seed that is scattered around—these poor people that are ignorant of the designs of the vulture birds, that are ever following after these poor creatures, to devour them and

what they have got. They are like the crow, they will not touch the seed where the scarecrow is, but keep a certain distance away from it, so they do from the wary and educated people.

They know where the worms creep and crawl and they are on the lookout to catch them. The ignorant always suffer when in conflict with the vultures. I could never get away with this Peter and his fishing for men. He must get his bait, the worm, to catch the big ones with. The poor, ignorant creatures of this world are a nice shoal to drive into those nets of Peter and Paul, not forgetting these mysterious writings of the supposed John, that have filled the asylums of and with these creatures that have tried to reason with them.

Oh, how glad I am sometimes, when out on the wild prairie, where none of the birds catch my eye save the hawk, and I watch him in his magic, how he soars around his prey, and then with a sweep and a dive goes down on his prey. These priests and ministers are the birds that eat up the seed on the barren ground. What they do know, however so little, it is taken away from them by the dogmas preached to them by ministers and priests.

Now, in all my travels amongst my fellow men, and toiling as they toiled, sweated as they did, there was suspicion of nationality in how to, or in what way to please one another and treat one another. But this was nothing in comparison to the enmity and spite of each sect according to their dogmas and beliefs in them, especially between the Roman Catholics and the Protestants. They opposed you, and one another according to their beliefs in these sects—which sickened me—and they resorted to it in many brutal and physical ways that any civilized being would detest and abhor. The Roman Catholic believes that Christ died and was crucified for them, and if any being believes not that he died for them, he shall be damned. The Protestants believe just the same—and after all this display of hatred, one of those Protestants, a minister of their creeds, proclaimed from his platform: "If they only knew how us Christians loved one another" we would all come into their sect and join their creed.

Now here is their stumbling block; Catholic and Protestant, and all that believe Christ died for them, and that he was their prophet to introduce them into heaven, where and are all Christians, yet they cannot agree; and then who are we to take or believe is the Christian? When they first tried to introduce this Christianity into China, these Christian sects disputed between themselves, and they appealed to the China authorities for protection from one another, so the Chinese author-

ity said he would put them in prison until they could agree, but the Christians said they never agree, nor could ever agree on these points of creed. "Well, then" said the Chinaman, "You will never get out, for you want our people to accept a religion you cannot agree about yourselves."

Now, then, who are we to take for the Christians? Rome was their origin, and seceders are no explorers. They are only disputers about what had been discovered. If they had believed in the art of science I could have had sympathy for them, but they believe in the points that science has disapproved when they were found incompatible. I don't blame them for coming out from among them but I do blame them for their old initiating.

When I separate myself from anything I never think of going back that road again.

These apostles tell us: "Let us reason together." I believe in reason, but no matter how much we reason, that reasoning will never make right wrong. When we dissolve the compound, and analyze and sift its contents, then we know what the ingredients are composed of, and finally their worth. Reason ceases here all is found out.

Well now, me being cast upon life very young, naturally I hardened to or against the insults that at times were heaped upon me, and I must say, not with true Irishmen, but by the dishonest and wicked London Irishmen and the Roman Catholics, generally of the Irish, though my best friend was a Roman Catholic Irishman that I had valued and tried. Thomas O'Brien, a machinist in Bellasilken, Belfast, that left Ireland and went to Boston, in America, and he came back to Belfast in 1903, to see the King on his visit there, on the 23rd of June.

Such is eternity, because as I said before, we are always in evolution and the magnetic spark ignites us all.

And the Orange skelton with its cross school is the wretched forerunner of the real, ancient barbarians; the secret monumental of their diabolical craft, and they sacrifice themselves to its bloody deeds, and celebrate these events. This part of this sect is the Bible and Crown worshippers of tradition, believing in miracles and the magic performers; of Moses, Joshua, Jacob, and all the rest of them that could conjure, mesmerize, hypnotize, and all the fakers of Judaeism. This is their sole belief, even without an attempt to investigate for themselves, to try to realize the real truth satisfied with the heresy teachings that these fakes and feats are all true.

And when I do meet or see one of these fakers on my way, with his dog's collar on him, spreading his solemn face with religious sanctity, and his long, black funeral coat spilt behind, he resumes his position and com-

mence this investigations of the chronology that sits or stands before him, and he draws nigh by his proselyte, perverting way, and by that so-called Christian Science they take hold of the unwary, and adds another contribution towards his bank account, which helps him along.

Now in my time, this fraternity of religion mongers get leave and in some cases, are paid by the Government to prosecute and pervert the people to their way of thinking. In every phase of life they take part to overthrow the enjoyments of man and woman, but manual labor they will do none. They form themselves into committees and deputations to oppose, or the law that gives them authority, they will domesticate more than any act of privilege passed for the people.

Now, right here, I hold this sort of religion is farcical and should have no power over mankind. What does an intelligent being think when those muffers take upon themselves authority to visit the places of amusement and condemn them as improper or immoral, because they are not getting their remuneration from them. They are jealous of all that does not contribute to their domicile or mansion.

Now, I hold these Christian leaders should have privileges only within their own household as any other citizen or ratepayer. The hard working tradesman, and the agonizing laborer, has no privileges to intimidate their fellow workman, without suffering the penalty of the law, with an excuse that they are our spiritual guides and protectors of our soul—an insult to the school master that taught us—a disgrace to the electorate that returned him to parliament—their selected people that form the laws they call this constitution by the people and for the people.

These are the institutions we are to protect and preserve for the glory of mankind, that they may not be dominated over by sovereignty, nor controlled by pirates of any sect that would manacle our freedom, and carry us captive from justice and truth.

Now, as I said before, the Americans are the most complaisant people I ever toiled amongst. They are communicative and social and above all, have a great love for their country, which makes any nation sound and true. I must congratulate myself on being able to draw an inference from them, to them and with them. I must assuage and alleviate their actions towards me and others, they were most kind and their hard work does not seem to trouble them. At nights they gather together in each others houses and enjoy games, with their wives and families, and everything and every act was done with circumspection, manifestly clear and apparent.

Not a word of scorn or insult did I ever receive at their hand.

In big London, in the middle of daylight, I saw a builder coming to pay his workmen and three men surrounded him and held him up till they turned his pockets inside out and rifled his handbag and then made off. The policeman on the beat saw them and turned his back on them, I suppose, because he was afraid of them, but it was not doing his duty, and when they robbed him, they knocked him down and kicked him senseless and then made off. This was in great London where this Christianity proclaims that it is the savior of mankind.

It is because they have the power and authority from the government that these acts of wickedness are perpetrated. You will say. How can that be? It is because one sect is taught to hate the other and therefore the one sect lie and waits to deceive and insult and rob the other sect, and before and after their trial—if they happen to be brought to justice, these ministers and priests appear in the Courts to defend them, with recommendations of good conduct and a good character. They set before the judge or magistrate this plea for mercy. What for? To get the stolen proceeds that the criminal spends in the alehouse, and sooner or later, through the publican, and from him to the priest and minister—in its circulation again.

Instead of these sects' ministers and priests being a missionary instrument to help to keep the law,—unnecessary they are in any way—to sustain justice or bring criminals to justice. I tell you right here, such men that live upon the people, and denounce the sects that do not belong to theirs, and cause these acts of violence to be done—which are the effects of these causes—they should not be at large among the people, far less have the name of being the upkeep of law and order among the people.

Why do those ministers and priests teach the people that every sect but their own is wrong, and it was danger to keep company with them that differed from them. Is this charitable? Is it humility? Is it sociable kindness? Is it freedom of thought and action? I say such are not upholders of the law, and to say they are is barbarous and a disgrace to civilization in the twentieth century.

Oh, for freedom of thought and speech; it is the glorious emancipation. It is the thrilling soul's desire to evaporate, that it might fall again like dew upon the people, from some other tongue, like Marconi's spray of good tidings to many distant lands and seas. This does comfort us that we are not the sole survivors of the truth, but we follow on: each in turn unveils the phenomena in some part,

that we might not be subnolent, but like the stars ever with a flash and a glitter.

This draws me again to my point of belief, that this is eternity in which we live. When I see Science has invented a new instrument which measures throbbings of leaves, and magnifies the speed of the plant growth one hundred million times—modern India's most eminent man of science—his name is Jagadis Chandra Bose, C.I.A., S.S.I., most of his research work has been done at the Bose Research Institute in Calcutta, which he dedicated to his country in 1917. Although the inventions he perfected there are expected to prove worth millions, he has taken out no patents on them. "The spirit of our Indian culture" he says, "demands that we should forever be free from the desecration of utilizing knowledge for personal gain."

This Indian savant is well known both in the East and in the West, and his contributions to original science are of the greatest interest and importance. He showed to his audience, in London, England, in 1920, in February, his astonishing phenomenon. He showed them the actual movement of growth in a plant. The crescograph was the means by which this almost uncanny sealed page of life, was obtained. It is the result of the savant's efforts to solve the problem of rendering the movement of plant growth visible. The difficulty of this problem can be realized by the fact that a snail, whose slowness is proverbial, moves six thousand times faster than a plant grows. The average rate of plant growth is about one hundred thousandth part of an inch a second. That means that most plants add one inch to their stature in a little over eleven days. Yet, with the crescograph you can see the growth happening.

The instrument is simple—so simple that one marvels it can do so much. A magnetic lever rotates on a static needle delicately poised, and this controls the movement of a small mirror. A static needle is a device in which two magnetic needles are placed parallel—one above the other—but with the North pole of the upper one above the south pole of the lower one—magnifies one hundred million times. The plant movement rotates the needle with its attached mirror, and causes movements of a spot of light on a screen in a darkened room. By this means the plant movement is magnified in its representation on the screen from one million to one hundred million times. This is tantamount to magnifying the highest powers of the microscope one hundred thousand times.

If you tested the crawl of a snail by this instrument you would see it flashing by at a speed of forty thousand miles an hour, or ten miles a second. Taking a cyclamen leaf,

Jagadis, at his lecture demonstrated, attached it to the crescograph. The mirror at once reflected a spot of light on the screen, where it moved at a rate of ten feet in twelve seconds, although the actual rate of the plant growth was one hundred thousandth part of an inch per second.

The effect of electricity on plants was shown by the application of an electric current to the cyclamen leaf. The quickened pulsations were noted by the quickened movement of the mirror, but the reason I endeavor to bring home to your minds here for consideration, through illustrations of this scientist's lectures and demonstrations, is, as Charles Darwin puts it: We are all nature matter and force, continually in motion, whether slow or fast, it is an evolution, whether plants, flowers that spring from them or the bubbling spring that gushes forth from the earth until it flows in a living stream towards the sea, with its living billows, echoes far and near, the birds of the air, fishes of the sea, and all animals on the face of the earth—are nourished and fed by nature's laws. The spirit of all things is in one thing—the universe.

This is eternity. This is the judgment of mankind and all things. This is the world without beginning, this is the world without end, none other. The great magnetic tie binds us all. The earth has revolutions as well as the space within phenomenon, yet with all that revolt that takes place in evolution, it still keeps on its course, no matter what is against it.

So it is with mankind. It still keeps on its course—they may have wares and revaluations; it may perhaps be the cause of degeneracy for a little time, but change in time, will invigorate the mind, and thoughts will soar to better and greater joys that cause man to rejoice in his labors and come forth as a shining star among them.

But here is the point I want to allude to, concerning my belief of this planet. Where these people believe in another world beyond the clouds, as they think their spirit is a migrator or a transformation ascension to a world unknown, I would have them carefully consider this discovery of nature—true phenomenon. This Indian scientist—J. B. Bose—inventions are the similarities between plants and animals. The discoveries made by this instrument of heart beats, death spasms, the reactions to stimuli, to anesthetics, and to poisons, the fundamental unity of the life reactions of plants and animals are new and vital.

In the transactions of the Bose Institute will be found the descriptions of a wonderful experiment along those lines, which proves that plants like human beings, have a nervous

system. Just think of this. Not only were the tremors of excitation recorded, but the velocity of their transmission was measured. We now know that plants have a nervous impulse in every way similar to that of animals; to put it in a scientifically, more exact way, plants have a special conducting tissue analagous to the animal nerve; varying conditions in the animal retard or quicken the speed of impulse. In plants, in exactly the same way, the speed of impulses is affected both by cold and warmth, and exactly as with animals, the impulse is arrested by the action of anesthetics. The effect of alcohol on plants is curiously similar to that on human beings. In plants it first produces an exaltation, followed by serious depression. Plants are subject to depression and shock, and may die with or of poison.

If you strike a tree it contracts like an animal does when hit. The parallel between the physiology of, plants and animals is so exact that it may be said there is nothing in the animal which has not been foreseen in the plant. Death struggles—When a plant is placed in unhappy conditions, to quote from the lecture at the India Office—as in a bath of hot water the time comes when it struggles and dies, and its struggles are the same as in the animal.

There is a more striking fact even than that. We, who pride ourselves on our sensitivity, must now give away to the plant which has a wider range than we have. We cannot receive or perceive signals through space, but the plant can. J. C. Bose has succeeded in making a plant record a message received through wireless signalling. The wonder grows when we pass to the supposedly insensitive world of inorganic matter. Here again are strange marvels.

The researchers of Jagadis, the Indian, into the condition of metals disclosed the fact that they exhibit fatigue under prolonged shock, and give signs of exaltation in response to stimulants. Under the actions of poisons they fail to give any response at all. The scientist's study of the universal sensitiveness in plants led him to some remarkable experiments, with astonishing results.

There was a tree in India which supposedly could not be transplanted successfully. Jagadis determined to try. The reason, he thought, that the tree died when transplanted was that the shock was too much for it, or in other words, too great for it, so he decided to put it under an anesthetic, just as a modern surgeon anaesthetises his patient to save him from the immediate shock of an operation. The tree was accordingly made unconscious and transplanted while under the anaesthetic. When it woke up, presumably, it lost proper account of time and so shed its leaves in the

summer instead of the winter, but after a year, it returned to its normal ways.

To explain the praying palm, of Bengal, which is also another curious case, because this tree at one time of the day, bows in an attitude of devotion, and at another time holds its head erect. It has been credited by many in India with miraculous power. Investigation by Jagadis solved the mystery of the tree's actions. He found that it was due to its sense of temperature, but that the most practical result of the discoveries made possible by the crescograph—apart from its scientific value—which is mainly in the revelations of the fundamental analogies between the reactions of plants and animals. The power of modification in the growth of plants, at which it hints, he says, by the use of this invention the life activity of the plant is made subject to the will of the experimenter, but I hold, the greatest work he has done, is the discovering of the food the plant likes best to stimulate it and keep it from retarding, for mankind's benefits, as well as beasts'.

Another thing he has led us to realize, that nature has a soul and spirit in all things; has a sense of suffering and a sense of joy, and feelings that are more sensitive than we, and scientists have not yet realized—but I bless them; they are the only consolation I have. When a plant is poisoned, like ourselves, it has no response. It just reminds me of my life. Sometimes transplanted from one clime to another, retarded in our prosperity; disorganized and separated from the stimulants that are most necessary to our test, and nourishes us most, and invigorates us. All this is done by the parasites and microbes of power that rule over us. When they cannot poison us they anaesthetise us, that is stupify us, that we may not know the process we are under at their hands.

We plant and flowers will have to find out a means to destroy these germs and microbes that pester us with their adulterations, fakish actions and oppression. Their hypocritical speeches and addresses that deceive the people, without demonstrating the end they had in view. Deception today in the English language, is the God of salvation, and that language's creed.

Now, as the Indian has proven the life and sense and feelings that exist in plants of nature, no wonder I would think within myself many a time, when cutting down a tree in the bush, when I would see the heart pulse of the tree creep in towards the heart, I wondered if I had caused it pain or suffering by me cutting it down.

If I could get these Christians to realize that this is the eternity in which we live, that body, soul and spirit, which is the blood or sap of the plants, is ever in motion, in and

through evolution, all the time, and for man to hoard up for generations that are not here, he is retarding the planting and nourishment of them that are in the grade of this evolution. When we leave this grade we go and never return. Mind my words—no one comes back in any way, the way we went away we must be changed, evolution is eternal and perpetual. We shall know those we know now, no more. Eat, drink and be merry, but eat, and the production from your own hands will nourish you, but if you eat the productions of another man's toil, they will retard you.

Above all things, be just. Without it we have no God. Let us have good education and all technical knowledge we can get hold of—chemistry, analyzing, sifting, compounding and dissolving—no matter what the method is or required to produce knowledge. Let our children have them free. Next is the Languages, our children should be taught whichever country has the wealthiest and richest resources to produce, that is the language our children should be taught. I mean to say, we should teach the children these languages, those who have a desire for them. Always they should be taught the ways and means of the transfer of commodities, and all the technical knowledge demonstrated before them to produce the same.

We see and know the desires of our children; all mechanical ideas should be demonstrated before the children. All libraries should be free to possess and distribute the literature of free speech, no matter from what nation or people. Let us have the Democrat and the Socialist side by side, with the scientist's strong arm carrying the torch to illuminate their path, and the philosophers drawing up the past with unrevealed facts, to us, as it were, to finance them on their way.

There is no book written but reason can dissect and analyze. If it is bad, reason departs from it, if good, it will cling to it and we cannot afford to dispense with it. The curse of my country, Ireland, is the want of this knowledge and want of this distribution of free literature. The fakers of priests and ministers ever cry out against this knowledge. Orange Carson wanted to import to them a bunk tradition to remember their forefathers how they fought at Derry, Antrim and the Boyne. That meant a Dutch King coming over from England and landing in Ireland, with an English and Scotch Army, to attack the quiet peasantry of that country and cut them down with tomahawks, swords and spears, taken from their homes, and confiscated their properties, outraged their women, exiled the greatest men that fought for their freedom and their home. This is the education Edward Carson teaches on the 12th of July, to a lot of poor, ignorant creatures, iso-

lated from seeing or hearing the acts and deeds of other people, with this teaching of hatred about the past acts and deeds of other people, and all antiquated ideas of superstition, in supposition and proposition of the future, has and will stagnate them without action and trust.

Well now these people know nothing about science of any kind. Here and there is a little bit portrayed to them in the touch of the poet's pen, that is scattered amongst them, in a meagre degree, which is only a glimmer outside the real, and show them the operation going on that might convince them of the demonstrations before their eyes. The poet heard the sound before he saw the torch of the scientist's illuminations. He heard from the hills and the dells and the vales that melodious sound of echo that thrills our magnetic strings, that causes them to flash forth in streams of electric thought. He looks up to the mountain top; he hears the gushing forth of the bubbling spring that streams down the mountain side with a glittering spray till it gorges forth, making caverns and myriads of statues and forms that make the geologist stand and gaze with awe, through nature's course.

They call us infidels, and I am sure if they only knew, as Bob Ingersoll knew the meaning of the word 'infidel' they would be proud to be called one. We are in infidelity; we are in eternity; we are in change all the time. As I have said, evolution is the rule of the road, with here and there a revolt in it. I feel it, I see it, and am glorified in it, and the man that does not believe in it neither knows himself nor the world.

Do you think that men of investigation fear the people of the world? The man that is loyal to his mind, as one man put it, whether that mind summers in the light of steadfast belief, or wanders through the mazy fields of doubt. What is infidelity? There is no more able, none more suitable than Robert Ingersoll to rise and explain.

Do you know there was a time in the Jewish history when if a man violated the Sabbath, they would kill him? They said God told them to do it. I think they were mistaken. I do not think any God told them to kill them, or if he did, then I think He was mistaken. I hope the time will come when every man can spend the Sabbath just as he pleases, provided he does not interfere with the happiness of others. How anybody ever came to the conclusion that there was any God who demanded that you should feel sorrowful and miserable and bleak one-seventh of the time is beyond my comprehension. Neither can I conceive how they can say that one-seventh of the time is holy. As Bob Ingersoll says, "I would fight just as earnestly that the Christ-

ians may go to church, as that the infidel may have the right to spend the Sabbath as he chooses.

I ask: Are people who go to church the only good people? Are there not a great many bad people go to church? Not a bank in Pittsburgh will lend a dollar to the man who belongs to the church, without security, neither to the man who does not go to church. I am perfectly willing that every preacher, in country and town, should preach. They are employed to preach, and to preach a certain doctrine, and if they do not teach that doctrine they will be turned out. I have no objection to that, but I want the same privilege to express my views, in free speech, and what is the difference whether a man pays the day he goes in, or pays for it the week before, by subscription?

What would the church people think if the theatrical people should attempt to suppress the churches? As Bob Ingersoll said, what harm would it do to have an opera here tonight? It would elevate us more to hear than to hear ten thousand sermons on the worm that never dies. There is more practical wisdom in one of the plays of Shakespeare than in all the sacred books ever written. What wrong would there be to see one of those grand plays on a Sunday? There was a time when the church would not allow you to cook on Sunday, you had to eat victuals cold. There was a time when they thought the more miserable you feel, the better God feels.

There are a hundred odd thousand preachers in the United States. Some people regard them as a necessary evil. There are nearly as many churches or places of worship as there are preachers, and as Ingersoll says, again, "It does not seem to me with all the wealth on their side, with all the good people on their side, with providence on their side, I think with all these advantages they ought, at least, to let us have the right to speak our thoughts."

Now, here again Ingersoll entered into his argument on the origin of religion, referring to the first impressions of the savage, which, I am sorry to say, a good many of them still remain in Belfast and in the North of Ireland to this day. Having enunciated these views which have before been published in reports given in these columns of his lectures, he continued: The history of the world shows me that the right has not always prevailed. When you see innocent men chained to the stake, and the flames licking their flesh, it is natural to ask: "Why does God permit this?" If you see a man in prison with the chains eating into his flesh, simply for loving God, you have got to ask, why does a just God not interfere? You have got to meet this. It will not do to say that it will all come out for the best. That

may do very well for God, but it is very hard on the man. He asks: "Where was the God that permitted slavery for two hundred years in the United States?"

The History of the World shows that when a mean thing was done man did it, but there was a time when there was a drought, and this tribe of savages, with their false notions of religion, said, "Somebody has been lecturing on Sunday." Then the tribe hunted out the wicked man. They said: "You have got to stop; we cannot allow you to continue your wickedness which brings punishment upon the whole of us."

What is the reason they allow me to speak tonight? Because Christians are not as firm in their belief now as they were a thousand years ago. The luke warmness and hypocrisy of Christians now permit me to speak tonight. If they felt as they did a thousand years ago they would kill me, so religious persecution was born of the instinct of self-defence. Is there any duty we owe to God? Can we help Him? Can we add to His glory or happiness? They tell me this God is infinitely wise. I cannot add to His wisdom; infinitely happy, I cannot add to His happiness. What can I do? Maybe He wants me to make prayers that will not be answered.

I cannot see any relation that exists between the Finite and the Infinite. I acknowledge that I am under obligations to my fellowman. And what? Simply to make them happy. The only good is happiness and the only evil is misery or unhappiness. Only these things are right that tend to increase the happiness of man; only these things are wrong that tend to increase the misery of man. That is the basis of right and wrong. There never would have been the idea of wrong except that man can inflict suffering upon others. Utility then is the basis of the idea of right and wrong.

The church tells us this world is a school to prepare us for another, that is, a place to build up character. Well, if that is the only way character can be developed, it is bad for the children who die before they get any character. What would you think of a schoolmaster who would kill half of his pupils the first day? Now, I read the Bible, and I find that God so loved the world that He made up His mind to damn the rest of us.

I read this Book; what shall I say of it? I believe it is generally better to be honest. Now, I do not believe the Bible; had I not better say so? They say that if you do not believe the Bible you will regret it when you come to die. If that be true, I know a great many religious people who will have no cause to regret it. They do not tell their honest convictions about the Bible.

There are two great arguments of the church—the great man argument, and the deathbed—They say the religion of your fathers is good enough for us in the twentieth century. That may please some people, but never will satisfy the investigator and seeker for knowledge. Why should a father object to your inventing a better plough than he had? They say to me, "Do you know more than all the theologians dead?" Being a perfectly modest man, I say I think I do. Now, I have come to the conclusion that every man has a right to think. Would God give a bird wings, and make it a crime to fly? Would he give me brains, and make it a crime to think? Any God that would damn anyone of His children for the expression of his honest thought would not make a decent thief.

When I read a book and do not believe it, I ought to say so. I will do so and I will take the consequence like a man; and I go farther than Ingersoll, and say, with the exception of a few men's qualities, that so-called history of an inspired book, the Bible, is blasphemous, and so I object to paying for the support of any man's belief.

I am in favor of the taxation of all church property. If that property is God's, He is able to pay the tax. If we exempt anything, let us exempt the home of the widow and orphan. In 1876, Mr. Ingersoll, said—or 1879, at Pittsburg—the church had today six hundred million dollars, or seven hundred million dollars, of property in this country; the United States. It must cost, he said two million a week, that is to say, five hundred dollars a minute, to run these churches. You give me this money, and if I do not do more good with it than four times as many churches, I'll resign. I long to see the time when a preacher will be a teacher and the churches become the school house for demonstrating facts, and not hearsays.

Admitting that the Bible is the Book of God, is that his only good job? Will not a man be damned as quickly for denying the equator as denying the Bible? Will He not be damned as quickly for denying geology as for denying the scheme of salvation? When the Bible was first written it was not believed. Had they known as much about science as we know now, that Bible would never have been written.

Colonel Ingersoll next gives his views of the Puritans. He declared they left Holland to escape persecution and came here to persecute others. He referred to the persecutions heaped upon those of other religious beliefs, by the Puritans. He paid the Catholics the compliment to say that Maryland, which they ruled, was the first colony to enact a law tolerating religious views not held by themselves and went on to explain, that God was never

mentioned in the constitution of the United States, because each colony had a different religious belief, and each sect preferred to have God not mentioned at all than to have another religious belief than their own recognized..

In 1776, he said, our forefathers retired God from politics. They said all power came from the people. They kept God out of the constitution and allowed each state to settle the question for itself.

The present laws of every state were next reviewed, so far as they relate to the prevention of infidels giving testimony, and to religious intolerance in any way, and these features were all branded and discussed as a gigantic evil.

Here is a minister asking Bob Ingersoll, "What is your opinion of the Bible?" First, Rev. Robert Collyer: His answer—it is a splendid book. It makes the noblest types of Catholics and the meanest bigots. Through this Book men give their hearts for good to God, for evil to the devil. The best argument for the intrinsic greatness of the book is that it can touch such wide extremes, and seems to maintain us in the most unparalleled purity, as well as the most tender mercy; that it can inspire cruelty, like that of great saints and afford arguments in favor of polygamy. The Bible is the text book of iron clad Calvinism and sunny Universalism. It makes the Quaker quiet, and the Millerite crazy. It inspired the Union soldiers to live and grandly die for the right; and Stonewall Jackson, to live nobly and die grandly for the wrong.

O, but Mr. Collyer, do you really think that a book with as many passages in favor of wrong as right, is inspired? I look upon the Old Testament as a rotting tree. When it falls it will fertilize a bank of violets. Oh, do you believe that God upheld slavery and polygamy? Do you believe that he ordered the killing of babies, and the violation of maidens? There is threefold inspiration in the Bible. The first, peerless and perfect, the Word of God to man. The second, simply and purely human, and then below this again, there is an inspiration born of an evil heart, ruthless and savage, there and then, as anything can be. A threefold inspiration of heaven first; then of the earth, and then of hell, all in the same book, all sometimes in the same chapter, and then besides, a great many things that need no inspiration.

Then, after all, you do not pretend that the Scriptures are really inspired? The Scriptures make no such claim for themselves, as the church makes for them. They leave me free to say this is false, or this is true. The truth even within the Bible, dies and lives, makes on this side and loses on that.

What do you say of the last verse in the Bible, where a curse is threatened to any man who takes from or adds to the Book? I have but one answer to this question, and it is, let who will have written this, I cannot for an instant believe that it was written by a Divine inspiration. Such dogmas and threats as these are not of God, but of man, and not of any man of a free spirit and heart eager for the truth, but a narrow man who would cripple and confine the human soul in its quest after the whole truth of God, and back those who have done these shameful things in the name of the Most High.

Do you regard such talk as slang? If an infidel had said that the writer of Revelations was narrow and bigoted, I might have denounced his discourse as slang, but I think that Unitarian ministers can do so with the greatest propriety.

Could you believe in the stories, Bible and Jael, with the sun standing still, and the walls falling at the blowing of horns?

It was not the God and Father of us all who inspired the women to drive that nail crashing through the King's temple after she had given him that bowl of milk and bade him sleep in safety, but a very mean devil of hatred and revenge that I should hardly expect to find in a squaw on the plains. It was not the ram's horns and the shouting before which the walls fell flat. If they went down at all it was through good solid pounding. Not for an instant did the sun stand still, or let his planets stand while barbarian fought barbarian. He kept just the time then he keeps now. They might believe it, who kept the record. I do not, and since the whole Christian world might believe it, still we do not, who gather in this church. A free and reasonable mind stands right in our way. Newton might believe it as a Catholic, and disbelieve as a philosopher. We stand then with the philosopher against the Christian, for we must believe what is true to us, in the last test and these things are not true.

Second—Reverend Doctor Thomas asks the question—what is your opinion of the Old Testament?

My opinion is that it is not one book but many—thirty-nine books made up into one. The date and authorship of most of the books are wholly unknown. The Hebrews wrote without vowels and without dividing the letters into syllables, words or sentences. The books were gathered up by Ezra. At that time, only two of the Jewish tribes remained. All progress had ceased. In gathering up the sacred book, copyists exercised great liberty in making changes and additions.

Yes, we know all about that, but is the Old Testament inspired?

There may be the inspiration of art, of poetry, of oratory, of patriotism, and there are such inspirations, because all great thinkers aspire and soar at times, in great thought of elevation. There are moments when great truths and principles come to men. They seek the men and not the man them.

Yes, we all admit that, but is the Bible inspired?

I know of no way to convince anyone of spirit and inspiration, and God only, as His reason may take hold of these things.

Do you think the Testament true?

The story of Eden may be an allegory; the history of the Children of Israel may be, or may have mistakes.

Must inspiration claim infallibility?

It is a mistake to say that if you believe one part of the Bible you must believe all. Some of the thirty-nine books may be inspired, others not, or there may be degrees of inspiration.

Do you believe God commanded the soldiers to kill the children and the married women, and save for themselves the maidens, as recorded in Number XXXI.-2. Do you believe that God upheld slavery? Do you believe that God upheld polygamy?

The Bible may be wrong in some statements. God and right cannot be wrong. We must not exalt the Bible above God. It may be that we have claimed too much for the Bible, and thereby giving not a little occasion for such men as Mr. Ingersoll to appear at the other extreme, denying too much.

Reverend Doctor Thomas said: But I consider it a cold and feeble reply to the great learned philosopher and investigator of the most unrevealed facts, that they might receive from his hand and brain, by his great illustrations and demonstrations before their eyes and ears, the whole truth.

Here again is the minister, Reverend Doctor Cohler: What is your opinion about the Old Testament?

I will not make futile attempts of artificially interpreting the letter of the Bible so as to make it reflect the philosophical, moral and scientific views of our time. The Bible is a sacred record of humanity's childhood.

He asks Mr. Ingersoll if he is an orthodox Christian?

Mr. Ingersoll says: No orthodox with its face turned backward to a ruined temple or a dead Messiah is fast becoming, like Lot's wife a pillar of salt.

Do you really believe the Old Testament was inspired?

I greatly acknowledge our indebtedness to men like Voltaire, and Thomas Paine, whose bold denial and cutting wit were so instrumental in bringing about this glorious era of

freedom, so congenial and blissful, particularly to the long abused Jewish race.

Do you believe in the inspiration of the Bible?

Of course there is a destructive axe needed to strike down the old building in order to make room for the grander new. The divine origin claimed by the Hebrews for their national literature was claimed by all nations for their old records and laws as preserved by the priesthood; as Moses, the Hebrew law giver, is represented as having received the law from God on the Holy Mountain, so is Zoroaster, the Persian, Manu the Hindoo, Minos the Cretan, Lycurgos the Spartan, and Numa the Roman.

Do you believe all the stories in the Bible?

All that can and must be said against them is that they have been too long retained around the arms and limbs of grown-up manhood to check the spiritual progress of religion, that by Jewish ritualism and Christian dogmatism they become fetters unto the soul, turning the lights of heaven into a misty haze to blind the eye, and even into a hell fire of fanaticism to consume souls.

Is the Bible inspired?

True, the Bible is not free from errors, nor is any work of man and time. It abounds in childish views, offensive matters. I trust that it will in time not far off, be presented for common use in families, schools, synagogues and churches, in a refined shape, cleansed from all dross and chaff and stumbling blocks on which the scoffer delights to dwell.

And what is your opinion of the sacred Scriptures?

Like other nations, the Hebrews had their patriotic, descriptive, didactic and lyrical poems in the same varieties as other nations; but with them, unlike other nations, whatever may be the form, their poetry, it always possesses the characteristic of religion.

Does the Bible uphold polygamy?

The law of Moses did not forbid it, but contained many provisions against its worst abuses and such as were intended to restrict it with narrow limits. This Bible, as I have said, is mostly constructed on supposition and proposition for to hold the people in subjection, and consolidate them to a state of law and order, which was very good in its time, but there was and is one thing about it I never could appreciate, and that is, it upholds slavery and confiscation, not alone in nation's property by marauding and plunder, but it upholds the immoral, physical confiscation of pure virtue of our mothers and daughters and sisters of our race. To say the least, it is not a book written by any man with inspiration of any kind, but a lot of manuscripts written by many men, in their time, devising ways and means to possess their sustenance with-

out working for it, as they are today. The only inspiration is in their brain or heart to deceive the people.

The so-called Bible is a conglomeration of confusions, not a book but many books.

I see enough in my time, of the schemes of men to obtain and possess power and position to get this world's gain heaped around them, that they might have the honor and glory of doling out a pittance to the robbed and starving race, that are held down by fear and dread of this damnable authority propounded in this book, the Bible. Conjurers and fakers in all tongues and races of men we have amongst us.

At the present time, the British House of Parliament has dwindled down from over six hundred members to three hundred to legislate for the country in 1920. Why? Because it had become savage. They got America, the only civilized nation in the world today, to draw them out from the German War like brands from the burning. They had not succeeded in extricating themselves from that war, nor yet withdrawn her troops from Germany, till she launched forth an army in Africa to take possession of the German territory, which she had no right to do, and at the Conference, her representatives by making a demand for territory, that did not belong to them. David Lloyd George and Arthur Balfour, whose uncle was partly the cause of the war, by handing over Alsace and Lorraine in 1871, at the Berlin Conference, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Beaconsfield, still making claims for territory belonging to other nationalities, that even did not understand their language, nor their customs.

Yes, they had hundreds of their so-called subjects in India, in and around the scaffolds ready for execution, and their poor brothers, shedding and compelled to shed their blood on the fields of France and Belgium, in Egypt and Afghanistan.

The state of things there under British rule is deplorable. Machine guns and bullet-proof tanks is Britain's God in that country. While they sing at home in their music halls, "Britons never shall be slaves." But they love to live on slaves and believe it is a hereditary title belonging to all their race; that is, that all nations should be subject to their demands and bow to their desires.

They said they entered the war for the freedom of nations, but their covetous hearts still bothered them in their desire for confiscation as it is their only God. They sickened that man for freedom to all nations and favors for none—President Wilson—and they were that elated after the Americans freed them that they took their machine guns and tanks over to Ireland and shot the people down on the streets of Dublin, plundered the peasants'

homes in the dead of night, looked for their shot guns, that were their only protection, and in some cases, their support. This is the nation they call Great Britain.

In the farcical House of Parliament there is one of these barbarous Scotchman, from the Highland clans, by the name of McPherson, Chief Secretary for that isolated British Government in Ireland, demanding power to make laws to torture in prisons, men and women, throbbing to get free from the bondage of foreign laws. Is it any wonder India, Ireland, Africa and Egypt want their own laws?

We—I mean when I say 'we'—men giving thought to reason without prejudice, without enmity or spite, towards principles we know are not just—look at this contrast between the soldiers of the army whose valor and patriotism give to the world a government of the people, for the people, by the people.

Let these British in the British House of Parliament, in 1920, consider these actions, and deeds for freedom when the savagery of the lash, the barbarism of the chain, confronted the civilization of our country—the question, will the Great Republic defend herself, trembled on the lips of every lover of mankind. The North, filled with intelligence and wealth—products of liberty—marshalled her hosts and asked only for a leader. From civil life, a man, silent, thoughtful, poised and calm, stepped forth, and with the lips of victory, voiced the nation's first and last demand—unconditional and immediate surrender, from that moment the end was known. That utterance was the real declaration of real war, and in accordance with the dramatic unities of mighty events, the great soldier, who made it received the final sword of the rebellion.

Listen to these words. The soldiers of the Republic were not seekers after vulgar glory; they were not animated by the hope of plunder, or the love of conquest. They fought to preserve the homestead of liberty, that their children might have peace. They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future, they saluted the monsters of their time. They finished what the soldiers of the revolution commenced. They re-lighted the torch that fell from the august hands and filled the world again with light. They blotted from the statute books, the laws that had been passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and tore with indignant hands from the constitution, that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellowmen. They made it possible for judges to be just, and statesmen to be human. They broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, from the souls of masters and from Northern brain. They kept our country on the map of

the world, and our flag in heaven. They rolled the stone from the sepulchre of progress, and found therein two angels clad in shining garments—nationality and liberty.

The soldiers were saviors of the nation. They were the liberators of men.

In writing the proclamation of Emancipation, Lincoln, greatest of our mighty dead, whose memory is as gentle as the summer air when reapers sing mid gathered sheaves, copied with the pen what Grant and his brave comrades wrote with the swords, grander than the Greek, nobler than the Roman.

The soldiers of the Republic, with patriotism as shoreless as the air, battled for the rights of others, for the nobility of labor, fought that mothers might own their babies, that arrogant idleness should not scar the back of patient toil; that our country should not be a many headed monster made of warring states, but a nation, sovereign, great, and free. Blood was matter, money was leaves, and life was only common air until one flag floated over the Republic, without a master, without a slave.

Then was asked the question: Will a free people tax themselves to pay the nation's debt? The soldiers went home to their waiting wives, to their glad children, and to the girls they loved. They went back to the fields, the shops and the mines. They had not been demoralized, they had been ennobled. They were as honest in peace as they were brave in war; mocked at poverty. They died laughing at reverses. They made a friend of toil. They said: "We saved the nation's life, and what is life without honor?"

As Dr. Johnson said to Lord Chesterfield: All the world was contending for it. They worked and wrought with all of labor's royal sons, that every pledge the nation gave might be redeemed, and their great leader, having put a shining band of friendship, a girdle of clasped and happy hands around the globe, comes home and finds that every promise made in war has now the ring and gleam of gold. The Southern people must submit not to the dictation of the North, but to the nation's will and to the verdict of mankind. They were wrong, and the time will come when they will say that they are victors who have been vanquished by the right; freedom conquered them and freedom will cultivate their feelings, educate their children, weave for them the robes of wealth, execute their laws, and fill their lands with happy homes.

Oh, had I the power in Ireland today, I would have every school house a local centre of free distributing libraries of every social, every philosopher, every scientist's thoughts and deeds, demonstrated before the children, translated into their own language, from all nations and climes, I would pay the costs

from all the incomes of those sects of dogmas of all denominations, no matter what creed. The church today, as was in Tom Paine's day, the stumbling block of confusion amongst the people, and no place so bad as Great Britain, because between the throne and the Pope, those two vultures, hand in hand, have devoured not alone the people of Ireland, but all the rest of her dominion. Whichever sect is giving the most trouble to the state, the head of that sect is communicated with and then their church accepts a dole for their seminaries, that all goes to the privileged classes, no matter which church, to educate their friends whether they are Protestant or Roman Catholic, and they go round their congregations, frightening the people, that they are going to hell if they do not obey their commands. So those are told, that the Government is going to inquire into their grievances, but have not told them that they have utilized the money the government gave them for their use, as they chose to spend it—to educate their brothers to be doctors and lawyers, and their sons and daughters, and build cathedrals and churches that are no benefit to the people, but have utilized land that thousands of peasants could live upon.

If a poor man wanted his boy or girl educated in the High School, they would tell him it was far too high for him, that a trade was good enough for him—so they succeed in spreading the mantle over their eyes a little while longer.

But these two vultures that go hand in hand in monarchical countries make it impossible for the people to get enlightened. On the one side, the clergy take possession of your body and soul; yea, they take your conscience from you and tell you they are ordained by God to guide and direct you. Then, I say, the nation that initiated such laws, to recognize in any way the authority of clergymen to interfere with the thoughts of anyone, in his desires of investigation, in this world, I say that nation is going back to barbarism, or has not yet escaped from the crawls.

But barbarism is but a carousal of the British race. Their statesmen, or officials of their government, do not want their people to investigate or find out knowledge.

When I was in New South Wales I read in the paper an account of one of the colonies wanting some books for their young people to read, and the Foreign Secretary of the British Government told them it was better to get their literature from Oxford and Cambridge Universities, because, he said, they were more conservative. That was in the year 1913, so that you will see these gentlemen are quite comfortable in their crawls when they do not want to come out under the sun of investigation.

A nation that will not try to possess the greatest and widest knowledge of the means and ways for its own existence, for the benefit of its children, should not fly a flag, nor ask its subjects to shed their blood for it. Hers is the soldiers of the Union, saved to the South as well as the North. They made us a nation; their victories made us free and rendered tyranny in every other land as insecure as snow upon volcano's lips.

And, now let us drink to the volunteers, to those who sleep unknown, sunken graves, whose names are only in the hearts of those they loved and left, of those who often here, in happy dreams the footsteps oft return. Let us drink to those who died while lifeless famine mocked, to all the maimed whose scars give modesty a tongue, to all who dared, and give to chance the care, the keeping of our lives; to all the dead; to Sherman and to Sheridan, and to Grant, the foremost soldier of the world, and last, to Lincoln, whose loving life, like a bow of peace, spans and arches all the clouds of war.

I have no doubt but they laugh and make little of my humbler effort to set forth the truth, but though I dwarf on the ocean of this life, but on some calm beach beside the shore, some wanderer might hear an echo or a sound, in some book that might have recorded a few lines from my pen or my voice, that he might realize that some shooting star had passed that way, and shed a glimmer and a glow at departing day, that might reflect upon him a glorious ray.

I am like Ingersoll, I would not willingly destroy a solitary, human hope. He said that he did not know whether man was or was not immortal, and he said the idea of immortality, which like a sea ebbs and flows in the human heart, beating against the sands and rocks of time and fate, was not born of any book, nor of any creed, nor of any religion, it was born of human affection and it will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death.

When the church accused Ingersoll of tearing down and not building up, but his answer was, the destroyer of weeds, thistles and thorns is a benefactor, whether he soweth grain or not. I cannot for my life see why one should be charged with tearing down and not rebuilding simply because he exposes a sham, or detests a lie. I do not feel any obligation to build something in the place of a detested falsehood. All I think I am under obligation to put in the place of a detected lie is the detection.

Most religions or religionists talk as if mistakes were valuable things, and they do not want to part with them without a consideration. Just how much they regard lies worth a

dozen, I do not know. If the price is reasonable I am willing to give it rather than to see them live and give their lives to the defence of delusion. I am firmly convinced that to be happy here will not in the least detract from our happiness in another world, and I will take good care that no minister or priests will interfere with my opinion about that happiness, and—I cannot see the value of any philosophy that reaches beyond the intelligent happiness of the present.

There may be a God who will make us happy in another world. If He does it will be more than He has accomplished in this. I suppose that He will never have more than infinite power, and never have less than infinite wisdom, and why people should expect that He would be better in another world than He has in this, is something that I have never been able to explain. A being who has the power to prevent it, and yet who allows thousands and millions of His children to starve, who devours them with earthquakes, who allows whole nations to be enslaved, cannot, in my judgment, be implicitly depended upon to do justice in another world.

Robert Ingersoll, how do the Clergy generally treat you? Well, of course, there are the same distinctions among clergymen as among other people. Some of them are quite respectable gentlemen, especially those with whom I am not acquainted. I think that since the loss of my brother nothing could exceed the heartlessness of the remarks made by the average clergyman. There have been some noble exceptions, to whom I feel not only thankful but grateful, but a very large majority have taken this occasion to say most unfeeling and brutal things. I do not ask the clergy to forgive me, but I do request that they will so act that I will not have to forgive them.

I have always insisted that those who have their enemies, should, at least tell the truth about their friends, but I suppose, after all, that religion must be supported by the same means as those by which it was founded. Of course, there are thousands of good ministers men who are endeavoring to make the world better and whose failure is no particular fault of their own.

I have always been in doubt as to whether the clergy were a necessary, or an unnecessary evil. They say to Ingersoll: "We would like to have a positive expression of your views as to a future state." Ingersoll's reply was, "Somebody asked Confucious about another world, and his reply was, 'How should I know, who knows so little about this,' know anything about another. For my part, I know nothing of any other state of existence, either before or after this, and I have

never become personally acquainted with anybody that did."

Now I proceed with my travels at sea on the merchant ships. I was looking for a job on a ship in Cardiff, in Wales, in England, at the Bute Docks, and times were very bad because the British ships were in a great majority, manned by foreign sea men, for cheapness to the ship owners, and it was very hard to get a job, so in looking around for a job on those ships, it is a rule among the men to give any man looking for a job, something to eat, if they have anything left after their meals, rather than throw it overboard if you are hungry, as many a time I have been. I went aboard this Spanish ship to see what the crew were like, and they were drinking Vino or some kind of wine, and some kind of bread, but when I looked into their fore-castle or living room, they howled at me like wild gorillas, the most savage looking creatures I ever saw, but I suppose it was more because I had received this cursed nature from King Edward's friends, Sir Colin Campbell's daughter, that had opened up my mind and exposed my thoughts, which I know now, was the cause, and the greatest defamation that could be worked on any man.

Those who say man's mind is a kingdom unto him, know very little about philosophy, but when I returned to London to work in Lily's Sugar Factory, I met a man there I worked with when a boy in Ireland, by the name of Russell, and he was an Orangeman. That is a Secret Society in the North of Ireland, and now extends to England and Scotland and Canada and Australia, but they only creep in these colonies. But anyhow, it was formed in a place called The Diamond, near Bassbrook, County Armagh, Ireland, by Lord Castleray, one of the Scotch Stuarts, who cut his throat after he formed it. This Russell, took me one Sunday along with him, and a friend by the name of Robert Hendron, to a little village in Essex, by the name of Barkin, and while lying on the grass in that place beside the village, this Russell asked me to join the Orange Society. He said there was no harm in it, and he and I being from the one place, he would like to have me in the Lodge with him. So I told him I was not caring to join the Society, for he knew my father was a Roman Catholic, and my mother a Protestant, and I did not know where I was born, and the best thing to do was to write to the parochial Board of the Banbridge Union, to find out where I was born, in what church registered or baptized, but he said Henderson would propose me and he would second me, to be initiated in that Secret Society.

I had never taken a thought of the seriousness of joining that Society until I saw and

knew their obligations and beheld the evil of it. The wretchedness, the wickedness of that institution has caused incalculable suffering to me by calumny. My name since then, by the Campbells, that this cursed Orange Society was formed to support, has from that day till now, aspersed, defamed me, has caused me anguish and agony more than any man between those vultures, that have no compunction nor remorse, but still persist to condemn, to despise and scorn until they have made themselves contemptible, craven poltroons, and dastardly cowards.

Here are the performances of barbarous savages. They strip off your coat and boots, roll up your sleeves to your shoulders, and roll up your trousers above the knees, bandage your eyes so you can see nothing, get a ladder and lead you to it. Then they have a canvas sheet and six or eight, or perhaps four, according to your weight, will take hold of this sheet at the corners. Then they tell you to go up the ladder one step, and then they throw you down on the sheet. Then they lead you up again two steps, and drop you down again. They lead you up again two and a half steps, and when you are trying to get your feet onto the rung, they throw you down again. That is what they call two and one-half. Now for the final fall. They lead you up three steps, and before you know you are down again on the canvas.

In their toasts at public bars, to know one another, they use these symbolic words: "Here is to two and a half, not forgetting threes"—that is, falls of this ladder onto the canvas sheet. Then they get you on their backs and gallop round the room with you, falling many times over one another, with you on their backs.

But now comes the horrors; they strip down your neck and command you to stand with your hands on your knees, stooped down. Then the man that lectures and gives the secrets to you, with your eyes bandaged, not knowing nor seeing what is going on, he commands you to say after him. He reads these secrets you have to keep to the Bible and crown, after the harangue or so-called lecture. When taking the bandage off your eyes they have the candle lit—or whatever light they use—and when he has finished, he tells you what will happen if you divulge any of these things he has told you, and he tells you to say: "So help me God," and the bandage is off your eyes. There stands a man on each side, with a sword over your neck and head. Mind, without letting you know anything about the oath, or if you did, you never would have joined them. Proselyte perverters to destroy both body and soul.

I impart here for the benefit of young men, that they may not be kidnapped by these bar-

barous wretches and mind you, we have got these fanatics even in the Education Department of the Government of the Province. As they did with Tom Paine when he was dying, so have they done with me, by their snakey spies of bigotry, in the shadows of death, the unclean birds of prey waiting to tear with beak and claw the corpse of him who wrote the rights of man, and there lurking and crouching in the darkness were the jackals and hyenas of superstition, ready to violate his grave.

One by one the instruments of torture have been wrenched from the cruel claws of the church until within the armory of orthodoxy, there remains but one weapon—slander.

Now, after being initiated into this dangerous crowd, I began to feel strong and I became agnostic towards the principles, and they seemed to be like people just coming out from the crawls, not more than half evolutionized, in fact, civilization was far from their path. They thought by honoring the King and the Bible, was their only duty and their God. Those that differed from them in any way were to be shunned and dreaded like snake or serpent. I could not show pity time and again towards those I knew needed it, and charity I had to forego because of them, always suspicious in work, afraid to assist others, and taking advantage of the old and weaker ones; planning to take you away to some lonely spot to injure or kill you, and if you diverted from them in any way. At sea they were hypocritical and deceptive to one another.

The only time I could see cohesion among them was when they came in contact with other nationalities that they could not understand. Then I could see necessity was a common friend, but if they could have understood the stranger's language, they were a doubtful contingent to depend upon.

I ever remember one trip I made from London to New York, on a boat called the "Masaba" of the Transport Atlantic Line. The crew was a mixed one, spiteful, bigoted, in short, pagans of a barbaric kind. They broke the cargo, stole pounds' worth of cutlery and other consigns. They took them ashore and sold them in the Bowery in New York, to dealers who bought stolen goods from criminals, and when the detectives came aboard the ship to look for the prisoners, there was a great rush about the fore-castle of the ship of these criminals hiding the stuff they had in their bunks where they slept, and some of my shipmates were very human, and insisted on me examining my bed before the detectives would search it, and when I turned it out I found a package of razors in it, and I threw them out on the floor beside the detective's feet, and asked who put them there. Which-

ever one of those criminals did that trick tried to get me arrested and sent to prison, so there was one man in that crowd, a friend of mine, while others would have massacred me and got me imprisoned, so that in all lands, amongst every people, there are bad and good.

Well, when ashore, there was a lot of the British, or rather of these Orangemen from London and Liverpool, off other ships around the saloons and bars of alehouses. I got acquainted generally when I was in port and they knew me, and when these Orangemen tried to insinuate towards me the Americans always told them to get out of here, and that sufficed them and they cleared out of there at once.

On another occasion I went into the Sailors' Home at Gravesend, to get a ship and while there I was lying in a bed close to the board wall in one of those rooms, and during the night there were three men I knew to be Irishmen. I had seen them before at the Shipping Office at Tilbury Docks, in London. They were Sligomen and they were acquainted with a great enemy of mine they called McLaughlin, I worked with in London, and because I told him he had no right to throw missiles at an ex-priest in Greenock, Scotland, he bore me spite and told these men to get on my track, and so they did. In that bunk next to mine they cut a hole through the boards and tried to stab me with a sword, stuck through a hole in the wall. I had to shift away from the boards to the side of the bed for fear they could reach me. It was through the boards about six inches, but they could not reach me, and I hollered out at them, that they were murderers, that I would get them arrested if they did not get away from me, and in the morning when we were getting up to go down to breakfast, they still were there and a man that went out in the launch with me the day before, stopped up in the room with me, or a little piece off, and his mate asked him if he was not coming down, and he said he was going to wait till he would see this man downstairs. That was I, that he meant, so they heard him and they cleared off.

I stopped a day or two longer and fell in with a Liverpool Irishman, from Bootal, and he took me around to a lot of the saloons in Gravesend, and we went into a small public house and here was an Englishman that I knew well. I went to an excursion one summer to a place called Ferndale, in Kent, and my wife was with me. We went away from the crowd and I had just been coming off the night shift, and I felt very sleepy, so I lay down on the grass and fell asleep and after a little, my wife wakened me to show me Miss Sutton lying on the roadside with a married man they called Henderson. So some time

after, this girl was getting married to a cooper, by the name of Anderson, and my wife had been talking about it, and this man came to me about it, but I told him I knew nothing about it. My wife saw them, but I knew nothing about it. Well, this caused spite by the Englishman, his sister being with this married man. He was a red haired man, Thomas Sutton, and I had read of Charley Peace, the burglar and murderer, changing his features and swelling his neck and his red hair, but I looked at his back and I saw it was his form, and when I examined him all over and saw it was he, he says: "Throw the cat a dog." So here I was beset by Irishmen, Englishmen and Scotchmen, because they were all mixed up in Orangeism and Roman Catholicism—if not blood related, related by Secret Societies.

So you see I was beset on every side for standing on the side of truth and right, in danger oft, in jeopardy every hour. I always knew my enemies whether on land or sea. I perceived them, when they wanted to assassinate me they would arrange to meet me, but I always told them I would meet them if I could, but I never met them in those places, for my conscience would not allow me to do it.

I could see the wand, and hear the murderer's sigh when I reasoned with that mirror of their hearts, and I read their minds on their brow, I bade them adieu and vanished from my confidence forever, that is why I am able to write today. The danger signal I kept in view while the torch of consideration and reason kept burning in my mind—hatred, because knowledge and wisdom you have possessed and they cannot take hold of your designs that they saw you demonstrate before their eyes. Without reason then they bear spite and enmity towards you, and the unthinking men and women they easily pervert to their side, and say "That is a dangerous man. He should be put from amongst us. He wants to rule over us with his ideas, and nobody would get a living but whom he desires."

Men that have not travelled, through this life, quote from ancient history, the codes of old, barbaric pagan law, to substantiate his own superstition and suspicious mind. Why should these people envy a being trying to reveal the light? If we were hiding it like Great Britain with the Irish people, that they might live upon them, I could bear with them. Why should we read even this New Testament to a Hindoo, when his own Christ has said: "If a man strike thee and in striking drop his staff, pick it up and hand it to him again." Why send a Presbyterian to a Suffa, who says, "Better one moment of silent contemplation and inward love, than seventy thousand years of outward worship. Whoso would carelessly

tread one worm that crawls on earth, that heartless one is darkly alienate from God, but he that living, embraceth all things in his love, to live with Him. God bursts all bonds above and below." Why should we endeavor to thrust our cruel and heartless theology upon one who prays this prayer?

O, God, show pity toward the wicked, for upon the good thou hast already bestowed thy mercy by having created them virtuous. Compare this prayer with the curses and cruelties of the Old Testament, with the infamies commanded and approved by the King whom we are taught to worship as a God, and with the following tender product of Presbyterianism, it may seem absurd to human wisdom that God should harden, blind, and deliver up some men to a reprobate of sense, that he should first deliver them over to evil, and then condemn them for that evil. But the believing spiritual man sees no absurdity in all this, knowing that God would never be a witless God, even though he should destroy all men.

Of all the religions that have been produced by egotism, the malice, the ignorance and ambitious of Presbyterianism is the most hideous. But what shall I say more, for the time would fail me to tell of Gabellianism, of a model trinity, and the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost. If they had my experiences of the transference of that corruption from the Campbells, floating through their veins as it is through mine, I can tell you they are a model, tyrannical trinity, and the eternal procession of ghosts they set before my mind is, I assure you, to say the least of it, a holy one.

If these writers like Canon Doyle and Professor Lodge had a little of my genuine experience about sounds and voices and ghosts reflecting back to this earth, they would be like me, rest assured. There is but one tie between the being and the universe, and that tie is the magnetic link that illuminates and sometimes bursts forth amongst the children of light and investigation, that it blooms and blossoms and casts its seeds and perfume around like the rose and flowers of our pretty dells, which is our Mother Earth, the spring and joy of youth, with the autumn's falling leaves, the winter's chilling blast; the seasons come and go, tides have no abiding place. This is our home Mother Earth, we cannot get beyond. Here we come, here we go.

I cannot believe in a mazy, misty oblivion. All the echoes, all the thrills of emotion's voice comes from that magnetic tie of nature's chain, which is an endless one that is in motion all the time. Matter and force originated is the illuminated glow. All nature dies and lives again, or rather, changes its form of existence, but we are ever in evolu-

tion's change, which I believe, in spite of all dogmas, is eternity.

We know nothing of how we came into this earth or unto it, and yet they tell us we should not be here. We wait on nature's call to go from it, and they tell us the head should be taken off us if we do not do as they tell us. I am not to think. Am I not to speak what I do think? If not, that God you want us to serve must be a cruel God. Did that God of yours not know He was bringing me into this world, an undesirable, towards His people. Why did He allow me to come forth. If I was sent by Him as an unnecessary evil, why were your Holy Fathers not prepared to receive me? If there were Inquisitions, how did they neglect to make known to the people that I was coming amongst them?

Upon these charges, a minister in Chicago, is to be tried in this city of pluck and progress, this marvel of energy and this miracle of nerve. The cry of heresy here sounds like a wail from the Dark Ages, a shriek from the inquisition, or a groan from the grave of Calvin. Another effort is being made to enslave a man. It is claimed that every member of the church has solemnly agreed never to outgrow the creed, that he has pledged himself to remain an intellectual dwarf. Upon this condition, the church agrees to save his soul, and he hands over his brains to bind the bargain. Should a fact be found inconsistent with the creed he binds himself to deny the fact and curse the finder. With scraps of dogmas and crumbs of doctrine, he agrees that his soul shall be satisfied forever.

What an intellectual feast the Confession of Faith must be. It reminds one of the dinner described by Sidney Smith, where everything was cold except the water, and everything sour except the vinegar. Every member of a church promises to remain orthodox, that is, to say, stationary. Growth is heresy. Orthodox ideas are the feathers that have been moulted by the eagle of progress. They are the dead leaves under the majestic palm, while heresy is the bud and blossom at the top. Imagine a vine that grows at one end and decays at the other; the end that grows is heresy, the end that rots is orthodox. The dead are orthodox, and your cemetery is the most perfect type of a well regulated church—no thought, no progress, no heresy there. Slowly and silently, side by side, the satisfied members peacefully decay. There is only this difference—the dead do not persecute.

And what does a trial for heresy mean? It means that the church says to a heretic: "Believe as I do or I will withdraw my support. I will not employ you. I will pursue you until your garments are rags, until your chil-

dren cry for bread, until your cheeks are furrowed with tears. I will hunt you to the very portals of the tomb, and then my God will do the rest. I will not imprison you, I will not burn you—that law prevents me from doing that. I helped to make the law, not however, to protect you, nor deprive me of the right to exterminate you, but in order to keep other churches from exterminating me.

A trial for heresy means that the spirit of persecution still lingers in the church, that still denies the right of private judgment; that it still thinks more of creed than truth; that it is still determined to prevent the intellectual growth of man. It means that churches are shambles in which are bought and sold the souls of men. It means that the church is still guilty of the barbarity of opposing thought with force. It means that if it had the power, the mental horizon would be bounded by a creed, that it would bring again the whips and the chains, and the dungeon keys, the rack and fagot of the past. But let me tell the church it lacks the power. There have been, and still are, too many men who own themselves, too much thought, too much knowledge for the church to grasp again the sword of power. The church must abdicate; for the era of superstition science has a message from the truth. The heretics have not thought and suffered and died in vain. Every heretic has been and is a ray of light.

Not in vain did Voltaire, that great man, point from the foot of the Alps the finger of scorn at every hypocrite; not in vain were the splendid utterances of the infidels; while beyond all price are the discoveries of science. The church has impeded, but it has not and cannot stop the onward march of the human race. Heresy cannot be burned nor imprisoned, nor starved. It laughs at presbyteries and synods, at ecumenical councils, the impotent thunders of Sinai. Heresy is the last and best thought. It is the perpetual new world, the unknown sea towards which the brave all sail. It is, as Ingersoll puts it, the eternal horizon of progress.

Heresy extends the hospitalities of the brain to new thoughts. Heresy is a cradle, orthodoxy a coffin. Why should a man be afraid to think? And why should he fear to express his thoughts? Is it possible that an infinite Deity is unwilling that man should investigate the phenomena by which he is surrounded? Is it possible that a God delights in the threatening and terrifying men? What glory? what honor, what renown, a God must win in such a field—the ocean raving at a drop, a star envious of a candle, the sun jealous of a firefly? Go on Presbyterians and synods, go on. Thrust the heretics out of your churches, that is to say, throw away

your brains, put out your eyes. The infidel will thank you. They are willing to adopt your exiles. Every deserter from your camp is a recruit for the army of progress.

Read the 109th Psalm. Gloat over the slaughter of mothers and babes. Thank God for total depravity. Shower your honors upon hypocrites, and silence every minister who is touched with that heresy called genius. Be true to your history; turn out the astronomers, the geologists, the materialists, the chemists, and all the honest scientists with a whip of scorpions. Drive them all out. We want them all. Keep the ignorant, the superstitious, the bigoted, and the writers of charges and specifications. Keep them and keep them all. Repeat your pious platitudes in the drowsy ears of the faithful and read your Bible to heretics, as Kings read some forgotten Riot Act to stop and stay the waves of revolution. You are too weak to excite anger. We forgive your efforts, as the sun forgives a cloud, as the air forgives the breath you waste. How long, O, how long will man listen to the threats of God and shut his eyes to the splendid promises of nature. How long will man remain the cringing slave of a false and cruel creed.

Listen to this: Bob Ingersoll says: "By this time, the whole world should know that the real Bible has not yet been written, but that it is being written, and that it will never be finished until the race begins its downward march or ceases to exist. The real Bible is not the work of inspired men, nor prophets, nor apostles, nor evangelists, nor of Christ. Every man who finds a fact adds, as it were, a word to this great Book. It is not attested by prophecy, by miracles, or by signs. It makes no appeal to faith, to ignorance, to credulity or fear. It has punishment for unbelief, and no reward for hypocrisy. It appears to man in the name of demonstration. It has nothing to conceal. It has no fear of being read, of being investigated and understood. It does not pretend to be holy or sacred, it simply claims to be true. It challenges the scrutiny of all, and implored every reader to verify every line for himself. It is incapable of being blasphemed."

This Book, as Ingersoll says, "Appeals to all the surroundings of man. Each thing that exists testifies to its perfection—the earth with its heart of fire and crown of snow with its forests and plains, its rocks and seas, and with its every wave and cloud, with its every leaf and bud, and flower, confirms in every word, and the solemn stars shining in the infinite abysses are the eternal witnesses of its truth."

It is necessary to the happiness of man that he be mentally faithful to himself. Any system of religion that shocks the mind of a

child cannot be a true system. The Word of God is the creation which we behold. The age of ignorance commenced with the Christian system. It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action. It begets a calamitous necessity of going on. To read the Bible without horror, we must undo everything that is tender, sympathizing and benevolent in the heart of man. No matter what they say about me, as Ingersoll says, the man does not exist who can say I have persecuted him, or that I have in any case returned evil for evil.

Now, I have found in my travels among men of my own language, that desire to possess without giving his labor for it, is the sole cause of his fall. He has not been taught that to obtain anything without producing it himself, did not legally belong to him. I have given them money for meat and money for drink, yet they were not satisfied, simply because they knew I had some more left. They had got plenty to eat and plenty to drink, but they wanted all that I had, and I watched them take one hundred and twenty dollars from a hard working blacksmith when they got him sleeping, with a little drink in, and when he awoke in the morning they treated him out of the money they took from him the night before and gave him one dollar to help him on his way, out of the one hundred and twenty they had taken out of his pocket the night before.

When I looked at them I began to try to reason over their acts and deeds and I found out it was no easy matter. When they had it all and you had no more, then they were happy calling for drinks and refreshments, with the money they had stolen, and in some cases, forcefully taken from others, and these mean, cowardly beasts of mankind would stand on the platform beside a Socialist advocating the rights of man.

This that came under my observation was a general occurrence not attached to any creed or sect. We look at strikes for justice by societies with their masters, and in many cases and in many respects, I have no doubt but they are just demands.

But now I come to the parting of the ways. All these so-called Socialists are units in our so-called social lives, but men have not yet realized, and perhaps never will realize, the true meaning of Socialism. I have been in the inner circle of all societies and I have never been in one yet that I did not find the greatest Socialist acting to be your social friend, the greatest shark, the greatest swindler, and to possess what he never worked himself for. The barbarian was in him to procure it. I would advise those people to stop reading the Bible, this old relic of barbarism, that has called to the people: "Come, let us reason together." But I think Moore, the poet, knew

them and their reasons when in one of his toasts he said: "Leave points of belief to simpletons, sages, and reasoning fools."

The belief that I arrived at in this: The only true socialism is within a man's house. If his wife, and he are true to each other, if not, there, is none. Universal socialism is a fanatic's dream. The race of mankind is so diversified, not alone in their desires to obtain and possess but to exist at all, because we have one part of the race half-developed, half-educated, another part of the race new out from the crawls, with no perception of how to act, no designs to pursue. They know they are hungry and need food, whether that food is wisdom, or whether that food is instinct to direct them to the desires of their heart, but for such a part of the race to have any knowledge of socialism outside its bounds, or even within its bounds is discreditable and unrecognizable by human investigators. There are no two people alike in this world. I have seen men and women well evolutionized in form and stature, which should be the glory and joy of any race, but in the midst of that form or stature, was a barbarous wicked heart.

The race will never be all civilized, far less humanized. The race of man is a procession starting from different points and places, and at different times, in and through their evolution, so that the stages of progress are slow and varied in evolution by reason of revolts here and there—they call revolutions—which for a time halts the progress of evolution, and hence the people where that revolt took place, stupefied, and put back in confusion from the object and end they had in view, for a time, and sometimes for a long time, until that part of the race or nation is almost degenerated and gone back to darkness. Then that part of the race or nation that escaped the revolt forged ahead and benefitted by the fall of the other nation, as Britain and Germany did forge ahead of France, as the cause of their revolt, though these revolts are for the edification of all, and in the long run, mostly benefits all, but it impedes for a time the progress of that people and nation.

We can never see nor expect all nations to march along in this demonstration of life, which I have termed a procession, at the same pace and keep time to evolution's wheel. There will always be some part ahead and some part behind. This is the ground I separate myself from Socialism on. I can believe in equivalence, but never can I believe equality. There are none of us made equal in form or stature, nor physically nor mentally. Some have strains of genuine thoughts and can demonstrate them for the benefit of mankind. Others we cannot teach to move around, like a horse in the stall, but are like the hogs in

the pen, boring, haunching and grunting, and to any kind of technical knowledge or science to try to teach, them would be as casting pearls before swine.

The secret of civilization and education lies with the developed minds of the people themselves; to have the power of reason, to select the best men of thought and actions to form their constitution, and through that constitution, and by it constitute their institutions and direct them under consolidated Boards by the people and for the people.

All ministers should be school teachers, and all priests teachers of science and chemistry and all compounds. The National school teacher should be supplied with a library for the schools and their friends in every district, and the literature they should be supplied with should be supplied by the state and paid for by the revenue of the state, and all these books should be on technical knowledge—mechanism, electricity, chemistry, and science of all kinds, astronomy, and last but not least, the works of all philosophers, which is the consolation of the heart of all true investigators of the human race.

The time has come for the history of tradition to go to sleep. It has served its time. It has shown us the dark, barbaric day from whence our forefathers came. We want none of these crawling creatures to come forth at this age, from the slime and bulrush hut of the mimic snakes that are ever screaming and twisting like the gorilla tribes in the desert hills of Africa or the jungles of India. Instead of these bunk traditions being taught in our schools, we want the languages of the most wealthy countries in the world, taught to our children, whether it be Chinese, or Hindustanese, or German or Russian, we want these languages taught in the schools, by the state, free to every child that has a desire to learn it, that he may be able to go to these countries and strike out for himself.

The want of this knowledge being distributed amongst the British and Irish people has caused the nation to lose hold of her colonies and weakened her own native population in every clime. Political and national race hatred and prejudice at home in the British Empire, has been the means of bursting asunder bonds and bongages of her ruled slaves in many other lands. I see her fall in Ireland. I see her doom in Africa, and the great continent of Asia is her end. The Scottish foxes have burned their corn and destroyed their homes with filth and corruption. The defects of North Britain have been carried into the slums of London, and degraded the poorer parts of that big city.

This Jewish history of barbarous acts and deeds set forth in this Bible, that has been drawn up and written for these barbarous

tribes of the Jewish tradition, six thousand years ago, notwithstanding the English revising of it thirty-four times since Queen Elizabeth's day, is never able, and never will be able to make a black, white. It is a book of bloody sacrifice, murder and confiscation, outrages on women and children, slaughtering beasts, and animals, causing suffering and pain to every human being, and the teachings of that barbarous book has caused those that are taught by it to become mean, hidden and deceitful in all their dealings with the people around them. A Jew and a Scotchman are deformed because they are taught and educated by that book. It is their soul's consideration and the God of all their conscience. They are sneaking, crawling, creeping, in all their dispositions and always on the down grade or off the evolution scale. They are more to be dreaded than the wild beast, and I warn everyone to beware of all those that are educated out of that book.

I read an extract about Dr. Johnson, saying to a godchild of his one time—he asked him what books he would advise him to read for his edification, and I read where he replied to him: "Read the Bible, my boy; it is the Book of Books," but he wrote a dictionary, and perhaps he had more classical conception of the Scriptures than I have. But be that as it may, if the Bible made a man of his godchild, it certainly would have made a microbe of me, that is, to go by its directions, it would have made a pestilent out of me, and pestilence and weeds I mean to destroy. The chokers of good seed are never good, and I do not want them to cumber the ground, and I think a fertilizer, manufactured six thousand years ago, is too old now to be renovated and brought to perfection, to cultivate and mature. The advanced thought of the investigators of this nineteenth century—that served my father is not good enough for me. That is how man's evolution slides back, being too easily satisfied—contented with a coat half made, a hat not his fit—shoes too tight, leaves him crippled and deformed.

We must advance with the times. We must not be sluggards and half asleep. This Big Union of Heart and Federation of Nations cannot be worked out on these lines. Every island, every nation, must work out its own salvation. Their laws must be so as to purify their race. Strict attention to sanitary arrangements, and particular care taken in preparing all foods. All foods should almost all be pulverized in refined cooking before being placed on the table to be partaken of. The youth of the country should be all trained in cooking; boys as well as women should all get their courses. The girls should be taught to make their own preserves, from all kinds of fruit in the orchard or garden, with all

care, and particularly, cleanliness. They should be trained to milk the cows and make the butter, to cure their own bacon and preserve the same.

The houses where they sleep and live should have proper ventilation, both beneath the floor. The foundation should be concrete and the main floor should be laid about a foot and a half above the concrete and small ventilators on the street to let in the air between the floor and the concrete. All foundations should be concrete to keep down the microbes and insects that infest the homes. All floors should be wood to keep away consumption and the diseases that are caused by cold feet, getting out of bed in the morning on to cold, damp floors of earthy ground in the farming districts of the country, which has been the cause of tuberculosis and many deaths, both of the human and the animal race.

The windows of every room should be made to take in the ventilation from the top of the windows, so that the inmates of the room will catch no draft, by the ventilation all working to the top. This means preservation, but there is greater than preserving, and that is producing a pure, sound, well developed constitution in men and women. I have to look upon today a race, or many races, of people from all climes of the universe, and as I stand on the sidewalk of this Main street, of Winnipeg, in the Province of Manitoba, Canada, to gaze and consider over a mass going to and fro on that street, I had to think of the origin of these creatures, from or how they came. The ignorant and guilty creature will say: What is it his business, or our business, about the people in life. Well, my answer is, I want to show how they can be made to look better developed than they are—by breeding them and feeding them to better dams and better sires.

Do you know, by looking at their flat noses, and broad crooked faces, made me gruesome, and to exist among them, if I had to, I would sooner not been born.

Mayor Gray wrote home to London, that he was proud to be Mayor of the cleanest city in the West. Well, he may be, but he is also Mayor of the dirtiest, filthiest people in Canada, which he admitted himself when he wanted to disfranchise them in 1920. I saw them here from every country in Europe, from Asia, Africa, South Sea Islands, from every presidency of America, from Australia, and many other islands—they are all demonstrated in this town, Winnipeg, and to tell me their defects do not affect the native population is blasphemy. How many British people that have been taking care of the dumb animals and try to beautify its form and developments to bring it near to perfection, have considered their own development by selecting

the purest the most beautiful form and stature for themselves, and direct their sons and daughters to do the same? They will scrutinize the form of the horse, and cow, and dog, and note every good point in their form and stature, and also note the bad points, before they get a prize or recommendation in the arena of their Exposition. They cross breed the good and beautiful, and let die out the scrub and wandering mongrels, to purify and develop the flock.

Every marriage should be a selected marriage, by both man and woman, and the scrub and filthy beast should be rejected by both sexes. I have seen seventeen crosses of the blood of the Holstein cows to get a perfect grade you could admire and appreciate in stature and form. It is not sufficient to believe that when you have procured a grand specimen of the animal of any kind, that it will develop and proceed upwards without being properly housed, well fed, and well bedded, kept clean, plenty of pure water, and the food for man and beast should be refined.

Man to be developed, his food should be pure, and cooked refined, almost to pulverized: their bodies washed regularly, and if not working, plenty of exercise. Refrain from filthy men or filthy women. Look not upon evil for fear it would entice thee and hold you in its grasp.

Clothing should be worn in conformity with the conditions of the climate, comfort always before style or fashion, but with comfort add neatness, politeness and gentility which is, no matter where the sun shines, the greatest torch of illumination and civilization the human race can set aglow. It is a serious question this, for any writer to minimize, and after long experience amongst them, by seeing and hearing men and women, in the midst of their fleshly passions, expressing their desires, I have formed the opinion that there are men and women in the passions of the flesh worse than any dumb animal, and cannot control their bodies, and are a danger to children and women.

On the other hand, we have the woman in her desire to satisfy the passions of her flesh, she creeps around another woman's husband, and in the passions of her flesh she would kill the man's wife, or cause it to be done that she might obtain her end. Now, I say, there should be houses in every large city where this wretched nature could satisfy itself without bringing forth a population of deformity, and at the same time, protect humanity from the savagery and abominations of such a horrid part of men and women kind, until they would run out of existence. Protect them, give them doctor's inspection, keep them clean, and let the passionate men and women resort there. It will be the means of

protection to the weak and a protection to them against murder. The only way of getting out of impurity is to establish such institutions, that is, separate the thistles and the thorns from the good seed that is choking them, and evolution will go on as near to true perfection and true affection.

But as I see and proved, very few men have virtuous wives, and I suppose there are a great number of men unfaithful to their wives, but I can see of the British speaking race all over the world, virtue has become to them as going from the dining hall to the toilet, a matter of course and necessity. If they know the children are illegitimate, it is a hell of a home. I would not recognize that woman, and the man that does the same has become an outlaw upon human nature, and so has she that does the same.

What has been the cause of this fall in life? Not by chance, no, but hereditary. Men and women must be traced back to know the acts and deeds of their parents, whether they were good or evil, pure or impure, just or unjust. A man or woman entering into matrimony not complying with these laws—which are the laws of nature—is violating that code which is the established code of civilization, and the sure emancipation of evolution ascending, which is the admiration of all true naturalists.

I want to see every recreation ground a laboratory of investigation, a place of thought, a place to refresh the mind with some new discovered fact, a place where we can compare, consider and reason with and within ourselves; to be gardeners, as it were, among the flowers. If we cannot nourish them and invigorate them, we can enjoy their perfumes, and adore their blooms.

The books of all great men's thoughts should be within our grasp and no knowledge should be hidden from the children but opened up to their investigation. In this great city of London, that British people boast so much about, and even afraid to offend one of its citizens, is to be found the most wretched creatures on the face of the earth, with no conception, of their rule of life. I have seen the wife run at the husband with a knife like a butcher at a steer, for to stick him. In the saloon bars the women mingle with the men, and the immoral language used there, along with the acts performed, would make the blood of a Mohammendan, or a Chinaman, or a Hindoo creep, if they understood it. To express the words that they use, and pride themselves in their expressions of them; in the public works to associate with them is a pain and a grief to perform but which you are compelled to do for a livelihood.

A nation to set itself up as an example to the world for civilization, with its parliament

towering above its great population of ignorance or filth and corruption, without expressing a word of regret or remorse for that Sodom and Gemorrah beneath the wings. They have no anxiety and never think seriously of their wretched state. They are that busy about other nations' affairs that they have no time to legislate or consolidate their own local, domestic affairs. Their daily papers are full of abuses of American manufacturers, ridiculing all their systems and customs, and the same routine about Europe. It is amusing for a man that had and has the experience of travelling and working through the nations, to read these blasphemous reports of the British press, far less the insinuations of these contemptible creatures like Winston Churchill, that his mother, in her hobby for writing books for the waste basket or dust-bin, such as "Life in a Teacup," is sufficient in itself to denote their insanity. This Churchill wrote a pamphlet on the dirty, filthy conditions of the American Packing Houses, and how they should be reformed.

At this very time I was working in Abraham Lyle's Sugar Factory, North Willidge Road, and this Abraham Lyle was married to the Duke of Argyle's sister, and that old Duke of Argyle, was married to King Edward's sister. I am going to show whoever reads this book, the prejudice of this Churchill, I worked in that sugar factory in London, owned by a friend of the King of Great Britain, and while working there, I have seen men shovelling sugar on the floors to cool it, with the matter running out of their filthy legs into the sugar that the people had to eat, blowing the matter from their noses into it, and spitting tobacco spittle into it. All the filth of man was there but urinal and lavatory, and the clean men were afraid to speak about it for fear of losing their jobs and being dismissed, and this was a general thing in all the sugar factories of Great Britain, and I worked in nine of them. They never got boots or gloves to work with till about 1892, so that you will see, this Churchill that was trying to injure the Stock Yards of America about their uncleanness, was eating and drinking the beings' filth and matter in the sugar in Great Britain, himself, but he thought King and constitution was sufficient for him.

But to show how these creatures like Churchill creep along through life, regardless of their own wretchedness, always hiding their own conditions of existence, and intermeddling into the affairs of others, if they would keep their own house in order in London, they would have no time to blackmail other nations, they know very little about, they are that busy with secret treaties about their empire armies and navies, marines and

so-marines, rebellions here and rebellions there, by their holding in slavery these unfortunate, poor, oppressed slaves—their so-called colonies that they exist upon. This and this only is their war cry. We will kill him who dares to try to ameliorate or ease the pain of slavery.

That British House of Parliament, never in the history of its records, has it spoken out against the immorals or immorality of its people, nor never yet passed a bill for the compulsion of its people, to comply with the laws of decency. There is no cultured people under the sun would assimilate with a London man or woman. They are impure, eat and drink regardless of their offspring; the lower animals are more kind to their offspring and take better care of them when left alone. This is degeneracy—no respect for home, no respect for pure, refined language, vulgar, filthy, corruptible and always degrading. For a virtuous man or woman their company is always detestable and uncomplaisant.

I could not bear with them, as all nationalities call them the "bull." Whoever termed them, he knew their instincts. From the Midlands their exceptions are many and varied, but none of them as brutal as the Londoner, and many of them with a soft and kinder nature. But the question is—why does not this great parliament that boasts itself of having the wisdom of the world and dictates to the world as the Plato of nations, as I read Plato had that much wisdom, that it took the world twenty centuries to find it out and know it, and I think and believe it will take this great English parliament twenty centuries before they can devise laws to civilize and culture or cultivate the City of London, far less, the outlying cities to a ramification of morality.

I cannot in any sense of the word reasonably apply the term of civilization to an English or British government, that is elected and chosen by a population of people that has been raised and dragged up in honoring and fearing of which is the true and sure school to barbarism and superstition, mistrust and deception. No people in any land that are held in bondage under such conditions and brought up so, are not capable of or to be relied upon as good citizens, and incapable of true perception of the circumstances surrounding them with which they have to deal. They are almost as seabound as the Irish themselves, and they cannot get enlightened by their migraters, that are almost all of the same instinct and accustomed to the same mode of existence.

Under a regime of slavery, fear and dread is the burden upon their backs, and if any knowledgeable man or traveller pass through amongst them, he does so with care and circumspection, and with their superstitions al-

ways aglow. The knowledgeable traveller is unable to impart to them a gleam or a flicker of true light that invigorates the longing and thirsty soul on its path for joy and peace.

The lords and dukes are still the king's chieftains of the Highland clans of Scotland, with a barbaric Bible to hound them on to the dungeon and the stake, written by savages coming out from the crawls of barbarism six thousand years ago, revised and prefaced by clerics and popes to suit their opportunities and their time, that they might suck the blood of the unwary, the untravelled and untaught.

England, in its pride of being the greatest country in the world, by being taught to honor potentates in their schools and colleges, has not realized that they are in evolution, and that evolution is not a good one for their race, because it is evolution descending instead of ascending. In their cities they are in a hell of confusion; blasphemies and corruption are their mode of life, none of them given to serious thought, carried away with worldly pleasures and confusion in them. They know not where they are till the dark gloom of old age is upon them; they have spent the lot—as they oft times say themselves—and have nothing left to revive the spirit of the fast decaying frame, that should never be forgotten in youthful years.

The men they put into parliament take advantage of their ignorance and with much talk deceive them. Of the individual in that country, self promotion is their motive. The rural population is tranquil, contented with their bondage and slavery chains, because none of them were taught any language but their mother tongue. They were taught no science, no chemistry, in fact, no technical knowledge of any standing or progressive merit, but, be contented to live, old horse, and you will get your corn—but his bones were protruding through the skin and he was ready for mother earth. From a child he has been taught at school that his language is spoken the wide world over and the millenium would soon come and the English language, with the English people, would dominate the world. But the British wise heads might have had dreams like Caesar, that they would possess the world, but it was a tyrannical, imperious dream. Did the English people really think they could Anglicize three hundred million Hindoos, and hundreds of millions of Chinamen, not to name Hawaiian Islands and Fiji Islands. These are dreams that never delude and never deceive.

Men of knowledge are afraid to express their opinion because the howl of the ignorant would be rushed upon them, by the dictators of the fakers and knaves that do and want to control them.

Few of them, and especially the working classes, never read the wisdom nor considered the true writings of their native poet Shakespeare that laid the foundation of thought for their consideration, to reason with, that they might be guided by his experience and exhortations, which he had proved and tested was the path to pursue through and in life.

The British race is a race of would-be's, and by an outward show of demonstration and expression, tries to convince the people they mingle with that they are civilized and cultured and the example of education and enlightenment; but their inner being is a stigma a stamp of stupidity and ignorance, undeveloped to the surveying eye of the investigator. Their sole thoughts and yearning desires are to the unwary consolidated with a compendium abridgement that it might not impart or reveal the conclusion of their hearts' inferences. As the poet puts it,—

As a gleam o'er the face of the waters may
glo,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness
below,
So the face may be tinged with a warm, sunny
smile,
While the heart it beats colder and colder the
while.

I think there is no analogy towards the Englishman by any other nationality, except where he sprung from—the bull-headed Dutch-Saxon. He is full of arrogance, with an English articulation of pronunciation to hide his aspersion and defame of his heart's desire. Without compunction, he is manifest to me as unkind, uncharitable, always looking for something in return for what he thinks he has given away. He always tries to convert to his side those he rules over, with deception. He is a proselyte, a pervert, a covenant maker, a contract breaker, a craven, dastardly coward. They have deceived the nations of the earth and they also have to pay for that deception, and the worst of it all is, their innocent have to suffer and pay for it.

A nation of people that is so stupid as to let a government after government deceive them, and not persist in their demands for free education in their colleges, of all the important languages of the wealthy countries, and chemistry, and all kinds of science, along with the technical knowledge of every new invention that can be devised for their sustenance and maintenance, whether in island or nation, without these inheritances being given free to their children, the nation is going back and degenerating.

Selfish men are the cause of all nations fall; to obtain for themselves, regardless of others, is the curse of the British race. You

will always note in my writing, that I seldom use the word 'human' or 'humanity,' because I feel that word should be confined alone to and for those that are human. The race of mankind is like the lower animal, it is not civilized yet, far less humanized. We are always breaking them in, here a little and there a little and sometimes they break away from the bit and the bridle that holds them in check, so that to attain perfection care must be taken from the cradle of the birth to the door of science and philosophy, where the tactics of all art are demonstrated and the investigations of men's minds are made known. This, with travels and seeing and feeling, through the intercourse with different peoples and nations, sufferings and persecutions, trials and contempt, scoffing and scorn, and many an insult, these are the beginnings of our sorrows that chisel us and form us into shape, that makes us able and willing to assist others, in pity and compassion, that otherwise would not have touched our emotions.

This experience opens the door to humanity demonstration of thoughts and acts and deeds of true virtues, that should be assimilated among all men and women kind.

England with her Saxon-Dutch stupidity will never be able to realize the greatness of these virtues, which means a communicative imparting of complaisance, with no compulsion nor constraint, a conclusive final emulation of thought and action towards their fellow creatures.

In their English parliament they have different parties of politicians—the Conservatives and the Liberals, amalgamated into the pact or grade of politicians, termed by themselves as Coalitionists or Unionists, claiming to possess, and claiming power to control the wealth and resources of the so-called British Empire, with a small section of Laborites, claiming to know the value of all manner of productions, each one in his own grade of that production and the transfer of the same, has his own perception of the profit and loss, through and by the distribution of these commodities, from the time the seed is sown till transferred to the eater, and the fibre-woven from the creatures' bodies.

They claim to know the profit and loss from the mineral extracted from the earth, and the fishes taken from the sea. They claim to know the cost of production, and also the profit and loss attached to the distribution of these commodities.

Then they have the Independent member, like the Puritan, that has been persecuted in their land, because he was a persecuter where he came from. In Holland, his pregenitors were persecuted there, and in return, he sits in the English parliament waiting his oppor-

tunity, in enmity and spite, to persecute some other sect he dislikes.

Then they have the social English fellow that will cook and attend to you out of your own pocket. Yes, in fact, his sociability is capable of putting his hand into your pocket and extracting his livelihood from it.

This Assembly professes and says they are capable of making laws for India, for Africa, Egypt and Ireland, and mind you, they say and think, and I have no doubt they believe they are capable of doing such things. They make speeches and long harangues before the faces of this ignorant population that voted for them, that has no perception of their future state. They are so unstable that for one glass of ale they would sell their birthright to these sharks. This is the electorate of Great Britain and especially England. A people cannot be trusted to realize justice, but self is their hobby, and they will find it is a poor destiny.

Just imagine a people like the Irish having to accept laws made by a conglomeration and composition of an Assembly, elected by such a contemptible, perverted wretchedness as this English race is at the present day. Wise and persevering Irishmen are afraid to come in contact with them far less to be brought under laws, rules and regulations under English jurisdiction, which is unbearable to any right-thinking people that respect morality and civilization.

The idea of an educated, humanized Englishman advocating laws made by such a parliament, elected by such a people that is incompetent to act honestly for themselves; and the worst of it all is that people that should know better will say that the laws that are good enough for us are good enough for them. There could be no more greater deformity of reason than to draw such an analogy, such is physically and mentally weak.

The work and value of the work done by any government is the value of the wisdom and foresight of the electorate that returned them to power. You can see the difference in the individual members themselves, whether in parliament, the more evolutionized the electorate, the more cultured and refined will be the member they return to represent them in that House of Parliament. The dust of the school represents the unperseverer, the stupid, the ignorant and the faker. Just think for a moment of an Englishman or a Scotchman, having the same ideals and desires as an Irishman, that is different in spiritual emotions, in humor, in warmth, of recognition for some good deed done, or some blessed act performed for or towards them. The Scotch, a barbarous, self-seeking, crawling germ that infests us and affects our good qualities by the defects of their own, is ever a monster to

be dreaded while they are amongst us. Their leaders are all General Lee's and fight under the banner of slavery, as they did in the emancipation of the Southern slaves of America, when the North were daring and brave to challenge the slave dealers of England and Scotland, in these Southern States that they might set the negroes free. When the North defeated them, we could find the treacherous Scot creeping over to our side, saying he had fought for the North for freedom of the slaves. We find him, for his own interest, in all ranks, a traitor, and a deceiver. I curse the day he awakened or originated among mankind.

I admit that there are a great many people, and perhaps good people, quite pious people, who do not agree with me, and all that proves in the world is that I do not agree with them. I am not here endeavoring to force my ideas or notions upon other people, but I am saying what little I can do to induce everybody in the world to grant to every other person every right he claims for himself.

I claim, standing under the flag of nature, under the blue sky and the stars, that I am the peer of any other man and have the right to think and express my thoughts. I claim that in the presence of the unknown, and upon a subject that nobody knows anything about and never did, I have as good a right to guess as anybody else, and give my opinion on the acts and deeds of men and nations and peoples of this earth, that I have worked amongst and listened to them expressing their feelings, about their conditions, and how to make them better.

Causation and cessation are the real factors in this life. As Henry Wordsworth Longfellow said—There is no death, what seems so is transition. 'Tis the cessation of our trouble. Silent and motionless we lie and no one knoweth more than this. Words of great men all remind us as footprints on the sands of time, but dreams are fables, uncertain, confusing, distrustful, and in almost all cases, drawn from superstitious inferences. Causation is the drama from which all dreams flow.

Now, as I have said, it is ridiculous for any country or nation to think they can legislate and make laws to satisfy any class or kind of people that are separated in custom and stability from themselves. That law is not of themselves, it is foreign, devised and constructed by a people in custom and instinct different to their desires and a fraud upon the people they attempt to rule.

Bring those representatives across the sea to sit and listen to a British parliament, trying to make them believe they were their friends, by moving amendments and inventing new claims by propositions, and at the same time, had always an English majority

to vote out the Bill they were proposing to give to the people. And that little country, Ireland, struggling for justice in the midst of which existed a band of planted traitors, deceiving and plundering them directly and indirectly and suck their blood like spiders and the flies, drawing them into their nets of all kinds and by all kinds of deceit and deception.

Now at this present time in March, 1920, we have masquerading in Belfast and other little towns in the North of Ireland, bigots and demagogues, stirring up strife of race hatred and deploring the separation of a people desiring to be free from slavery, because they would not recognize the worship and glorification of a king.

Carson was crying out in the British House of Commons about his life being in danger. I wonder if he ever studied Shakespeare's sayings. If he did he would surely know that Shakespeare said and meant,—that suspicion haunts the guilty mind. To my mind he would be far better to go and shoot himself as King Edward's Belfast Chief detectives did, after he had run in these people and got them barbarously murdered for a few millions they knew was left to other people, for fear they would make it known.

What does an Englishman, or a supporter of an Englishman mean by asking: "Is he loyal to the Empire?" when he puts such a question to an Irishman, or an Indian, or an African, or an Egyptian—we who know these English and have to listen to their supporters, believe me, it is preposterous and unpalatable, and reason cannot contend with defame. It is too antiquated, therefore reason has to suffer anguish and agony, with no imparting or manifestation.

Reason has contrition and repentance—contemn is to despise and scorn without remorse. A man to be a guide or leader of a people should be a man of justice and of truth. Reason considers the past, and he that is not a geologist should be in the last ranks of progress, and in the file where the arms are folded.

I myself look upon some of the beings of this world as worthless and I believe would never reach the ebb and flow of civilization were they to live a thousand years. The race that has poetic humor is a scientific race and easily taught to investigate. Their ear is alive in nature's true virtues for the benefit of mankind, to help, to guide, to direct, to assimilate his discretions in every act of judgments that come his way—never afraid to impart that which he partly received from others; never jealous of others knowing or getting to know more than yourself.

But, a man like Edward Carson, a lawyer, a manipulator, not alone of words but of property and means; he says he is loyal to

the Empire, but he tells a blasphemy. I can never conceive nor realize a man being loyal to a colony that wants to impose laws upon it that are foreign to it. I always understood that colonies were the material that built up and composed an empire, and if any man is just and honest and loyal to these colonies, he will give the majority and assist them in it, the power and authority to determine their own destiny, to evolutionize themselves.

The man that says he is loyal to the Empire and wants laws imposed upon them that they abhorred and objected to them where and when they were a-making, instead of him being loyal either to the colonies and the dominating power that wants to control them, he is a traitor to both.

It amuses me to read Lord Cecil's remarks about the gradual evolution of Ireland and advocating his friend's acts of coercion—Arthur Balfour—in our prehistoric days. He has a terrible memory, or he would know that he and his predecessors were evolutionizing since that Scotch Dutch marauder, William, Prince of Orange, crossed the Boyne, but if he could clear the mist of race hatred and enmity and bigotry from his eyes and heart, he could see that all this evolution that England has taken part in, in Ireland, has been an evolution of degeneracy and degradation, and to the population of the country and to blind the eyes of other nations, they would raise the cry that Ireland needed education, and were ignorant and untrustworthy to manage their own affairs.

But the educated Americans could not be blinded, to be rolled up in a Scotch and English plaid that their eyes might be shut to the true facts of the case, from the lectures of Queen's College in Cork; I see nor hear any sign of knowledge, nothing but an elementary bray or bravado—a lot of would-be's that cannot nor will not be. Yet this is part and parcel of the three hundred thousand and fifty that that sneaking, crawling snake or reptile, Edward Carson, deplors as his countrymen, that an English government put into all the important positions in Ireland, over the head of a native race—representations from Scotchmen and Englishmen in the British House of Parliament, sent over to Dublin Castle, for to distribute over the East, South and West of Ireland—lawyers as crown solicitors and stipendiary magistrates and judgeships and coroners' inquiries at inquests—doctors for parochial boards or poorhouses and jails—and large salaries for Superintendents of Lunatic Asylums, and under doctors with five hundred pounds a year for running around the grounds of these institutions, among the flowers, for health and recreation, with a staff of clerks and storekeepers and ministers of all kinds and creeds,

paid by the taxpayers of the country, to preach to the lunatics on Sundays.

Customs House men, tax gatherers and bailiffs, head officials of post offices, and telegraph departments, telephone and heliograph, railway directors and managers, and good remunerative positions—bank owners, managers, and clerks—detective forces and inspectors and superintendents, too numerous to mention—coast guards and thousands of soldiers officered by defamed commanders of the lowest grade, with good remuneration in every case—and a force of policemen, if they were in Indian file, would make a guard for the great Chinese wall.

Last but not least, Dublin Castle, comes with its Lord Lieutenant, and the wretch that takes his position as Chief Secretary, with I know not how many subordinate officials and clerks.

Is it any wonder this rat Carson deplores a government by the people and for the people? He laments about these three hundred and fifty thousand of his countrymen that are alien, not alone in race but in heart and soul and mind you—English and Scotch blood-suckers of the Irish people.

Just let any sane man, free from prejudice, consider the amount of wealth these, or this English garrison draws from this poor, defenceless country, with no power or means to assimilate this wealth that is taken from them by an English government. A man like Carson that here he has no continuous place but goes the way of all the rest and will find nothing after him, and I, in my communication with these Irish people, find out that the best educated part of Ireland is that part that has its own schools independent of the English government, and controlled by their own private Board of Committee. Where the alien teacher is in power, there is knowledge only distributed to a few, and where the native power is in authority, there is reception from the teacher in all grades of knowledge imparted to the children in their own tongue—a foreign intrusion I detest,—it is not home-like, it is strange to me, and where I might have sympathy for it, I could inhale and digest, but I never could love it. It has not the comfort, the freedom of joy to impart, it simply is not mine. I cannot console myself with it, not knowing its good effects nor yet its bad ones. It is a thing I have to prove its worth to myself before I can recommend it to others. It is foreign. I have to analyze it, examine it, and prove it in every detail before I can, with any confidence, trust to it or in it.

There is one phase in my life, and that phase is—I detest applause, whether towards myself or others; clapping me on the back, makes me feel you are a monster. I would

sooner meet the danger than the heart of deception and deceit.

When I read the daily papers and consider their criticisms, it makes me sick. Their Scotch editor is, in Winnipeg, of the Free Press, denouncing the American people that gave their blood and to redeem them from slavery because their money fell in value on the American Exchange. With all kinds of insults, they threw their dirty water at their feet, and at the same time, their own countrymen's students going begging after American professors for positions and place in that great country. They offered them Reciprocity, but Mr. Borden's supporters called them a lot of suckers, and said they would let the States see what they would do by protection, and at that very time the Canadian people never were as miserable under protection. Their markets of Labor were glutted by unemployment and there were two men for one man's job. They tried to open up their own resources but could not succeed without American capital; and almost every mineral they tried to take from the ground was a failure either in quality, or inferior in its compliance for the purpose, it was intended for. There were no investors coming forth, and no guarantee for the securities. Their plants ceased to operate and thousands of dollars lay dormant, that they spent to erect them.

This was a Conservative Government of Protection—Borden by name and burden by deeds and actions. The European War hid his disaster and I am sure he was glad to see it come. He bullied a population of ignorant people and well he held them in his subjection. His Cabinet were almost flushers and fakers. The one that takes his place now—Foster—he once suspended him out of his Cabinet for being too barefaced a fraud. He thought he should have been more scientific about his manipulations. Now, he is hiding under the guise of ill health but he can still travel for the good of that health.

He, by his way of it, defied the United States Government in their Reciprocity, but I saw it coming then and it is with us today, which makes not alone the Bordenite cry out, but the Liberal Free Trader as well feels the pinch that that Orange Conservative Borden brought upon them—a revenge for the fall of monarchism—what it brings to an ignorant people.

Now, Canada's dollar is worth about 83 cents or thereabouts on the American market of currency. That frees the American from all taxes, that they can transfer their commodities from the States into Canada without paying any duty at the rate of exchange of currency, at the present date. That is how to retaliate with prejudiced, bigoted governments that know not when or how to act un-

til their country is cast adrift and left to the mercy, with no respect, of all nations.

Parliaments and nations are like individuals, they become heady by getting along too well, and they become immoral in their actions towards other nations, that through time degenerates them, and they become weak and frail because the principles of true justice have departed from them, and honest nations will abhor them. The nation and government that does realize that justice and truth is the establishment of sound, commercial enterprise, has established themselves as a nation, with self-respect the wide world over. By acts of justice, a man and nation are respected, not by charity nor yet by mercy. Give me justice regardless of any other act or deed under the sun. It is the emancipator, it is the civilizer, and when all is said and done, it is the humanizer of mankind.

The men or women, governments of nations, that have not respect for a contract they have entered into, that they have carefully considered and reasoned with before signing that contract, if they do not keep it they are unworthy of a position amongst honest men or women, parliaments or nations of the earth. When you are honest, and believe in your heart you act justly, you cannot fear; you feel convinced that all is well. But you must remember justice is applied according to common purposes. Men do acts wickedly and knowing they intend to do them, that are guilty of the whole charge, but the circumstances of the times make a different aspect. Men are in slavery and under tyrannical rule, and to get free, they combine themselves together and take an Oath of Allegiance to be true to the pact. They know if they are overpowered they will meet death, or worse still, imprisonment for life; therefore, they will kill others that will divert from their side to inform or betray. You cannot punish such men as that for a deed like that.

The Orangemen in Ireland, want those Sinn Feiners murdered and shot down, while they themselves have killed some of their own for diverting from them. It is kind enough of judges and jurors to show mercy towards those men.

When I consider nations forming themselves into Allies, and pledging themselves to be true to one another because, as in the case of Ireland, they were unable to defend themselves against their unjust oppression or demands of a stronger power; for instance, look at this great German leader, the Kaiser, he has got off scot free. What difference is there between him and Sinn Fein leaders? Why bring to justice the subordinate, and not the principal in any war, civil or otherwise? This is where the justice varies, and I object to prejudice, whether for or against.

Justice must be demonstrated according to the guilt or worth of the acts performed by them, whether good or bad.

Now I can see that Britain has gone the length of her chain, not alone with her own dependencies, but with all nations that have had any dealings with her. She has been the most deceitful, the most bullying, and to say the least of it, she has been the most cruel. Look at her barbarous work in India, that one of her educated sons had to shoot the under Secretary of that country to Great Britain for to draw the attention of the world to the injustice and persecution of his countrymen, drawing from them millions of pounds every year, as Edmund Burke said, without providing a cent for the poor creatures when a famine came with a bad rice crop, like the poor Irish with a bad potato crop. These Indians died in millions with starvation and pestilence through famine, for the want of rice and water which is their staple food, hid by a British Cabinet, and kept a secret from the world.

The only place they make it known is among the poor, impoverished British workmen, when their government issued a proclamation of a begging subscription for the starving Hindoos of India that were dying in millions.

This is all the outside world knows of the suffering of these poor Indians, but when the Royal Family visits it, it is then the pomp and pride of Great Britain is heralded from coast to coast, about the loyalty of her Indian Empire, while her so-called loyal subjects are mourning and weeping for their poor friends within the prison walls and behind the prison bars, in their desire to get free, by rebelling against the British laws, longing to get free.

No wonder years ago Edmund Burke, in his inferences and analogies about this part of the Empire, made the ladies shed tears in the galleries, and wipe the tears from their eyes! Think of a nation with its dependencies in the Asiatic regions, drawing millions of pounds in taxation from poor creatures allowed no will of their own, nor no local government of any kind. English domination, I hate it. It is cruel, long and dismal has been their lot, wedged in bondage, lay with none to cheer nor share their lot in hope to get away.

But surely goodness has not forgotten martyrs on their way, that in dungeons lie, without a cot or one to sing a lay. Nature's children truly born, by monarchs rule and sway, has laid them low in death's cold arms, with not a word to say.

I am convinced that Englishmen will be exterminated before they will be humanized. There are some of them civilized, and to a certain extent educated, but as I said before, education, however great, will never humanize a being. You have to be chiseled—the ad-

versity of men persecuting and women oppressing you—by this adverse treatment we are convinced that we must do to others as they should do to us. This is the secret of human emancipation,—to walk in the path of justice and to love the truth.

Life to a human man among creatures coming out of the crawls is most miserable and unpalliating. It is a contest, as it were, with a nest of wasps, and a being to instruct them is throwing water on a flaming fire that bursts forth at every spray and evaporates at every blast of wind that blows to oblivion, detestable, unbearable, gruesome. It is good nature has ordained it so, that evolution in some part goes gradually on where all, as an army advance together. It is to assimilate with them and take part in that kind of evolution, but where, here and there, there is a glittering star illuminating part of the universe it oftentimes is surrounded by dark and gloomy clouds in the atmosphere allotted to its space.

We have an instance of this in the phenomenon itself, in spheres of light, serious canopus or vega stellar and solar, that impress all minds by their grandeur and majesty. Chill, nebulous matter—Neptune, Uranus, Saturne, Jupiter, Mars, the Earth and solar oblateness, Beta, Jeoyrae, phenomenon, photographed—photometer, spherical, eclipse—geometrical fluctuations all before our equilibrium—man's evolution to behold and understand, this knowledge is a paradox in itself. Well might Job say of death to his three friends—the Temanite, the Shuite, Namathite—Why did I not from the womb? Why did I not give up the ghost when I came out of the belly? Why did the kiss prevent me, or why the breasts that I should suck?

Here is a true philosophem for he says: "For now I should have lain still and been quiet. I should have slept. Then, had I been at rest with kings and counsellors of the earth which built desolate places for themselves, or with princes that had gold, who filled their houses with silver, or as a hidden untimely birth I had not been as infants which never saw the light." These few lines are the grandest of it all. There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there, and the servant is free from his master.

This is how I am fixed wherefor is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul. This applies to me again, which long for death, but it cometh not, and dig for it more than hid treasures, which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave. Why is light given to a man

whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in, for my sighings cometh before I eat, and my roarings are poured out like the waters, for the thing that I feared is come upon me and that which I was afraid of is come unto me. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet, yet trouble came.

Here is England with her lions. She can explore no more, the two poles are reached and the League of Nations is a terror to her. She can confiscate no more territory without the nations of the earth being acquainted with it. It is the greatest blow Britain has received to keep her own place and mind her own business, since she was recognized a nation. The old lion perisheth for lack of prey and the stout lions' whelps are scattered abroad.

God put no trust in His servants and His angels He charged with folly; how much less in them that dwell in houses of clay whose foundation is in the dust, which are crushed before the moth.

I see as Job saw; wrath killeth the foolish man and envy slayeth the silly one. I have seen the foolish take root, but suddenly I cursed his habitation. His children are far from safety and they are crushed in the gate. Neither is there any to deliver them. It is a fact that the sins of the mothers, as well as the fathers, follow all generations and generations seem to be looking for them. Flee from the appearance of evil—is the only and true maxim. Be sure your sins will find you out. Whether in the family circle, or amongst your fellow-creatures let your nay be nay and your yea, yea, but fear not to plead the cause of the poor and stand by the oppressed. Let us suffer with them, rather than enjoy the pleasures of the luxuries of this life for a season.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and that wretch that would filch it from him should not live. Honor the just in all lands; they are unmanacled the slaves and setting free the captive. Honor the honest master for they have realized the humanization of mankind.

I wish I could separate the weeds from the golden grain. The reapers would be many, and the harvesters would bundle their sheaves with joy and sing happily "The Harvest Home," and honor the universal God. No sect or schism would assemble there to dispute their creed, but justice and truth, the true brotherhood of this universal manhood—"The world all o'er shall brothers be, for a' that."

Away with the superstitions that cause suspicion and distrust that keeps man from loving his brother. Here he lives and here he toils; his allotted span is short, misery's link is on our side, and this form we will surely doff.

How can an intellectual mind contain a hatred here? To see how short shall be his time, it makes myself feel queer, there surely is no heathen lands much worse than we are here. Two thousand years of martyrdom these Christians do infer, but had they let Liberty's charter run, their lives would be more sure. Tell me to believe a thing I know not of, and yourselves are never sure, take judgment from a conscious heart and you leave it quite obscure.

To base our lives on a belief is locking our brains in a dungeon; without free thought to investigate we are deformed in reason. Open up the eyes of the blind that they may see, and the ears that they may hear. Let the dumb speak out without fear. There are none of them blind, nor none of them deaf, nor none of them dumb, but they are afraid of dogmas and creeds and tied-up orthodoxy by the authorities of which ever creed they follow or belong to.

Gallileo, I think, said, whatever a man discovered through his investigation, should at least have the privilege of demonstrating the same. I object to believe in what no man knows. We have the proof before us, of men changing their beliefs for the lusts and passions of the flesh. Take Henry VIII. for instance, that founded the English church, they say now in Heaven. For his lust he cast off Queen Katherine and Catholicism together and he accepted Episcopalianism and Anne Boleyn, at the same time.

So I see belief is so easily changed, and is changed so often that it convinces me, man, according to it, has no destiny and a floating bubble on the streams of time. But if he gets leave to investigate and tries to find out for himself, and determine his own destiny, it would save some creeds like the English church.

In order to determine whether he shall be saved or not, it is necessary for the Powers of Heaven to read the Acts of Parliament. It becomes a question of law, and sometimes a man is damned on a very nice point. This substance of things unseen is no use to me. I must analyze and dissect and prove the worth what is unseen in beliefs. If they are, as Moore says, friends of mine—Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried?

This belief, I can perceive, has not been very beneficial to even potentates that have tried all the creeds that spiritual advisers could guide them through. As Solomon said: "All is vain or vanity and vexation of spirit." No matter what forms they manufacture of heathen worship, in ceremonies and processions, all is but an affair or exposition of the relics of barbarous times. The inconsiderate and unwary are excited by the pomp and glow of superstitious display. The stupid, the sil-

ly, are all taken captive by them and carried away to the plains of fairy rapture for a little while, but this belief is almost forgotten save for their annual displays and perennial demonstrations and ceremonies, that revive the slumbering embers of superstition once more.

Faith and belief in an unknown omen is a cursed fate. Rely not on miracles, they are a liar's substitute and cannot substantiate the truth, far less a lie. I have seen the imitations of all kinds of fakers and flushers exhibited in and by mankind. I have seen the thief and the burglar, after years of slavery in the convict's cell, when out on a holiday or a vacation time from the chain and the crib, he has in this term of leave accomplished another break, and escaped for a time the eyes of his detectives, or prerecognizer. He here, with the proceeds of his exploits, procures the latest style of fashion of the day, in a garb that adorns him, and as he thinks, disguises him from the alert and experienced investigator.

I have looked upon this imitation of mankind in this new garb he has procured, to imitate the parasite, or the lord, or the duke, a nice, long-tailed black coat, cut away at the sides, and well cut and well made pants to suit the month or season of the year; a long black silk hat to suit the coat, with beautifully finished fine boots and fine kid gloves to match the lot; a beautiful white vest and white shirt and tie to match, that it would have taken one of the best experts of Piccadilly or Sheho or the Strand or Oxford street, to have designed it with a white tie and collar adorned with an imitation of French diamonds that the best diamond-cutter and setter in Paris could not excel, with a beautiful walking stick, with an imitation brass around the handle of gold, and the handle of the latest material and finish; with a ring on his finger, well set with a jewel that was sparkling with a brilliant glitter that none but a genius in the art and trade could determine its value or worth.

When I gazed upon that frame or structure and considered its garb of imitation, in that alehouse, on a Sunday noon, North Willidge Road, East London, in the year 1893, I considered and reasoned within myself, when I looked upon the sullen, sunburned face, I said: "Perhaps you might be an Australian cricketer, or a foreigner tourist." It would have taken a Titian to have noticed the tints of defection in that structure of imitation and deception. Polite, always waiting and watching, slow to speak unless spoken to, always alert to confine himself to what he knew, avoiding controversy with a smile.

Imitation to admire is, and may be good, but imitation to deceive is untrustful in any sphere. I do not know that in my time, peo-

ple will come to know that this eternity in which we live is the heaven, and the hell is the judgment upon us of our acts and deeds, and also of our fathers and mothers. They may have received unjust gain for our sakes, but that universal power that is in all nature will protest against it, and in some way or other, nature will not allow you to enjoy it. Accidents, bereavements, failures, suspicion, doubt and fears have taken hold of you. Then you cry out to this unknown God that you think resides in the heaven of oblivion, but I tell you our evolution is a natural evolution and to get outside of it you never will.

All animals have feelings; the plants and flowers have both sense and feeling, as proved by the Hindoo Jagaides, in his scientific demonstrations. Anything contrary to nature is the right and proper name of sin. Spiritualism is the production of nature, and not nature produced from nothing, called the breath of life. We love the flower in the garden, which is beautiful to admire their scent and odorous perfume. We nourish them by the regeneration of new earth and water. "What more do we receive from the fruit of the field? Why keep back this nourishment from our people that are honestly working for it? Feed them of this natural food, which is the true manna of nature, that floats and flows through every evolution vein within us.

Man is blinded about with ghostly stories of another world, its every and everlasting great happiness. Those ideas are like spiders' webs, kindly and carefully woven to catch the flies of the beings—race—that are ever moving round looking for something to eat, till they are caught in the meshes of these nets or webs and pounced upon, drawn into the spiders' house of sect or creed under some orthodox God, that there are so many of them to suck their blood, in return for these dreams of a heavenly peace and happiness forever and ever, but those that try to take away the principles, that all men are not equally sprung forth—a truth that nobody ever disputed but a scoundrel.

I think the best and real adage is the one Ingersoll speaks of: "Blessed is the man that fears no man, and beloved of all the Gods who is afraid of no man, and of whom no man is afraid." Think of that kind of character. Man is strength, woman is beauty. Man is courage, woman is love. The women should have all the rights that men have—the right to be protected. I believe in marriage. It took hundreds and thousands of years for women to get from a state of abject slavery up to the height even of marriage.

I have not the slightest respect for these ideas of the short-haired women and long-haired men, who denounce the institution of the family, who denounce the institution of

marriage, but I hold in greatest contempt the man who is anything in his family except love and tenderness and kindness. I say it took hundreds of years for women to come from a state of slavery to marrying, and ladies, the chains that were upon your necks and the bracelets that were put upon your arms, were iron, and they have been changed by the touch of the wand of civilization, to shining, glittering gold.

Women came from a condition of abject slavery, and thousands and thousands of them are in that condition now. I believe marriage should be a perfect and equal partnership. I do not like a man who thinks he is boss. The fellow in the dugout was always talking about being boss. Sometimes I think that generosity is about the only virtue there is. Be honest and tell the truth. Lies are born of tyranny on the one hand, and on the other of fear. Truth comes from the lips of courage. It is born in confidence and honor. Lies being told by nations are called strategy. No wonder confidence ceases to be recognized of such contractors, and their treaties are thrown aside and war declared.

The old doctrine was that the angels in heaven would become happy as they looked down upon those in hell. What is the doctrine today? It is the doctrine that those in heaven can look upon the agonies of those in hell—whether it is fire or whatever it is—without having the happiness of those in heaven decreased. That is the doctrine now. The infidel has civilized it a great deal since those days. We may thank the powers of knowledge for these emancipations in thought and investigation.

I suppose that man, from the most grotesque savage up to Huxley, has had a philosophy by which he endeavored to account for all the phenomena of nature he may have observed. From that, mankind may have got their ideas of right and wrong. Now, where there are no rights there can be no duties. Let us always remember that only as man becomes free can he by any possibility become good or great.

As I said, every savage has had his philosophy, and by it, accounts for everything he observed. He had an idea of rain and rainbow, and he had an idea of a controlling power. One said, there is a being who persides over our world and who will destroy us unless we do right. Others had many of these things, but they were invariable like themselves. The most fruitful imagination cannot make more than a man, though it may make infinite powers and attributes out of the powers and attributes of man. You cannot build a God unless you start with a human being. The savage said when there was a storm, "Somebody is angry." When lightning leaped from

the lurid cloud, he thought: "What have I been doing?" And when he could not think of any wrong he had been doing, he tried to think of some wrong his neighbor had been doing.

I believe man has come up from the lowest orders of nature, undeveloped, and he may not have come up very far; still, I believe we are advancing upwards in civilization, which is a great advancement towards humanity itself. Civilization is knowing to realize law and order, and respect those that are placed in position to administer the same. Still, there are many in the midst of us who do not seem to recognize the responsibility of honoring and obeying such laws. This is what makes me doubt the ascending of all mankind to the pinnacle and fame of true humanity. For ages, as mankind came slowly through the savage state, the world was filled with infinite fear. They accounted for everything bad that happened as the wrath of this supreme being; but they went from savagery to barbarism, a step in improvement, and they began to build temples to, and make images of this being.

Then man began to believe he could influence this being by prayer, by getting on his knees to the image he had made. Nothing I suppose, astonishes a missionary more than to see a savage in Central Africa on his knees before a stone, praying for luck in hunting or in fighting, and yet it strikes me, we have our Army Chaplains before a battle praying for the success of our side. They don't pray for assistance if our cause is just, but they pray, the Lord help us. I cannot see the difference between the two, but there is this said in favor of prayer, that whether successful or not, it is a sort of intellectual exercise, like a man trying to lift himself—he may not succeed, but he gets a good deal of exercise.

As man proceeds to help himself, and to take advantage of mechanical powers to assist him, and he begins to help himself and to take advantage of all the art he can procure, and exactly in the proportion he helps himself, he comes less to rely on the power of priests or prayer to help him. Just to the extent we are helpless to that extent we rely upon others.

Now, as leaders of men in my time are worshipped and honored, brings to my mind the Gods and Lords of pre-historic, savage, barbaric days. How long will it take the world to radiate itself from man worship? We do honor and enjoy the light set forth here and there by that illuminating blaze from the torch of the true investigator, that opens a new path and a better to walk upon, where we are sure of our steps without doubts and fears of stumbling, where we can survey the future and note the map of progress.

The reason I do not worship man is because I know, that after all, great men are but the instrumentalities of their time. The heart of the civilized world is beginning to revolt at the cruelties ascribed to God, and is seeking for some interpretation of the Bible that kind and loving people accept or can accept. Now, just a reasonable survey and consideration of my opinion about the Church of Christ, no matter what sect of it, without enmity or prejudice, I believe is a failure to humanize mankind. Humanity, in the sense of the word, is born of man. It is in his nature to a certain extent. He is looking for kindness, and if he receives it, it follows that he will extend some to others. But, as I have said, his trials through the persecutions of his fellowman, has convinced him and compelled him to be more elastic in extending his humanity.

Just think of the orthodox church and its humanity—speaking of the different religions of course—They are represented by different churches, and the best hold of the churches and the surest way of giving totally depraved humanity a realizing sense of their lethargy, for where is the man who will not accept the grace of Jesus Christ if he becomes convinced that his fate in the hereafter is a terrible one, and how to deprive humanity of realizing the sense of their utterly lost condition is to talk and preach hell, with its horrible, terrible concomitants. True, the different priests advocate the doctrine only when they see it is the only thing to rouse the sinners from their forgetfulness of the orders.

The ministers of the different churches know full well which side their bread is buttered on. A priest is a divinity among his people, a man around whom his parishioners throw a glamor of sanctity, and one who can do no wrong, albeit his chief and growing characteristics are tyranny, arrogance, self-conceit, deception, bigotry, and superstition. Tyrannical, shall I call them? Most assuredly. Suppose, for example, the Methodist or Presbyterian church had the power to decide whether you or I or any man should be a Methodist or Presbyterian, and we should decline to follow the path pointed out to us, or either of us. What, I solemnly and candidly ask, would be the result? Our fate would be more terrible than their endless hell. The Inquisition would rise again in all its horrid blackness. Instruments of torture would darken our vision on every hand.

But thank that supernatural Power—not that terrible Being whom Christians would have us believe is our maker. This is a free land, America, free as the air we breathe, and you and I can partake of the orthodox waters of life freely, or we can let them alone.

When I see a man perched upon a pedestal called a pulpit, a man who is one of nature's

gentlemen physically, and fully able to breast the storms of life and earn an honest living—telling his hearers, with perspiring brow, and all his might and main of the terrors of the seething caldron of hell, and how certain it is that they are to be unceremoniously dumped therein to be boiled through all ages, yet never boiled down—unless they seek salvation—when I look upon that man, honor bright, I pity for him, for I cannot help comparing him with the lower animals. Then there is a reaction, and I feel an utter contempt for him, for he may know when he declares hell a reality, he is lying.

Now of the deception of a preacher at the close of a sermon in an orthodox church—the Reverend Mr. Solemnface, steps to the side of Brother Everbright, who has been absent from the brimstone mill for several months: “Ah, Brother Everbright, how do you do? Long time since I have seen you. How is your family? Quite well? Is it well with you today? Rather lukewarm; eh, sorry, sorry. Well, Brother, can you do something financially for us today? Our people think my pulpit is too common, and say a couple of hundred will put it in good shape and make it desirable and attractive. Can you contribute a few dollars to the fund? Well, Brother Solemnface, for four long months I have been ill not a day’s work have I done, and not a cent of money have I that I can call my own. Next year, I trust I can do something for my Maker. And Brother Solemnface assumes a terrible look of disappointment, and he is gone in a moment.

Out upon such fraud. The pulpits of the land are full of them. The world is cursed with them; they possess all the elements of vagabonds, dead beats, falsifiers, beggars, vultures, hyenas and jackals.

In past ages the cross had been in partnership with the sword, and the religion of Christ was established by murderous tyrants and hypocrites. I want you to know the church carried the black flag, and I ask you, what must have been the civilizing influence of such a religion? I want you to understand the church has civilization in no part of its dominion. It is tyrannical and cannot civilize. Because of that, you must learn to understand that all civilization has progressed and marched under the banner of constitutional laws formed by the people for the people.

There has been no advancement by the church of any creed. Some of Rome’s hierarchy claim to advance with the times, but that is a poor inference. It reminds me of Doctor Johnson, when he wrote his dictionary. Lord Chesterfield wrote to the World Newspaper recommending the dictionary and claiming at the same time he had some part in the work. But Doctor Johnson replied with

these words: “To recognize a patron, where providence has well enabled me to do for myself, having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorers of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible with less, for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord. Your Lordship’s most humble, obedient servant.” But it has been delayed until I am indifferent and I cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary, and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefits have been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that a patron before the shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with love and found him a native of the rocks?”

“Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind, neglected—be it ever so little—Seven years my Lord, has now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain and have brought it at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, or one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had to wish that I might boast myself—le vainqueur de la ture—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending, but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would permit me to continue it when I had once addressed your Lordship in public.”

“I had exhausted all the art of addressing which a retired and uncourteous scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all taken away from him.”

So the church marches behind in the last ranks of civilization, always claiming the works of philosophy and scientific men have been in co-ordinance with their orthodox, noxious fumigations like the German gas—if a man gets a dose of it he will never escape eternal punishment, as far as their spirits are concerned. But thank the Universal God, I escaped their dope and dogmas that lead to hatred and destruction.

Let these orthodox ministers and priests consider the 58th Chapter of Isaiah. “Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgressions, and the House of Jacob their sins; yet

they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness and forsook not the ordinance of their God. They ask of me the ordinances of justice. They take delight in approaching to God. Wherefore have we fasted? say they, and thou seest not. Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge. Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure and exact all your labors. Behold, ye fast for strife and debate and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high. Listen to this? Is it such a fast that I have chosen—a day for a man to afflict his soul? Is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sack cloth and ashes under him? Will thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness? To undo the heavy burdens—and to let the oppressed go free—and that ye break every yoke—Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out, to thy house? When thou seest the naked, that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh. Then shall the light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily, and thy righteousness shall go before thee. The glory of the Lord shall be thy reward. Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer. Thou shalt cry and He shall say, 'Here I am,' if thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger and speaking vanity, and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall the light rise in obscurity, and the darkness be as the noon-day, and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy sons—and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places.

"Thou shalt rise up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach—the restorer of paths to dwell in."

This is the religion I want to see taught to the people today. We have in Canada, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean, what they call a "Church Drive" for ministers and clerics of all Christian churches, except the Roman Catholics, and after the war, it is a mystery where all the money came from that is collected for these sects and schisms—millions of dollars for Methodists and Presbyterians, heading the list. When I read in the newspapers I considered and said to myself—these poor deluded women are the cause of all this.

Isaiah says they exact their hire.

In Winnipeg, I believe, the propaganda was got up, and well they did their work, while thousands of poor women and children are on the verge of starvation—of soldiers' wives and children, and soldiers themselves not half provided for—not a man or woman with influence to come forward to make a proposition on behalf of those poor creatures,—their bodies wasting away for the want of nourishment. But there is no drive for them. Man is his own enemy, and this is the worst of it all; women, that know her own suffering, and the suffering of her own sex, to listen to ministers and clerics conjuring fakes to deceive them, to get the money of their husbands and children.

I do not blame the men for women's state of wretchedness here in Canada. They talk about priest craft, but believe me, they are not in the run with the Methodist and Presbyterian—through these orthodox, Christian women, deluded by barbarian worship and display of paganism, has been the means of depriving these creatures in the cities and towns of receiving a cent piece.

But what is the real cause? The farmers of Canada that are so mean otherwise, complaining of paying high wages to his servant, is the first to give one hundred, or fifty dollars, to those bohunks of ministers that know as much about that barbaric Bible as they do about Humbolt's discovery of science. If they knew more about the latter, they would soon discard their creeds and dogmas of ceremonial worship, and have a drive for the poor children and widows that are suffering through the horrors of war. They can bluster about their children's children being provided for by their victory arms, but I believe sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

This providence for the unborn is not approved by me. Sometimes the defect of an unjust nation or people is for its own good. For my part, as an uninterested one. I fail to see the success of arms for either Britain or America. They have no trade to pay them back for the loss of life and money, and to establish that trade and commerce, they have to reinstate their enemies or opponents, by financial assistance to reorganize their resources, and when they have set in motion the ways and means of reconstruction in these countries, I do not and fail to see the amount of money it will take to accomplish it, and in that consolidation, the expenditure will increase for a few years, that will build up an interest in conjunction with the principal, that will be unbearable both to the lender and the receiver—years of hardship to the vanquished to pay back the debt with interest, and years of suffering by the victors, to reconstruct, and to try to regain their posi-

tion in the markets of the world which I believe, Britain will never be able to attain.

The hatred of her enemies, the rebellion of her colonies, the disunity amongst her own people in strikes and sectarian troubles, will bring confusion upon her and around her, that will annihilate her, not alone economically, financially, but physically. At this important time she has no statesmen to guide her helm. When not at anchor, she is adrift on sands or rocks with a crew ready to abandon her, of parliamentary fakers and would-be politicians of all grades. There never was such an assembly in the British House of Commons since the pre-historic days before the great emancipator, Daniel O'Connell, entered that House.

He entered it in the midst of superstition, suspicion and distrust, even by Cobden himself that claimed to be the God, or Godfather of emancipation and which the theologians were cruel against a free conscience by worshipping and honoring kingism. It was hard upon O'Connell, and he said when signing the Book—the first I know to be a lie, the second, I believe to be one,—and he signed the book.

Liberty is a word without all other words, which without it, all other words are in vain. Whoever has an opinion of his own, and honestly expresses it, will be guilty of heresy. Heresy is what the minority believe. It is a name given by the powerful to the doctrine of the weak. This word was born of the hatred, arrogance and cruelty of those who love their enemies, and who when smitten on one cheek turned the other. This word was born of intellectual slavery in the feudal ages of thought. It was an epithet used in the place of argument, from the commencement of the Christian era.

Art has been exhausted and every conceivable punishment inflicted to force all people to hold the same religious opinions. This effort was born of the idea that a certain belief was necessary to the salvation of the soul. Christ taught, and the church still teaches, that unbelief is the blackest of crimes. God is supposed to hate with an infinite and implacable hatred every heretic upon earth, and the heretics who died, are supposed at this moment, to be suffering the agonies of the damned.

The church persecutes the living and her God burns the dead. It is claimed that God wrote a book called the Bible, and it is generally admitted that this book is generally somewhat difficult to understand. As long as the church had all the copies of this book, and the people were not allowed to read it, there was comparatively little heresy in the world. But when it was printed and read, people began honestly to differ as to its meaning. A few were independent and brave

enough to give the world their real thought, and for the extermination of these men, the church used all her power. Protestants and Catholics vied with each other in the work of enslaving the human mind.

For ages they were rivals in the infamous effort to rid the earth of honest people. They infested every country, every city, town, hamlet and family. They appealed to the worst passions of the human heart. They sowed the seeds of discord and hatred in every land. Brother denounced brother; wives informed against their husbands; mothers accused their children; dungeons were crowded with the innocent; the flesh of the good and the true rotted in the clasp of the chains. The flames devoured the heroic, and in the name of the most merciful God, His children were exterminated with famine, sword and fire. Over the wild waves of battle rose and fell the banner of Jesus Christ.

For sixteen hundred years the rites of the church were red with the innocent blood; the ingenuity of Christians was exhausted in devising punishment severe enough to be inflicted on other Christians, who honestly and sincerely differed from them upon any point whatever.

Give any orthodox church the power and today they would punish heresy with the whip and chain and fire. As long as a church deems a certain belief essential to salvation, just so long it will kill and burn if it has the power.

Why should the church pity a man whom her God hates? Why should she show mercy to a kind and noble heretic whom her God will burn in eternal fire? Why should a Christian be better than his God? It is impossible for the imagination to conceive of a greater atrocity than has been perpetrated by the church.

Let it be remembered that all churches have persecuted heretics to the extent of their power. Every nerve in the human body, capable of pain, has been sought out and touched by the church. Toleration has increased only when and where the power of the church has diminished. From Augustine until now, the spirit of the Christian has remained the same intolerance, the same undying hatred of all who think for themselves—the same determination to crush out the human brains—all knowledge inconsistent with their ignorant creeds.

Every church pretends that it has a revelation from God and that this revelation must be given to the people through the church—that the church acts through its priests, and that ordinary mortals must be content with a revelation, not from God but from the church.

Had the people submitted to this preposterous claim, of course there could have been

but one church and that church never could have been advanced. It might have retrograded, because it is not necessary to think or investigate in order to forget. Without heresy there could have been no progress. The highest type of the orthodox Christian does not forget, neither does he learn; he neither advances nor recedes; he is a living fossil imbedded in that rock called faith. He makes no effort to better his condition because all his strength is exhausted in keeping other people from improving theirs. The supreme desire of his heart is to force all others to adopt his creed, and in order to accomplish this object, he denounces all kinds of free thinking, and this crime he calls heresy.

When he had the power, heresy was the most terrible and formidable of words. It meant confiscation, exile, imprisonment, torture, and death. In those days the cross and rack were inseparable companions. Across the open Bible lay the sword and fagot. Not content with burning such heretics as were alive, they even tried the dead, in order that the church might rob their wives and children. The property of all heretics was confiscated, and on this account they charged the dead with being heretical, indicated, as it were, their dust, to the end that the church might clutch the bread of the orphans.

Learned Divines discussed the propriety of tearing out the tongues of heretics before they were burned, and the general opinion was that this ought to be done so that the heretics should not be able, by uttering blasphemy, to shock the Christians who were burning them. With a mixture of ferocity and Christianity, the priests insisted that heretics ought to be burned at a slow fire, giving as a reason, that more time was given them for repentance.

No wonder Jesus Christ said: "I came not to bring peace but a sword." Every priest regarded himself as an agent of God. He answered all questions by authority, and to treat him with disrespect was an insult, offered to God. No one was asked to think, but all were commanded to obey.

In 1208 the Inquisition was established. Seven years afterwards the fourth Council of the Lateran enjoined the kings and rulers to swear an oath that they would exterminate heretics from their dominions. The sword of the church was unsheathed and the world was at the mercy of ignorant and infuriated priests whose eyes feasted upon the agonies of the inflicted, acting as they believed, or pretended to believe, under the command of God, stimulated by the hope of infinite reward in another world; hating heretics with every drop of their blood.

But I would like to infer here, that because a man thinks for himself, a heretic is the wrong definition. I define him a Free Thinker which I believe is the true definition. I also define any man who listens to others and taking instructions from them without reason and consideration of them, and not acting according to his own conscience, in the investigations he has made about such command and instructions he has received, whether from orthodox church or other spheres of life, that man is a heretic because he has believed in hearsay and takes in what he heard without examination and proving its value and its worth by testing and trying it. That is a heretic, and it means also the Christian is the greater heretic of all, and not the reasoner and investigator that proves all things and holds to that which is good and true.

Savage beyond description, merciless beyond conception, these infamous priests in a kind of frenzied joy, leaped upon their helpless victims of their rage. They crushed their bones in iron boots, tore their quivering flesh with iron hooks and pincers, cut off their lips and eyelids—pulled out their nails, and into the bleeding quick thrust needles—tore out their tongues—extinguished their eyes—stretched them upon racks—flayed them alive—crucified them with their heads downwards—exposed them to wild beasts—burned them at the stake—mocked their cries and groans—ravished their wives and robbed their children—and then prayed God to finish the holy work in hell.

Millions upon millions were sacrificed upon the altar of bigotry. The Catholics burned the Lutheran, the Lutheran burned the Catholic; the Episcopalian tortured the Presbyterian, the Presbyterian tortured the Episcopalian. Every domination killed all it could of every other. Each Christian felt in duty bound to exterminate every other Christian who denied the smallest fraction of his creed.

Now any right thinking man can easily see and understand the cause of these heinous, atrocious, wicked acts and deeds, performed in those times. It is the same today in the midst of us—power and authority to possess and rule the people that they may be able to control the financial resources economically, and in a so-called phrase, scientifically deceiving the people to get control of them.

They have infuriated that Ulster garrison of wicked bandits that have stopped at nothing since King Edward in 1903, in Belfast, initiated into their Orange Order in Ulster, with his friend the Duke of Argyle, his brother-in-law, Sir Colin Campbell, and their friend, the Bloods of Dublin. By this wickedness of these wretched workers, by that filthy, lewd process of transferring their mat-

ter of nature to me, and to hundreds of others in the North of Ireland, that had to commit suicide because they were unable to bear it.

These are the abominations set forth by King Edward's gang—Lady Scott and her sisters, and the Duke of Argyle's daughters. It was they that afflicted Mr. Stead, and I suppose Mr. Huxley as well. Lloyd George made his visit to Belfast and got initiated into Carson's Brotherhood and became a full fledged, out and out Orangeman, and I have no doubt but he was well subsidized on that trip to Belfast, because Belfast is famed for their financial kindness to criminals.

After Lord Dufferin, had frauded the people of Great Britain, and had suicided himself for this act of fraud, they were so kind to his wife, Lady Dufferin, because she was against the poor Irish having freedom and gave them an oration in their Ulster hall, condemning those poor and oppressed people, that the Belfast merchants went round with the hat and roped her in the grand total of ten thousand pounds.

She was a poetess and she wrote, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side," I have no doubt when she got the ten thousand cheque, she would think on a bright May morn when she might be a bride again.

And Mr. Lloyd George's cheque—I could not say the amount roped in for his loyalty to the garrison of Ulster, but I am sure he would hold out his hand with a smile to possess it and reply as he did to his colleague, Edward Carson, when he accused him of investing money in Marconi Bonds, and him a leading member of the government securities. He said he was comparatively a poor man and had only four hundred pounds invested—so he ate the pie—and to show how guilt is jealous of itself—it spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

This same Lloyd George in a conference with this same colleague Carson, concerning the revolution in Ireland, he said he believed the Irish were receiving money from the Bolsheviks and lamented about how hard it was to get officers to shoot the peasantry down, and said it was worse than the war. Is any sane man going to listen to such wordly, insane characters as are filling the papers with rhetoric such as this I am writing about today.

This Lloyd George and Carson are blood-thirsty on the brain. This war scare has never left, and never will leave them. I will not criticize Balfour. His cousin Jabes caused hundreds of suicides of widows and orphans in Manchester, by his robbery of house property in that city. His uncle, Lord Salisbury, with Beaconsfield, was the cause of this war, by handing over Alsace and Lorraine in 1871, at the Berlin Conference, Mr. Gladstone said

it should have been an indemnity instead of handing over territory to be mixed up with the invasion of a people foreign to them, different to them in designs and desires, which engenders enmity and hatred and sooner or later, it will bring revolution or war.

Mr. Gladstone prophesied that very true, concerning France and Germany. It is the same in Ireland today—a Scotch element, and also an English one—that is unworkable; and distrust and confusion inhabit the land on every side.

Now their League of Nations, is governed by Balfour and Company, a man of the serpent kind, always twisting the discussion at every confab, thinking to better the position of his own country, regardless of the honor and justice to other countries, which is the surest foundation towards the development and progress and prosperity of any nation or people.

Balfour's policy of conjuring with facts that must be plain, is entangling the nation and people he represents and causing enmity and distrust from the nations he is dealing with.

Deception is the curse of mankind and the brewer of all strife. Balfour has never realized the teachings of his countryman, Shakespeare where he said:

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, that thou canst not prove false to any man."

I cannot for the life of me comprehend the idea of any man or any nation trying to deceive and take advantage of them when he desires justice at their hand for the people and nation he represents.

Now, this man's hand is over Ireland today. As his cousin said about his constructing a machine to subdue Ireland, he said his cousin's bill was very good and worked very well and they would have to do something to bring Ireland under English law. Well, I see the result of his bloody hand, with his Martial Law in Ireland. He starts his raids in Dublin and in Cork, and Dickens said, the government of his day found out how to carry on the law as it was laid down, or in other words how not to do it.

In the City of Dublin, these soldiers of the Crown made a raid on an hotel as though they were looking for arms, and they found a traveller from Limerick there, asleep in one of the rooms. They dragged him out of bed, and as the Orange bandit both in Ireland and Canada said, through the people's press, with a scorn and a laugh, "They shot and butted him." Then this Balfour gang of marauders held a sham inquest on this man's body and found out he was a native of Limerick and a member of the City of Limerick

Council, I need not give the names of the gentlemen, they are too numerous to record here, but sufficient to show how Mr. Balfour succeeded in his Coercion Acts and Martial Laws, is simply this:

The Irish were too humane to stop this stream at its source, or rather, were not cognizant of the fact that the source was the germ that should be exterminated rather than attacking the matter that flowed from the irritation of this germ, that polluted the stream of these actions that were taking place over our country and fed the microbes that swarmed around us and infested our native land with their pestilent marauders, that have murdered and confiscated our belongings.

Such men as Balfour, Carson, Lloyd George, Bonar Law, Chamberlin, Lord Cecil and Churchill, have all shared in the shedding of the Irish blood. This type should all be assembled with the serpents and dragons in Shakespeare's church on Stratford-on-Avon, as the most horrid monsters that ever stood at the head of a nation to direct and control the destinies of any nation. Another invincible of this government is Lord Curzon; he is Foreign Secretary and father of the crimes committed in India. He it was that prompted Wilson to shoot down the poor natives of India—in one place shot down dead fifteen hundred men, women and children—and their excuse was—"We saved the British Empire."

The American Ambassador objected to such atrocities, and then they gave General Wilson a mock trial, to hide their guilt. The result was they acquitted him and promoted him head of the British Army. This is Lord Curzon, Foreign Secretary of the British Empire. This is the man who wants Ireland to pay a share of the war debt, after hanging Caseman for protesting against the war and rising up for Ireland's freedom.

Then they try to pass a fraud of a Home Rule Government Bill for Ireland, with two governments—one in Ulster, to be subsidized by the other Irish provinces indirectly, and fostered as a Garfrison province for England, to hold her down. Was there ever in the history of intellectual men known to be such farcical fraud, trying to carry out such schemes of devisings to live upon these Irish people, and trying by every invention they can devise, to live upon those people?

First we have Lloyd George haranguing the Trades Union men of the railways of Ireland, about the North and South American War—this monkey fanaticism—and as Ghorki said about him—"The Russian writer—"That two-faced little man told them that Lincoln faced five years' war and a million casualties and did not give them a republic," but he was careful not to tell them

he lost his life and all he cherished into the bargain, and still the Southerners were enrolled under the banner of a republic. Was it not a foolish and weak contrast, comparing the North and South American rebellion to that of Ireland?

The North was under a free and independent Republic, but England, under the relics of barbarism and feudalism under despotic monarchism, which has no analogy to a free and constitutional people like the North of America, at that time. Then he begins to drive in the wedge between the Irish people themselves. He tells them of the different nationalities that would have to be considered in a Bill for Ireland's emancipation, and finally, he boils it down or condenses it to religion. He thought this was the way to catch the unwary or unthoughtful people—and there would have to be two bills to suit these religions.

If he had read his history right about his own war or rebellion, of Americans with England, he would surely see his deception towards Ireland, by legislating such farcical bills about religion. He must know that after the war or rebellion with England, when the Treaty of Independence was signed by William Penn himself, an Englishman, the first thing that country did was to adopt no religion, nor establish no church, but everyone was to worship as they pleased. He must know this was to unite the people. So now let him see himself as I see him. "O, would some power the gift gie him, to see himself as others see him."

This is the only wedge, or I might say, drift he has to separate the Irish people. As John Michael said: "He will try to frighten the Protestants of the Roman Catholics and tell him he will kill him," but they never tell him of the poor house or the asylum he will die in.

Englishmen and all their sought out inventions are open to my eye. My advice to Irishmen is—never to trust an Englishman; he will do you if you trust him. He must be and is compelled to be a Jew; his country is too small to support him. I have worked side by side with them in their own country and I could see the force of dependencies and imposition upon those dependencies. That is inherited by him in all his desires amongst his fellowmen, and wherever there is a chance to possess and take hold of, he is first to strive to possess it.

How an Irishman, or any other nationality of men that have worked among these Englishmen, no matter whether at the bench or the merchant's desk, buying or selling, deal with him physically, scientifically or economically, you will find him the Jew in desire and acts and deeds.

O, thou England, harlot of harlots of the nations of the earth, the Duke of Argyle, and his brother's daughters, Sir Colin Campbell's red-headed Josephine, and her sister Mary, red-haired as well; when the Orange member for South Belfast himself a supporter of the throne of England, Thomas Sloan, when he heard and saw their abominations, through their dragging their nature or matter from their body of corruption, exploiting it amongst men and women and children in Belfast till it had assimilated among so many of them to this day, that it is an abomination and confusion—worse than the days of Jezebel when she gave Saul her nature, and thought of Samuel's features and form till she brought him Samuel before Saul's eyes, that he cried out, "O my God, Samuel back from the dead."

When Samuel Sloan heard and saw these harlots Campbells, and the abominations they had done, he said he saw the hand marks on the wall, the abominations of desolation standing where they ought not, and to try and hide their wickedness they paid marauders such as Professor Lodge and Conan Doyle, of the English church to maraud over these countries, lecturing about hearing spirits from the dead, so that they might draw the blind over the people's eyes that they might not believe the abominations these Campbells had spread over the country.

These marauder Professors such as Lodge, stood up in a hall in this city of Winnipeg, and talked of spirits in another world that they heard the echo of. No wonder Professor Allen, of Manitoba College, said: "They are a lot of blasphemers" that should be stopped from marauding these countries. Every other girl you meet on the street thinks she is hypnotized by this dirty, filthy work of the Campbells to satisfy the Orange Garrison desires over his so-called British Empire, and that wicked device that they practise upon the people with no law to punish them because they are with their Orange henchmen, to work upon those that have no power nor authority to protect themselves. This is law under kingship.

Now listen here, I who have this experience of the transfer of matter, of man or woman's nature dragged from them to put into your porridge, or any soft food that will not be boiled, to kill the germs that are in that matter, because this matter or seed is living germs and will inoculate the whole blood system of any being. That blood will bring the thought and feelings of them into your system when you have taken it, and if dragged from a filthy person like the Campbells you will never have peace, because their lewdness and filthy desires are not alone a thorn in the flesh, but a flaming fire of suffer-

ing against, and warring continually against their filthy germs that are creeping and gnawing the germs, that are pure of your own blood, which is the hell of this life, or any other.

It made me wild with rage when a man said to me about Mr. Macswinney's death, that it was just a bravado. Do you think for one moment, now, with me having this experience of this cursed filth, that if I was free from it and knew the effects of it as I do now, would I have been a public man, eating meat in an English prison, attended by English officials, and food cooked by English cooks? I certainly would starve before I would trust them.

Carey and Dan Curley were treated the same way by English officials and attendants in their own country and their so-called educated English and Christian Saxon holds down his head and laughs and says how are we getting on now?

Just while I am penning these lines, my attention is drawn to the Winnipeg Free Press reports of the Rebellion in Ireland. It gives us a report or outline of what had taken place in and around Dublin; of how the Sinn Feiners had shot and killed these officers of the British Army that the British government employed to go over to Ireland to administer the sentence of death, and convictions of all kinds upon those they had suspicion of—guilty or not guilty—without judge or jury of their own countrymen to consider or to advise before any of these deaths took place, or before the officers took their jobs; they knew well what they had to do; but Lloyd George and Carson talked it over and Lloyd George, discovered it was hard to get men to do this job, so that, I presume, these officers had received a good remuneration for the risk of their lives, and this "going over the top" business in France has still invigorated them.

If President Wilson had stopped at home with his army of two million and a half soldiers we would have none of these British savages marauding the streets of Dublin and Cork, with their Ulster Black and Tan Orangemen, marching on a football field, with machine guns, war wagons and tanks.

They started to murder the men, women and children, and this Free Press of Winnipeg prides in calling that action "quick retaliation." This is the Press of Winnipeg that received its share of the government bounty to assist the Army in France to get men to go over the top. No wonder we have their detectives shot marauding the hotels, taking men and women out of their beds, ordering them to dress and come to the office.

If this paper is carried on partly by an Orange staff, they must consider the people are not all Orange marauders that read it. If

that Orange marauder, King Billy, had stayed in Hanover, it would have been well for the people of Ireland today.

My attention most in this Free Press newspaper of Winnipeg, was drawn to where the Lord Mayor of Cork, Mr. McCourt, was taken out of his bed and shot before his wife. This Free Press said they busted him, and when someone or party of men shot and killed one of these Court Martiallers in an hotel in Dublin, this Free Press in its article says, it was a cowardly act? Is this educating the people to a sense of civilization? It is long since I realized that civilization was enforced by laws but humanity is born of the heart and soul of the being. It needs no tutor to inculcate it. It is a spring with a flower that never dies and continually blossoms, and its fragrance is ever around it.

Yes, I have studied the animals of which man calls the lower animals, but I have still to draw the line between some of them. In all the species there is a difference; there is as wide a space between some of them as there is of man. Nationalities of people differ; climatical conditions matter very little amongst the acts and deeds of man and beast. As a unit they differ in stature, in forms of complexion and visage, but we will have the kind and the unkind, whether it is mankind or the so-called lower animals. I have seen the animal in acts as kind and careful as any man, and you can train them to be thankful to a great degree, and I, myself, would trust myself to a dog or horse I knew before, I would trust myself to many men and women.

But I now strike another note about governments trying to imprison conscientious thinkers and actors. No good purpose can be served by keeping these prisoners in jail. It should be evident that punishment will not change their convictions. On the other hand, continued punishment may well make them bitter and more rebellious, for as one writer said, that had the experience of prison himself: "The vilest deeds, like poisoned weeds, bloom well in prison air."

It is only what is good in man that wastes and withers there, nor will the detention of any of these men prevent the ideas they hold, from spreading. In fact, it is likely to have the opposite effect for the blood of martyrs is the seed. History is replete with the examples of the futility of attempting to imprison ideas.

To take two recent examples: The Czar of all the Russians sent those who challenged the supremacy of his state to Siberia,—we have seen with what result. The Kaiser imprisoned the Germans who dared to challenge the supremacy of his state. We see the result of that also.

Oppression brings its own peculiar reward: whether the ideas these men have be right or wrong, the fact is that ideas cannot be killed by imprisoning the men who hold them. The imprisonment of those who hold unpopular ideas or opinions is the negation of democracy. While these men are in jail not one of us is really free. It was their turn yesterday—it may be ours tomorrow. It is easy to stand for free speech for those who think as we do. The Czar or the Kaiser would go that far,—but the acid test of our faith in democracy is that we insist on free speech for those whose ideas are contrary to our own, and that is the only safe course to pursue, if we would preserve our own freedom, for who knows when he may want to say something that is unpopular.

Nor is it in the interest of the nation that unpopular ideas should be suppressed. Time and time again, ideas, unpopular when first promulgated, have finally become popular and have been put into practice, with beneficial results. Human beings are not infallible, and we should be careful that in attempting to destroy what we believe to be false ideas, we do not strangle some great truth.

In a democracy there should be the utmost freedom of expression and we may rest assured that the common sense of the whole people will sift the chaff from the wheat,—reject the false and hold fast to the true.

What a calamity it would be if we should continue to punish men who dare to be true to their own convictions, and reward those who are false to themselves. I know no better way to breed a nation of hypocrites and knaves. For the sake of the men that are in jail—for your own sakes that you may not be in jail, and for the sake of the nation that it may not gain the reputation of rewarding its hypocritical knaves with titles, and its honest men with shackles. I ask you to support this motion in favor of liberating all political prisoners. (A speech delivered by F. J. Dixon, M.L.A., in answer to an indictment charging him with publishing seditious libel, delivered in the Court House, Winnipeg, on the 13th and 14th of February, 1920).

Could Lloyd George's government not take a lesson from this speech, and apply it to these Irish political prisoners?

As the great Russian thinker and compiler of the acts and deeds of both men and nations, sums the economical and political performed by the nations, in a few sentences—Maxim Ghorky, the liberator, he says: Vladimir Ilyitch Lenine appears to me a source of energy, so powerful that without his dynamic influence, the Russian Revolution could not have taken the form it did, or actually has taken.

I say this in spite of my belief in a theory of human history which assigns to the individual an insignificant role in the great process of cultured development. To Lenin's will, history has given the terrible task of digging up from the bottom, this desultory, misbuilt, slothful, semi-human ant hill which we call Russia—goes farther—It is a tireless, battering ram under whose blows the monumental architecture of the capitalist states of the West, and the ancient piles of those execrable despotic empires of the East, are already staggering to their downfall.

He says: I see him making a speech at a meeting of workers. He uses extremely simple terms, he speaks with a tongue of iron, with the logic of an axe, but in words, I have never heard any vulgar demagogism, nor any banal seeking after the beautiful phrase. He always speaks the same thing, of the necessity of destroying to the root, the social inequalities of men and the means of accomplishing the task.

This ancient truth resounds upon his lips with a sound harsh, implacable. One feels always that he believes unshakeably in it. One feels how calm is his faith—the faith of a fanatic but of a fanatic scientist and not of a metaphysician or a mystic.

This is the social problem I see today in Britain—in all her dealings with Ireland, but disguised and mantled in a garb of what they term 'religion'—used at all times and places, in Ireland and out of Ireland, wherever Britain has an agent to proclaim this or these dogmas, through this cursed, privileged public press of these countries that have the idiocy to claim it is educating and enlightening the people, spreading heresys and suppositions, with inclinations to devise mischief and befog the unwary thinker.

Surely men that have read Shakespeare and studied Spencer, and have read Carlyle, Henley, Ruskin, and listened to the Right Honorable William Ewart Gladstone, and last but not least, the great orator, that surround the sight of the average mortal, that showed forth the social structure of governments, and equally showed them the cause of their rise and fall. He wept and made others weep in his demonstrations of the sufferings by famine and plague of the native Indians of the Pacific. He showed how forms of governments moldered away, and the cause of change in the minds of the people to replace them. He showed them no hypocritical government, however strong in numbers, would stand not against the truth, with its people at home, and in the interchange of commodities with other nations, their commercial enterprise would stagnate through mistrust.

So here I find, whether in manhood's action or the action of the manhood's suffrage of a

nation—it is immaterial towards or between them, because your deeds will find you out; and here is the life of a man at the best—three score and ten—if I have accomplished that time in thirty years, by seeing and hearing and suffering through my compounding my ideas, and the time I take in dissolving them, I surely will be accepted as one of Job's comforters, though I be taken away at a younger age.

Lloyd George sits or stands before his subordinates. He gives the command: "You must go to Ireland, by the wish of my government, and these are your instructions from me, the head of this government—that you search every house in Ireland that my government—that has proclaimed Sinn Feiners, that will not submit to our law, that has proclaimed themselves a nation. Arrest them and try them by Court Martial. If they refuse to be arrested and go to resist you, shoot them down."

Now Lloyd George is, I believe, a great Nonconformist, and if he will not conform to the English laws in connection with his spiritual affairs, how can he blame the Sinn Feiner if he believes not in the English moral laws that he, himself, is so proud of being the head of making them? Now, I presume, that the servant is not greater than his master, according to this Socialist, Christ Jesus, that they all proclaim him as their safe Redeemer. Now, if the servant is not greater than his master, in Ireland, who is to be held responsible for the murder of the Lord Mayor of Cork and the Limerick Town Councillor? All those innocent people that assembled at the football match, not naming many other cold-blooded murders, over the country.

But I simply speak of these that I might show the public that these officers were either English and Scotch bigots, the descendants of the Ulster savage, that no law could civilize.

Now I hold that doctrine of that man Christ, is good. The servant is not greater than the masters and if it is Maxim who is responsible for these murders of the British government, but Lloyd George, Balfour, Carson and Company, so the old adage is, if the root is a bad one, no matter what the weed should be, root it up and burn. Certainly the laborer agreed to his hire, but he was only a seed cast from the trunk to infest the land, which these officers did and are doing.

But here, where I am writing these few comments at this present time, it is gruesome to read the reports of the Free Press and Tribune of this city—a newspaper editorial to appreciate the shooting down of men, women and children in a football field, at a game, and do you know, appreciated it, and said it was 'quick retaliation' because some

officers that were executing men under-martial law were shot for doing so, and because they could not arrest them that did it, in revenge they went to a football match and turned the guns on the crowd of fifteen thousand people—men, women and children—and the Free Press of Winnipeg was jubilant over it, and called it quick retaliation.

His civilization reminds me of the time I was sailing out of London docks, 1895; I was a fireman or stoker, whichever you understand best, and there was a stoker there I did not know, but, the Chief Engineer either heard about him or knew him, and he said to the stoker: "You will need to mind what you are doing or I will make it for you very hot." So I heard the stoker say to the Chief: "It is like this, Mister, if you are going to be civil with me I will be civil with you."

So if those two Winnipeg hypocritical papers are civil with a certain class of people it criticizes, it might, I think, pay it in turn. All leaders of men have suffered more or less for their convictions at different times and places. Some of them, though branded as rebels in their day, have statues in Parliament grounds and are considered fit subjects for the pen of the poet and the skill of the sculptor. There is one, however, who was prosecuted by the corrupt magistrates whom he exposed in his day—by the way, he successfully defended himself—he is now proclaimed one of Nova Scotia's noblest sons. England has forgotten the products of her noblest sons; she, in her parliament, is sliding back since Erskine's days, who a hundred years ago, made the Courts of England ring with his eloquence in defence of men who had been charged with publishing seditious libel, and it was owing to Erskine's efforts there was finally secured in England what is known as the 'Fox Libel Law' under which the jury is given the power of judging the whole matter in the case of seditious libel.

Mr. Fox introduced the famous Libel Law, under which the jury had the right to hear and judge of the whole matter. We all should realize the truth of Erskine's statement when he said that other liberties may be held under governments, but liberty of opinion keeps governments themselves in subjection, to their own duties.

This has produced the martyrdom of truth in every age, and the world has only been purged from ignorance with the innocent blood of the men who have enlightened it. This will seem a strong statement.

Socrates, whom we now call Socrates, the Great, Socrates, the Wise, was put to death by the men of Athens, who compelled him to drink the poisoned cup of hemlock because they said he corrupted the youth of Athens by his teachings, and yet those very opinions

have been the evidence from which the rest of mankind have placed Socrates in the forefront of the world's philosophers, because he put forward the opinions for which, by the men of Athens of his day, he was done to death.

All men of daring convictions do suffer. I have suffered myself everything in the way of open persecution. Death at times, would have been a comforter in the midst of my persecutions. I have lain in caves at night and in brick kilns and in haystacks, without a place to lay my head—in dangers by land and sea—and in perils by my own countrymen—troubles oft, without a friend, to this day, yet like Lenine, I feel confidence in my desires that my country will be free, without fear of the querulous Englishman or his irritating, gesticulating insinuations, that he ever bursts forth with both pen and mouth. The justice is a harbinger and the forerunner of our proceedings. We may have pauses and delays but the result is ever sure—one or two or a thousand being cut down in the march forwards, does not alter nor affect the victory of the army that is marching on. The ranks will be reinforced from the springs that follow after us, to invigorate and illuminate the torch that still precedes us, and when the halt is called, our glorious land possessed, it is not so much to be separated from a people that differ from us in political ideas and economical procedure, but because of filth and inhumanity.

After living in their great English capital for over five years, I desired during all that time to note the acts and deeds of this great Saxon race, but of course, at the same time and place, I took notice of the cosmopolitan, that would be of use to me for to distinguish between the Saxon and them, that I might be able to draw the inference between the two.

I travelled through and around the city, frequented their places of amusement, music halls and theatres, their principal hotels, not a few; I have bought at their costermonger's stall, of both Jew and Gentile. I have seen the native Indian robbed by the Jew and deceived on a Sunday morning, before my eyes, while buying some clothes. They parcelled them up, and while the Indian was getting his money unrolled out of a scroll of cotton that he had rolled up for safety, the Jew took the parcel and put it under the table of his stall, and when the Indian reached his money to him, he gave the Indian another parcel of old rags he had papered up ready for him, when he got the money. The Indian went away quite pleased with what he thought he had got, but when he met a few more Indians he opened his parcel to show them what he had got. He found out then he was cheated and they all went back with him to the Jew,

and I kept following after them to see how it would work out. He gave his parcel of rags to the Jew and wanted his money back. The Jew said: "I didn't sell you anything; it wasn't me," and they wrangled over it, but the Indian lost his money, and no protection from the thieves of Jews.

And we have Mr. Carson, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, for these poor Indians. Could he not use his authority and get some bill of protection enacted in parliament, to save these poor slaves; that are under paid in British Merchant ships—our poor stokers. I, who have been one of their number, sailing out of London, have no ill-feeling against them, only that we want them to be paid as much money for the work as the white man. Though I am an Irishman, I have been a stoker out of London, and thousands of my countrymen are at the bottom of the seas, fighting for England. The Indian is not a white man, why do the British merchants employ three of them for one white man's wages? They tell us they live cheaper than the white man. That is no solving of the question.

Give the Indians their own government and they will provide work for their own subjects, on their own merchant ships, of which, I have no doubt they would be able to pay better wages than the British ship owners or merchants are paying to their stokers.

But here we come to the dependencies again—they could not trust them, they would make laws against our interests and maybe ally themselves to some other nation that would be detrimental to our interest. This idea, that the world would stop its progress if Britain was not controlling it.

I have attended the race courses of England at given periods of time. I could there see the lewd Lords and filthy women at their hinch; none producers—lustful workers of iniquity—gamblers of chance with the money they are drawing from the blood and sweat of their countrymen in England and Scotland, and their countrywomen, not speaking of what they are drawing and dragging off the Irish slaves, that in their wild rage amongst themselves, they are devouring one another, to attain it and to hold it.

In their House of Parliament, they are disputing amongst themselves about the best ways and means of murdering and exterminating the Irish race, to live upon them and to enslave them. The American continent, that contains thirty millions of the Irish race, stands by with her arms folded, afraid to chastise the English marauders, because she has transferred her capital to the bondholders of that country, and her allies. by the money their capitalists or her capitalists put into their coffers at the time the war was going on. Her trade and commerce was that

good that England was threatening war against her, although her own capitalists were in co-operation with her, and to have a safe return of these loaned bonds, with the great interest to add to the principal, is something not easy to separate from.

It is capital that has caused Wilson, and even Harding, to forget the moral—he was to trust the nations to be honest in their dealing with small nations. But from what I perceive, the moral Wilson was after, was a safe investment of American and English capitalist bonds, that I presume, has to be drawn in from the blood and sweat of European workmen. What use is a League of Nations, if it does not inquire into the conduct and treatment of a nation's colonies? Then they would say this is interfering with the internal affairs. I think if I abuse my servant or dependent, there should be a court or tribunal they could appeal to for an examination, the facts of his case be inquired into that he may be compensated or liberated from his taskmasters.

But as I was speaking of the character of these English people, I find men, and the English population generally, are an uncivilized race. They tell me about Bolsheviks being barbarous and cruel, murdering the people that persecuted them, but the English have been, ever since she possessed a colony, murdering and shooting them down that would not obey all commands. Look at India; you do not hear her cry, because of Ireland. No one knows the sufferings and persecutions of that race of people, the Indians, that Britain rules, and the honor and cry of this barbarous race is, "Save the Empire." For what? That they might live upon these weak people, with no fault of their own, but because their progress was stopped by the English conquerors that got in among them and deceived them until they got possession of them, and then they used their power to rule and persecute them—weak, because they were slow to perceive and understand the devices arrayed against them.

I would rather be a Lenine, as Ghorki says, a fanatic scientist, as be a government leader of a tyrannical, oppressive government of any civilized nation. The first is rooting up the rubbish and cleaning a place for a good foundation that the people of the world will build upon—a real, social construction that will stand after all the oppressors of mankind have passed to oblivion and to or beyond the great phenomena. These governments for England are not anti—but deliverers of prehistoric ideas. From the crawls of eruptions have been their sustenance.

And still these prosecutions and confiscating ideas are inculcated into them at the knees of their fathers and their colleges, with

their so-called professors of technical ideas, are a flowing stream that submerges them, with, cute devisations and deceiving instructions to their own ends, regardless of their fellow creatures that are here and there spread over this earth.

All these so-called technical ideas are demonstrated before them; these students that can take hold of them and utilize them for their own benefit are hoisted up to the highest pinnacle of fame and celebrated by all as the coming hero of state and fortune. That is privileged for the few.

I say that a social structure, for one nation, regardless of the well-being of others, is a structure built upon sand and cannot stand. They will say to this: "Am I my brother's keeper? But if, man to man, the world o'er, shall brothers be, for a' that," we must consider him. I say here I never saw an Englishman or woman do it in their own country; if I did, it was when some poor creature came into a public bar looking for alms, or going around the street doors asking a piece of bread. I never saw in England a man, recognized them, until some Irish man or woman residing near by, or an Irish traveller—which there are many of them compelled to, by reason of their persecution in Ireland—to travel to find employment. Well, if these Irish, which in their nature dwells alone hospitality, would not put his hand into his pocket and give them something, the English man or woman would never move, but when they saw the Irish hospitality extended, then they opened a little, but it is foreign to them to be kind, and unless it was for shame sake because of those looking on, that were standing by, and the women at their doors looking at the hospitality of the Irish, giving their own English poor a piece of bread or a cup of tea to warm them, and hospitality that any English people shows, is taken from the Irish example. It is no inheritance of their own; it is only example shown them.

Ofttimes I have considered them through their acts and deeds, when I saw them sending their fathers to the popr house to live upon the taxation of other people, for to get the money to drink or give it to the gambling bookers of London, on horse racing or football playing or prize fights, and dog racing of all kinds, rather than honor the father that reared them, I looked at the contrast of the Irishman and the Englishman's mode of existence.

On a Saturday night, in the top room of the saloon, I could notice after the week's toil, they assemble to have a drink of pure ale and a sing song, or a game of tippet; or hide and find the piece. Here is what made me yearn and love my native land, when I saw the Irish young men lead in their fathers, leaning on a

stick, into the room of amusements, amongst the young men, to enjoy a game at the cards, or whatever they liked best in their young days, and kept them in food and clothing during the week, and were proud of them at the age of seventy and eighty years, to enjoy their fellowship and will of those later years.

What a contrast between the Irish and the English.

Now I want to draw to your attention for a moment—these are the class of people that are enfranchised, that select and choose the representatives of their parliaments to legislate not alone for themselves, but for Ireland as well. Men and women that will not provide for and support their kin, through their physical and social lives, but depend upon others to support them, with this electorate in power in 1920, that controls Ireland, is it any wonder that such heroes as young Barry, eighteen years of age, a coming scientist of the Irish school, was hanged in Moutjoy prison, because he would not become an informer? No wonder we have a fanatic parliament in London today.

When I read about Sir Edward Carson, representing that seat of learning in Ireland, they call Trinity College, Dublin—he stands up in parliament and calls another man a liar, that he did not start the shooting in Ireland—and the very last time he was in that country he was telling the Ulster Orangemen to keep their powder dry and arm themselves all they could.

I write these facts at 89 Dagmar street, Winnipeg, Canada, in a house in which I rented a room, by the week, and never asked their name, or where they came from. Daniel Mooney.

Now I want to show you, at this critical time, all over the world, in trying to solve the social rising at this League of Nations, I took notice of this Arthur J. Balfour; as Ghorki calls Lenine the Russian, a caustic iron man, so I call Balfour, a caustic conjurer; that is open to the perceptive eye. His polished phrases, I could see, were taken hold of by the French delegate, M. Viviani, when he rose to his feet, in impassioned tones he reminded the Assembly how the appeal had been made, in behalf of Armenia, to the United States. "The United States has refused" he said, "what will the Commission do now?" "How does it propose to achieve anything definite?" Here is where he catches the astute Balfour.

"My distinguished English colleague has set forth the difficulties of finding a mandatory for Armenia." Now he has him; does he suggest any reason, for use, suppose that the new Commission would succeed where the League Council, of which he is an eminent member, had failed? The League must do something more practical than appoint a

Commission, or confess itself ridiculous before the whole world. Mr. Viviani evidently wished to put his reference too, when Senator McCormack, of the United States, was asked his opinion, he said, "I would not care to enter into or upon any discussion in which the distinction is stressed," was the reply. The American Senator here stated and explained when he was asked what would be the probable course of the new administration and the new Congress with the relation to the promotion of World Peace, that the Knox resolution outlined the natural course of events. That resolution declares the war with Germany at an end; that adopted, a state of peace has been established, which could be certified through the exchange of note which would place relations between the two countries, so far as commerce and trade is concerned, on the basis that existed before the war. That could be accomplished within thirty days after Congress meets.

The next step would be to appoint consular and diplomatic agents, and this done, we shall have accomplished all that is necessary for the resumption of trade, travel and credits, on the basis of relations existing with the most favored nation.

We shall then have time to decide on the question, whether we prefer to join with the nations looking for a general agreement with regard to world affairs, or on the other hand, make for ourselves treaties of amity and commerce. I look to see he says, "a further and more minute discussion of the Peace Treaty itself, and the minor treaties, their justice or injustice, their wisdom or unwisdom, and the obligations they place upon the United States.

I think there were only four senators who discussed the treaty of peace at length. The Covenant of the League of Nations, he said, now happily out of the way, had engaged the attention of most of them the greater part of the time. There are many who think that the burdens imposed on the United States by the Peace Treaty itself, are as bad as those imposed by the League of Nations, as the covenant of the Nations itself.

Senator McCormick, who spoke with considerable feeling, said it was stupid to accuse senators who held out against the ratification of the League Covenant, that they would have America occupy an isolated position, one apart from the concert of nations. America, he said, was a world power before the World War. America was recognized as such when Theodore Roosevelt was president. America's influence was never so great as when he was in the White House. We certainly intend that America shall play her part in the world, and although we oppose American guarantee of empire, we believe in America contributing her share towards the maintenance of peace

in the world, but we do not believe that America has the same interest as, let us say, France and Britain have in the Mediterranean or the Balkans; or that we should assume the same responsibility in that part of the world as France or Great Britain do.

On the other hand, we have an overwhelming interest in the Caribbean, and assume a responsibility there to the exclusion of France and Great Britain.

Unhappily for the European situation, statesmen would not be warned; they would not listen to the truth; through the censorship, they denied the reflection of American sentiment through the news to their people, and so contributed to the unhappy sequence of events after the Armistice had been signed.

Now, you people of Great Britain, will surely see how your governments blind your eyes. If it was not for this great, free country the United States, public press and statesmen, you would never know your country's diplomatic affairs; and you would vote blindly at every election as you often do and have done. This is the work of your conjuring fakers like Arthur Balfour, Lloyd George and Lord Cecil and Company.

When I look at the contrast of these government representatives of Great Britain, trying to deceive other nations economically but not fit physically to get a name for themselves by the clever conjuring with facts and acts, from their own people; it made me smile when I saw the speech and read it of the Frenchman, how quickly he perceived the scientific performance of Balfour at the Conference of Nations; how beautifully he eulogized him, and then threw him flat to the ground, that it compelled his colleagues to hold an unruly confab amongst the whole assembly of that Conference. And the speech, that they were a nation before the war and intended to be one after it, by the American McCormack, was a clincher on old faker Balfour before that assembly and more than he could bear, and got up with his beguiling phrases again, to have another tumble, and the New York Times he mesmerized that completely by these tricks, that it published in its articles, there comments.

"The atmosphere of the assembly, as Balfour's lank form sank down into his seat, was electric." It was felt, he said, "that underlying Balfour's polished phrases there was a real clash of powerful interest, portray immaterial is no fact; it is Supposition Row and has lead many a ship to wreck, in the course it had to go. Material is a living fact, the stones themselves do grow. Life's ever in the earth itself, it's the theologians overthrow. The spirit dwells within all things, we see it come and go; it sleeps and changes, as Darwin said, but still is on the go; we see it in

the lowest forms, that nature here does show, and beyond its bounds, dear elective charms, none of us know.

The theologians do presume a place that is unknown, but six thousand years has shown they are knave devising drones; they tell us of a hell, and heaven, preserved for man alone. I wonder what the animal tribe of our assistants own, to see them with their bleeding wounds,—in the mornings, how they groan. Could they now here stipulate the justice of a throne that provides for nothing else, but for man alone; the animals upon the earth, for us their grief have shown. There surely is some recompense for those that's made to moan. The horse and ox, the ass and cow, but, O, the dog alone, what a companion has the man in this world ever known—Daniel Mooney.

The life of nature is a spring that waves itself around;
The planets that are here known to us, and those that's yet unfound;
It has its seasons and its years, its course within its bounds
Is circulating in its sphere, the universe around;
It slumbers and awakes again in its own allotted time,
Reviving oft the thoughts of man, to get within its lines;
In matter force it circulates, and unifies its climes,
That man here cannot gesticulate, its youth nor yet its prime;
Humbolt opened out its space, and Hackle dressed it fine;
Darwin showed its being race, and Tyndall read their minds;
This is association space, in this universal clime;
Matter and force here circulate, I can see them both compound,
The greatest plant that ever grew, and bloomed forth here a flower
Was surrounded by infestering weeds, though washed by every shower;
Sometimes choked with masquerades, sometimes near o'erpowered
With filthy lucre I'm afraid, they will almost be devoured,
Materialistic is the theme, and has been, of our time,
But show me any of them can change it to the mind.
Material here, we come and go, material here refined,
Is evolution high or low, no matter what's the kind;
This material is the bed on which we come and go,

No matter what the world has said, man goes to and fro,

The solafids in the heaven fled at materialistic blow;

The radium ore, the earth then shed her tears of joy and woe;

Such is material ever clad with every art that show;

The verdure of embroidered threads, this earth's material glow.

Love's siren is but a screen, a mantle in its time,

That garbs a few that from us drew, a true dramatic rhyme.

—Daniel Mooney.

Here material is a draught upon the unwary mind;

All I can do is simply trace the things that are confined;

Within our lives we see it work, from evolution found;

Man comes, he goes, and is not missed, like all beings that's around;

Only for the light he's shed, henceforth to others minds,

The earth has lost no weight nor strength, nor yet has any found;

So matter force is but the gauge in evolution found;

We see it here in every grade of evolution found.

We come, we go, as fruit and flowers, we cannot stop the tide,

Nor yet the storm nor fleeting shower, that's ever in their stride;

Everything from matter spring, while force with it confides,

When it will cease, those roaring seas of life no more abides.

—Daniel Mooney.

The spirit I do claim is so subordinate to force and matter, which is our real existence, when it ceases to evolutionize within this body of mine. I certainly will pass to another form of matter existence that will still be in evolution, no matter what kind of animation it be in. I will nourish the seeds of other plants that will bring forth buds or flowers or some germatic race that is still in evolution by force—whether by force of the sun, or the planets in motion in their circulation, or our own planet, the earth that revolves around the sun at such a fast revolution, which is force, that illuminates matter and causes heat within the bounds of these circles of these planets, which originates organisms, and feeds life of all kinds.

But for me to attempt to determine the power or cause of this controlling evolution, and to describe the shape and form of that authority, in the phenomena, as Huxley says,

would be taking away the foundation of reason. Therefore, I object to either minister or priest defining it, and to tell us the place of our abode in another world, I believe as Longfellow said, "Silently and peacefully we lie," and no one knows more than this.

Chauseyon Brient, the great French scholar said, in his closing lines of Theophilus: "So live, that when thy summons come to join that innumerable caravan that leads to that mysterious realm, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of death, thou go not as the quarry slave, at night, scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and upheld by an unfaltering trust, approved thy doom."

That approval I take for granted, that I have done my duty here. As the tree falleth, so shall it lie, and I shall fear nothing when I pass from this life. I know when I stop eating and drinking my spirit weakens and I am dull of observing things, and thought does not take hold of things so quickly, which convinces me that the spirit which they call soul dies with the body.

I was drowned till I was senseless, and when they pulled me out of the water I came to, in Ontario, while with two horses and a sleigh with a load of hay on a very bad road, with pitch holes in it. I was on the top of the load and it upset with me and the hay buried me and I was smothered for a long time and knew nothing about myself until a man happened to come along and pulled me out. After he had hauled the hay and sleigh off me; I ask now, where was the sense of the spirit then, until I gained consciousness, or till my senses came back to me? Allow me to tell you all is oblivion and there is no passing of the soul from this body, only through evolution, to another form of existence.

I hold God does not give every man a spirit as he comes into this world, but the seed contains that spirit and soul that proceed from men and women, by their co-existence from one generation to the other in this evolution in which we live and have our being.

There is not an animal tribe, from the least to the greatest, and all birds and fishes of the rivers and seas, but have proceeded and followed the same course of evolution since man's first discovery and any knowledge of himself and them.

Here I arrive at a time in the twentieth century when Christian knowledge is diffused and assimilated amongst the people, by the greatest theologians, teachers of my day, propounding sufferings in store for them in soul and body, in the unknown, beyond, for eternity, counselling the people with fear and dread, of the effects, but not one word about the cause of these effects.

I find one sect propounding fore-ordination and predestination. I say if such a doctrine is

to be believed, why preach the doctrines of repentance and reformation, if he is doomed or saved forever, when he enters the cradle from his mother's womb; nature and evolution do not teach me that. It teaches me to nourish and cherish the seed, but the cultivation and training them that they may bring forth a good crop, that we may all eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we may pass on to another state or stage of evolution.

Church and state, I see your fate, fast tottering to the ground;

Man's soul and body you defate in every upward bound;

It's to my kinsmen I relate, this wisdom that is sound,

Beware of creeds that assignate and uphold a royal crown;

They always here do confiscate and look on us with frown;

They dominate and rule the state, to keep the workers down.

—Daniel Mooney.

But gentlemen, when I look at the administration of laws by an empire towards its colonies, with prejudice on one hand and favor and respect on the other hand, I can see that empire mouldering away like the remains of a prairie fire, or a pile of burning straw—and her islands drifting from her, because of that mouldering hate of wrong.

An empire that cannot trust to its own administration at home, has a poor chance to succeed abroad. A nation that has to depend upon a colony or colonies to sustain her population bullying oppression and aggressiveness, usurps, or as they have been doing in Ireland—usurpation and confiscation is the law-abiding theme of an English parliament in that unhappy country, Ireland. A League of Nations, or any association of nations should take the power to separate any colony from a nation that wants to live upon it, that demands that separation by a majority of its people, irrespective of sects or schisms. A man's belief in a future state cannot be a cause against a majority of a country where residents are in a majority for freedom from their oppressors.

Sectarianism is a rot in any constitutional government. It is a corruption imposed upon the people by the grafters, and exploiters of or upon the souls of men, so that you will see, although I am not an expert writer, I read some of the great school's knowledge and blended it with my own. I cannot find words or phrases to denounce the kind of rule England is attempting to carry out both in Ireland and India. How can this association of nations allow her to proceed in an indepen-

dent, high-handed upkeep of massacres amongst the civilized people of the earth.

When America liberated from the World's Great War, not alone them but France, when they were driven back on Amiens, could not go or proceed any further till America came to the rescue, and this Balfour and his cousin, Lord Cecil, his father, Lord Salisbury, with Beaconsfield, at the Berlin Conference in 1871, with Bismark, the great German head, handed over Alsace and Lorraine to the Germans and sold them and deceived them, till Mr. Gladstone himself, had to cry out against the confiscation of territory.

This same pact sits today in France—as they term a League of Nations—conjuring of facts and advocating deceptions, but both the French and the Americans were not slow to catch the Greek Athens at their exploiting. They were not satisfied with spending the money they borrowed from the Americans, for consolidation of their country, but they lent £55,000,000 to a lot of bohunks of Pollocks, masquerading not alone through Russia, but through Canada and America as well, for General Wrangel to help to place on the throne of Russia another czar.

This is Balfour, the polished phraser, and he was that full of bribery and deception that he asked the Conference if any of them knew if the rebel leader of the Nationalists Turks would accept territory or money. Now, I ask, where was that territory to come from. They would have to confiscate some nation's territory, and if so, as the New York Times says, about the underlying phrases of Balfour, lies a clash of interest; here would be a clash. Balfour, handing over some other nation's territory to the Turks.

What strikes me most about this man—which proves to me he is like all other Englishmen—been born dependent—they are ever looking for something but never have anything to give away.

I was amused when I read the report of the League Conference, M. Viviani rose and said he was still opposed to the idea of a Commission. When a man is at death's door you call a doctor, not a Commission, but here is what made me laugh at Balfour's conjuring. I would greatly like to know what the French have in mind, and he said, "I would also like to explain to them just what we mean by negotiation. Negotiation is discussion between civilized powers in which one offers something in return to the other for a concession to their mutual advantage."

I guess M. Viviani would beware of the concessions granted to him and the United States, to their mutual advantage, from such a scientific, adventuring gentleman—something to their mutual advantage from him that sat

at the feet of Judas, or J. Ghandi, the Calcutta scientist.

Now a man that does represent a nation that cannot support itself I know has to have a nerve of iron and a heart of steel. It would be better for that nation to give over these dependencies to the people they belong to, and reduce their own population to a sustenance state, and agree to mutual assistance where it is required. Force and compulsion are still opposable. Science has not lost its grappling irons. It is still taking hold upon force and matter, and when its devisations are utilized, it is a battering ram that needs but little physical force, or skill.

Some dreamers think of a millenium, but they never strike me. This earth gets no heavier, and it also gets no lighter, and I presume that all planets are just the same. This is perpetual motion, for as I have said, we, and all things, are in-evolution all the time. Here we cannot stay; there is no problem to solve. It is finished.

But just bear with me for a little while. When Mr. Balfour tries to explain in English to the French men, the meaning of negotiation. Negotiation, he says, is discussion. Here we have him explaining the English dictionary to Frenchmen. Might the French not as well explain to him the meaning of the French dictionary? It looks very big in an elementary school of the Englishmen, but very small before the eyes of a real linguist who understood both French and English. He reminds me of an old English school teacher or tutor, explaining the nouns and pronouns, the verbs and adverbs, to a lot of children who were beginning to find their bearings, to know right from wrong.

I think it would be better to confine this English race of masqueraders to their own land and nation. If they did so, it would be a great advantage to the whole world for the spreading of the light before the generations that are to follow us. They are that disgusting and ignorant to look at them and listen to them, mocking other nationalities because they are so far back in the dark that they can not learn any other language, they would actually compel every other people or nation to become as themselves, because they have not the skill nor art themselves of comprehension.

They envy every other nation that has attained such skill and art, that is the science of speech, to know and understand the expression of feelings to be conveyed in speech from one people to another.

But old King Edward's sister's son—the Kaiser—is still living within them. They wanted one language for an English czar to rule over, but they spoiled and confused it themselves with their Orange Carson. But

I warn both these Ulster, and Scotch and Orange that are trying to tempt me, to beware, the fox is not out of the bush, and you and yourselves can just be served the same way.

These poor people that do not understand it, do not know what is the matter. I have told you, it is Edward's Carson's Orangeism, and Campbell Kingism in Ireland—Babylonians working abominations because we cleared ourselves free of Orangeism and sectarianism. Then they thought the whole world was with them because they were a Protestant nation, but they will find out that Protestantism—no more than Catholicism—will promote the welfare and interest of a nation.

The man they prayed to, their God cursed them—Christ Jesus, who is He or what is He? This God that these Orangemen pray to—as Bob Ingersoll says, He would not make a decent devil. Here is the difference between an Orangeman's God and an Irishman's God, which I know an Orangeman cannot deny.

Carson's church and the Orangeman's church—which they call Christ church in Belfast, in 1903, their most Reverend Doctor Cain—note the name, he slew his brother Abel—died and they could not replace this old Scripture reader, with ability enough, as they thought, in Ulster, although there were plenty of Orange drumstick Bible thumpers,—to find that, they set about getting home again an Orange migrator from America—of which there are not a few.

They struck upon Philadelphia, the great Dutch city of the United States. They got an Orange church minister there by the name of McGachy; they fetched him to Belfast and he sat by King Edward, at the time of the massacre in that city, Lord Erin and Lord Laterim's son, or the then Lord Laterim, and this Orange confab, as you hear me now I heard them then, deciding whom to kill. They had Clayton, the head detective of Belfast Police Force, busy fetching them in, that were against the Orange order.

They fetched in from all parts of Britain, those they suspected of disloyalty, and those that would not agree to let them take my father's money of ten millions of pounds.

Does not that reptile know there is something wrong, when hiring me? He should know that a working man like me was not worked upon for nothing. Would he like if his friend had left him a lot of money, that a King and a Secret Society should take possession of what was left to him, and kill his father and mother, brother and sister and your own children. Now this Orange confab gave the sentence upon these people, that they had no right with, and this Philadelphia Orange minister gave his benediction upon

those poor souls, and I know it was the Orange, if any, was guilty and to blame.

On the other hand, what constitutional law gave the King the power, without judge or jury, in a public court of the people? The people say when they hear me, that I am a terror, but what about the cause of the terror, and who made me a terror.

Now, as you have listened to me, I listened to the King and his Orange confab in Broadway Orange hall, where the most of these bloody acts were committed, and with Lady Blood and her daughters in the asylum, there in Belfast, there was nothing but a hell with this filthy work, giving it to insane people in the asylum, so as they would be heard to pollute the people. I said to this King Edward and his confab: "If there is goodness in the universe, that minister McGahey, coming to Belfast from America, to carry on ill-feelings in Ireland, should be burned."

Well, that night in his hotel, both he and his wife were burned to death. Now here is the difference between my God, and the Orangemen's God. They pray for rain in the harvest and want God to change His plans concerning other people's existence.

No wonder the Church of Rome, and the Jews, laugh at their 'Drives' for to add to their congregations, and fill their purses with the spoil. The only people I see in Winnipeg that have got any sense, is the educated Foreigner. He stands aloof in this city. He pursues, he perceives, he analyzes and sifts all the ideals set before him, and I perceive he compounds all these ideals demonstrated before him, into which I call solodis of redeem. Then he dissolves them and tests them in the fire or furnace of reason until he has separated the good from the bad, the right from the wrong, the just from the unjust, the wise from the foolish. Then he resolved and knew how to proceed, but a people that realize nothing about any other conditions of existence or sustenance in another country or nation, separated from themselves, is unfit to use the franchise to represent them in any foreign policy their country becomes involved in. They are fit to vote and use their skill in their own domestic affairs because they understand their own conditions, by their suffering and bereavements and misperception through and in their conditions.

The Members of Parliament themselves are equally as bad. They profess to know foreign affairs—from what experience, from what reading the newspapers' exaggerating reports, every day, or listening to a harangue of some oration from a would-be statesman that had held office as Foreign Secretary in India, or a Chief Secretary for Ireland, or an ambassador or consul, to or for some foreign state.

All these men that are officials of state, that are proud to be called so, get their knowledge from under secretaries' reports, and these reports are prepared and set forth by confidential servants of the under secretaries, such as County Council Clerks, and Officers of the Police, of Civil Service men, Bailiffs' and Sheriffs' returns, with a mixture of the sects and schisms of those countries, whether they are a Christian or Mohammedan or Hot-tentot—they are set forth as the apostles of truth, in all cases where they are called in question.

Now let common sense and reason guide you. How could England know or understand under what conditions these people suffered in India, that is so far away from her? These people, confined under a stringent English law, are afraid to show any contempt or rebellion against these laws. The duty of all wise governments is to bring contentment to the people they govern, and the only sure means to possess that knowledge is to give the people the freedom to express that knowledge, that is, that the law shall not forbid them to assemble together to express their feelings about their condition, and the ways and means of bettering them. They should not alone not be prohibited, but they should be encouraged by the Government to show forth their grievances that they may know how to elevate them to a better state of existence than under the conditions under which they suffer.

Freedom in anything, act or deed, shows the bad and the good, the wise and the foolish, the just and the unjust. It is so simple that a child could perceive it and realize it. As I have said, freedom can not be taken away from thought, for as Huxley said, you can transfer the matter, but thank God, you cannot transfer the spirit. If their matter was transferred to a million, far less to a few hundreds of these Orange reptiles, it would make no difference to me. If they assimilated it with a million people it would not alter my opinion and would make me more determined in expressing it.

Heresy is not my theme. It is proving the actions of men and women through this freedom of men and women. Their Commissions of Balfours in the so-called League of Nations, nor any evidence before any tribunal however complete, can or could not equal the evidence of a pure free conscience. It is the forerunner of any good conditions of the governments themselves brings home to them the knowledge they were looking for, and if they could only be made to understand that they were lights to illuminate the path of those that follow after, they would be careful not to try to exterminate the flame that was illuminated for them. That torch of light is

handed down from generation to generation, and some generations take care of the wick and snuff of that light better than others, which is their opportunity.

I perceive they are carrying the torch well in Russia. Today Lenine is taking care of the wick well, but its light sometimes in other hands has a lull because of these leaders being lukewarm and no invigoration in the ways and means of their actions.

Shakespeare gives us a good illustration or analogy about love. He says nature is fine in love, and where it is fine they show some nice examples of themselves after the thing they call love. But here is where you will feel him. He says love has a wick or snuff that will abate it, and there is nothing at a like goodness still. Shakespeare means, I believe, that stupid men have taken upon them to lead men and women, not fit to do it, and this snuff, I presume, is a leader not fit to demonstrate and show clearly his ways and means of success.

This is my inference in relation to our government's procedure, and those that represent us at the making of our laws, and those that want to represent us. This torch, as I have said, is a fire burning within our conscience and our heart and souls for right against wrong,—and I hold the definition of my name means light; that is the torch we, and I, want to see illuminated in this world during the time I am in it, and I hope after men, all generations of men shall feel the fire and see the light of that torch, for freedom to express his feelings before the world for the rights and justice of mankind.

How a man, for the sake of power and authority, can try to keep back justice from his fellow creatures during his short time at the best.

O, what crowds in every land, so wretched and felloren,

O, why has man here got the power to make his fellow mourn.

He may eat a little more refined meat and possess or wear a finer suit of clothes, but he is no better than the plebian, and contented as he may be, yet in many respects he is not as happy as the hard-working man that is just and honest in all his acts and deeds.

Be sure your sins will find you out, but the tendency of this nation England is to outrun all other nations by fraud and deception, which has been the means of uniting directly and indirectly, others against her, being so anxious to hold onto those colonies, or rather dependencies, that she wants to rule and live upon—this has been the means of diverting from her sight any policy that would consoli-

date her interests in her trade and commerce with the world abroad.

By this divergence, she has alienated her friends, with her enemies, that mistrust towards her is a solid compact today, the wide world over. To hold on to India, she held the Turks and Bosphorus on her side for a long time, to safeguard her against the countries of both East and West. But now look at the contrast. After the Turks have found them out in their acts towards deception, they became nationals and looked out for their own interests, independent of Britain, which draws from Britain's representatives at the League of Nations, another desire of how, or whether the Turks would accept another bribe of confiscated territory or money, to protect the English interests towards their India dependency, and to safeguard it against all comers towards it—that road.

And to complete their fake, they introduce Armenia as a safe subject to be discussed before the League of Nations, condemning the atrocities committed upon them by the Turks—garbed as usual in that cloak of Christianity that the Turk, because he worships that prophet of his Mohammed, is more humane than the Christian.

I can prove, and have proved, that men void of Christianity that I have come across, are human and kind in their acts towards me, and more honorable to be trusted than the Christian. But what strikes me most is that these that were Britain's Allies—the Turks—for a long time were true and faithful and could do nothing wrong. Now, because these Turks, like the Italians of Italy, have found out their deception and trusts them no more, then all the weapons Britain has, she thrusts at her former friend and Allies, that she trusted and stood by so long to help her to protect her Indian empire, that is now a flaming fire against herself.

Then, after all the years of friendship and good will, the Turks are branded as cruel monsters against the Armenians by Britain. But while they were a standing wall between Russia and India, there were no cruel Turks. How friends part! And how they refuse to work and provide for a stepfather, England has been acting the part over her step children in many lands, but these children have come to see it is easier to support and provide for themselves than to support a directing, guiding stepfather.

Wisdom is the guiding star, but the wavering of the clouds of time has lulled and bedimmed those splendid rays that once showed its brilliant glow over the British Isles.

Burke's exhortations were not realized; O'Connell's stipulations were ignored. Gladstone's demonstration of justice against wrong, in which I have taken part myself,

were frustrated by Beaconsfield and Salisbury and our present day Balfour. The horrors of wars, as Mr. Gladstone said, have never yet been brought home to them after the world's conflagration and the ruination of millions of lives. Yet they are preparing for more of the dope that layed their sons low on the Plains of Flanders, and still talking of consolidation, while making and trying to make treaties of prohibition against their enemies, or the supposition of enemies.

Unknowingly, that freedom to these states is the means by which the prosperity is fetched and produced in their own country, by a free production and a free and open transfer of these productions, which is the life blood of industry and prosperity to any and all nations, but on Britain's part, it is a treacherous start she wants to get. She wants to keep back the products, and not alone that, but to strangle, and if possible, to exterminate the arts and science of her great vanquished foe.

But let me tell them, science and art is a discovery and they come again, so my advice is, a fair field and no favor and they shall get consolidated the sooner because this keeping back is squandering time, and one of England's own has said—poor Richard said, "If thou wouldst love life, do not squander time for that is the stuff life is made of."

So as we meet in the arena of combat, when victory is won and lost, we shake hands and bid adieu to the past and go on for a greater ideal. This idea of keeping the other fellow back because you cannot succeed yourself, is a bad idea. For my part I do not want to be imbedded in that rock called faith, who makes no effort to better his condition, because all his strength is exhausted in keeping other people from improving theirs.

The supreme desire of his heart is to force all others to adopt his creed, and in order to accomplish this object, he denounces all kinds of free thinkers, or thinking as a crime, and this crime they call heresy, and when England had the power, heresy was the most terrible and formidable of words, especially in India and Ireland. It meant confiscation, exile, imprisonment and death. No wonder that Jesus Christ said: "I came not to bring peace but a sword."

Britain does not want peace—bribery and confiscation pay her better. England's political leaders and teachers reminds me of a place in Massachusetts, called Andover—a kind of minister factory, and every professor in that factory takes an oath once in every five years—that is as long as an oath will last—that not only has he not during the last five years—but so help him God, he will not during the next five years, intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath they

could so easily keep. Since the foundation of that institution there has not been one case of perjury.

They believe the same creed they first taught when the foundation stone was laid; that is a Coalition government that can just equal the English Coalition at this present time, 1920—and now when they send out a Premier from England they brand him, as the hardware from Sheffield and Birmingham, is branded. Every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he reads, and just what he amounts to intellectually, and knows how he will shrink and shrivel and become solemnly stupid day after day, until he meets with death.

It is all wrong; it is cruel. These men should be allowed to grow; they should have the arc of liberty and the sunshine of thought. I want to free the schools of our country. I want it so that when a professor in a college finds some fact inconsistent with Moses, he will not hide the fact; that it will be worse for having discovered the fact. I wish to see an eternal divorce and separation between church and schools. The common school is the bread of life. But there should be nothing taught in schools except what somebody knows, and anything else should not be maintained by a system of general taxation.

I want its professors so that they will tell everything they find; that they will be free to investigate in every direction, and will not be trammelled by the superstitions of our day.

I ask, what has religion to do with facts? Nothing. Is there any such thing as Methodist mathematics? Presbyterian botany? Catholic astronomy? or Baptist biology? What has any form of superstition or religion to do with a fact or any science? Nothing but to hinder, delay or embarrass.

I want then to free the schools, and this is how, and the way to free politicians so that a man will not have to pretend he is a Methodist, or his wife a Baptist, or his grandmother a Catholic, so that he can go through a campaign, and when he gets through, he will find none of the dust of hypocrisy on his knees.

I want the people splendid enough that when they desire men to make laws for them they will take one who knows something, who has brains enough to prophesy the destiny of the American Republic, or the British Empire no matter what his opinions may be upon any religious subject.

Suppose we are in a storm out at sea and the billows are washing over our ship, and it is necessary that someone should reef the top-sail, and a man presents himself, would you stop him at the foot of the mast to find out his opinion on the five points of Calvinism? What has that to do with it? Congress has

nothing to do with Baptism or any particular creed, and Ingersoll said, from what little experience he had at Washington, they took very little to do with any kind of religion whatever. Now, I hope all people will forget they are Baptists or Methodists, and remember that they are men and women. These are the highest titles humanity can bear,—men and women—and every title you add belittles them—man is the highest, woman is the highest.

Let us remember we are simply human beings, with interests in common, and let us all remember that our views depend largely on the country in which we happen to live. Suppose we were born in Turkey, most of us would have been Mohammedans; and when we read in the book that Mohammed visited heaven, he became acquainted with an angel named Gabriel, who was so broad between the eyes that it would take a smart camel three hundred days to make the journey. We probably would have believed it. If we did not, people would say: "That young man is dangerous." He is trying to tear down the fabric of our religion. What do you propose to give us instead of that angel? We cannot afford to trade off an angel of that size for nothing.

Or, if we had been born in India, we would have believed in a God with three heads. Now we believe in three Gods with one head. And so we might make a tour of the world and see that every superstition that could be imagined by the brain of man has been in some place held to be sacred.

Now, someone says, the religion of my father and mother is good enough for me. Suppose we all said that, where would be the world's progress today? We would have the rudest and most barbaric religion which no one could believe. I do not believe that it is showing real respect to our parents to believe something simply because they did. Every good father and every good mother wishes their children to find out more than they know. Every good father wants his son to overcome some obstacle that he could not grapple with, and if you wish to reflect credit on your father and mother that were good, do it by accomplishing more than they did, because you live in a better time than they did.

Every nation has what they call sacred records, and the older the more sacred; the more contradictory and inspired, the more is the record. We of course, are not an exception. How I would like to be a son of Edison or Marconi or Bell, who rang the first telephone.

The pronunciation of speech in our ears now as to what is called Petrarch, a book or a collection of books said to have been written by Moses—and right here in the commence-

ment let me say Moses never wrote one word of the Petrarch—not one word was written until he was dead and in dust and ashes for hundreds of years, as the general opinion is that Moses wrote these books.

I have, as Ingersoll says, entitled this I am writing, "The Mistakes of Moses," for sake of this lecture we will admit that he wrote it. Nearly every maker of religion has commenced by making the world and it is one of the safest things to do, because no one can contradict as having been present and it gives free scope to the imagination. These books, in times when there was a vast difference* because the educated and the ignorant, became inspired and people bowed down and worshipped them.

They were stricken with awe, and rascals took advantage of that awe. Now, they say, that book is inspired. I do not care whether it is or not. The question is, is it true? If it is true it does not need to be inspired. Nothing needs inspiration except a falsehood or mistake. A fact never went into partnership with a miracle. Truth scorns the assistance of wonders. A fact will fit every other fact in the universe and that is how you can tell whether it is, or is not a fact. A lie will not fit anything except another lie made for the express purpose—and finally, someone gets tired of lying, and then there is a chance for inspiration.

Right then and there a miracle is needed. The real question is, in the light of science, in the light of the brain and heart of the nineteenth century, is this book true? The gentleman who wrote it begins by telling us that God made the world of nothing. That, I cannot conceive. It may be so, but I cannot conceive it. Nothing, in the light of raw material, regarded, is to my mind, is a decided and disastrous failure. I cannot imagine of nothing being made into something any more than I can of something being changed back into nothing.

Now, pursuing the history of my time, it is right here and there to draw analogies or inferences to the acts and deeds of other people and nations, and especially to the great of their time that took an active part in spreading the light in and among the people of these nations. The very things I desired most to see come into operation in the nations of the earth, to purify the race of mankind and keep it clean, I observed while in London in 1888, that the quarters of the Army in that city, where the immoral women resided, these women were inspected by the doctors to keep themselves from venereal and such diseases, but Queen Victoria, to hide her own sins, proclaimed it immoral and withdrew the inspection of these women, with the results

that the Army doctor's staff had to be increased in the hospitals, and the disease spread amongst the women and caused an annual increase in the expenditure of the upkeep of the Army and Navy, because the cohabiting with the women and the soldiers, and the civilian population of both men and women got corrupted. Hence they married a nice young woman, that was pure and virtuous, seeing a young man that she thought was as pure as herself, but that young man was inwardly a corruptible carcass of corrupted matter, by drugs and that loathful disease, and brought forth inebiles for the asylums or the jails.

These are the kinds of materials we have today making laws, in our parliaments. No wonder there are disastrous wars and revolutions amongst the people of the earth.

In my own native land, Ireland, there is growing a population at the present time, of consumption, because their dwellings are unsanitary and unfit for habitation. In the country, apart from the cities and towns, the most of the houses, if I may be pardoned for calling them so, have no flooring but mother earth for people to stand on when getting out of their beds in the morning; low roofs, whether thatched or slated, with no ventilation to dry or elevate them; damp, cold and gruesome, for the little children to walk on, with dung heaps before their doors, so close and near by that without the knowledge of an animation that will awake to life when the sun's strong rays appear, and the filthy germination is carried into their houses through the doors and windows.

This microbe germ is so small that it takes a magnifying glass to discern it. These are carried by the light winds that blow, that when you smell their stench, they are actually in your nostrils and stomach, and these germs of animation that takes hold of you, innoculates you with the germs of typhus fever and other kinds of that malady.

But this consumption caused by the damp floors and the little children running around the house, is the cause. Ireland, having a damp climate, needs the American heating system, on a lighter scale. They need the little stoves with pipes running along the roof, about two feet from the ceiling, from the stove to keep the house heated up in the winter. It keeps the walls dry and warm, and also the floors, if it is boarded, which it should be.

The towns and cities in Ireland should be compelled to build their own houses, all with wooden floors. The bottom flat—if not celled, should be concreted, and the floor of wood should be at least eighteen inches from the concrete, with little ventilation between the floor and concrete to keep the floor clean

and dry. This done, and a little more care or attention paid to the cooking of food.

Use the natural ingredients in the compounding of foods and pulverize them more, would bring up nearer to the present day state of evolution and would preserve her population from this chaos or malady of consumption.

In the City of Belfast they have a system of building houses for the working classes, that is a plague-creating system. They level off the ground full of filth and garbage, then lay tiles of flag-shape over that garbage, and cement down to that garbage those tiles—crocker flags about twelve inches square and two inches thick. Well, now, when one of these tiles cracks or breaks, these germs or microbes come out with a rush through the cracks or breaks in the tiles, and infest the house with these germs from the garbage beneath, and these poor, barbarous creatures have not got the means to procure carpets for the floor. The result is, the poor children of these creatures have to run over those cold tiles from the time they come out of the cradle till they are able to go to school, without a covering to their feet, in the majority of cases—and these are the ignorant loyalists and pitchcaps of the King.

From morning till night you will hear nothing there but Pope-pope-papish-papish-Fenian-and Hurrah for Billy. That is their dogma and their creed. It is what I heard for twenty-four years in that North of Ireland and Belfast.

No one who had travelled and seen the world, when he would pass through it but would take note of it. In my judgment, slavery is the child of ignorance; liberty is born of intelligence. Only a few years ago there was a great awakening in the human mind. Men began to inquire. By what right does a crowned robber make me work for him? And he who asked that question was called a traitor.

Others said: By what right does a robed priest rob me? That man was called an infidel, and whenever he asked a question of that kind, the clergy protested. When they found that the earth was round, the clergy protested. When they found the stars were not made out of the scraps that were left over on the sixth day of the creation, but were really great, shining, wheeling worlds, the clergy protested and said: "When is the spirit of investigation to stop? They said then, and they say that it is dangerous now, that it is dangerous for the mind of man to be free.

I deny it. Out on the intellectual sea there are, and is room enough for every sail. In the intellectual air, there is space enough for every wing, and the man who does not his own thinking, is a slave, and does not do his

duty to his fellowman. For one, I expect to do my own thinking, and I will take my own oath this minute that I will express what I think, and what thoughts I have, honestly and sincerely. I am the slave of no man and of no organization. I stand under the blue sky and the stars, under the infinite flag of nature, the peer of every human being, standing as I do in the presence of the unknown.

I have the same right to guess as if I had been through five theological seminaries. I have as much interest in the great, absorbing questions of origin and destiny as though I had D.D., LL.D., at the end of my name. All I claim, all I want is liberty of thought, that is all. I do not pretend to tell what is true and all the truth. I do not claim that I have floated level with the heights of thought, or that I have descended to the depths of things. I simply claim that what idea I have, I have a right to express, and any man that denies it to me is an intellectual thief and robber. That is all.

I say, take these chains off from the human soul, for I am sick of the whip and the lash in this region of mind and intellect, and I say to these men: Let us alone; do your own thinking; express your own thoughts. And I want to say here that I claim no right that I am not willing to give every other human being beneath the stars, none whatever, and I will fight for the rights of those who disagree with me to express their thoughts just as soon as I will fight for my own rights to express mine.

In the good old times, our fathers had an idea that they could make people believe to suit them. Our ancestors in the ages that are gone, really believed that by force you could convince a man. You cannot change the conclusions of the brain by force, but I will tell what you can do by force, and what you have done by force: You can make hypocrites by the million; you can make a man say that he has changed his mind, but he remains with the same opinion still; put fetters all over him, crush his feet in iron boots, lash him to the stock, burn him, if you please, but his ashes are of the same opinion still.

I say our fathers, in the good old times, and the thing best I can say about them is, they are dead; they had an idea they could force men to think their way, and do you know that idea is still prevalent even in this country. Do you know they think they can make a man think their way, if they say—we will not trade with that man, we will not vote for that man—we will not hire him; if he is a lawyer, he will die before he will take his medicine. If he is a doctor, we will not invite him, we will socially ostracize him; he must come to our church, he must think our way or he is not a gentleman.

There is much of that in this blessed country.

Now, in the old times of which I speak, they said: We can make all men think alike. All the mechanical ignuity of this earth cannot make two clocks run alike; and how are you going to make millions of people, of different quantities and qualities and amount of brain, clad in this living robe of passionate flesh, how are you going to make millions of them think alike? If the infinite God—if there is one—who made us wished us to think alike, why did he give a spoonful of brains to one man and a bushel to another? Why is it that we have all degrees of humanity, from the idiot to the genius, if it was intended that all should think alike?

I say our fathers concluded they would do this by force, and I used to read in the books how they persecuted mankind, and do you know, I never appreciated it until a little while ago I saw the iron arguments our fathers used to use. I tell you the reason we are through that is because we have better brains than our fathers had—I read it, but it did not burn itself into my soul, as it were, what infamies have been committed in the name of religion. Since that day we have become intellectually developed, and there is more real good brains and real good sense in the world today than in any other period of its history, and that is the reason we have more liberty, that is the reason we have more kindness.

But I say I saw these iron arguments our fathers used to use. I saw there the thumbscrew—two little innocent looking pieces of iron, armed on the inner surfaces with protuberances to prevent them slipping, and when some man denied the efficacy of baptism, or maybe said: I do not believe the whale ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning, then they put these pieces of iron upon his thumb, and there was a screw at each end, and then in the name of love and forgiveness, they began screwing those pieces of iron together. A great many men would, when they commenced, would say: I recant. I expect I would have been one of them. I would have said: Now, you just stop that. I will admit anything on earth that you want. I will admit there is one God or a million, one hell or a billion; suit yourselves, but stop that, but I want to say, these thumbscrews having got out of the way, I am going to have my say.

There was now and then some man who would not turn Judas Iscariot to save his own soul. There was now and then a man willing to die for his convictions, and if it were not for such men we would be savages today or tonight, had it not been for a few brave men and heroic souls in every age. We would have been naked savages this moment, with

pictures of wild beasts tattooed upon our naked breasts, dancing around a dried snake fetish, and I thank every good and noble man who stood up in the face of opposition and hatred and death, for what he believed to be right.

The English speaking race today is under the same delusion as our forefathers were a thousand years ago, by trying to Anglicize all other people today that they have power or authority over.

Instead of learning other nations' and people's languages, their whole motive is to compel other people to live as they live. Let the effects of that existence be descending and degenerating or not, like our forefathers in their ignorance of discovery and perception. They actually think it possible to compel them to do so, and that erroneous idea of thought—that what is good enough for me is good enough for you—that force of thought exists most in England, that has produced most of the great men contrary to it.

In Ireland today we see the means employed in the same way. Men and boys are giving their lives as heroes against those English barbarous people, that sent to Ireland Army officers of the British government, to court martial, with flogging and death, to force the people to think as they think. But we have men there who starved to death rather than be doped with Jezebel corrupted nature, that the English government might know their minds and bring back from the dead the Samuels of old.

If we believe there is a power superior to nature, it is perfectly natural to suppose that such power can and will interfere in the affairs of this world. If there is no interference, of what practical use can such power be? The Scriptures give us the most wonderful accounts of divine interference; animals talk like men; springs gurggle from dry bones; the sun and moon stop in the heavens in order that General Joshua may have more time to murder; the shadow on a dial goes back ten degrees to convince a petty king of a barbarous people that he is not going to die of a boil; fire refused to burn; water positively declined to seek its level but stands up like a wall; grains of sand become lice; common walking sticks, to gratify a mere freak, twist themselves into serpents, and then swallow each other by way of exercise; murmuring streams laughing at the attraction gravitation, run uphill for years, following wandering tribes from a pure love of frolic; prophecy becomes altogether easier than history; the sons of God become enamored of the world's girls; women are changed into salt for the purpose of keeping a great event fresh in the minds of the people; an excellent article of brimstone

is imported from heaven free of duty; clothes refuse to wear out for forty years; birds keep restaurants and feed wandering prophets, free of expense; bears tear little children into pieces for laughing at old men without wigs; muscular development depends upon the length of one's hair; dead people come to life, simply to get a joke on their enemies and heirs; witches and wizards converse freely with the souls of the departed; and God himself becomes a stone cutter and engraver, after having been a tailor and dressmaker.

The Christians now claim that Jesus was God. If He was God, of course, the devil knew the fact, and yet, according to this account, the devil took the omnipotent God and placed him upon a pinnacle of the temple and endeavored to induce Him to dash Himself against the earth. Failing in that, he took the Creator—owner and governor of the universe—up into an exceeding high mountain and offered Him this world, this grain of sand if, the God of all the world, would fall down and worship Him, a poor devil, without even a tax title to one foot of dirt. Is it possible the devil was such an idiot? Should any great credit be given the Deity for not being caught with such chaff?

Think of it! The devil, the prince of sharpers, the king of cunning; the master of finesse—trying to bribe God with a grain of sand, that belonged to God. Is there in all the religious literature of the world anything more grossly absurd than this?

These devils, according to the Bible, were of various kinds; some could speak and hear; others were deaf and dumb spirits were quite difficult to deal with.

St. Mark tells of a gentleman who brought his son to Christ. The boy, it seems, was possessed of a dumb spirit over which the disciples had no control. Jesus said unto the spirit, "Thou dumb and deaf spirit, come out of the man, or I charge thee come out of him and enter no more into him," whereupon the deaf spirit having heard what was said, cried out (being dumb) and immediately vacated the premises. The ease with which Christ controlled this deaf and dumb spirit excited the wonder of his disciples, and they asked Him privately why they could not cast that spirit out; to whom he replied, "This kind can come forth by nothing but prayer and fasting."

Is there a Christian in the whole world who would believe such a story if told in any other book? The trouble is these pious people shut up their reason, and then open the Bible. In the olden times the existence of the devil was universally admitted. The people had no doubt upon that subject, and from such belief, it followed as a matter of course, that a person in order to vanquish these devils, had either to be a God or assisted by one.

All founders of religions have established their claims to divine origin by controlling evil spirits and suspending the laws of nature. Casting out devils was a certificate of divinity. A prophet unable to cope with the powers of darkness was regarded with contempt. The utterance of the highest and noblest sentiments, the most blameless and holy life, commanded but little respect, unless accompanied by power to work miracles and command spirit.

This belief in good and evil powers had its origin in the fact that man was surrounded by what he was pleased to call good and evil phenomena. Phenomena affecting men pleasantly were ascribed to good spirits, while those affecting him unpleasantly or injuriously were ascribed to evil spirits, it being admitted that all phenomena were produced by spirits. The spirits were divided according to the phenomena, and the phenomena were good or bad as they affected man.

Good spirits were supposed to be the authors of good phenomena and evil spirits of the evil, so that the idea of a devil has been as universal as the idea of God.

Many writers—like the English, about their language coming to be universal—maintain that an idea to become universal must be true, that all universal ideas are innate, and that innate ideas cannot be false. If the fact that an idea has been universal, proves that it is correct; then the believer in innate ideas must admit that the evidence of a God superior to nature, and of a devil superior to nature, is exactly the same, and that the existence of such a devil must be as self-evident as the existence of such a God.

The truth is a God was inferred from good, and the evil from bad phenomena, and it is just as natural and logical to suppose that a devil would cause happiness as to suppose that a God would produce misery. Consequently, if an intelligence, infinite and supreme, is the immediate author of all phenomena, it is difficult to determine whether such intelligence is the friend or enemy of man. If phenomena were all good, we might say they were all protected by a perfect beneficent being. If they were all bad, we might say they were all produced by a perfectly malevolent power, but as the phenomena are as they affect man, both good and bad, they must be produced by different and antagonistic spirits.

That does not look Godlike, supreme, by one who is sometimes actuated by kindness and sometimes by malice, or all must be produced by or of necessity, and without reference to their consequences upon man. The foolish doctrine that all phenomena can be traced to the interference of good and evil spirits, has been, and still is almost universal.

That most people still believe in some spirit that can change the natural order of events is proven by the fact that nearly all resort to prayer. Thousands at this very moment are probably imploring some supposed power to interfere in their behalf. Some want health restored, some ask that the loved and absent be watched over and protected, some pray for riches; some for rain; some want diseases stayed; some vainly ask for food; some ask for revivals; a few ask for more wisdom; and now and then, one tells the Lord to do as He thinks best.

Thousands ask to be protected from the devil. Some—David—pray for revenge and some implore even God not to lead them into temptation. All these prayers rest upon and are produced by the idea that some power, not only can but probably will change the order of the universe. This belief has been among the great majority of tribes and nations.

All sacred books are filled with the accounts of such interferences and our own Bible is no exception to this rule. If we believe in a power superior to nature, it is perfectly natural to suppose that such power can and will interfere in the affairs of this world. If there is no interference, of what practical use can such power be? The veil between heaven and earth was always rent or lifted. The shadows of this world, the radiance of heaven, and the glare of hell, mixed and mingled until man became uncertain as to which country he really inhabited. Man dwelt in an unreal world. He mistook his ideas, his dream, for real things. His fears became terrible and malicious monsters; he lived in the midst of fairies, nymphs and naiads, goblins and ghosts, witches and wizards, so that it is an unhappy fact in nature that the ignorant multiply much faster than the intellectual.

Now we read of the Children of Israel journeying to the promised land. Let us see what this land is, this Holy Land; how large was it? Twelve thousand square miles. Doesn't it look large before the eyes of our day? Elementary scholars, that can only read or write, with no idea of geographical travel, or mathematical exploration, they stand with awe at the name and size of twelve thousand square miles—one-fifth part the size of the State of Illinois—a frightful country—covered with rocks and desolation.

There never was a Land Agent in the city of Chicago that would not have blushed with shame to have described that land as flowing with milk and honey. Do you believe that God Almighty ever went into partnership with hornets? It is necessary unto Salvation God said to the Jews: "I will send hornets before you, to drive out the Canaanites." How

would a hornet know a Canaanite? Is it possible that God inspired the hornets, that he granted letters of marque and reprisal to hornets? I am willing to admit that nothing better in the world would be better calculated to make a man leave his native land than a few hornets attending strictly to business.

God said: Kill the Canaanite slowly? Why? Lest the beasts of the field increase upon you. How many Jews were there? Three millions, going to a country. How large? Twelve thousand square miles. But were there nations already in this holy land? Yes, there were seven nations, mightier than the Jews; say there would be twenty-one million when they got there, or twenty-four millions when they got there, with themselves. Yet they were told to kill them slowly, lest the beasts of the fields increased upon them.

Is there, and could there be a man with a sound education before today that believes that? Then what does he teach it to little children for? Let him tell the truth.

So the same God went into partnership with snakes. The children of Israel lived on manna; one account says, all the time, and another, only a little while. That is the reason there is a chance for commentators, and you can exercise faith. If the book was reasonable, everybody could get to heaven in a moment, but whenever it looks as if it could not be that way and you believe, you are almost a saint, and when you know it is not that way and believe you are a saint—he fed them on manna. Now manna is very peculiar stuff. It would melt in the sun, and yet they used to cook it by seething and baking. I would as soon think of frying snow or boiling icicles. It shrank to an omer—no matter how much they gathered.

What a magnificent thing manna would be for the currency—shrinking and swelling—according to the volume of business. There was not a change in the bill-of-fare for forty years and they knew that God could give them three square meals a day. They remembered about the cucumbers and the melons, and the leeks and the onions of Egypt—and they said: "Our souls abhorreth this light bread."

Then this God got mad—you know cooks are always touchy—and thereupon he sent snakes to bite the men and women and children. He also sent them quails in wrath and anger, and while they had the flesh between their teeth, he struck thousands of them dead. He always acted in that way, all of a sudden; people had no chance to explain, no chance to move for a new trial—nothing.

I want to know if it was reasonable He should kill the people for asking for one change of diet in forty years? Suppose you had been boarding with an old lady for forty years, and she never had a solitary thing on

the table but hash, and one morning you said: My soul abhorreth hash? What would you say if she let a basketful of rattlesnakes upon you? Now is it possible for people to believe this?

The Bible said that their clothes did not wax old; they did not get shiny at the knees or elbows, and their shoes did not wear out. They grew right along with them. The little boy starting out with his first pants grew up, and his pants grew with him. Some commentators have insisted that angels attended to their wardrobes. I never could believe it. There must be a mistake somewhere or somehow. Do you believe the real God; if there is one, ever killed a man for making hair oil, and yet you find in the Pentateuch that God gave Moses a recipe for making hair oil to grease Aaron's beard, and said if anybody made the same hair oil he should be killed; and he gave him a formula for making ointment, and he said if anybody made ointment like that he should be killed. I think that was carrying patent laws to excess.

There must be some mistake about it. I cannot imagine the infinite Creator of all the shining worlds giving a recipe for hair oil. Do you believe that God came down on Mount Sinai with a lot of patterns for making a tabernacle, pattern for tongs, for snuffers, and such things, and told Moses how to cut a coat, and how it should be trimmed? What would an infinite God care on which side he cut the breast pocket, what color the fringe was, or how the buttons were placed?

Do you believe God told Moses to make curtains of fine linen? Where did they get their flax in the desert? How did they weave it? Did He tell him to make things of gold, silver and precious stones, when they hadn't them? Is it possible that God told them not to eat any fruit until after the fourth year of planting the trees?

You see all these things were written hundreds of years afterwards, and the priest, in order to collect the tithes, dated the laws back. They did not say this is our law, but this, said God to Moses in the wilderness. Now, can you believe that? Imagine a scene—the eternal God tells Moses: "Here is the way I want you to consecrate My priests; catch a sheep and cut his throat." I never could understand why God wanted a sheep killed just because a man had done a mean trick. Perhaps it was because his priests were fond of mutton. He tells Moses further to take some of the blood and put it on his right thumb—a little on his right ear—and a little on his right big-toe. Do you believe God ever gave such instructions for the consecration of his priests? If you should see the South Sea Islanders going through such a

performance, you could not keep your face straight.

The Bible that Henry VIII. got up did not suit, and then his daughter, the murderess of Mary, Queen of Scots, got up another edition; which also did not suit; and finally, that philosophical idiot, King James, prepared the edition we now have. There at least one hundred thousand errors in the Old Testament, but everybody sees that is not enough to invalidate its claim to infallibility, but these errors are gradually being fixed, and hereafter the prophet will be fed by Arabs instead of ravens; and Samson's three hundred foxes will be three hundred sheaves, already bound, which were fired and thrown into the standing wheat.

I want you all to know there was no contemporaneous literature at the time the Bible was composed, and that the Jews were infinitely ignorant in their day and generation; that they were isolated for bigotry and wickedness from the rest of the world. I want you to know that there are fourteen hundred millions of people in the world, and with all the talk and work of this Bible Society, only one hundred and twenty millions have got Bibles. I want you to understand that not one person in one hundred in this world ever read the Bible, and no two ever understood it alike, who did read it, and that no one person probably ever understood it aright.

I want you to understand that where this Bible has been, man hated his brother; there have been dungeons, rack and thumbscrews, and the sword, and that the religion of Jesus Christ was established by murderers, tyrants and hypocrites.

I want you to know that the church carries the black flag—then talk of the civilizing influence of this religion. As Ingersoll said about this Bible, and the Christian religion, I say about Lloyd George and Carson, Curzon, and Balfour and Company, in my native land, Ireland. May be this work of the British Gods is inspired in Ireland today. God told the Israelites to overrun that country, and to kill every man, woman and child, for defending their native land. Kill the old men? Yes. Kill the women? Certainly, and the little dimpled babies in their arms, that smile and coo in the face of murder—dash out their brains—that is the will of God.

Will you tell me that any God ever commanded such infamy? Kill the men and the women, and the young men and the babies. What shall we do with the maidens? Give them to the rabble murderers of the English garrison in Ireland, that has masqueraded that unhappy country, and outraged the peasant girl? Do you believe that God ever allowed the roses of love, and the violets of modesty that shed their perfume in the heart of maid-

en, to be trampled beneath the brutal feet of lustful English and Scotch fins.

I read an editorial report from the Free Press, of Winnipeg, concerning my country, Ireland, on the fourth of this month, December, 1920. It was greatly elevated about some little pamphlet, or 160 pages of a little book written by a correspondent of the London News, in a New York paper. He thought it was going to educate and inculcate every friend of Ireland into a hatred and over-rated insult, and not satisfied with that, he proceeds further to blacken and insult the Irish race all over the world, and without a thought of the obligations his country owes to the United States, not alone financially, but generously and respectfully, and he proceeds to ridicule the American people and government about minding their own business and not interfering between England and Ireland, and trying to insult the American flag by saying, she, America, held a strict suzerainty over the Island of Cuba. It is another eyesore to him and Britain.

Those sugar plantations and tobacco fields, that England indirectly assisted the Spaniards in the war of liberation—and for what did Balfour go over to the White House at Washington, crying for? Did not the Irish Americans, like loyal men to their adopted country, go forth to the Battlefields of France and fought for the liberation of confiscated territory, and also for the freedom of small nations, that his country, Britain, was the leader in the van of confiscation and robbery—from Alsace and Lorraine, to Turkey, Russia and Italy?

There is not a spot on the face of the earth that Britain had not the hand of plunder and confiscation. In Africa, when General Marchant bore down on Lake Nyassa or Victoria, Stanley, the British explorer, with a larger army, claimed it and disputed that African territory which should, by right, have belonged to the French. Might was right. There again, it was better to let them have it as to have France divided between Germany and England, that was the alternative or ultimatum.

Then this Free Press sets about the Lynch Law in America, and tries to draw analogies between the English law in Ireland and the Lynch Law in the United States, which has no comparison at all, whatever, only as it compares with his own town, Winnipeg, by running after bootleggers, going into an hotel where men and women were asleep and ordering the women to get up and dress from the man she was lying with, at the muzzle of their gun, and there and then a wholesale shooting match.

If this Free Press had a little less freedom at this present time, it would be better not

alone for the people of Winnipeg, and Canada, but for Great Britain as well. This paper, part of the time, poses as a Democrat. It denounced Mr. Mechans, the Orangemen's policy and how could he be consistent denouncing the Irish people, which are tooth and nail against Orangemen.

He notes some little scraps out of the wastebasket, but he either forgets his history, or wilfully neglects it. If he has read Bob Ingersoll's lectures, he would have seen that the Democrats murdered Lincoln; they murdered Garfield, and fell their dollar from one hundred cents to seventy. President Wilson was a Democrat, and like Lincoln, made promises and did not fulfil them, which caused the death of Lincoln; and I fail to see the difference of giving a guilty man a trial and then executing him, and lynching him, unless you approve of grafting on the State, by a sham trial, to employ lawyers and executioners at the expense of the state; then he goes on and is jubilant over the idea of the British Army in Ireland, of how it is masquerading the country, and sweeping in the peasant boys to be imprisoned in camps they have prepared for them. He then rises to all altitude of exaltation about how these peasants and prisoners will spend their Christmas, behind the barbed wire fence, with the point of the bayonet and the muzzle of the gun pointing into their faces. Does this savage believe that bayonets and guns would be able to imprison the spirits of patriotic feelings for freedom, that are only compelled to slumber for a little while, because of this force, but will awake and spread again into a burning flame that liberates itself and will liberate itself.

We have seen it in revelation of all kinds, that the spirit of and for cannot be stopped.

This Christian Free Press is getting a lot of lukewarm supporters because the Christians are not as firm now in their beliefs as they were a thousand years ago, and I am glad of it,—the lukewarmness and hypocrisy of Christians. Now permit me today to write the whole truth. If they felt as they did a thousand years ago they would kill me, as they often tried to do, so that the intelligent reader will see that religious persecution was born of the instinct of self-defence. Is there any duty we owe to God, and can we help Him? Can we add to His glory or happiness? Utility then is the basis of the idea of right and wrong. I want blotted from the statute books the laws that have been passed by hypocrites at the instigation of robbers, and torn with indignant hands from the constitution that infamous clause that made men the catchers of their fellowmen.

I want it to be made possible for Judges to be just, and Statesmen to be human. I want the shackles to be taken from the toiling

slaves and from the souls of masters, and from the Northern brain of Irish-Britishers that they may keep their country on the map of the world. I want to see my country, Ireland, grander than Greek, nobler than Roman—soldiers of a republic without a master and without a slave, and with a patriotism as shoreless as the air—who battled for the right of others, for the nobility of labor—of which I, myself, was a leader.

We fought that mothers might provide for their babes in their own homes, that arrogant idleness would not sear the back of patient toil, that our country should not be a many-headed monster, made of warring states like Ulster in Ireland, where Lloyd George spoke of Lincoln drawing the Southern States under the Northern Republic?

But look at the contrast of this little Premier with a spoonful of brains, after saying Lincoln fought the Southern States for five years and would not give a republic to them, after a million casualties but he never told them, he was bringing them under a republic to free them from the power and authority of English or British slave masters.

Now, —here was a war between two kinds of people—mind you, not religious, nor nationality, separated them, but color and race, brought under one Federal government, beneath which was granted State rule. Now, for a moment, look at the contrast of the proposition by Lloyd George, Carson and Company's government in Ireland. Lloyd George seems to me to be more of a County Council distributor of taxation than a Premier. He passed two Home Rule Bills for Ireland. He said there were three nationalities in Ireland, and therefore it was right to have two governments in that country, three hundred miles long and two hundred and seventy-six broad for legislatures to exist in, which the peasants of the country would not be able to finance.

What strikes most of all the mind of a man about this question is legislating for religion and nationality. Why we might as well go back to the dugouts as consider such rot. The Republic of America, I am glad to say, left religion to the people themselves, and nationality was the Stars and Stripes of the Republic of the United States, though they were there from all parts of the world.

Now an Ulster parliament would be composed of Orange leaders elected by Orangemen and their supporters, alongside with Protestants and Catholics that were in opposition and opposed in that parliament, both before it came into existence, and now compelled to comply with the opinions not only that they hold, but be in subjection to the laws they would make, and that government of Ulster, with all the fire of hatred in it, would not only oppress this minority that once opposed

its leaders in the old British parliament, but would exclude them from any position of remuneration in their Ulster government, and even from subordinate positions with any remuneration or of any trust, however small or meagre. They would exclude morally and physically—which would leave that part of Ireland in a worse position than the South and West of Ireland is today in a British parliament, because if their grievances are not removed, they have the satisfaction of making them known before the whole British nation and people in that British House of Commons, but in an Ulster parliament, all will be shut up and hidden concerning their oppressions and afflictions in that parliament.

What kind of a statesman would you call that man that wanted two parliaments on an island like Ireland? Well the definition of him is a faking lawyer, that if he could not suck the fruits one way, he would another, by Attorney-Generals and Solicitor-Generals, Secretaries, and under Secretaries of State,—not one elected, I believe, but under a privileged nomination, which is Britain's glory.

No protection for the educated Ulster rebel; shoot him down, or put him behind a barbed wire fence at the point of the bayonet and the muzzle of the gun, as that Christian minister of the Presbyterian church, at Toronto, said: "Shoot them down like dogs—Mr. Heartis—that reverend gentleman, that teaches that command to the children of his congregation, Thou shalt not kill." As Mr. Gladstone said: "These Irish must have an over doze of sins." "These Christians" as Mr. Ingersoll said, "Are the cause of all bad government and laws. They tell us of hell forever and ever." But let me tell you, the idea of a hell was born of revenge and brutality on the one side, and cowardice on the other. He said, "In my judgment, the American people are too brave, too charitable, too generous, too magnanimous to believe in the infamous dogma of an eternal hell. I have no respect for any human who believes in it. I have no respect for any man who preaches it. I have no respect for the man who will pollute the imagination of childhood with that infamous lie. I have no respect for the man who will add to the sorrows of this world with frightful dogma. I have no respect for any man who endeavors to put that infinite cloud, that infinite shadow, over the heart of humanity. I want to be frank with you; I dislike this doctrine, I hate it, I despise it. I defy this doctrine.

For a good many years, the learned intellects of Christendom have been examining into the religions of other countries in the world, the religion of the thousands that have passed away. They examined into the religions of Egypt, the religion of Greece, the

religion of Rome, and of the Scandanavian countries. In the presence of the ruins of those religions, the learned men of Christendom insisted that those religions were baseless, that they are fraudulent, but they have all passed away.

While this was being done, the Christianity of our day applauded and when the learned men got through with the religions of other countries, they turned their attention to our religions—by the same mode of reasoning, by the same methods, by the same arguments that they used with the old religions they were overturning the religions of our day. Why? Every religion in the world is the work of man.

Just recently Bramwell Booth, the Salvationist—or the Salvation Army, was founded by him. Why religion in this world is the work of man. Everyone, every book, has been written by man. Men existed before books. If books had existed before men, I might admit there was such a thing as sacred volume. In my judgment, man has made every religion and made every book.

There is another thing I want to draw your attention to. Man never had an idea, man will never have an idea except those supplied to him by his surroundings. Every idea in the world that man has came to him by nature. Man cannot conceive of anything. The hint of which you have not received from your surroundings. You can imagine an animal with the hoof of a bison, with the pouch of the kangaroo, with the wings of the eagle, with the beak of a bird, and with the tail of the lion—and yet every point of this monster you borrowed from nature.

Everything you can think of, everything you can dream of, is borrowed from your surroundings—everything—and there is nothing on this earth coming from any other sphere whatever. Man has produced every religion in the world; and why? Because every, or each generation bodes forth the knowledge and the belief of the people at the time it was made, and in no book is there any knowledge found except that of the people who wrote it. In no book is there found any knowledge except that in which it was written.

Barbarians have always produced, and always will produce barbarians' religions; barbarians have produced and always will produce ideas in harmony with their surroundings, and all the religions of the past were produced by barbarians—every one of them.

We are making religions today, we are making religions tonight, that is, changing them and the religion of today is not the religion of one year ago. What changed it? Science has done it. Education, and the growing heart of man has done it. We are making these religions every day, and to the

extent that we become civilized ourselves will we improve the religion of our fathers. If the religion of one hundred years ago, compared to the religion of today, is so low, what will it be in one thousand years?

If we continue making the inroads upon orthodoxy, which we have been making during the last twenty-five years, what will it be fifty years from tonight? It will have to be remonetized by that time, or else it will not be legal tender. That proves to me that they all tell the truth about others. Why? Suppose Mr. Smith should tell Mr. Brown that he—Smith—saw a corpse get out of the grave, and that when he first saw it, it was covered with the worms of the dead, and that in his presence it was so clothed in healthy, beautiful flesh. And then suppose Mr. Brown should tell Mr. Smith, "I saw the same thing myself. I was in a graveyard once and I saw a dead man rise." Suppose then Mr. Smith should say to Mr. Brown: "You are a liar," and Brown should reply to Smith, "And you are a liar," what would you think?

It would simply be because Smith, never having seen it himself, did not believe Brown had. Now, if Smith had really seen it, and Brown told him he had seen it too, then Smith would regard it as a corroboration of his story, and he would regard Brown as one of his principal witnesses, but on the contrary he says, "you never saw it."

So, when a man says "I was upon Mount Sinai" and there I met God, and he told me, "Stand aside and let me drown these people," and another man says, "I was upon a mountain and there I met the supreme Brahma," and Moses says, "That's not true," and contends that the other man never did see Brahma, and he contends that Moses never did see God. That is, in my judgment, proof that they both speak truly.

Every religion then, has charged every other religion with having been an unmitigated fraud, and yet, if any man had ever seen the miracle himself, his mind would be prepared to believe that another had seen the same thing.

Whenever a man appeals to a miracle he tells what is not true. Truth relies upon reason and the undeviating course of all the laws of nature. Now, as we have a religion—that is, some people have—I do not pretend to have religion myself—more than any other people have realizations of their duties to mankind in this world, but we have a duty to perform towards one another, and some of us realize these duties better than others. I believe in living for this world—one world at a time for me. If there is another, I, and we, will know when we get there. This is my doctrine, in living here today, tonight—that is my doctrine, to make everybody happy that

you can now. Let the future take care of itself, and if I ever touch the shores of another world, it will be by doing good and spreading the light in this one—if there in another one.

Let me tell you we have got in this country a religion which men have preached for about eighteen hundred years and just in proportion as their belief in that religion has grown great, men have grown mean and wicked. Just in proportion as they have ceased to believe it, men have become just and charitable, and if they believed it tonight as they once believed it, I would not be allowed to speak nor write as I do today.

It is from the coldness of the churches, and the infidelity of the church, that I get my right to speak today.

Now we have a religion; what is it? They say in the first place that all this vast universe was created by a Deity. I don't know whether it was or not. They say, too, that had it not been for the first sin of Adam, there would never have been any devil in this world, and if there had been no devil, there would have been no sin, and if there had been no sin, there never would have been any death. For my part, I am glad there was death in this world, because that gave me a chance. Somebody had to die to give me room, and when my turn comes, I'll be willing to let somebody take my place. But whether there is another life or not, if there is any Being who gave me this, I shall thank him from the bottom of my heart, because, upon the whole, my life has been a joy.

Now, they say, because of this first sin, all men were consigned to hell, and this because Adam was our representative, and if I had a voice I never would have voted for the old gentleman called Adam.

Now, in order to regain man from the frightful hell of eternity, Christ Himself came to this world and took upon Himself flesh, and in order that we might know the road to eternal salvation, he gave us a book, and that book is called the New Testament, or the Bible, and wherever that Bible has been read, men have immediately commenced cutting each others' throats. Wherever that Bible has been circulated, they have invented Inquisition and instruments of torture and they commenced hating each other with all their hearts.

But I am told now—we are all told—that this Bible is the foundation of civilization; but I say this Bible is the foundation of hell, and we never will get rid of the dogma of hell until we get rid of the idea that it is an inspired book.

No, what does the Bible teach? I am not going to talk about what this minister, or that minister, preaches or says or teaches. The question is: Ought a man to be sent to eter-

nal hell for not believing this Bible to be the work of a merciful God—and the only way to find out is to read it—and as very few people do read it now, I will read a few passages.

This is the book to be read in the schools, while they exclude the works of Shakespeare, in order to make our children charitable and good. This is the book we must read in order that our children may have ideas of mercy, charity and justice. Does the Bible teach mercy. Now be honest. I read: "I will make mine arrows drunk with blood and my sword shall devour flesh. Deut. XXXII: 42." Pretty good start for a merciful God—"That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies" and the tongue of thy dog in the same. P.S. IXVIII: 23rd verse.

Again, "The Lord, thy God, will put out those nations before you or these by little and little. Thou mayst not consume them at once lest the beasts of the field increase upon thee. Deut. VII: 23." "But the Lord, thy God, will deliver or shall deliver them with a mighty destruction, until they be destroyed, and he shall deliver their kings into thine hand, and thou shalt destroy their name from under heaven. There shall be no man able to stand before you, or thee until thou hast destroyed them. Deut. VII: 23. And "So Joshua came and all the people of war with him." Against them by the waters of Meron suddenly and they fell upon them, and the Lord delivered them into the hand of Israel, who smote them, and chased them into Great Zidon, and into Misreph east wards; and they smote them to Athenium, and unto the Valley of Mizpeth, and they smote them until they left them none remaining, and Joshua did unto them as the Lord bid him—he took their horses and burnt their chariots with fire; and Joshua at that time turned back and took Hazor and smote the King thereof with the sword, for Hazor before time was the head of all these kingdoms, and they smote all the souls that were therein with the edge of the sword, utterly destroying them. There was not any left to breathe, and he burnt Hazor with fire, and all the cities of the kings, and all the kings of them did Joshua take and smote them with the edge of the sword, and utterly destroyed them, as Moses, the servant of the Lord, commanded.

But as for the cities that stood still in their strength, Israel burnt none of them, save Hazor only that did Joshua burn, and all the spoil of these cities, and the cattle, the children of Israel took for prey unto themselves; but every man they smote with the edge of the sword; brave, until they destroyed them, neither left they any to breathe as the moral God had commanded them, as the Lord commanded Moses, His servant, so did Moses command Joshua, and so did Joshua.

He left nothing undone that the Lord commanded Moses. So Joshua took all that land, the hills and all the south country, and all the land of Goshen, and the valley and the plain and all the mountain of Israel, and the valley of the same, even from the Mount Halak that goeth up to Seir, even unto Bagdad in the Valley of Lebanon under Mount Hermon—and all their kings he took, and smote them and slew them.

Joshua made war a long time with all those kings. There was not a city at peace with the Children of Israel save the Hivites, the inhabitants of Gideon. All the others they took in battle for it was of the Lord to harden their hearts that they should come against Israel in battle that he might destroy them utterly, as the Lord commanded Moses.

And at that time came Joshua, and cut off the Anakim from the mounts from Hebron, from Debir, from Anab, and from all the mountains of Judah, and from all Israel. Joshua destroyed them utterly with their cities. There were none of the Anakim left in the land of the Children of Israel, only in Gasa, in Gath and in Ashdod there remained, so Joshua took the whole land, and gave it for an inheritance unto Israel, according to their divisions by their tribes and the land rested from war, Joshua XI: 7-23 verses.

When thou comest nigh unto a city to fight against, then proclaim peace unto it, and it shall be. If it make the answer of peace and open unto you or thee, then it shall be that the people that are found therein shall be tributaries unto thee and they shall serve thee; and if it will make no peace with thee, but will make war against thee, then thou shalt besiege it, and when the Lord, thy God, hath delivered it into thine hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword but the women and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoils thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself and thou shalt eat the spoils thereof of thine enemies which the Lord, thy God, hath given thee.

Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations, but of the cities of these people, which the Lord, thy God, doth give thee for an inheritance. Thou shalt save alive nothing that breatheth, but thou shalt utterly destroy them; neither the old men nor the women, nor the maidens, nor the sweet dimpled babe smiling upon the lap of his mother, and he said unto them: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel." A merciful God, indeed—"Put every man his sword by his side and go in and out from gate to gate throughout the camp and slay every man, his brother, and every man his companion; and every man his neighbor."

Now, recollect, these instructions were given to an army of invasion and the people who were slain were guilty of the crime of fighting for their homes.

O Merciful God—the Old Testament is full of curses, vengeance, jealousy, and hatred, and of barbarity and brutality. Now, do you not for one moment believe that these words were written by the most merciful God? Don't pluck from the heart the sweet flower of piety, and crush them by superstition. Do not believe God ever ordered the murder of innocent women and helpless babes. Do not let this supposition turn your heart into stone.

When anything is said to have been written by the most merciful God, and the thing is not merciful, then I deny it, and say He never wrote it, nor never transferred the spirit to man by inspiration to write such things. It is blasphemy. I will live by the standard of reason, and if thinking in accordance with reason takes me to perdition, there I will go to hell with my reason rather than to heaven without it.

Now, does this Bible teach political freedom, or does it teach political tyranny? Does it teach a man to resist oppression? Does it teach a man to tear from the throne of tyranny, the crowned thing and robber called a King? Let us see:

"Let every soul be subject to higher powers, for there is no power but of God; the powers that be are ordained by God. Rom. XIII.: 1. All the kings and princes and governors and thieves and robbers that happened to be in authority were placed there by the infinite Father of all. Whosoever therefore resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God"—and when George Washington resisted the power of George the Third, he resisted the power of God, and Eamon de Valera, Terence McSwinnery, Mr. Griffith, and all the Irish rebels, when they proclaimed their freedom from Britain, Lloyd George said they had broken the covenant and rebelled against God.

And when our fathers said resistance to tyrants was obedience to God, they falsified the Bible itself, for He is the minister of God to thee for good, but if thou do that which is evil, be afraid, for He beareth not the sword in vain, for He is the minister of God, revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil; wherefore ye must needs be subject not only for wrath but also for conscience sake. Rom. XIII: 5.

I deny this wretched doctrine. "Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn to protect the rights of man;—I am a rebel. Wherever the sword of rebellion is drawn to give man liberty, to clothe him in all his just rights, I am on the side of that rebellion. I deny that rulers are crowned by the Most High. The

rulers are the people, and the Presidents and Kings and others are but the servants of the people. All authority comes from the people and not from the aristocracy of the air.

Upon these texts of Scripture which I have just read, rests the thrones of Europe, and these are the voices that are repeated from age to age by brainless kings and heartless kings. Does the Bible give women her rights? Is this Bible human? Does it treat women as they ought to be treated? Or is it barbarous? Let us see. "Let women learn in silence, with all subjection." Timothy 2nd chapter, 11th verse. "If a woman would know anything let her ask her husband." Imagine the ignorance of a lady who had only that source of information: "But I suffer women not to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence, for Adam was first formed, than Eve."—(Why magnificent reason)—and Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived, was in the transgression—(Splendid).

But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ and the head of the woman is the man, and the head of Christ is God; that is to say, there is as much difference between the woman and the man as there is between Christ and man. There is the liberty of woman; "for the man is not of the woman, but the woman is of the man."

Well, what was he created for? But the woman was created for the man. Wives, submit yourself unto your husbands as unto the Lord—there's liberty!—for the husband is head of the wife even as Christ is head of the church, and he is saviour of the body. Therefore as the church is subject unto Christ so let the wives be unto their own husbands in everything—Good again!

Even the Saviour did not put man and woman upon an equality. The man could divorce the wife, but the wife could not divorce her husband, and according to the Old Testament, the mother had to ask forgiveness for being the mother of babes—Splendid!

Here is something from the Old Testament: "When thou goest forth to war against thine enemies, and the Lord, thy God, hath delivered them into thine hands, and thou hast taken them captive, and seest among the captives a beautiful woman, and has a desire unto her that thou wouldst have her to wife, then thou shalt bring her home unto thine house, and she shall shave her head, and cut her nails or pare them"—That is in self-defence, I suppose!

This sacred book, this foundation of human liberty or morality, does it teach concubinage and polygamy? Read the 31st chapter of Numbers; read the 21st chapter of Deuteronomy; read the blessed lives of Abraham, of David, or of Solomon, and then tell me that

the sacred Scripture does not teach polygamy and concubinage. All the language of the world is not sufficient to express the infamy of polygamy. It makes a man a beast, and women a stone. It destroys the fireside and makes virtue an outcast. And yet it is the doctrine of the Bible, the doctrine defended by Luther and Melancthon.

It takes from our language those sweetest words—father and husband, wife and mother—and takes us back to barbarism, and fills our hearts with the crawling, slimy serpents of loathsome lust.

Does the Bible teach the existence of devils? Of course it does. Yes, it teaches not only the existence of a good being, but a bad being. This good being had to have a home; that home was heaven. This bad being had to have a home, that home was hell. This hell is supposed to be nearer to earth than I would like to have it, and to be peopled with spirits—spooks, hobgoblins, all the fiery shapes with which the imagination of ignorance and fear could people that horrible place. And this big devil, with the existence of hell, and all these little devils, the Bible teaches the doctrine of witchcraft and tries to make us believe that there are sorcerers and witches, and that the dead could be raised by the power of sorcery. Does anybody believe it?

I see in this Bible a King called Saul working at this witchcraft, with a woman of Endor. "Then" said the woman, "Whom shall I bring up unto you?" And he said, "Bring me up Samuel," and when the woman saw Samuel she cried with a loud voice, "Why has thou deceived me, for thou art Samuel." And the King said unto her, "Be not afraid, for what sawest thou?" And the woman said unto Saul, "I saw Gods ascending out of the earth," and he said unto her, "What form is he of?" and she said "an old man cometh up, and he is covered with a mantle," and Saul perceived it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and he bowed himself. Samuel, Chapter 28, verse 8.

In another place he declares that witchcraft is an abomination to the Lord; he wanted no rival in this business, so you see the kings were always working abominations amongst the people.

Now, what does the New Testament teach if Christ is or was the Son of God. Did not He, and would not He know He made the devil? Now is it possible that anyone can believe that this devil absolutely took this God Almighty that made him and gave him his being, and put him on the pinnacle of the temple, and endeavored to persuade him to jump down, is it possible? It is a blasphemy.

And again the devil takes Him up on an exceeding high mountain and showeth Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of

them, and said unto Him; "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Now, just for a moment. This devil that tempted Christ or God that was so great an astronomer, without the aid of a magnifying glass that could perceive those whirling worlds in space like our own, and could see the glory of them must have been closely related to this God they call Christ Jesus.

It puzzles man to comprehend them because the creature must have known He created Him, and the devil must have known His power and authority over him. Then said Jesus unto him, "Get thee hence Satan, for it is written thou shalt worship God alone, or the Lord, thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve," Matthew 4, and 8-11 verses.

And Ingersoll said the devil must have known at the time that he was God, and God at that time must have known that the other was the devil. How could the latter be conceived to have the impudence to promise God a world in which he did not have a tax title to an inch of land?

Now, as to the swine story—and all the devils besought Him saying, "Send us into the swine that we may enter into them," and forthwith Jesus gave them leave, and the unclean spirits went out and entered into the swine, and the herd ran violently down a steep place into the sea. There were about two thousand, and were choked in the sea." Mark 5, 1 to 13.

Now, I will ask a question: Should reasonable men in the nineteenth century in the United States of America, believe that that is an actual occurrence? If my salvation depends upon believing that, I am lost. I have never experienced the signs by which it is said a believer may be known. I deny all the witch stories in the world. These fables of devils have covered the world with blood. They have filled the world with fear, and I am going to do what I can to free the world of the insatiable monsters, small and great. They have filled the world with monsters; they have made the world a synonym of fear and ferocity, and it is this book that ought to be read in all the schools.

This book that teaches man to enslave his brother, if it is larceny to steal the results of labor, how much more is it larceny to steal the laborer himself? Moreover, if the children of the strong that do sojourn among you, of them shall you buy, and of their families that are with you which they beget in your land, and they shall be your possession, and ye shall take them for an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for an inheritance or for a possession. They shall be your bondmen forever. "This is free-

dom of opinion in earnest. "But over your brethren, the children of Israel, you shall not rule over with vigor, one over another." Why? "Because they are not as good as you will buy of the heathen round about." Lev. XV: 1-5 and 36.

Now these are the judgments which thou shalt set before them. If thou buy a Hebrew servant, six years he shall serve and in the seventh he shall go out free, for nothing. So much for bondage. He is a queer man you will get to bind himself now for one year. If he came in by himself he shall go out by himself. If he were married, then his wife shall go out with him. If his master has given him a wife and she has borne him sons and daughters, the wife and children shall be her masters, and he shall go out by himself. In my day they punish them for desertion of their wives and children, though this book is preached and taught in both church and school.

So you will see spiritual laws will not corroborate with the physical laws of my time, therefore science, the producer of facts, can not be alienated to or with the Bible or New Testament, what it believes it would try to have us believe. I claim all Bible believers and Christians are the heretics of today.

Heresy, in my belief, is wrongly defined. It spreads its circumference around all those who believe in heresy. In theological writers of biologies and histories, not circumspect of the past nor present day, never for a moment have they founded thought on real facts of investigation, upon the truth. It has construed and manipulated the real facts that man has proven to be true, and called us infidels and atheists and dangerous men because we used our own free will to compound every fact, dissolve, sift it, pulverize it and compound it again for utilization among the children of men.

I appreciate, I like the free thinker and investigator. He turns up from the hidden soil of research, the illuminating glow of facts and truths hitherto unrivalled, that were choked and smouldered by the teachings and doctrines of theologians of the Dark Ages of remote thoughts, and if the servant shall plainly say, "I love my master, my wife, my children, I will not go out free" Then his master will bring him into the judges. He shall also bring to the door, or unto the door posts, and his master shall bore his ear through with an awl, and he shall serve him forever. Exod. 21 and 1.

Now this is the doctrine which has ever lent itself to the chains of slavery, and makes a man imprison himself rather than desert his wife and children. "I hate it" as Ingersoll said, "Now listen to the New Testament, the tidings of great joy for all people."

"Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of heart, as unto Christ, not with eye service as men pleasers, but as the servant of Christ doing the will of God from the heart." Eph. 6 Chapter, 5th verse. Splendid doctrine. If there is anything I hate in the world, it is man teaching men and children to fear. If it was without fear and trembling I would appreciate it. It is so horrid to teach a child to fear in this world that I believe it crows him and makes him dread the power of investigation for himself, which he should be encouraged, without fear, to possess all the knowledge he could discover.

"Servants be subject to your masters, with all fear,—not only to the good and gentle, but also to the forward, for this is thank-worthy; If a man for conscience towards God endure grief, suffering, wrongfully." 1st Peter 2nd chapter, 18-19 verses.

"Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh." He was afraid they might not work all the time, so he adds: "Not with eye service, as men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God." Read the 21st chapter, Exodus, 7 to 11th verse:—"And if a man sell his daughter to be a maid servant, she shall not go out as the men servants do. If she pleases not her master, who hath betrothed her to himself, then shall he let her be redeemed, to sell her unto a strange nation. He shall have no power, seeing he hath dealt deceitfully with her. And if he has betrothed her unto his son, he shall deal with her after the manner of daughters. If he take him another wife, her food, her raiment and her duty of marriage shall not diminish; and if he do not these three unto her, then shalt she go free, without money.

"Servants, be obedient to your masters," is the salutation of the most merciful God. To one who works for nothing and receives upon his naked back the lash, as legal tender for service performed. "Servants, be obedient to your masters," is the salutation of a most merciful God, to the slave mother bending over her infant's grave. "Servants, be obedient to your masters," is the salutation of a man endeavoring to escape pursuit, followed by savage bloodhounds, and with his eye fixed upon the Northern Star.

"These Christians" says this book should be read in the schools, so that our children will love liberty. Time and again, these barbarous Christians want this book to get free access to the children of a people that differ from any such teachings being taught or infused among them, that pollutes the mind of the child in its search for knowledge.

What does this same book say about the rights of little children, let us see how they

are treated by the most merciful God; "If a man has a stubborn and rebellious son which will not obey the voice of the father or the voice of his mother, and that when they have chastened him will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and mother lay hold of him and bring him out unto the elders of his city. 'This, our son, is stubborn and rebellious. He will not obey our voice; he is a glutton and a drunkard,' All the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die. So shalt thou put evil away from among you, and all Israel shall hear and fear." Deut. 21st chapter, 18th verse.

Did you ever hear the story of Jephtha's daughter. "Returning home, Jephtha said and Jephtha vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, 'If thou shalt, without fail, deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon shall surely be the Lord's and I will offer it up for a burnt offering.' So Jephtha passed over unto the children of Ammon to fight against them, and the Lord delivered them into his hands, and he smote them from Arver, even until thou cometh to Minnith, even twenty cities, and unto the plains of the vineyard."

Thus the children of Ammon were subdued before the Children of Israel. Here is where barbarism comes in in this book. "And Jephtha came to Mizpah unto this house, and behold, his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and dances, and she was his only child. Beside her he had neither son nor daughter, and it came to pass when he saw her that he rent his clothes and said, "Alas, my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me, for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord; 'Do to me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth,' For as much as the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, even of the children of Ammon."

And she said unto her father, "Let this thing be done for me: Let me alone for two months that I may go up and down upon the mountains." And it came to pass at the end of two months that she returned to her father who did with her according to his vow which he had vowed."

Is there in the history of the world a more sadder story than this? Can a God who would accept such a sacrifice be worthy of the worship of civilized men? I believe in the rights of children. I plead for the republic of home, for the democracy of the fireside, and for this I am called a heathen and a devil by those who believe in the cheerful and comforting doctrine of eternal damnation. Read the Book of Job, read that. "God met the devil and asked him where he had been, and he

said, 'Walking up and down the country,' and the Lord said unto him, 'Have you noticed my man Job over here?' How good he is. And the devil said: 'Of course he is good; you give him everything he wants. Just take away his goods or his property and he'll curse you. You just try it.' And he did try it, and took away his goods. But Job still remained good. The devil laughed and said he had not been tried enough; then the Lord touched his flesh but he was still true. Then he took away his children, but he remained faithful, and in the end to show how much Job had made by this fidelity, his property was all doubled and he had more children than ever."

If you had a child and you loved it, would you be satisfied with a God who would destroy it, and endeavor to make it up by giving you another that was better looking? No, you wouldn't, you want that one, you want no other, and yet this is the idea of the love of children taught in the Bible.

Does the Bible teach you freedom of religion? Today, I say every man has a right to worship God or not, and to worship Him as he pleases. Is it the doctrine of the Bible? Let us see. "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or thy daughter, or the wife of thy bosom, or thy friend, which is as thine own soul, entice thee secretly, saying: 'Let us go and serve other Gods, which thou hast not known, thou nor thy fathers, namely, of the Gods of the people which are round about you, nigh unto you or thee, or far off from thee, from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth, thou shalt not consent unto him, nor harken unto him. Neither shalt thine eye pity him, neither shalt thou conceal him, but thou shalt surely kill him. Thine hand shall be first upon him to put him to death, and afterwards, the hand of all the people; and thou shalt stone him with stones that he die, because he sought to thrust thee away from the Lord, your God, or thy God, which brought thee out of the land of Egypt from the house of bondage.'" Deut. 12th and 6th.

And do you know, according to that, if your wife, the wife that you love as your own soul, if you had lived in Palestine and your wife had said to you: "Let us worship the sun. Let us bow to that great luminary. I love the sun because it gives me your face, because it gives me the features of my babe. Let us worship the sun." It was then your duty to lay hands upon her; your eye must not pity her, but it was your duty to cast the first stone at her, or against that tender and loving heart. I hate such doctrine. I hate such books. I hate Gods who will write such books. I tell you that it is infamous.

"If there be found among you, within any of the gates which the Lord, thy God, giveth

thee, man or woman, that has wrought wickedness in the sight of the Lord, thy God, in transgressing His covenant, and hath gone and served other Gods and worshipped them, either the sun, moon, or any of the host of heaven which I have not commanded, and it be told thee, and thou hast heard of it, and inquired of it diligently, and behold it be true, and the thing certain that such abomination is wrought in Israel, then shalt thou bring forth that man, or that woman which have committed that wicked thing unto thy gates even that man or that woman, and shall stone them with stones till they die." Deut. 17th chapter, verses 2-5.

That is the religious liberty of the Bible; that's it. And this God taught that doctrine to the Jews, and said to them: "Any one that teaches a different religion, kill him." Now, let me ask—and I want to do it reverently—If, as it is contended, God gave these frightful laws to the Jews, and afterwards this same God took upon himself flesh and came among the Jews and taught a different religion, and these Jews, in accordance with the laws which this same God gave them, crucified Him, did He not reap what He had sown? Mercy, if all this comes in what is called the plan of salvation, what is that plan? According to this great plan, the innocent suffer for the guilty, to satisfy a law. What sort of a law, must it be that would be satisfied with the sufferings of innocence according to this plan?

The salvation of the whole world depends upon the bigotry of the Jews and the treachery of Judas. According to the same plan, we all would have to go to eternal hell; according to the same plan, there would have been no death in the world if there had been no sin, and if there had been no death in the world, you and I would not have been called into existence, and if we did not exist, we could not have been saved. So we owe our salvation to the bigotry of the Jews and the treachery of Judas and we are indebted to the devil for our existence.

I speak this reverently. It strikes me that what they call the atonement is a kind of moral bankruptcy. Under its merciful provisions, man is allowed the privilege of sinning credit, and when he is guilty of a mean action, he says, "Charge it." In my judgment, this kind of bookkeeping breeds extravagance in sin. Suppose we had a law in New York that every merchant should give credit to every man who asked it, under pain and penitentiary, and that every man should take the benefit of the bankruptcy statute any Saturday night. Doesn't the credit system in morals breed extravagance in sins? That is the question. Who is afraid of punishment that is so far away? Who does the doctrine

of hell stop? The great, the rich, the powerful? No, the poor, the weak, the despised, the mean.

Did you ever hear of any going to hell, who died in New York, worth a million dollars, or with an income of twenty-five thousand a year? Did you? Did you ever read of a man going to hell who rode in a carriage? Never. They are the gentlemen who talk about their assets, and who say 'Hell is not for me. It is for the poor. I have all the luxuries I want. Give that to the poor.' Who goes to hell, tramps?

Now, this doctrine of hell that has been such a comfort to my race, which so many ministers are pleading for, has been defended for ages by the fathers of the church. Your preacher says that the sovereignty of God implies that He has an absolute, unlimited and independent right to dispose of His creatures as He will, because He made them. Has He?

Suppose I take this book and change it immediately into a servient human being, would I have a right to torture it because I made it? No. On the contrary I would say, 'Having brought you into existence, it is my duty to do the best for you I can.'

They say God has a right to 'damn me because He made me. I deny it. Another one says God is not obliged to save even those who believe in Christ, and that He can either bestow salvation upon his children, or retain it without any diminution of His glory.

What does the Salvation Army say, and with the priests and nuns, with Presbyterians, and other sects going to the bottom of the sea about six years ago on their way to big London on the Empress of Ireland, to hold conferences and promote their God-fearing interests in that country, going down to the bottom of the sea with poor degraded stokers or firemen, and sailors; side by side lay the poor, ignorant, oppressed, degraded and despised even of his own countrymen by the God-fearing with all his prayers, whether hypocritical, or a lover of the ideas of honor and respect to a Divine being.

That God that he honored and respected had no more respect for him nor his work than he had for the so-called wretched fireman and sailor, of the sea, to that place the fanatic of Patmos, John, described and prescribed for them. They were taken away from the wickedness to come, but I believe some of them were taken away from the happiness and joy they were enjoying from the blood and sweat of the poor, wretched toilers that could not perceive their designs because of their deceptions. Sometimes we do not complain of this God's judgments upon some of these demonstrated; then another one says God may save any sinner

whatsoever, consistent with His justice. Let a natural person—and I claim to be one—moral or immoral, wise or unwise, let him be as just as he can, no matter what his prayers may be, what pains he may have taken to be saved, or whatever circumstances he may be in, God, according to this writer, can deny him salvation without the least disparagement of his glory. His glories will not be in the least obscured.

There is no natural man, be his character what it may, but God may cast down to hell without being charged with unfair dealing in any respect with regard to that man.

Theologians tell us that God's design in the creation was simply to glorify Himself. I ask, was or is God that materialistic that He actually wanted man to know He was proud to be able to make him and glorify Himself; omnipotent power, how low they make thee. The same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation, and he shall be tormented with fire and brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the lamb. Rev. 1 and 10.

Do you know nobody would have had an idea of hell in this world if it had not been for volcanoes? They were looked upon as the chimneys of hell. The idea of eternal fire never would have polluted the imagination of man but for them.

An eminent theologian describing hell, says there is no recounting up the million of ages the damned shall suffer. He has given us one consolation in that change of existence that we have not got here. That is a long life in hell; let it be good or bad there; all arithmetic ends here, and all sins too. They shall have nothing to do in passing away this eternity, but to conflict with torments. God shall have no other use or employment for them.

These words were said by gentlemen who died Christians and who are now in the harp business in the world to come. Another declares there is nothing to keep any man or Christian out of hell except the mere pleasure of God and their pains never grow any easier by their becoming accustomed to them.

It is also declared that the devil goes about like a roaring lion ready to doom the wicked. I guess this devil is like all the Labor Agents; he wants to get the cheapest labor, and I presume his situation is to be envied for he seems to be a well paid Labor Agent and wants none of these Christian usurpers of ministers on his side.

Did it never occur to you what a contradiction it is to say that the devil will persecute his own friends? He wants all the recruits he can get. Why then should he persecute his friends? In my judgment he should give the best hell affords to them. It is in the very

nature of things that torments inflicted have no tendency to bring a wicked man to repentance. Then why torment if it will not do him any good? It is simply unadulterated revenge.

All the punishment in the world will not reform a man unless he knows that he who inflicts it upon him, does it for the sake of reformation and really and truly loves him and has his good at heart. Like Lloyd George and the Irish, punishment inflicted for gratifying the appetite makes man afraid, but debases him.

Various reasons are given for punishing the wicked. First—God will vindicate His injured majesty. Well, I am glad of that. Second—He will glorify His justice. Think of that. Third—He will show and glorify His grace. Every time the saved shall look upon the damned in hell, it will cause in them a lively and admiring sense of the grace of God. Every look upon the damned will double the ardor and the joy of the saints in heaven. Can the believing husband in heaven look down upon an unbelieving wife in hell, and then feel a thrill of joy?

That is the old doctrine—not of our day. We are too civilized for that,—but it is the old doctrine that if you saw your wife in hell, the wife you love, who in your last sickness nursed you, that perhaps she supported you by her needle when you were ill, the wife who watched by your couch night and day, and held your corpse in her loving arms when you were dead, the sight would give you great joy. That doctrine is not preached today. They do not preach that the sight would give you joy, but they do preach that it will not diminish your happiness. That is the doctrine of every orthodox minister in New York, and I repeat, I have no respect for men who preach such doctrines.

The sight of the torment of the damned in hell will increase the ecstasy of the saints forever. On this principle, a man never enjoys a good dinner so much as when a fellow creature is dying of famine before his eyes, or he never enjoys the cheerful warmth of his own fireside so greatly as when a poor and abandoned wretch is dying at his doorstep. The saints enjoy the ecstasy, and the groans of the tormenters, are music to them.

I say here that you cannot commit a sin against an Infinite being. I can sin against my brother or my neighbor, because I can injure them. There can be no sin where there is no injury. Neither can a finite being commit infinite sin.

Now, my attention is drawn to a report in the Free Press of Winnipeg about the rumor of the British Prime Minister in England, but they said they wired to London and it was not

true that he was shot. This report I read on the 10th December, 1920, but if he had been shot, wouldn't it have been for his sins? A man at the head of a Cabinet, or rather a confab of murderers and confiscators, sending an army to Ireland to surround the old and young peasants of that country, by authority from him and his colleagues, to shoot down and hang and imprison these poor creatures, by the bloody command of army officers, or a so-called General, because they wore the clothes of an Irish Republican, which meant a token of national hatred against English rule in their native land, which any honest thinking man or people would be proud to appreciate, and wear the clothes, not alone of the Republican, but bear the arms to defend those that wear those clothes.

These are the acts performed by a man that once himself was hounded and chased by his, or the country for whom he now defends the North of Ireland. These men, if you will pardon me for calling them so, that are garrisoning the Irish Ports for England today, followed Lloyd George at Birmingham the very centre of England, after addressing or haranguing a crowd of people about taking away and limiting the power of the House of Lords in that country, which he did do when he got the opportunity to do it.

These same representatives of the garrisons in Ireland, were the men that organized the attack upon his own life in Birmingham, where he escaped in the garb of a policeman's clothes, and after all this drama, he, himself, has turned out not alone a supporter of this faction, but a full blown Black-and-Tan, with all the violence of a marauder. Woe be unto him; his factionist cunning has trapped him. He is now beleaguered by his friends. Hospitality is now hostility, and his trenches of defence are broken down on every side.

His own big guns, that he depended upon so long, if not turned against him are on the swing, and if not shot, annihilation is the end. His last conjuring trick with Balfour and his cousin, Lord Salisbury's son, is to get the parish priest to collect the Sinn Fein uniforms and proclaim a truce—but he told the public nothing about how much he offered the priests to take part in the confiscation of the people's conscience and opinions.

It is not true what that great American scholar said: "Ireland by English Rule and priestcraft was driven to exile, where if she was free she would be another America." Lloyd George could quote Abraham Lincoln. But is that all the history or records he can possess from the great and free republic? Lincoln was a President, but Ingersoll was the promoter and introducer of presidents in his time, that said these words: The son of a Congregational minister that was born at

Laton, the home and pride of education in Old England.

But this English so-called friend of democracy, Lloyd George, says he will establish law and order, and then give them freedom. Why not give them freedom to establish their own law and order, instead of shooting down men and women and children.

Let me remind him, a great American scholar, and a greater lawyer than ever he heard speak, what he said about Lincoln—Colonel R. G. Ingersoll. He said: "That upon his tomb there ought to be these lines: I know of no other man deserving it better than he, nor so well as he—Here lies one who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it except on the side of mercy."

That kind of hero never was made by fools; now England makes heroes of those who do the dirty work.

Now I proceed with my own shortcomings. I came back to Ireland after I saw I was destroyed by the transfer of this filthy corruption from those royal Campbells and the Orange Society, which I renounced, and had forsaken.

As I said before, I worked on the Queen Island ship building, and in Workman & Clark's in Belfast, and I saw life was not safe for me, because I am an Irishman, and not me alone, but any man that could not give the sign of this Orange Society. My wife at this time was acting very badly; she was cohabiting with other men and the children had no one to guide them in my absence. They saw nothing but filthy men's acts and deeds with their mother. I resolved that in the condition I was in, with my mind being open and every one knowing what I was thinking, that I would go to sea, and if not free from their filthy nature, at least I would be free from their filthy presence.

I shipped from Belfast in one of the Head-line boats from that town which they call a city; The Carickenhead was her name. The crew were Orange with the exception of a few Dublin men; some of them slept with iron jimmies under their heads. Their conduct seemed to be civilized but when excited, the barbarian and the savage appeared. You never could trust them in your absence, with the exception of those whose fathers and mothers were of different sects of religion. They were superstitious almost in everything, even in which boat they would put on first in the morning, it would be an omen for good or bad. I could trust a colored man I was acquainted with, better than they—always waiting for an opportunity to take advantage of you—never a thought of right from wrong, nor justice from injustice.

Education was of no use to them because of their upbringing in that belief of the Bible and Christianity. Every Freethinker who thought for himself, by them was believed to be a madman, a criminal heathen, or a barbarous savage. The priests and ministers would warn them not to associate with you, and your master or foreman, they should not employ you. This is the Union Jack of Old England, that boasts itself to be the only flag of free and religious liberty, but from what I can see of it, is, their parliament believes that religious liberty means people that are Christians, or believers in the dogmas taken from the Bible and the New Testament. No other sect is to be protected or provided for. All men were born alike, and while he obeys the moral laws of his country, he should have the freedom to express his opinion of how to live, and how to provide for that living, as well as the priest or minister has to preach a sermon in church or hall.

I have been in Cardiff, in Barry, in Swansea, in Portlambert, and all the principal towns in Wales.

Our ship called to lay off coal in Las Palmas, among the Spaniards, and we went ashore amongst them. I with others, went in their Bodaoz, which means in the English language, a Spanish winehouse or ale shop.

Well, on these passages on the sea, oftentimes have I gazed over the face of the deep and watched the ships, each one going its own way. It brought recollection to mind, within myself, that over this earth, men and women are busy watching this cloudy horizon of thought, investigating every sect's ideas and man's inventions, clearing away, as it were, the fogs of doubts and fears that they might catch the first glimmer of the sun of light, which is the truth that they might ascertain their course and adjust their compass to steer them on their way.

Each ship, I could see, like the sects and schisms, knew its own flag and ran them up and down on the mast, throwing signals or salutes to one another. While watching them I could see an old tramp steamer that had been in many ports of call, taking in and putting out of her cargo. They would hoist their flags to the topmast and signal to her, and watch for one in return, but there was no return from her. She steered and steered on her course; she had a destiny they knew not of—each one steering his own course, choosing his own latitude to reach his destination.

I have said to myself, often and often, can men and women not choose their own latitude and steer their course, without being interfered with concerning their spiritual affairs, with ministers and priests directing them, that this, or their course was the right one to heaven or hell, with their fire rocket displays

of distress, or great would-be orations of running our ships to disaster upon the rocks, while, they, themselves are unable to adjust the compass to direct our course.

Out on the ocean you have freedom of thought. You can see every one of those ships of life going his own, or her way, without being molested, save for the wind and waves, but in our ship of life, upon land, we are insulted; and there is not a degree in this circle of life but what we have to use, to avoid the scorns and insults that are heaped upon us. These are the rocks in the ocean of life that we men of thought dash against.

All the billows that roar in the wild storms are not to be compared to ministers' or priests' ingratitude.

I sailed up the St. Lawrence River in Canada to Quebec. I could there see the home of the Indian in the caves of the rocks that once were desolate cliffs, and boulders, towering to the clouds, and sometimes breaking up that cloud in its course, driven by the wind. When I looked up to those rocks, I stood in awe with amazement and gazed upon the precipitous heights that General Wolfe once rode over. I could there imagine I heard the clash of sword and sabre, between the French patriot, for the love of his home and the land of his adoption, against the British marauders and their so-called pioneers of the British Isles, that were always entering upon territory and land that were inhabited and possessed by other people before them.

Joshua and his spies were ever preceding these warriors and marauders of the British Isles, in the form and garb of black-coated missionaries, with a dog's band or collar around their neck. These were the ambassadors and consuls of their telegraphs and telephones in those days, and a great many of them interrupt the phones of truth and justice to this present day.

Beneath these cliffs and rocks where Montgomery fell, is the busy din of the river side of industry. There the steamships ply back and forward to all parts of the world, and yet notwithstanding the conquered defeat of the French, they live there in hives of industry, with science and invention in the midst of them.

On up that river to Montreal, with its great wharfs and warehouses, you can hear the clang of the hammers of industry and the echoes of that grand dialect or accent, of the French language that they themselves, adore. Their streets and flowery boulevards are lovely to behold, and notwithstanding their defects; morally and physically, and driving back to the rocks and forests of the cold and biting north, yet from the shores of Quebec, to the snowy, icy Yukon River you can trace

the trail of the French pioneer, and his mark on every side of that trail.

He mixed with the Indian tribes naturally, to procure safety for themselves, and to discover also the wealthiest and richest parts of the country.

I have watched the icebergs, mountains high, floating down from the Arctic regions, with our ship lying at anchor, and our Captain wondering which road to take to avoid them for fear of disaster to the ship and crew, with the passengers on board with us, and amidst all that danger, with uncertainty of life and death, I beheld a grandeur of the crystal, sparkling glow of that pyramid, within the sun's vibrating rays of illuminating grandeur that none but the evolution perceiver could behold.

During and in these passages across the seas, I oftentimes would call to mind one of the great poet's elegies: "O, Solitude, where is thy charms?" I answered back, while alone at the stern of the ship, and sea gulls gliding around in search of some feed from the ship, I could see other ships going to and fro on their course, some nearby, others far off. The calm, cloudless blue sky above us and the sun's golden rays around us, and a sparkling spray from the ever-flowing and ebbing tide.

As I leaned over the rail of the ship alone, as I often did, and watched the foamy track the ship had left behind her, my thoughts went back to the other days and times in lands far away. No heart could feel the rapture and the balm of this solitude that I perceived in the solitude alone. It brought the round towers of other days, of acts and deeds before my eyes, of ones I loved and cherished and that have passed away to the great oblivion.

No sweeter moments to me in this life than to gaze upon the calm and deep blue sea, with its thousands of travellers to and from every part of this wide, wide world. Here lie my deep meditations concerning the past, and my premeditations concerning the future, on the lofty mountain side, to stand and look down upon the hills and green valleys below, with their rivers and lakes around where a hive of living creatures move to and fro.

These are the solitudes that prepare man to be the helpmate of woman. Without these calm and silent meditations and premeditations, man's evolution in brain and mind would be null and void of understanding to-day. We must look from the heights of perception to idealize our investigations. After we have seen through magnifying glasses from our present positions, we will be able to obtain a magnetic idea of our own existence, then we will be able to magnetize our influence through magneto-electricity which accomplishes the whole electricity of illumin-

ation of the magnetic chain of all this universal system that circulates within us and in all things.

The planets in the heavens, or in the phenomena which we can not yet rightly behold, will yet be illuminated to our will and eyes and mind. The destiny I see and feel. This is eternity. Here is the judgment of right and wrong. Let no man deceive you. Whatsoever we sow, that shall we reap. The creative is known by no man, it is too vast a comprehension for any. Gogs and maygogues may and will try to explain, but believe me, it will still remain the great phenomena still.

We read of the old Brahma history of the creation. He made up his mind to make a man and woman and a world. He put his man and woman in or on the Isle of Ceylon. According to the description, it was the most beautiful isle that ever existed. It was delightful. The branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept through them, they seemed like a thousand Aeolian harps, and the man was named Adam, and the woman was named Heva.

This book was written about three or four thousand years before the other one, and all the commentators in this country agree that the story that was written first was copied from the one that was written last.

So you will find out that all these demonstrators that try to define a creator always fail because of suppositions without facts.

I have sailed with a captain over to New Orleans from Dublin, in Ireland, our last port of call in that country, and a better mariner never crossed the Atlantic ocean. He was the kindest and most merciful captain I ever saw. I took sick with Sciatica and I could not walk nor eat. He came himself with fruit and other refined food and stood by my bed till I partook of it. Although he had stewards to attend to us, he attended to me, himself.

In the midst of the greatest storm I ever encountered at sea, of hail and sleet, the deck was wrecked, some of the masts were carried away or knocked down with the rolling of the ship. Our cabin was filled with water up to the waist. We managed to make our way along the deck to the engine room, by holding on to a rope line along the deck to the engine room door. We got down to the stoke-hole with what clothes we had on, but whether the captain was made fast to the bridge or not, I do not know, but this I know, for twenty-four, long hours he stuck to his post, with compass and electric bell to the engine room. The chief Engineer and he kept steering the ship and moving her till the storm abated.

I thought this part of evolution is passed, but there is more to come; I entered the Mis-

issippi River in the United States of America for the first time in my life. As we steamed up the stream I noticed on every side the shack and cottage, and side by side, I could see the colored man hoe and weed the corn. I could see the white women with babes in arms, shake and wave their handkerchiefs at the stars and stripes above their heads, as much as to say: "This is my protector and my home."

I could see them washing, on the river bank strewn with flowers around where they stood. I could hear, as we proceeded up the river stream, the woodman's axe, with every swing that echoes forth a sound of ascending until the reverberation echoes back again. I can see the laborer digging the foundation for the house where once on the ground they are digging, the slave did toil and sweat, under the shackles of chain and whip, as we steamed slowly up the river towards the great and ever memorable City of New Orleans, where the last and great victorious battle was fought and won, for the freedom of that great people that struggled so noble and gallantly that they might be free and an independent nation against that great despotic monarch and avaricious nation that they call Great Britain.

When we reached the wharf and lay out in the stream waiting for our berth to be made fast alongside the wharf, I placed myself against the side of the ship and scanned carefully along the sheds on the wharf sides. I could there see the colored man with gold rings on his fingers and the finest clothes that art and science could produce, new out from the crawls of slavery, that the patriot's blood was shed for. I could hear the ding of the mule wagon, with its snow white bales of cotton, one after the other proceeding to unload at the wharf and ship's side.

There I could see the bee hives of industry, mingled with white and black, mixed and toiling together in the co-operation for the good and benefits of mankind. I could see these colored sons of the slaves of forefathers worthy of their place amongst the greatest white men. They knew, although they were free in existence, that they were looked upon as unequal and inferior to the white man, and still, I am sure, caused within their hearts, a grudge and a spite of enmity towards those that once enslaved them. I could see them in the saloons sensitive of their position amongst the greatest white man.

This enmity, I am sorry to say, exists in all lands where different races of men are mixed and mingled, no matter what climate they hail from, and the longer the cause of their persecution has been, the longer the effects of that persecution will they remember, which leaves nations and peoples today, in many lands, in doubts and fears.

I proceed along their streets and there I can see the happy smile of the French and Irish settlers beneath the awnings of canvas to shade them from the sun, with their dark and blue eyes peering out from their white marble forms, and their ruby lips, and necks as white as the swans as they lie back in their rocking chairs, swinging to and fro, with fan in their hand, as they rock. You would think it was the Garden of Eden, with the cherubim above their head. They would make you think, while gazing there, that the hand of a Titan or Michael Angelo was there.

These are the descendants and offspring of those great patriots who shed their blood on the plains of Louisiana and Alabama that these, their, descendants, might be free. There, enjoying that freedom, are the sons of France, of Germany, Russia, Austria, Poland, Spain and Dutch, Dane and Italian, Swede and Norseman and the Finn. Irish, and even the English and Scotch are welcome to that hospitality, that fought against them, and yet a hidden enemy against that great country of freedom.

Now, as I go up town, I see large factories and work shops on every side; street cars passing, boulevards with vines of many kinds are hanging on them on every side—the land of emancipation and the free. On the inside of the street cars is a division to separate the two colors, the black from the white, but both are equally provided for, no difference in the accommodation, both are the same, and I suppose it is but natural that each race prefers its own associations and companionship with their own race. But I can see so long as any race of people dissociates itself from the fellowship of another race of people, because of inferiority of position or even of condition of existence, is a mistake, because we make enemies when we look down from the top of our positions and ambitions.

We can humbly show example and take share of the insufficient. It is a maxim in evolution; remember it is mine.

I think they realized that they were here to make life happy and to, in some way, enjoy the fellowship of all that came their way.

I went to the theatre and saw life's dreams realized. I saw that Hamlet and Richard were tragedies retold, and I saw that Henry VIII. was a wretch, painted as a reformer, who had divorced his wife, Queen Katherine and murdered her for the sake of Anne Boleyn, with the excuse of a Protestant religion.

I have in this city, seen the colored men as musicians, singing and dancing with the art and science of any trained white man. I have listened to them diversify their notes, and then with a compounding strain, they soared me, ascending almost to oblivion.

On a Sunday on the banks of the Mississippi I could hear the cheers going up from the thousands of mouths and black faces in their baseball ground in appreciation of the victors of the game. When I gazed upon that surging mass of colored faces, and thought of the slavery days, of the chain and the whip, to these colored, joyous faces of to-day, what a contrast! The Sunday that was spent in solitary chains and prison like an ox made fast to its stall, was now a Sunday of freedom, and a Sunday of joy and pleasure if you will. If you don't like to rest, you can play—grand emancipation. Gone forever are these cruel agonizing, slavery days.

I ate, drank and slept in the so-called Niggers' home—rather than trust the slave driver I would trust the slave.

To view from the sloping banks of that river, I could see the flat-bottomed boats rise, the surging waters from her turning turbine wheel—loaded with white cotton bales—resin, copper and lumber, and minerals of various kinds—here the echoes dwell from the sounds of the tolling masses of freedom that spring from the haunts of slavery. O, blessed land, thou art redeemed from the kings and queens of slavery.

On that river side, should sit a monument of pride,

To those who freed the poor distressed, from cursed England's ride.

The white settlers there realize the cause their forefathers fought and died for; they realize the humility and hospitality, generosity and friendship, they owe to the descendants of that race who manfully struggled for them and defended them.

This same English race today in Ireland that their forefathers pillaged this place—New Orleans—and burned their villages, murdered their wives and children, and today have the audacity in the House of Commons to denounce and ridicule Bolshevism, or the Russian Revolutionary party, which they call Revolutionists in that country of Russia, calling them all the bloody names of cruelty and savagery they can devise, but as their own poet says, jealousy is a terrible pronouncer. He says guilt is so jealous of itself that it spills itself in fearing to be split.

I can trace every sentence of these remarks to the acts and deeds, not alone of their sayings in the British House of Commons concerning Ireland, and in Ireland today, they think by blackmailing Russia it will cloud the sky of thought from their own bloody deeds in Ireland. Just imagine, a Premier that had a wife and children of his own, standing up as he did, and say it was an accident of the military when they shot down a woman with a

child in her arms and one in her womb, on her own lawn, beside her own house, in an isolated part of the country, with no one to come to her assistance but her little servant girl. I think I see her crawling along the ground and the bloody gore oozing through her clothes, weak and weltering, with a child in her arms, her husband away from home, on his domestic duties of the day; no eye to pity her, but his own, his all, she is gone. For any Premier to say that that was an accident, all ideas of justice were discarded from this man's eyes; avarice was deaf within him; he was winning the applause of imbeciles of a Royal line.

Her august corpse is entitled to as deep and as heartfelt thanks as the titled leader who fell at the head of his host.

The rights of all are equal. Justice, poised and balanced in eternal claim, will shake from the golden scales in which are weighed the acts of men, the very dust of prejudice and caste; no race, no color, no previous condition, can change the rights of man, while rebellion is born of a sense of injustice, and still there is an awakening in the mind of the rebel. He begins to inquire, by what right has a crowned robber to make me work for him? And when he asked that question, he was called a traitor.

So we see sense comes first, and liberty was born of intelligence derived from sense, but Lloyd George and Carson are two executives of ability, but their executive ability is wrongly defined; this has been variously defined, but the following from an executive with a sense of humor seems to cover the subject.

He said: Executive ability is the ability to hire someone to do work for which you will get the credit, and if there is a slip up, having someone at whose door you can lay the blame.

Just as I am writing these lines, my attention is drawn to a paragraph in a Dublin newspaper called "The Freeman's Weekly," Saturday, November 20th, 1920. Just to show that this nature, or natural magnetic tie is in a continual existence by desire and mind of the physical system of the body before it goes to the grave, it always has an idea of change, that enacts the links that binds us to that endless chain of evolution which never ends, and I believe never will end, if I am killed, he said.

This is a remarkable direction in Mr. Frank Brook's will, of Ardeen, Shielagh, Wicklow, a member of the Irish Privy Council, and chairman of the Dublin and Southeastern Railway, who was shot dead on the 20th of July last, in Dublin, and who left personal property to the value of £16,788-1-0 of which £13,565-7-1 is in England. Probate is granted to Mrs. Alice Gertrude Doyne, of St. Austin's Abbey, Tullow daughter. The will reads:

"Aggie, five thousand for life, and on her

death, equally among George and Bey's children; George, five thousand absolutely; Bey, five thousand, being £500, to or for herself. £500 for Dermie, and £2,000 for the four children as they think best—and the remainder for Aggie, George, and Bey equally"—so that you will see he had almost all his money in England, although he made it off the Irish by sucking their blood and sweat in that country.

"If I am killed by any of these blackguards" he says, "I want George and Dermie to get as much as possible out of the government, and whatever it is, to be divided between Aggie, George and Bey, and £1,000 to Dermie."

Now, there is a specimen of one of Ireland's persecutors, one of the nominated thieves of the English executive government in Ireland, knowing that he had been unjust towards the Irish people, that his sins haunted him, and suspicious of his guilty mind, he prophesied his own extermination.

From this part in his evolution in the process of animation from one state to another he seems to me that great pestilism which he possessed here, crawled with him to his grave, and invested itself with a desire to nourish and feed the seed of pestilence, of that magnetic tie, with his blood and seed that smites them in this place, to follow after him, to be a source of persecution and plague in taxation and confiscation that the poor Irish are unable to bear.

If a just man was on the Bench and the facts of that case came before him, would he not dismiss the case for damages, on its merits? This is the desire of a great Christian executive, nominated by an English parliament, if not directly, indirectly, in Ireland, devising how to provide iniquity and persecution for the Irish people, to sustain his friends and relatives after him by the sweat and blood of those poor innocent people, rebelling against wrong, because they are weak and poor and indignant under the lash and hands of persecution. To blame his murderers is unnatural; it is against nature to do so.

When I read a Scotchman's account of the trail of '98 there at Klondyke himself, in this romance—a Mr. Service—this is the simplest analogy I can make and demonstrate before you, to this man's assassination or murder. I will endeavor to show you here, by illustrating animal nature, that wrong is the victim of itself.

This romance tells me of a wealthy pioneer and gold mine owner, who went up to the mountain sides and creeks in search of gold. He was of the Spanish blood, big and strong and daring, and the experience of any great pioneer. He had four dogs in his sleigh; one of them was a female, and there came on a great storm as he was coming down the moun-

tain side. His provisions were running short for his dogs and he put on short allowance his four dogs, but the female became weak under the strain of work hauling the sleigh, and not a sufficient supply of food to keep her strong. The result was she fell down under the load of her master.

He was in the sleigh she was helping to haul and he whipped her up as time after time she fell sweltering in the snow, when the storm was raging at its height, in the midst of darkness and distress, with both the man, Coscos, and his dogs. With fear and dread of himself being lost in the storm, he would whip the dogs the faster on, and down would fall the poor female dog again.

Coscos, with a swearing voice and a lash of the whip, would maltreat her again. "I will kill you" he would say, and lash on again. At length he reached his wayside cabin by the way of his march. He lit a fire while his little companion unharnessed the dogs. The fish for the dogs was all done, and because this Irish companion that he often threatened by the way of death, and made him haul the sleigh instead of the dogs, waited his chance of killing him who oftentimes threatened his death, and tried to kill him in the midst of the unknown—waited till he got the big pioneer asleep in his bag of skin, then he took from his side his own weapons and his own girdle, and with the same lash and lead but of his whip, that he used upon him and the dogs that were his friends, that hauled him along—after making him fast with his own girdle in the cabin where he lay, he then took the lead end of the whips and struck him on the head with it, and left him on the ground, senseless, for to die.

The weapon that threatened him and the female dog so long, he used to save his own life, and after that he went away.

By the confession of Coscos himself, the female dog, with the other, lead the attack upon his life and on the floor where the Irishman left him for dead. He said, time after time, that female dog lead the other three upon him, jumping at his throat on the floor where he lay. When he came to himself they attacked him time and again, and always lead by the female dog he beat and punished in the snow, coming down the mountain side.

In the midst of their hunger, they remembered enemies, and the Irishman knew if he thought he could get safe through the storm without him, he would have killed him.

On the trail, the survival of the fittest, and might is right, is the real religion of today, so that this Mr. Brooks is the murderer of himself. He is like the man I heard about; I have struggled and got the money and now the money has got me; but he wants to go one further he wants to get the money and pro-

vide for his progeny within a generation yet to come, but of course, it is English Christianity, and their good will to men in Ireland.

So you will see, that in all animal life, no matter if it exists in the remotest parts of the earth, wrong is its own judgment and its own executioner. Here is eternity and here is our judgment—there is none beyond the grave. He is insane that thinks so, and when here devising ways and means to possess other's inheritance, it is good that he does not know what he has possessed of others lasts but a little while. Even all the possessions he leaves both to relatives and race to which he belongs. He does not know how long he will be above water, and when he goes under, the few that are left of Noah's race will then be looking for a new biding place. He will find there is nothing at all at a like goodness still.

I have heard and read all their dreams of imaginations, and like all their poor, deformed minds, their bodies will to chaos pass. The mystery those poor deluded people have and are troubled with, can not be realized by them that is, they are in evolution's tread, with all things both above and below the waters, and the waters themselves, but here is where they are held fast.

The earth itself is in evolution. It appears to the unknown thinker that this Will of theirs directs them to a great phenomena, unknown to all of us, but when they realize that this earth is in motion, all the time, not alone in its swing of circulation around the sun, but its interior body is a living soul in change all the time.

I perceive that philosopher Christ knew it when he said, "All these things will pass away." These parts of the earth that man loves so much, that wrongly he possessed and had taken from others, evolution will change it. That evolution I mean and speak of is revolution, whether with peoples or nations or races of men, that change must come, and the earth and heavens in revolutions will change the existence of man, and even his geographical position.

The regions that once were cold shall become warm; hot and barren lands shall become cool and covered with green pastures. Mildness shall come in the midst of extremes. Part of the earth shall go under water and part shall come up from beneath. It is evolution all the time, no mystery about it. We need no praying from priest or minister to enlighten us on this subject.

When man comes to see his position and realize how short a time it is for him here at the best, to reside, his life is that short that he becomes careless about the evolution, even of his own condition, in this side of time. He thinks the earth has always been, and so it has, but under different conditions, and be-

cause he has been confined to a small portion of it, he thinks it is not given to change.

Just at this present time, tonight I read in the paper about an earthquake in a place called Banania, where a hospital disappeared with its patients, never more to be seen, where I believe, thousands of years ago mines with excavations have embowelled the earth and today has fallen in.

And do you know, that subterranean tunnels of rivers and streams proceed through the earth underneath where we toil and work today. It is evolution, whether by the hand of man or ants and germs, of the least to the greatest microbes, building and pulling down. It is evolution. Because of man's narrowness of comprehension is because of the narrowness of the latitude over which he resides. The greater space he travels over, the larger grows his observations for his investigations and he becomes imbued with thoughts to reason with that are sure to reveal to him the products of his perceptions, and there is no mathematician can tell by calculation, when or where the earth will go beneath the water or rise above the water.

He does not know the height, nor yet the depth of the earth any one place. If he did, he might be able to tell the rise and fall of balance to any side in its revolution, but seeing it is impossible for this measurement to be determined by any, then we must proceed to examine the earth's excavation, and if possible, trace where the weight of these excavations are transferred to, and in process of these mineral excavations, the amount of fumes or vapor go into space, that become solids, as we see them driven back to the north in what we term clouds drifting with winds caused by the revolving of the earth so fast around the sun.

They always move north ways. These at some time and place, come in contact with the electricity and in that concussion we hear thundering and see the electric flash pass above and around us. Then these solids are broken up and with that shock, they are broken and driven many ways. They come down upon the earth in rain, snow and sleet, but I cannot determine what part of the earth the most of this residue falls on, and I do know that all the rivers run into the sea, and carry with them a great deal of matter to the sea, which along with ship wrecks and matter from the redum, that through time the sea itself, spews out upon the land around it and overflows parts of it.

But here is what puzzles me. Water itself is a great weight and when it recedes from the sea to the land in a great force, then, like Noah, you will need a boat or two, but as a great deal of land holds water with no outlets to rivers and to seas, holds pretty well a bal-

ance between it and the sea, but this vapor that comes out of the earth and goes up into space must at some time, by its coming back to the earth again, and by falling oftener on some one place of the earth than others, along with my demonstration concerning the rivers with the matter they carry to the sea, in my opinion, will be the cause of what they term or call a flood.

We do not know any number of years to it, and I have no doubt but mankind will experience a little inconvenience with not a deluge, but an overflow from the sea, instead of tumbling over the side of the earth. You will just go gently under the water and the other side will just come gently up from under the water, so that you will need all the explorers from Perry onwards, and any of you who wish to go prospecting will have a fine chance of success.

It looks to you, I have no doubt, a fanatic idea of geology, but believe me, it is a scientific idea that needs no Noah's ark to explain. This is evolution and it takes revolutions to complete them.

We, ourselves, are but particles of dust from the molehill that blows hither and thither by the winds of fortune and of chance. Our desires here to continue with the friends and things we love is only a fascination to the link and chain that binds us to nature's frail robes.

In the midst of all these joys there exists a lull combined with doubts and fears, and yet with all that lull of doubts and fears, of parting and separating from the ones and things we loved, there is a grandeur in the midst of awe and amazement. In pondering over these doubts and fears, we are emerged in the bereavement of departed ones, never to return, that were as dear to our bosom as our heart and soul is to our mind. When we begin to examine the effects of the cause of our enjoyment and gratefulness to and for the love of home, how many realized the art and toil, and the bereavements, the suffering and the persecutions of these beings, slaving creatures, that adorned the walls of these homes they are so loath and afraid to part.

These walls, in picture forms around them, daubed by the hand of Titans and chiselled and brushed by an Angelo, lying on their backs and sides to complete every crevice and every curve on the canvas board or the marble stone, with pain and suffering oft, that they might console the mind and thought and satisfy the heart of men and women, of real beauty, in their own forms and bodies.

The chairs on which they sat, the couch or lounge on which they lay, were made by the hands of the carpenter, finished by the hand and art of the cabinet maker, upholstered by weak and hungry men and women and chil-

dren oftentimes in rags to hide their shame, in a state of real degeneracy.

The art was formed by man and devised by him to console the hearts of the children of men, but thieves have manipulated it and consigned to few its benevolence. Their libraries are adorned with the works of men's hands and minds, of hours of weary thought, travels over the earth and seas in search of knowledge, in strict investigation of what they saw and heard, and the greatest knowledge they received was by their own suffering, through this great school of adversity, which no man can dispute, is the academy and college of civilization.

The woollens and cottons that embroider their beds and forms with beauty, were carded, washed and spun by men and women, in despondency with doubts, and of the taskmaster's threats of dismissal if they did not do enough work in a specified time, scantily clad and hunger staring them in the face, if a week off with sickness or attending to the helpless that were so. Their doubts and fears overwhelm them. With child in arms, they rise in the morning to cook their meagre meal, and leave their little babe in a stranger's arms till night approaches them again, not knowing but the cruel hand of the stranger, by neglect, will be the cause of the death of her child, by accident, or mistake of care.

She returns at night careworn, wearied by the stress of toil, and in doubts and fears how she will find her child. From these sufferings, are the homes built of the homes of manipulators and confiscators of men's and women's blood and sweat.

The poet, the philosopher and the scientist, adorn the shelves of their libraries with songs of pity and love. The philosopher points out the acts and deeds of right and wrong. The scientist has provided for them, by the ways and means of his inventions, through weary days and nights of investigations—he himself, was in doubts and fears of distress, not having the means to accomplish his designs, oftentimes without a meal, and a pallet of straw for his bed, hiding his misfortunes in the midst of hope and despair.

These men, with very little ambition for their own greatness, but with a desire to benefit mankind—some of them I know, like myself, have sat at the attic window, with cold and shivering forms, with feet benumbed with cold, and not enough of clothes to keep them warm; sometimes toiling hard on the farm or at the bench that they might possess as much as would sustain them till they would set forth that light in its brilliant glow, that was so long dimmed and dulled by the oppressors of the human race; scoffed and mocked by the evil doers, and assisted by our own

poor, ignorant dupes that know not their own enemies.

Yet with all this power and force of sectarianism on the side of the wicked, they cannot prevail against the truth. These are the wealthy that never produced, not even a sentence concerning the rights and justices of man, nor yet have they expressed any gratitude of generosity towards those men that comfort them in these beautiful homes they are loath to vacate.

From their cots they have been pampered and soothed with the consoling words from our pen—us, sometimes without a bed—strangers in strange lands—enemies on every side—living in caves, in hay-stacks by the roadside, with the corlyou and plover weeping over us, without a home or habitation; not a loved one nor a friend to sigh for exiled heroes that were once the friend of enemies and our greatest foes.

But when I gaze upon the face of time, I see its former beauty enveloped with its wrinkled brow, and the fallen lie to rise no more; but this there is, the great for the ungreat, still survives to proclaim the right and lead the way, that though we are gone, the trail of the pioneer can still be traced that was for the good and destiny of man, and when all is said and done of my part in this travel and struggle through life, I see between those that enjoyed all the good things of this life, and those that struggled to possess them, sometimes I am compelled to think that the struggler in this life, by his ups and downs, which cause both joys and sorrows, balance his gate of thought of mind and reason till he gets a fair wind, and although he did not arrive at the goal or destiny of luxuries, he accomplished longer years and had less pain, more joys, and enjoyed them; more sorrows and survived them.

I, myself, tried the pleasures of evil for a season, and do you know I am like John Mitchell, the Irish patriot. I would prefer a nice little cottage, with barn and stable, with a fine cultured soul of a wife, and beautiful children running and playing around me, than all the king's palaces in the wide world today. I hate them, they are filth, sloth and debauch, and with all their fear and dread to leave it.

Do you know, I believe it is insane of knowledge and wisdom to take notice of them.

When I draw an inference between life and death at any time, I think when we are heaped up with trouble and cares at any time, that are emblems for peace and rest, the grave for me. That is the only heaven I desire when parted from all I love.

Servants—obey your masters in all things for it is acceptable to the Lord. Let us see who this Lord is; He is the landlord, the house

property lord, the banker, the railway magnate, the manufacturer, and the merchants of all kinds. These are the lords—three in one—which is their godhead, of belief to rule with power and authority, the existence of the being race with a Christ Jesus of Christianity in the form and garb of ministers and priests as a mediator between the masses of the people in all lands.

And this godhead of authority and power in the midst of us called Political Economy—was there even an assertion or command given to mankind so damnable as this one? Servants, obey your masters in all things for it is acceptable to the Lord.

Would there ever have been a charter broken or a bond loosed from the slave of serfdom if we had obeyed it? I say, no.

Women, submit yourselves to your husbands in all things—I say, no, where the woman, perchance, of education and culture is the mother of the man, it is a shame to ask her to do so; because of her husband's sectarianism; is she to throw away her conscience and reason at the ballot box, that would be the means of protecting her and her children and providing for their sustenance, because he was ignorant of the cause of the effects of his actions.

Is it preposterous to think that the children must be educated in the true knowledge of their social existence. They must be taught the ways and means of combination in the school; they, of economics, must be taught the profit and loss of their own labor, the profit and loss of the productions of that labor; where the loss of that profit went to; who received it, and why they received. This is the first lesson the child should be taught at its father's and mother's knee, and also in the schools.

When they have come through this grade of economical enlightenment, they must then proceed to select from their own ranks, the best brain power of thought and reason to be elected to represent them in both their local and supreme parliaments, of their day.

This economical system is the machine that keeps in motion our social, physical and political existence today, and never will there be need for Commissions of Inquiry into these facts. Profit and loss is the whole basis of existence, which they term Economics; where the profit should go; and where they take it to; and where they put it.

This is the economics the fakers, the thieves, the blood suckers, conjure ever, before and after election day.

After sixty years of existence here, and seeing the acts performed by men, bearing myself with others, the sufferings and persecutions from these manipulators and fakers of

sweat and blood of the toiling masses; companies of combines for all kinds of production and commodities formed into limitation of liabilities and preference—remember companies like these, are in the transference of all these commodities in their distribution over the country and states, of all kinds of color and language, and they are composed by clerics themselves, and their henchmen, their relatives, sons and daughters, with their assimilations and friends, doctors, or would-be physicians, combined with the Moses and Solomon type of lawyer, with the art of confiscation and deception.

In this compact, some of them devise the ways and means of production and distribution, which is essential to the success of the business they are operating, but in the midst of this combine; there is a class of speculators and gamblers that pay into the pool given to chance, with no idea of construction or consolidating the improvements of the business in any way, yet by his pay-up in the pool of that concern, he draws the most of the profits from the surplus of that production and distribution from the worker, that as Mr. Asquith says, should be distributed amongst the toilers.

A man giving his means to chance in any scheme of economics, is a non-producer and an enemy of the toiling masses.

If a man will not work, neither shall he eat.

Now as I watched the rise of mankind to what little improvement he has attained, he received it from the education which was revealed to him by the sufferer who once worked by his side and toiled as he toiled, hungered as he hungered, but he stood in awe and gazed upon the past. He saw there the surging masses of toil, without a leader, no one to command. He sees a surging army marching in the dark, blindly with no strategic nor knowledge of attack; no leader to view the position with his magnifying glass of investigation to ascertain the strength of the position.

They storm the heights of capital ideas by the voice and tongues of men, but like all Polish generals, they wrangle and dispute about the plan of attacks, without a united front and steady march onward. That steady and united front must be an educated one, separated from church and state. The Sunday school must be a school of learning. The philosopher's investigations of what he proved to be true, and what he proved to be untrue. All theologians' dogmas must be discarded—Christianity a fraud and a farce.

Here is an extract of a few sentences from a Liverpool paper, they call, The Weekly Courier, December 4th, 1920. Here in this report of this paper, his doubts and fears of the future concerning him.

and the capitalist's ideas of economies at this present time.

"Bolshevism" he says, "is in this country, a dying plague, but to throw on to the scrap heap even the mild beginnings of Utopia, that we have made would cause such a revival of divine discontent that the revolutionary army would receive hundreds of thousands of recruits.

"Now just for a moment consider, this divine discontent would cause hundreds of thousands to join the ranks of the revolutionary movement against the sharks," so that you will see this Christianity is the enemy of all our pioneers in the van for the emancipation of our being race.

Not alone their superstitions, but dogma, pagan demonstration of theatrical worship is more than I can bear. So long as the people go to hear them, so long will the plague stay with us. We must disband them from our midst. They are skunks that cannot smell their own stink.

Our schools must be adorned with good painted pictures, with all social writers' books, and provided with all technical knowledge, the science of arts and classics, ethics and equivalents, and let us have the science of research because investigation brings us to dissolve the material and sift it that we may subtract and compound to our use.

Christianity is today, and amongst mankind, is a ravaging plague in England and her colonies. The church and state is the playground not alone of feudalism and confiscation, but of cruel despotism.

I have seen the ranks of Trades Unions in the past, and today, struggling against church and state—against the state because it is not the representative of the people, it is controlled directly or indirectly by the influence of the church, and the state officials cannot invent polished phrases nor garbed sentences in any clothed form to hide their position, as has been allied to the church, and no matter what change of government, it is a matter of arrangement to renew the pact.

In the Trades Union ranks I could never convince them as to the danger of other Friendly Societies being in their ranks, and some of these Societies are Sacred Societies, and soul and body opposed to the equal rights of men and women.

The Orange Society that makes this Bible of the barbarian Jews their God in All, along with the crown of their realm, which they call the Bible and the Crown, this sect is worse against Trades Unions than any other sect because they are pledged to overthrow every other sect that does not believe and trust in the Bible and the Crown. The Free Missions are identically the same.

When I formed a Union of Sugar House Laborers in Greenock, Scotland, and led a Strike for us to get paid for our overtime after ten hours, a day's work, we got it, but to hold this Bible and Crown section together within our ranks was no small matter. In private assembly, outside our Union, they were continually ridiculing the Union as a whole; they had got what they wanted and congratulated the masters that closed their gates against them, in that struggle for justice, and even blackmailed me and other leaders of that struggle for justice of looking for place and power and some remuneration for the services we had rendered to that cause of right against wrong.

Their hatred against Roman Catholics was intense and fearful, and individually, I had to tell that sect and advise them to elect their officers from the ranks of these Orange vagrants that were ever hanging around the masters' tails, or their low dens of saloons, and tap rooms of these bars, of debauch and prostitution. In the midst of all their sufferings, in the midst of all their wrongs, they still clung to the teachings of their barbarian forefathers, which proves that this school, this old fabric of superstition, needs a great radiation.

I proposed and we elected one of the Orange dupes, that I may say he was the only one among that sect of Orangeism that could master the calculations of pounds, shillings and pence, as Secretary of the Union. After I left and went up to London, that same man broke up the Union, for the master's sake and his own selfish interest—William Ballantyne—and they elected him District Master of the Greenock Orangemen for breaking up the Sugar Makers' Union, so that Trades Unions will have to reform their Unions, and if a member belongs to any other Society than the Trades Union, he is a source of danger to its Union, because when voting and acting his part in the Union, for the interest of his other cohenchmen, he is causing disruption and entanglement of separation for his fellow workmen in the Trades Labor Union.

Trades Unions must know that masters and merchants belong to Freemasons, Oddfellows and Orangemen, and while they are members of these Units, Trades Unions will never reach their ideal. Making speeches and orations before that Assembly is like a priest throwing water over the face of a child, without food, or raiment, to make it grow—one army with many battalions, but one goal and end in view.

I have seen the foolishness of demonstrations and orations before a mass of untrained thinkers and workers. Some of them know a little about economics in their own condi-

tion, by ways and means of providing for themselves, but they have never considered nor realized the process of assimilation. Before you succeed, you have to begin at the first elementary lesson of the child's education,—as the boy and girl proceed along in their grades of instruction when they see economics worked on the board before their eyes, like a sum of simple addition, by multiplication and subtraction worked out in economics, showing the production, its costs, its profits, and the assimilations and distributions of these profits on a fair equivalent, for no two men or women are alike in value. One has great brains in valuation of design and construction and scientific research, which must be valued by all at its highest cost.

When this education is accomplished, the boys and girls are in command for fifty years. They will choose, as I said, before men and women from their own ranks, they have tested and tried, to represent them in their local and supreme parliament of their day, without dread or fear of deception.

Then comes the trained band and captains for the protection of the human race.

I have shown you the ways and means of constitutional action to get rid of the cunning, slippery reptiles of covenant holders and barbarous, fibbing minorities that suck the blood of men and women. Now, I want to show how foolish it is for any orator, however skilled, in his demonstrations, to force upon the minds of ignorant men and women the sense and knowledge of their physical, economical systems without being trained to understand its resources, unless trained from their youth up to a sense of it.

I have listened to geniuses, and thinkers and demonstrators expound the doctrine to no effect. Why? Because the minister and priest had got possession of them, coming from the cradle and their mother's knee. With dogmas of hell and heaven they are doped full. Get rid of Christianity; get the Bibles and prayer books consigned to the flames. Fertilize the ground around which they burn; then, and not till then, can we solve the problem of man's resurrection to a better state.

Now, then this is the constitutional means I have shown you, but I think myself, like Ernest Heckel, force will have to come. As I said before, revolution is evolution, no matter what is the form. As Lenine says, and always did say, begin at the root. When the force of knowledge is organized and their generals in the right place of that organized band, dismantle the armaments in a moment of time, when all is peace and quietness; take no prisoners at all; it is necessary to accomplish the task; the land for the people and the people for the land. These are the two ways before

you—the short and the long. Which will you choose?

John Morley says he thinks the survival of the fittest is the rule of the road; you can beat them there too, when it comes to that. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. A man has no need to suffer; he leaves nothing after him; whoever oppresses him, remove the oppressor. When giving his life to make others happy, it is surely an omen of relief to him that he is gone from suffering and oppression, and he also has frightened the next malefactor that takes his place, from oppressing others.

To show you the Church and State go hand in hand, Lloyd George and Carson, when marauding Ireland, used their cunning deceptions with offerings to the priests and clergy to assist them in an armistice of truce to get a settlement as an excuse to rope in the poor rebels, that were fighting for freedom—into their prisons and jails. He said the parish priests could collect the arms and uniforms of the rebels; aren't they, honorable servants to the commanding murderers of the Irish race.

Here is another of these Christ ridden, superstitious, theologian clerics: An extract taken from the Liverpool Courier, December 4, 1920. The heading is, "An outspoken minister, and outspoken utterance on certain marriages, has been made by the Rev. E. P. Amphlett, Vicar of Powich, Worcestershire, England. He says he will decline to officiate in these marriages, which he will not solemnize, though he will baptize children born before wedlock, in order not to visit the sins of the parents on their offspring."

I wonder what about all these thousands of years, or perhaps I might say, millions of years, what these people have suffered because of what they call a spiritual sin, and if it is a sin, it is a natural one, and any natural act or deed is not against the Creator, if there is one

I believe in an agreement of marriage, but it is only, at best, a breach of trust liable to be broken at any time. Men and women are fallible. Let us admit the truth. But what I draw your attention to, is the superstition of these clerics. He baptized them, he said, to keep the sins of the fathers from visiting the children unto the third and fourth generations.

Now, just imagine the supernatural power, this man and his church claim to have—the power of preventing sin taking place, by sprinkling a little water over a child. I used to think the Roman Catholic church took the palm for these conjuring tricks, but as Bob Ingersoll says, they are precisely the same.

Here is a great preacher of orthodoxy, Mr. Beecher, and the synoptical report of his ser-

mon on Sunday published in the New York Times, as follows:

"Mr. Beecher's text yesterday (Sunday) morning was the 9th verse of the 1st chapter of Ephesians, and the theme of his discourse was the background of mystery which surrounds, or rather obscures all attempts to teach or understand the attributes and nature of God. Men must learn these things by their own experience," and in illustrating the difference between God and man, he said, "that man's essential faculties are precisely similar to those of God, and differ only in degree. Just as the child of four years, sitting on his father's knee, has the same power of reasoning as his father, only that power in the father is matured, while in the child, it is weak and obscure.

A man would not hold a candle out of the window and say it was sunrise, and yet the same light and the warmth exist in the candle that exist in the sun, though in an immensely different degree.

Speaking of the Trinity, Mr. Beecher, said that he believed there were three persons united in one godhead, but that if anyone should ask him why he believed it, he would tell him frankly that he did not know anything about it, only that it was easier to believe that which he thought coincided with the doctrine of the New Testament, than to contradict it, but he could not attempt to explain it.

Orthodoxy says that man must believe in the Trinity or they cannot come into the church. That is called orthodoxy, but he, Mr. Ingersoll, called it heathenism.

It is not an easy thing, said Mr. Beecher, for an honest, conscientious man to know just what to preach and what not to preach. A man who values morality, and who has the good of his fellowmen at heart, cannot be too careful as to the things he ought to teach. His own head had often reeled, and his mind had been greatly troubled when he reflected upon his responsibility in this matter. It was no easy matter to remove the rotten timbers and replace them with sound ones and not stop the voyage of the ship.

It was said that Adam was made perfect and a created soul. It was also said Adam sinned, and that in consequence of that sin, the whole human race fell. Now, just imagine an eternal, mighty God allowing the first man he created to commit sin, and because he did so, he would visit these sins on all generations after him, and by doing that, he must satisfy himself by sending down from this supposed heaven of His part of His body, that is a supposed compact-compound of three bodies, they call a Trinity, of three persons.

One of these parts was a man born on earth, of and by a woman called Mary, and

she called him Christ Jesus, He used to maraud on and around a lake called Galilee, somewhere in Asia, in a place called Palestine. He had to visit these heathen synagogues and harangue the serfs as Lenine is doing today in Russia. Then they had to had to crucify Him on a cross of wood of some kind or other, and after that, take Him down from this cross, and lay—in a sepulchre or grave His body.

After three days there, the other two-thirds of His body calls to Him from heaven: "Come up here, thou hast done well," and He rose from the grave and flew up to heaven.

After some conversation with the other two parts of His body, in heaven, they decided for Him to go down unto the earth again and have a walk-around and see his old chums, Peter, James and John, and the boy, Thomas Jones, that completed the lot by saying he felt the nail prints in his hands, and many other demonstrations amongst them, of what they call miracles.

Now, I leave this to any reasonable, thinking man, isn't fanaticism, and pagan heathenism the origin of all of these performances? Miracles are hidden conjuring fakes to deceive mankind, and the man that heeds them is unsound of mind.

Now, here, as I have said before, about this would-be English Statesman, Winston Churchill, whose mother is an American woman by birth, married to his father Randolph Churchill, the well-known papuer Lord that inherited other people's means and property. He was famous in the British house of Parliament for his acrobatic throws, sometimes trying to upset his own Conservative Party, and other times, trying to lead them. Pride and ambition was the source of all his ability. He never could obtain the confidence of the House nor the positions he desired to obtain. He did reach the Chancellor of the Exchequer's table, but beyond that, would be a breach of trust to let him go.

This son of his, Winston Churchill, that tried to injure the American packing trade by scandal about its dirty and filthy processes of manufacturing, while within his own capital city of London, Abraham Lyle & Sons, friends by relations to the throne, and Sir Henry Tait, that gave that city a picture gallery with a grant of £500,000, had men begin spreading the sugar on the cooling floors and gathering it up again into piles to put it down into casks and bags of all sizes, for the consumption of the people, in all parts of the world, wherever they could get a market for it, and I have seen men there working among that sugar, with their trousers rolled up to their knees, with sweat and dirt on their feet, and bandages of dirt and corruption running down their legs into the sugar where they

stood; and they went into the jelly tanks, in this state of filth and dirt, to tramp it down through gratings into the heaters below, to be dried in centrifugal machines before being scattered on the floor below.

And there again, it was trampled over by these poor, immoral, filthy men employed at this work—and not that alone—but while engaged in this work, they spit tobacco spittle and blew their noses, and wiped their sweat and all into that sugar—all at the time that Churchill wrote his pamphlet of scandal on the American packing rooms.

All this was in full swing in his beautiful country, England and Scotland, and when I looked at these men in that condition, in those sugar factories, it made my flesh creep to think of eating that sugar, and other people as well as I, and there was nothing in looking after these men's cleanliness, but "Just get on with the work, that is what we want done." And they always washed their feet and legs coming out of the sugar, but very seldom would they think of doing so before going into it, and no man of understanding, to superintend them, that knew the cause and effects of such procedure.

I would advise creatures like Churchill to keep his spewed out literature at home. We have had "The Crisis" written by men like Tom Payne, that felt and saw and knew the cause. I would advise him, and his "Life in a Teacup," to get onto the shelf and stop with his cup of comfort, for by these acrobatic throws, like his speech, he is giving no comfort to any and confusing and confounding many. Let him keep his house in order and he will have no cause to cross the Atlantic in search of a subject to talk or write about. Charity begins at home, and he will find plenty to distribute amongst, if he has got any to spare.

I never had very much respect for a bear hunter; he is always on the caribou path of what he can hook up, I can see him in the British House of Commons, replying to a question about soldiers missing at the shooting down of Irish peasants, as they did in Africa in the 90's.

A Nationalist member for Ireland by the name of Mr. McVeigh, asked him had he any reason to suppose that any of these men deserted. Mr. Churchill said: "I think that is a most insulting suggestion about gallant British officers whose present whereabouts and safety must be the cause of the most poignant anxiety to their relatives." (Cheers from the barbarous heather representative of the British people).

Mind you, these gallant soldiers that Churchill congratulates have among their ranks a unit of auxiliary cadets, coherent to this great force of British marauders in Ire-

land, and this is now how Britain trains her cadets—in Ireland and India—marauding the country, shooting down the peasant men and women and children, or anything that resents them, let it be only the dog that loved its keeper and preserver—it is shot for practice to make perfect these gallant cadets and soldiers fit for another war, while they are clamoring for disarmaments in Europe at the present time so that they might go ahead of other nations in the art of war again.

This Churchill, struck him in his book he calls "The Crisis," the most part of that scribbling, bunk tradition, is concerning his own relations and connections. He talks of the Mannings, of Randolphins, and others too numerous for me to mention here—every act of bravery—every attempted move in ambition's pride to soar, he tries to embrace and extol. He tries with some business act of style to show his opinions with ability, and is very energetic and artistic, keen for interfering in other people's business.

His romance is a wild beast's chase, and has a shrewd weakness in all his amiability. He is like his father, brisk but undecided; he leaves good delineations in requesting one to establish him. He is like a patrol van with nothing on the top but a driver and within an empty shell, till in his march he procures the affection and influence of the prodigal, that is ever giving advice that he learned from the school of adverse circumstances and chance.

A college education can never give the brain power of mentality, of mental utilization. It belongs to natural progress and is perceived by the simplest mentality of necessity, which brings man near to utilities want.

I like to be inquisitive, but with a sensibility of quick intuition and observant, that I might receive with generosity in return some information that would console, but for me to begin to infuriate feelings and injure the prospects of any man, save only for the benefit of all men, as Churchill did—had it been honorable, had it been kind, I could have borne with him. If he had made a survey of the production for the consumption that goes to sustain the people, without prejudice in any way, towards any country or state, and having ascertained the true facts, he might have set forth a pamphlet of truth concerning all those provisions provided for man's life. That would have been the means, in a gentlemanly way, of radiating and reforming and improving those conditions of things that are a scandal in Britain's food production of today, and not America.

If he is a politician and an economist, in his parliament, does he not discuss the interests of all? When he attacks one industry and one country apart from his own, what end has he or had he in view? Let me say, to

be a friend to any man or any people he must be honorable, generous, just and true, no matter who is the man, people or nation.

A decrepit brain, slipping and sliding, creeping and grasping, without a sincere conscience, is a deceptive mortal to itself, and unreliable, and would be dangerous to delude a sympathetic, warm, affectionate friend of virtue, to a path subconscious, may be, to sweet memories of wretched days, that collapses him to the irritation he once suffered, till he is minimized and obsessed by periodical spells of cravings to make up the breach.

Here is the case of English barbarism in Ireland—A Sinn Fein, Countess Markievicz, the first woman Sinn Fein M.P., who appeared yesterday before a General Court Martial in Dublin on a charge of conspiracy—the Countess is one of the best known personalities in the Sinn Fein movement and is a Member of Parliament for St. James Division of Dublin.

She was placed under arrest some weeks ago, since when she has been awaiting trial in Mountjoy Prison. She was brought to the barracks by a numerous armed escort, and seated in the Court behind her were three soldiers, wearing steel helmets and with fixed bayonets. The military in the barracks displayed amazing vigilance. English journalists were searched, and then ordered pre-emptorily to take their hands from their pockets.

Three press photographers had their cameras removed to a guard room and were themselves placed under arrest.

For a few hours Countess Markievicz appeared cheerful and self possessed. She refused to recognize the Court, but frequently interposed remarks correcting the pronunciation of Irish words occurring in documents, and acting as interpreter. She is charged with committing in Ireland a crime within the meaning of Regulation 67, of the Restoration of Order in Ireland Act, in that she conspired between January 1, 1918, and September 26, 1920, with Eamonn, Martin, and other persons unknown, to organize a certain organization known as the Fianna Eirann, which was being conducted for the purpose of arranging for and securing the perpetuation of criminal offences, viz.: The committing of murders of members of His Majesty's Military and Police Force and liege subjects; the unlawful drilling and training of men; the unlawful carrying and using of firearms; furnishing and training of recruits for the Irish volunteers; inciting subjects of the King to become disaffected; and preventing the execution of the laws of the realm.

Just look at this woman—for the love of the land she was born in, and with the feel-

ings of a mother for her child, she exhorted the boys to a sense of their duty to their country—where all emancipation should begin—at their springtime of life, when life and vigor is in its bloom.

She is a patriot, and like Robert Emmet—martyr.

She was further charged that the Fianna was a military organization, open to every Irish boy who is anxious to help his country to regain her freedom. It teaches the boys of Ireland to train themselves in the use of arms, to become efficient in all military duties, and in every way, with all their powers, to secure Ireland.

Another extract reads: "When the Fianna was first started eleven years ago, its object was the re-establishment of the independence of Ireland. The object is still today what it was then. They hold as steadfastly to it today as they did then. As, of the Fianna, always held that they would never get anything from England unless they took it from her by force.

Their first aim is to make their boys good soldiers, to fit them to fight their common enemy, England.

Another extract entitled "Field Training," read: "Headquarters is well aware of the difficulties met with at present in military training in the open, but it must be done. If proper arrangements are made to watch all approaches during instructions, the danger of capture by the enemy can be reduced to a minimum.

In addition, we have found that this game of dodging the British soldiers and police is in itself, the best, possible training we could give the boys. It is the nearest approach to Active Service conditions we could hope to get, short of the real thing."

After this witness had finished his evidence, accused said she would ask some questions, without prejudice, to her non-recognition of the Court in the interest of justice, and not in recognition of British law. She asked "whether witness knew that there was a rule that no boys over eight could be admitted?" Witness did not reply. Accused, "Have you ever been ambushed by little boys." Witness, "I have not been ambushed yet at all, when being taken away in an armored car."

Accused said that the majority of British soldiers were always willing to sell their rifles to Sinn Feiners. Accused (questioning), "You treated me courteously." Witness, "I tried to do so." Accused, "Did you not think that I was probably about the age of your own mother and you wanted to treat me decently, as you would wish your own mother to be treated on similar circumstances?" Witness did not reply.

Accused, "Did you think I was frightened, because I was alone, in your power, with all these soldiers?" Accused, "Do you remember telling me that you heard I was a very good shot?"

Witness, "I may have heard it, and I may have said it or said so."

Accused, "Have you ever heard of prisoners being tortured to force them to give information?"

The President interposed and over ruled the question, so that you will see the justice they were meting out to the women of Ireland, to frustrate them and to allure them from the real truth, that are so virtuous, and holds antagonism towards all things that are betraying, false and impure.

Here is this pure defenceless woman, standing in the dock, before a lot of filthy, corruptible, inhuman creatures that proved themselves in France by outraging the peasant girls in that country, and I have it from the lips of the French girls themselves, that the English soldiers destroyed the purity and virtue of this generation in that country; and they also told me that the Belgians were never molested by the German army in its occupation and march through that country, with their army. The Belgians, as far as morality and humanity were concerned, claim respect for the German troops, and their hospitality towards the young Belgian girls.

There is a natural, bestial instinct of lustfulness in that British race, and the worst of it is, they are getting mixed up with the pure Irish race, which means degeneracy in all its forms in that country, Ireland.

Now this is what any sensible man knows, from the president down to the lowest employed official in the military ranks, that confab, or as Lloyd George calls it, a Court Martial Court, without judge or jury, of the lowest, most desperate and cruel, inhuman creatures in the history of Ireland since Cromwell's day, because in the first place, no honorable judge of the British nation would dishonor the garb of justice that he wore, to insult the character of that position.

So, on the other hand, the half and go-between administrator was afraid to accept the bribe of remuneration for the duties he would have to perform. If he had sufficient for himself to procure a few luxuries, he would not risk his life for the temptation, hence he declined the enticing offer of Lloyd George, Carson, Balfour and Company, and preferred to take no chances of being deprived of enjoying life a little longer, and as Richard said, he did not squander time as that is the stuff life is made of, and chose to be mocked at as being disloyal, like the heroes of today, that did not go to the war but worked honestly for their daily bread,

and the other fellow that they cheered and waved the Union Jack over his head, as then hero for his king and country, going out to France to do the dirty work.

Today that hero meets one at every street corner, in the shape and guise of money boxes for collections to feed these heroes, and their wives and children, with their disabled bodies and decrepit forms, that once were straight and upright, when they went forth to the fray, with jeers and scoffs at us for being cowards.

Who is the coward today? Is it not he that mutilated his own form, and the forms of his antagonist, that left him chargeable upon us? Cowards who refused to take the lives of people we knew not.

By that hero's actions, he disorganized trade and commerce, he disorganized production, and left us without a shred of assimilation by reason of taking away the products for distribution.

As in your heart, so are you, blindly marching in the dark, without a leader or a guide, blindly.

* Accused, "Do you remember asking me if I had ever shot anyone? And you told me you had heard that I shot two soldiers in Easter Week? And would the witness be surprised to hear that that officer who took me to Mountjoy Prison, threatened to shoot me? He said, 'if there is any attempt at rescue, you will be the first to be shot.'"

When the case for prosecution was closed, the accused said she would call no witness, and proceeded to address the Court.

Surrounded in a Court by military, with fixed bayonets, said that, stripped of verbiage introduced evidently to frighten her and impress the world with her inhumanity. The charges amounted to nothing. The Fianna Eirann was simply a Boy Scout organization, open and well known. "I admit frankly," she continued, "that I started the Fianna Eirann in 1909 because I thought it was the work God had given me to do—for the freedom of Ireland—to make boys feel that the Irish man's duty is love to Ireland—his life for Ireland, if she is in danger.

"You have it in your power to hang me, or do anything to me you are fitted to carry out, whatever sentence has already been decided upon by the Camarilla behind you, and the Government in Ireland has organized all these terrible things done to our people—the shooting of women and prisoners."

"She had a right to be believed" continued the Countess, "when she said she considered she had been wronged, and that she had never made the statement of which she was accused. I stand for honor against England," she continued, "and for the right of a small nation to fight for its freedom, and

I am ready to sacrifice everything for Ireland—but my good name."

She emphatically denied the statement that she said she would cut the necks of all Englishmen. She had not much belief in the Court because it had treated her as a person condemned beforehand.

Now here is a man, Earl Curzon, that was the cause of the assassination of the Under Secretary of India and the cause of shooting down the poor peasants of that country. Standing up in the midst of a crowd in the British House of Parliament, of nothing else—as Mr. Harding said, "a lot of brigands."

Just for a moment consider this Englishman's idea of Ireland. He said Ulster had been firmly and definitely opposed to Home Rule, but she now desired and welcomed it. Now, if he had said, part of Ulster, I could have agreed with his statements, but he and his government just had six counties of Ulster for an Ulster Government—instead of nine counties—and even with his counties of six, he and his government refused a referendum vote for the people of those six counties that he tries to make the world believe are loyal to the British Empire.

He goes on and says he did not deduce from the utterances of Irish peers that Ulster was giving a grudging and ungracious acceptance to this Bill. On the contrary, he says, he took it that Ulster was prepared to give it a fair chance and work it in good faith, in the interest of the Empire, and Ireland as a whole—now listen to him here.

He agreed that the Bill was introduced under the shadow of a crime, which was a disgrace to our country and a blot upon her fair name.

I hope those who read this will note the confession of this wretched man concerning the cruelties of him and his country towards those poor, helpless beings in Ireland, and after he has said this, he and his Government are busy blowing up towns and villages, leaving the peasants homeless, and murdering them as they did during the American War.

He said, "I have heard only one speaker who in the face of such a sombre background, considered they should stay their hand and desist from the attempt of pacification on which they had now embarked. Whatever be their political views as to the solution put forward, they all agreed that the Government must combine in suppressing this state of affairs and conditions which were a menace, not only to the peace of Ireland, but to the essential fabric of society, dealing with the mean points of the criticism of the Bill."

Lord Curzon said Lord Dunraven's motion was that the House declined to proceed with the Bill, which meant that no support would be received from the great majority of the

Irish people, and that it afforded no prospect of a permanent settlement.

These were the ostensible reasons, but it would be found that his sole objection was that the Bill did not give the fiscal autonomy to Ireland which he desired. Now here is a man.

Curzon says he believes every word Edward Carson says, and voices all loyal Ulster, with this man Carson's followers, that he trusts to hold out the hand of friendship and good will to Irish Nationalists who since the Act of Union, were murdered, exiled and confiscated, and these men that follow Edward Carson's instructions—Chief Inspectors of the very Royal Irish Constabulary.

And Lord Curzon is no better than Carson—that is the reason he trusts him.

That was in Sandy Row, Belfast, in 1903, during King Edward's visit to that wretched town they call a city, where I worked as a slave among Orange Britishers that are so loyal to the British Empire, but disloyal to Ireland.

A man that loves another country better than the country that reared him is a disunionist and a disloyalist.

This very Government of England today that is ever crying out loyalty and union, is creating two governments; for what? To disunite the people so that England can strengthen her garrison in that country, by these two parliaments they are so desirable to accomplish in that down trodden country, and just imagine a man, as I do, that neither believes in Catholic or Protestant, standing a little distance off, and hear those remarks—and King Edward's niece, herself, married to a Roman Catholic, the King of Spain.

Just think of it! And Irishmen are not ignorant of it; and then Edward Carson and Lord Curzon want these Roman Catholics to hold out the hand of friendship to a Garrison Government? I say, no—one country, one government, one world at a time.

You can have as many federations as you like, and confederations, but an established government by the people and for the people must remain intact for the benefit of all men in all lands, and to put forth a plea that there are two races in Ireland, whom do they think they befool, or try to befool?

I will confine them to the laws of this dependency of which I am a humble subject that is the Dominion of Canada. Here, there are Germans, Russians, Austrians, Italians, French, Chinese, Japs, etc., all under one government, and the white, open to the same privileges if born in this country. The minority here has to submit to the majority, no matter how much he dislikes it.

This man Curzon is so preposterous that no honest man could recognize one sentence

from his lips. He says he believes in bringing Irishmen together by establishing a government in Ulster, where he wants to establish a government loyal to the Britishers. If they are, as he says, a different race, how would they become united to a people who were fighting for their freedom against the British nation, that this man Carson says Edward Carson that they are so loyal to.

Allow me to tell him this Christmas Day, 1920, that he is by this Bill, making one of the greatest attempts to exterminate and exile the Irish race in that, and from that country, since its first history has been revealed to mankind.

He goes on and says he believes it will bring all Irishmen together. Doesn't he know that all history in which is recorded the wrongs done by any nation to another, is the forerunner of reaction? If they were all Irish, there would be no need of bringing them together.

He said that when the Bill was passed, Ulster would set up their parliament in the North, and that without vindictiveness of partiality they would show how Irishmen could govern themselves, and other Irishmen who did not agree with them.

Then you will see him in another garb, with his Ulster-Scot at home and abroad, with the English benefactor of Ireland the salt of the earth, to help and to guide these misconceptive and ever discontented people.

I have refrained from calling them brigands—the proper name is savage of leech type, because he eats not your flesh but sucks your blood. This is the sum and substance of British civilization.

I would advise all readers of history to consider the deviation and construction of these two parliaments in Ireland. On the one hand, it is asking me that was smitten on the one cheek to turn to him the other also; and if my Ulster enemy asks me to go with him a mile, I am to go with him two, footsore and weary and sad at heart; two parliaments, with codicils of compulsion on the Dublin parliament, concerning the trade and commerce of that country, even in exclusion from the revenue of the country, for that Dublin parliament to be compelled to accept commercial intercourse and transfer of commodities that would be manufactured in Belfast, and its surrounding counties, to be distributed amongst the rural population of the Dublin parliament subjects.

Would that be detrimental to the interest and trade of a Dublin parliament, that those business men would be compelled to migrate and invest their capital elsewhere, and Ulster parliament would be like Italy after Garibaldi and Marcona conquered almost all their enemies and annexed territory and made their

nation great. The merchants asked for and got the assistance of the clerics and the Pope to help them to rule the country. That is and that would be the Parliament of Ulster, which means simply, a syndicate of British capital to hold onto Ireland and control it, which means in plain English, an English garrison in Ireland, and which no Irishman with any conscience, could or would recognize.

You will see here, as he proceeds to demonstrate this shadow on the wall, of a Bill, that will set free audacious assertion of his would-be federalism, of the majority of the people of Ireland.

Let me tell you candidly here, on this Christmas Day, that no Bill of Emancipation, however extensive, consigned to Ireland, is of any use but control of the whole, economical, physical system of that Island, unimpaired. That is my alumnus graduate.

This man Curzon is so wicked he proceeds to blind the eyes of these ignorant and unperceptive English and Scotchmen, that, at the best, are barbarous and selfish, and after all their benefits, are not a morsel they have obtained in return for their ungratefulness. Ill-gotten gains have wings, they fly away, and they will find they have no comforters, like the old man Job.

He says he prefers to be sanguine and helpful, and instead of thinking they were building a wall of solid bricks which would sever Irishmen, he believed they were building a flimsy wall which would be kicked over by the commonsense and moderation of the Irish people.

Now, for to suit this man's purpose, he tells us these two Governments in Ireland will create peace—and the wall between them was a flimsy wall and could be tumbled over by the commonsense and moderation of the Irish people, at any time, but he never told us about the consequence of those walls tumbling.

One time he praises the Ulster Loyalist, that sent their Black-and-Tans along with their army and police force in Ireland, and murdered the innocent boys and women and children. He says he can trust to their leader Sir Edward Carson. Well, I know he can for he is one himself. Then, here is where the best comes in. He says this flimsy wall, which is a partition of the Island, can be easily kicked over by the commonsense of the Irish people. Now, these people that he refers to as commonsense people, he himself stigmatized as dangerous seditionists, and enemies of England.

How would any man recognize the ability of that man, and the government he belongs to? He is only a tyrant and oppressor against the sympathies of the Irish race. Two governments in Ireland will never be recognized.

It is not worth my while to take notice of anything that a Belfast man jumps at means brigandism and thievery.

I was raised among both their rich and poor and no dogmas takes hold on me. On my father's side was Ireland's friends; on my mother's side were Orange and bigotry, with no justice to any but her own sect, that is taught in the churches of Belfast and Ulster.

In his final acrobatic throw, in conclusion, he said: "We come to you with what we regard as the indispensable concomitant to the policy of suppression of crime and disorder, and he asserts, it is only our contribution to the solution. He says if it takes you some distance you can call it the halfway house, or quarter way, to and for the emancipation and self-determination of your country.

From Daniel O'Connell's day till now, that has been clearly and truly demonstrated, in parliament, and out of parliament. In fact, when I am reading these harangues of English and Ulster-Scotchmen, I get the more desperate against anything they would propose or suggest in connection with Irishmen, any place.

"Call it what you like" he says. He knew it was a conglomeration or rot, any Bill of the kind,—to be acceptable to Irishmen that would be compelled to take part under its promulgations, far less those that would be compelled to vacate the country of their birth for far off lands, to make room for the British planters and marauders, like the vultures that are ever hovering around us.

So he says the responsibility of this moment will rest upon us and upon Ireland, so you will see, no matter how their object fails, the blame lastly, if not firstly, would lie upon the Irish.

"Once more," he says, "the destiny of Ireland will be in the hands of Irishmen." Was there ever expressed such an infamy, to be published and set before the eyes of the world he wants to deceive, concerning the governing of those poor, oppressed people, the Irish?

Then he comes in like a brazen and says I must hope and believe, that in view of all they have accomplished in the past, Irishmen are still capable of saving their own country. He put me in mind here of the old Irish wife in her second love: "O, Pat, you know, that I love you, and by the experience of the past, you will come when I call you," and she clapped him on the back. "Yes, Bridget, it is all very nice, but I have tried this love myself, and hope failed, and I found faith was a rotten branch that would not bear me, and there is nothing I can trust in, until I have proved it."

Now I proceed again to illustrate my travels. I worked with and slept with all

kinds of men, and races of men, Chinese, Japanese, colored men of all nations, the Arab, the Indian, the Kaffir from Africa's barren sands, aboard ship in the cotton sheds in Texas, and Louisiana, on the wharfs, putting in and taking out cargoes.

I was present at the opening of the first great pontoon dock in New Orleans on the banks of the Mississippi River. I have been shown the hospitality and respect of both the Irish and French of that great city. I have refused entertainments from the best of friendship's generosity on account of the indifferent company that surrounded me. Oftentimes, with regard to those whom I toiled with, their low degree of manhood in regard to dignity and their antinomian destroying or impairing the expression of beauty.

While in strange ports, and aboard ship as a stoker, I had to coexist with them, but with feelings of regret, save for those adverse lessons I possess today, from their effects. I could find, when I traced the trail of the race and sects they belonged to, it was the Ulster-Scot that always showed the dirt and filth of his race, low and pawkey, creeping and crawling, deceptive and deceiving. I would rather trust to an Arab or a Kaffir with the tom-toms than trust to him.

The European Turk is a gentleman. I have slept by his side, without fear or doubt, and could trust his upright, manly principle. The Asiatic Turk is quite generous and affable, and the women of them are quite kind and desirous of understanding you. They would like to possess or understand your perceptions and with emotion of feelings, she would coincide with you in what she understood to be right, and would look with awe and amazement at what she thought was wrong.

Like our own race, some of them have an idea of evolution, of improving their condition, by intermarrying someone else that was better developed, cultured trained, than themselves. Beautiful of stature, form and shape, and with features like the finest work of a sculptor's carved stone. This, with good, pure, refined blood, is evolution ascending. Without it, this system of existence and filthy venereal diseases, man's degeneracy is fully on the swing. Purity first, all other development is easy.

I have stood outside and afar off and saw the surging masses rush on, to and fro, and wondered where their destiny or end might be, carrying bundles by their side and on their backs; teams of horses hauling, men shouting; women crying; children laughing; a beehive or an anthill; living for the sake of living; providing for tomorrow—in many cases, without a thought or why or when or where this tumult went on, or when and where it would end.

Self sustains the survival of the fittest; those that fall from the ranks are trodden under or covered with avalanches of misfortune's turn of the wheel. The prospect of today proves desolation tomorrow. Down this side of time we all travel. Save for the fanatic's hope, we would have no excitement. They condemn them in all ranks, but without that blaze we could not find our road. All man ever did discover through his devisations he was called a fanatic, and when he has exploited all his ideas, and comes near to the mark, we call him a fool.

This magnetic tie that holds mankind so close together, that genius, in real enthusiasm, is fanaticism because it begins to feel what it is, boundless. That is genius, and without it, the being race would be stupid and unrecognizing, as I have noted on the farm.

The want of all humanity that exists among the people is the sectarian teaching of the church. It teaches the children to use prejudice against all other sects that do not believe as they are taught to believe, and to regard one sect better than the other, without proving it and finding out for themselves, simply to possess power over them, for and to their own interest, that they might live upon them.

Man's desire in this life is to be supreme above his fellow creature, regardless of his condition or ability to be so. For the benefit of all, man must act his part. The spring cannot bring forth a flower without the leaf and bud to shield and comfort it. We must be united in natural ties; it is the spring and summer of all our lives.

Because I am a man born in a different clime, and unacquainted with the conditions of existence in another part of the world it is not to be inferred that I know the requirements to be suited to their conditions. That is what it has come to all over the world by Britain. Not one of them but all of them, let them be English or Scotch; because they saw the climate and the people, they think they are capable of making laws to suit these people.

Because they saw the country, they all seem to map out their own estimation of things, and themselves to be able to supervise other people's business better than the people themselves, and in some places, to the destruction of the lives and homes of the people they try to superintend and rule over, as in the case of Ireland, where a wretched creature, called Lord Templeton, said he represented the Unionists of 26 counties, in which there were not 20,000 loyalists out of millions of that population.

And we see who they are. They are the followers of all these nominated positions by the British Government, who are Orange

spies, squatted all over the South, East and West of Ireland, placed in favored positions to assist and foster these nominated authorities of the British Government in that country, and through these various districts that they squatted over.

Through intercommunications, indirectly, by which their secret society of Orangeism is carried on, they hold the geographical position of action from and against the Irish population of that country. They are the Black-and-Tans that carried out the murders and robberies under the protection and direction of the British Military forces, and cads from Marne brigands of pillagers and masqueraders.

They knew the places to ambush and they did it but the Sinn Fein found them out, and the result was, the Black-and-Tan ambushed some of the British Army, instead of the Sinn Fein, and these Black-and-Tan Orange wretches, that Unionist Lord Templeton claimed to have the honor of representing in the British House of Parliament—one of Ireland's greatest enemies in that House, when he heard him trying to impress upon the House his views of whom he represented in the House, and the bearing it would or should have to the passing of the Bill, even Ireland's greatest enemy, Lord Curzon, could not suffer him and told him the minority of Unionists he represented in Ireland was insignificant. So you will see this geographical Black-and-Tan representative is one of the lords of the land in Ireland, but these lords soar high, because they do not clip their wings.

After I denounced Orangeism, I came back to the very foundation of Orangeism—Belfast—and worked amongst those aliens in the Queen's Island Shipbuilding Yards, and Workman Clarke's Shipbuilding Yard. My wife at that time, and before, had been very immoral with the Orangemen, and the ten children of a family, which were good children, but the effect of their mother's morals was beginning to eat in on them, and with the filthy Orange, the Duke of Argyle and his brothers; filthy offspring, the Campbells, with the corruptible nature they transferred to me by my deceitful wife, that was ever a thorn in my flesh, ruined me.

I saw the time had come for me to strike out for justice and for right. The blood that now was in my veins warred and fought against my blood, which makes anyone that ever experienced it, desperate to and in the extreme—death to them and their friends that has worked upon you, if you can reach them, is certain, because in your condition you court death, and to take life from those that enjoy such acts and deeds, is a boon.

I was stoking on *The Magic*, one of the boats that traded from Belfast to Liverpool. Those Belfast Loyalists chartered her to sail around Plymouth and the Isle of Wight. We had on board all this Highland Campbell corruption that had worked upon me, and Mr. Stead, the great English journalist.

This cargo went with us to see the British Fleet and other Continental Fleets moving around, with flags of display around their masts, in honor of King Edward, that murdered my people and robbed us of ten million and a half pounds, and do you know that any humanized nation would have dumped that garbage in Plymouth Sound. I told them there, as I do today, that they were a done nation, ready for the dump, and Germany would beat them, and she did so, and America stood by and watched her fall, and then went in and saved France.

The only alternative Britain now has to hide her weakness, is to hide herself behind a League of Nations, that is bound to become, like the Dutch Hague, "To Let." A nation of frauds and fakirs and bounders spread over the face of the earth, with one language, dumbbells, dour and stupid, following the trail and ever hollering out to the front to halt and stop till they would get even with them. But that day is gone.

We had too many wives like Lot's wife, looking back to barbarism and heathenism, like what the British are protecting today. There is no more hideous a thought than to think of the prejudice and hatred of English and Scotchmen against free America, because he cannot get into position, power and authority in that blessed, great and glorious country. He is a viper that the fire can only exterminate. When he is dying he is looking around and grieving and loathful to separate from that which he loved.

It is grand to know we have nothing to deposit in this world, but these poor, decomposed bodies to the ground. I think there is so grand an illustration in Colonel Ingersoll's "Oration at a Child's Grave," that I always like to talk of it:

"It was raining at the time, and many hearts were sobbing, and eyes bedimmed with tears, and in a moment all became hushed and stood at awe. My friends," he said, "I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its fear. Here, in this world, where life and death are equal kings; all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. The future has been filled with fear, stained and polluted by the heartless past. From the wondrous tree of life, the buds and blossoms fall, with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth, patriachs and babes sleep side by side."

"Why should we fear that which will come to all that is; we cannot tell, we do not know which is the greatest blessing—life or death. We cannot say that death is not good. We do not know whether the grave is the end of life, or the door to another, or whether the night here, is not somewhere else the dawn."

"Neither can we tell which is the more fortunate, the child, dying in its mother's arms before its lips have learned to form a word, or he who journeys all the length of life's uneven road, painfully taking the last slow steps with staff and crutch."

"Every cradle asks us, whence, and every coffin, whither. The poor barbarian weeping above his dead can answer the question as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. Fearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other."

"No man standing where the horizon of a life has touched a grave has any right to prophesy a future filled with pain and tears. It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life. If those who press and strain against our hearts could never die, perhaps that love would wither from the earth. May be a common faith treads from out the paths between our hearts, the weeds of selfishness, and I should rather live and love where death is king than have eternal life where love is not. Another life is not, unless we know and love again the ones who love us here."

"They who stand with breaking heart around this little grave and have no fear, the largest and the nobler faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest."

"We know that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day, until at last these graves will be to them, a place of rest and peace, almost of joy. There is for them this consolation, the dead do not suffer. If they live again, their lives will surely be as good as ours."

"We have no fear; we are all children of the same mother; we have our religion, and it is this,—help for the living, hope for the dead." I must say I cannot agree with him as to hope for the dead; when I look upon all nature that is changing all the time, with its endless revolving chain that connects in us all, that magnetic tie in evolution and upon this mother earth. There is no continuance here, and to seek one to come in the phenomena is trying to peer into the unknown.

I am satisfied with my estimation, and that is, if there is a world for mankind after this one, we will go into it as we came into this one, that is, with no knowledge of the past

not yet of the future; but I cannot conceive that that great power is going to change the evolution of matter and force to suit the desires of mankind.

I am satisfied to leave that world-making to these antedeluvian and antimundane before the flood and the creation of the world. As I said before, nature is a torch to light the path that guides us on our way.

The Memorial Services at the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of Decoration Day, were of more than ordinary interest. Henry A. Barnum acted as temporary chairman, and General James McQuade, as permanent chairman. At their right sat Benjamin H. Brewster, Attorney-General of the United States; Charles J. Folger, Secretary of the Treasury; General Hancock; President Arthur and General Grant, in the order named. At their left were Roscoe Conkling, the Rev. D. J. P. Newman and Mayor Grace.

Colonel Robert Ingersoll, the orator of the occasion, spoke as follows: From the Chicago Tribune, June 2, 1882:

"This day is sacred to our heroes dead. Upon their tombs we have lovingly laid the wealth of Spring. This is a day for memory and tears. A mighty nation bends above its honored graves and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love.

Gratitude is the fairest flower that sheds its perfume in the heart. Today we tell the history of our country's life, recount the lofty deeds of vanished years, the toil and sufferings, the defeats and victories of heroic men—of men who made our nation great and free—We see the first ships whose prows were gilded by the Western sun. We feel the thrill of discovery when the New World was found. We see the oppressed, the serf, the peasant, and the slave men whose flesh had known the chill of chains; the adventurous, the proud, the brave—sailing an unknown sea, seeking homes in unknown lands.

We see the settlements, the little clearings, the block house and the fort, the rude and lonely huts—brave men, true women—builders of homes, fellers of forests, and founders of states; separated from the Old World—away from the heartless distinctions of castes, away from the sceptres and titles of crowns. They governed themselves; they defended their homes; they earned their bread. Each citizen had a voice, and the little villages became almost republics.

Slowly, the savage was driven, foot by foot, back in the dim forest. The days and nights were filled with fear, and the slow years with massacre and war, and in cabins, earthen floors were with blood of mothers and their babes.

But the savages of the New World were kinder than the kings and nobles of the Old

and so the human tide kept coming, and the places of the dead were filled. Amid common dangers and common hopes, the prejudices and feuds of Europe faded slowly from their hearts. From every land, of every speech, driven by want and lured by hope, exiles and emigrants sought the mysterious continent of the West.

Year after year, the colonists fought and toiled, and suffered and increased. They began to talk about Liberty, to reason of the rights of man. They asked no help from distant kings, and they began to doubt the use of paying tribute to the useless. They lost respect for dukes and lords, and held in high esteem, all honest men—the dream of Independence.

There was the dawn of a new day. They began to dream of independence. They found that they could make and execute the laws. They had tried the experiment of self-government; they had succeeded. The Old World wished to dominate the New. In the care and keeping of the colonist was the destiny of the continent—of half the world. On this day the great struggle between colonists and kings should be told.

We should tell our children of the contest, first, for Justice, then for Freedom. We should tell the history to them of the Declaration of Independence—the chart and compass of all human rights—that all men were and are equal and have the right to life, liberty and joy—the declaration, uncrowned kings, and wrested from the hands of titled tyranny the sceptre of usurped and arbitrary power.

It superseded royal grants and repealed the cruel statutes of a thousand years. It gave the peasant a career; it knighted all the sons of toil; it opened all the paths to fame, and put the star of hope above the cradle of the poor man's babe.

England was the mightiest of nations, mistress of every sea, and yet our fathers, poor and few, defied her power.

I set forth here a few extracts from the "Manchester Guardian" Friday, February 25, 1921—concerning Ireland and her freedom, from a Sydney correspondent

It says, "Unless the Irish question is settled on the great principle which form the basis of this empire, this empire must cease to exist." General Smuts, says:—

"About one-fifth of the people of Australia are Irish by race, by religion, and by political opinion. A large proportion of Australians are Australians by reason of British tyranny in Ireland. Their views in respect of the empire are inevitably influenced by memories and by traditions. Nevertheless, Australian Irish born are far from being irreconcilables.

"In 1914, at least nine Australians out of every ten, were, I think, in favor of Home Rule; nine out of ten of them were loyal to the British government that had passed their Home Rule Act and Australian Irishmen came to believe in British justice—and in 1914 were proud to serve under its flag in the world fight against militarism.

"Australia was united and loyal, like Ireland herself, a bright spot in a chaos of frightfulness. In 1916, the change in Australia to the change in Ireland. The British government had destroyed both the Home Rule Act and the Home Rule party. It had thrown back Ireland into anarchy, and was helping the minority to hold down the majority.

"In Australia, as in Ireland, Home Rule became Sinn Feiners. Irishmen ceased to believe in British justice. The empire became the enemy. No good could come to Ireland save from the empire's weakness, which has always been the cry and watchword of Ireland's enemies. The minority—or Garrison—they always said England's difficulties was Ireland's opportunities—but they never recognized for a moment, that they, themselves, were the difficulties, and the cause of them.

"Suspicion only haunted them when their fear cometh. Irishmen ceased to volunteer. Their vote defeated conscription. The ardent loyalists of 1914 were ardent disloyalists in 1916."

The case of Mr. Mahon—The story of Mr. Mahon, ex-member for Kalgoorli, in the Federal parliament of Australia, illustrates the change. Mr. Mahon was a fellow-prisoner with Parnell in Kilmainham Goal, in 1881, and came to Australia in 1882. He became a prominent Labor leader and a colleague of Mr. Hughes, though he resigned office when Mr. Hughes became champion of conscription.

His reputation is that of a man of ability and of moderation; his sons fought in the war and he was proud of their service to the empire, but he was an Irishman, and his mind moved as all other Irish minds move.

"Never in Russia, under the worst rulers of the Tsars," he said, to a meeting of Irishmen, "had there been such infamous murders as that of the late Alderman MacSwinney. If there was a just God in heaven, one day He would shake the foundation of this bloody and accursed empire, and I can feel it shake at this present time.

"In the British House of Parliament today, February 24, 1921, I read of a creature they call a Welshman; who is or was his father I know not, but I have read in the papers an account of this creature being raised up or provided for by his uncle, an old cobbler or shoemaker, and in that poverty-stricken part of the country called Wales."

This shoemaker was enabled to provide some kind of an education that enabled him to enter some Law Office and lay claim to the title of a lawyer, solicitor. He is today, according to the public press, demonstrating in the British parliament as Premier, under the name of Lloyd George, but to my estimation of him, he is the Lord God of Great Britain, worshipped as he is by them—a people who were degenerating before the war and since the war. All conception has taken its flight from them.

Last night, here in Winnipeg, in a Music Hall in Canada, where the British population is numerous in this city, I could see by their admiration and applause towards the acts that were taking place on the stage, that they were appreciating filth and immoral procedure; the one seemed to carry the other with them, without reason or consideration. They just reminded me of being in a Music hall in the Old Country, in old Canningtown in London.

There was a Boxing bout performance on the stage between Charley Mitchell and Frank Slaven, and the hall was packed full with women and men. Where I was sitting, a big woman, about two hundred weight, sat down on my knee and I could not bear her up, she was too heavy on my knee, and I said to her I could not hold her up any longer, and she would not rise, so she said to me: "Laugh when I laugh." That just reminded me in Winnipeg, when I saw them all laugh, one seemed to trail the lot after them.

In their political meetings they are just the same. There is no soundness of mind for consideration to reason, how the cause is demonstrated before them, could be remedied, and how far these remedies would elevate their pain, or how much pain they would expect from these causes, in their moral, as well as physical elevation—political, social, physical, economical.

These are the kinds of people who elect the British parliament. These are the kind of people who support reptiles and scorpions like Greenwood, and an able, barbarian covenanter conjuring like Lloyd George, that practises all the fakings from Moses and Aaron to Elijah, Joshua and Jacob, and because he can utilize it so minutely, he has made the British people believe that he can drive the waters of Jordan back, that are overflowing the British Empire in rebellion and revolution in all parts of her dependencies.

He would willingly wander the forty years in the wilderness of politics if he could only ascend in his ambition to honor, in Elijah's balloon or fiery chariot. Every politician of any note, in his parliament is chewed down like a dog, and his cabinet in fear of him, is

like a lot of mongrels of the dog species, and him the little terrier worrying them around at every movement, but he is only the incorrigible cur, but there is the crawling, sleeping dog lying waiting his chance.

This Lord Cecil, the son of this Salisbury, that sold the French at the Berlin Conference with his colleague Disraeli, that derailed the British empire in 1871 and 1872, at Berlin, with Bismark, the three great heads, and that Jew derailed at that time, the British empire and it has never got on the track since, and never will again. Because of that confiscation, no nation would trust them, and the dependencies would get away from such confiscators.

This Cecil, after being the means with Balfour, of introducing this martial law into Ireland, to murder men and imprison women, without judge or jury, not even evidence on behalf of the accused, allowed a persecution of such a kind not even known in any part of the world, present or before.

Cecil, that Judas, standing behind such a man as Mr. Asquith, and those Judas' kisses, on the back of Joseph Devlin, by him, reminds me of the dangers of the man in Egypt amongst the Pharaohs; but what it is after all? Insanity. Civilization, I believe has exhausted itself. Christianity, as I see it; is worse than barbarism, there are so many sects of it.

Every sect is taught, if not directly, indirectly, to shun the other sect and not have fellowship with them, that they are dangerous to their faith and future state, separating men socially and morally, making man fear man, making man hate man, and these sects are like friendly societies, showing respect to those they are alienated to and no regard for those that differ from them.

I also notice there is no end of making these sects for the greed and gain of this world; they are still originating and accumulating possessions, means and power to possess the race in Christendom and the good of destiny of all the sects.

I like to be alone and separated from men that are seeking glory and honor in this world. I like to view from a calm retreat that I may be able to reason with any true conception that might now and then fall from that deluded brain.

Here is a communication from one of those would-be educators of the democracy of Great Britain, Dean Inge, on Social Anarchy. He says: "Democracy is an expiring force, with evolution ascending amongst the people; in science and philosophy and methods of technique, discernment to guide the people, I fail to see the shadow of an expiring force, but on the contrary, where there is a multitude of knowledge there is

safety, and where there are few trained in discernment, to perceive the signs of the times, there are dangers and doubts and fears and mistrusts on every hand."

He tells us that democracy as a form of government has no future, that all depends upon the training in the technical knowledge they have received for discernment.

He observed, he said, that democracy had virtually destroyed real debate in the House of Commons, and societies, such as the Cambridge Union contained to be among the few places where real and good debating could be heard.

He did not agree, he said, that where ultimate sovereignty belonged to the mass of the people there was democratic government. The French, he said, their people in 1852, by a plebiscite, placed supreme power in Napoleon III. He did not think one could call that democracy, but I remind him, that his own government was selected by the greatest democracy ever Great Britain produced, and that government chose for its leader, a democracy pretender, Lloyd George, February 25, 1921.

The French people knew that Napoleon had precede himself the greatest general in the world of his time, and probably to this day. He was a man risen from and by democratic principles, to the position he was placed in, and he occupied that position as a good democrat, but Lloyd George never was a true democrat; he was a grafter and a leech to hold on to position and place.

Let the power of the nation fall or rise, he would get the money, though the money would get him.

Deception is born in man and woman. It is a natural source that springs up here and there in our being race. We have to watch it in all its turns through life, and it is a pure stream or character that does not get adulterated or corrupted in the course of its travels from its source to its base, or from their origin to their destiny, or end of life.

To draw inference between democracy and the moneyed classes, about the virtue of real debate, does virtue ally itself only to the privilege of birth? There are beautiful, fragrant flowers that spring from the wild prairie soil. I am not an aesthetic that I might describe the science of the beautiful, but I hold there is more virtue amongst the democracy to be vibrated, cultured and trained than there is in privileged, stupid, trained parasites of a conservative mind.

A college training is very good to express the phrases in technical form that the mind and heart desire to convey, but he must understand that the subjective mind will first behold the object, or try to behold the object it most desires to possess, and I believe that

technical skill of speech will never surpass the emotional thrills that express themselves from the feelings of the heart.

I ask you this question, as a straightforward man would do: Was there ever a democracy in Great Britain or the United States of America, that turned a government to power, but the Conservative party, when they saw their strength, united in force, and paid the public press large sums to help them to blackmail and scandal the Democratic in power and out of power. How were they able to do so? By the possession of the mighty dollar.

We have them in England; when you saw the democracy was coming into power, with the forward movement of radicalism, and Mr. Parnell's followers, you even paid the *London Times* expenses for working up the charges against a body of innocent men that were democrats. You blackmailed them that far and that much, that one of your own culprits and blasphemers shot himself—that wretched Pickett, that he goes on to tell us about it, being necessary for democracy to abdicate. But here again it was bribery that caused it so.

Now we have a premier in England, Lloyd George, who once escaped from a hall in Birmingham where he was denouncing Joseph Chamberlain in a speech about the union. He was very democratic there, and he is now premier of an Orange Tory unionist government. He did sneak in as a democrat; so this man says, high-minded, self-respecting men would not consent to be mere delegates.

But no matter how this man crept into power, in his meanings Euston Chamberlin was a self-respecting unionist and he was glad to accept office under him. So much for the self-respecting men—and he tells us of sectional and anti-social conspirators, but I would ask this Dean or Cleric, who are the real anti-conspirators and sectional, anti-social conspirators? Are they not the Christian church warblers, like himself; from every platform and every pulpit these warblers are echoing forth the separation of mankind, for their own interest; and the interests of those connected to them and by them.

This Christian church conspired against its first tutor, and teacher, Christ Jesus. Peter denied him; Judas betrayed him; Thomas blasphemed him, while the thief on the cross pitied him. This Christian church has three sects for by its own it pleads for directly and indirectly, and uses all its influence to get them in position and to keep them there.

This is their Godhead and their creed: Firstly, to enlist therein the ministry that they may have the power to dictate to the people. Secondly, teach their sons and friends to be lawyers, that they may be able

to become members of parliament, to demonstrate in orations the defects of the laws that exist, and how, and the way to amend them, that they might become lawmakers, and perhaps, get to be judges and administrators of that law in the so-called High Courts of Justice; and greater still, the Lord Chancellor of the realm.

Next comes the doctors, or so-called physicians—that they may have charge of big hospitals and poorhouses, jails and seminaries of lunatic asylums, and honorable positions in the great and glorious armies, that shoot down and massacre the creatures of the earth.

Both man and beast suffer and die at the will of this Christian Godhead, after pleading for their spy missionaries to be supported.

Then last, but not least, the officers and commanders are catered for. These four sects, united by the Christian church and pleaded for by them, and the people held in subjection to them.

So long as this exists, this Christian power over the people, so long will they be slaves and ground down. Christ himself cursed them all, and while they continue, the elements of hell surround us; until they are gone.

Now I must proceed and tell the story of my life. As I have said, I came back to Belfast from New Orleans, after a trip in the stoke hole at sea, and my wife was acting badly, and the king and his friends, the Duke of Argyle's daughters, and Sir Colin Campbell's daughters, through my wife and them, assisted by Lord Erran and his Orange brigade they doped me with their corrupt nature, and opened my mind to know where my father's money was. I always heard them afterwards.

I did know a little about Aristotle's philosophy, but to experience it in my blood was a different thing. By using those cursed Highland-Scotch Campbells, to force their nature from their person to give to another person in their porridge, is not alone cruel and brutal, but they should be burned alongside of them.

I wanted my mother to put me in Down Patrick Asylum for the insane for a while till they would all cool down, but my mother had a nephew keeper in the Belfast asylum, and instead of putting me where I wanted to be put, she put me in the Belfast asylum.

I was taken out into a yard all walled round. In one corner of it was a row of seats, with a wooden covering on it for a roof. There were two keepers there to look after you, and these two keepers had about fifty men and boys in that corner, some of them sitting, and some of them walking up

and down. I was told to sit down, and I did so, but when I sat for a long time, I got tired, sitting so I got up to take a walk, but to my surprise, I was caught by the throat by one of those keepers and pulled down to the seat again and told to sit there like a dog, till he would tell me to rise.

There were some of them singing, and some of them of crying disposition; others were made for fighting; and sometimes these keepers were nearly drunk; it seemed to me a hell of confusion, and the doctors termed this the observation yard, where these keepers were supposed to watch you and report, when asked by the doctor, if these patients were sane or not. But they had no books to note any remarkable thing they might do.

To prove whether they were sane or not, it was a kind of preamble or parole by the keepers, a so-called observation or watch over them, without any system of discipline of any kind. We were taken through a door and along corridors to the dining hall at meal times, as far as it was possible, they placed them in their seats at the tables, some of us had knives and forks; others, they had found out by dealing with them, too dangerous, and gave them spoons in that hall when they were seated at the table.

Some of them would take other people's bread or meat or potatoes, whatever it would be; then often the keeper did not notice it, and the patient went without that meal. If he was caught taking it, he was taken out of his seat and put in the corridor to walk about till dinner was over, or what ever meal it might be. That was his treatment.

The doctor stood by at meal time to watch them eat, and one day I saw a man choke with a piece of meat, and the doctor took him from his seat in the door of the hall, and clapped him on the back, trying to clear his throat of the meat, but could not, so he put his hand down his throat and pulled out the meat, and tore the man's throat so badly, that by that operation, without any instrument of science of any kind, the man dropped dead.

The doctor's name was Patrick; a Scotchman. He was married to a niece of Sir Daniel Dixon's, Lord Mayor of Belfast, in 1903. The head doctor was a Scotchman, William Graham, and a genial, sportive fellow. I believe that he was beyond and above the perception and discernment of others.

He addressed me as Mr. Mooney, but I refused to accept the honor of the tactical phrase. I was like Dr. Johnson with Lord Chesterfield; I was unaccustomed to favors, and I abruptly told him that my name was Daniel Mooney, not Mr. Mooney.

Well, as I said, that man died for the want of scientific treatment, and if any of the

patients were outrageous, the keepers would knock them down and jump upon them, with their knees on their stomachs, but took particular care not to mark their faces for fear of their friends visiting them and seeing the scars on their faces, but they beat them about the body fearfully and unmercifully.

This sort of thing was mostly all done at evening time. After that beating, they would give them a big supper so they would spew it up again and cause them pain and suffering. This was the system the keepers had to get rid of a man or men they were afraid of, that were strong and powerful, instead of getting help to deal with them.

Another one might be in the next day like him, and as troublesome, and when they see a strong man dying by their treatment, they say, the one to the other, "He looks well, doesn't he?" That is because he is wasting away and they will soon be rid of him.

Then again they bath the patients, male and female, every week, and both men and women have boiled to death there, simply because they were giving the keepers too much trouble and work to look after them. There is no religion connected with this part, it is simply to get rid of the patients that give them extra work.

I, myself, that had the strongest brain power in that asylum, it took me all I knew how to keep myself from being boiled under a keeper they called Murray. I kept going out and into the bath, and him shoving me in every time I came out, until I could bear and suffer the heat, that I could lie down in the bath. The doctor is not there. All is secret, no one knows, and if there is an inquiry, the blame is never put upon anyone, but some of the keepers are dismissed, and then all is over, but that satisfies no one.

The food in the morning was porridge and milk, with one slice of dry bread. Dinner was potatoes, with sometimes a bit of meat, sometimes none, with a little greens—water, no soup; some patients, a piece of bread extra if working hard. Supper was dry bread again. The doctor said this was recovery treatment, with plenty of fresh air. The meat, I believe, was horse flesh.

I was in hospital with Sciatica about three weeks; I got bread and milk there, a little more than in the dining hall. In there was an old flax rougher lying, with some sickness, on a bed close by me; he was an Orangeman, and the keeper was an Orangeman by the name of Hugh Magarvie. I saw that keeper, thirteen-stone weight, get on that old man's belly with both his knees and jump up and down upon him till I thought he was gone out of this world. The keeper and the patient were both Orangemen so I took no notice of them. I knew that that was their brotherly

love, and when that old man's daughter came to see her father, the keeper pretended to be so kind to him that the poor woman believed, I thought, every word he said.

But now, here is the scene of all my life. In from supper and the recreation ground, the building is full of patients, and each division goes to their quarters. I go into the observation ward with about fifty patients. As we are going in, we are all searched and sent to get off our clothes and roll them up and set them outside the door, and many of them have their clothes full of stones and other rubbish. Their pockets are turned inside out and the lining searched.

Into bed we go, and many fights take place in that room before morning between both mad and wise; the wise, new in, have to protect themselves from the greatest serpent-like snakes I ever set my eyes upon. They grin, spit and bite like demons. I, one night laughed heartily at an old, fair educated tailor,—a wicked serpent of an evil spirited madman ran at him on his bed to punch him, but the old tailor was wide awake and he jumped up onto his bed when the madman approached him, and with a scientific swing, he delivered a right-hander on the madman's ear and he fell to the boards with a crash, which very much pleased me.

When I went in there first, there were delft chamber pots, which were very dangerous at night-time, of some of those insane men rising and hitting another man asleep in his bed.

My cousin was night observation; he went under an alias; his right name was Craig, and went under the name of Carl. He was not a strong man, but he carried a club and felled them down when they were dangerous, and for a little extra bread, he got a patient to help him.

I saw there rooms padded, for unruly patients that could perform acrobatic feats as well as any showman, in a cell twelve feet square and twelve feet high, with nothing but his blanket torn up in strips, come over the top of the wall and dropped down into the observation ward alongside. How he got up that 12 foot wall with those blanket strings, is more than I can tell, but I saw him come over the top, out of his cell. No wonder they say genius is so-related to insanity.

To show you more, this man was of some foreign nation, I would take him to be a Dane or a German extract of descent, but let him be or not, my bed was just right beside his door of that room, a passage between them of about six feet, and the house doctors were, as I have noted, both Scotchmen. Graham, the female doctor, was a single man, and Patrick was a married man, of the male department, and on their nights out, whichever one stayed in had to go around the two divisions.

In the asylum I have seen men who were in Sing Sing prison in New York, in all the jails of England and Scotland, burglars and murderers, suicides and all other criminals, men connected and related to judges and high dignitaries of the land, men employed by Secret Societies to murder and steal, and found guilty of the crimes laid to their charge, and to rescue them from the full penalty of death, the jury and doctors, that if not directly connected with these Societies, are indirectly connected with them, in some form or other; and they fetch in verdicts of guilty, but say they were insane at the time. This is British Rule in Ireland.

I have seen more than that. The keeper that had charge over the other keepers and patients in that asylum, was a Scotchman that had murdered an Englishman in the Highlands of Scotland, at a place called Goatfell, in the Isle of Arran. His name was Lawrie; his father was a magistrate in a little town they called Cotbridge, in Lanarkshire. The man he murdered was a man by the name of Rose, an Englishman, from London, a contractor's clerk that went to Scotland for his holidays, and in Glasgow, Lawrie met him and introduced himself as a guide through the Highlands, and he consented to take him.

According to Lawrie's statements, only, after he had killed the man, he attempted suicide before he was arrested and brought to Greenock, a town in Scotland, where I was living at the time and where I got married. Here they tried him and found him guilty of the murder of Rose, the Englishman, and sentenced him to be hanged in Greenock jail. They got up a petition for his reprieve.

In Sir Michael street, at the door of the Mechanics' Institute, to sign that petition, but I refused, and he tried to insult me and said I was inhuman, but I scorned his intrigues and passed on, but my brother signed it and reaped his reward by getting killed himself through the fraternity, but I always thought for myself, and acted accordingly.

This man Lawrie, as I have said, was appointed head keeper over the keepers and patients in the Belfast Asylum, after serving a term of twelve years, as the Scotch papers said, in Perth prison, before the Boer War, and there was a report he broke out of Perth prison, but I know not, and he said he was in the Boer War.

In the asylum grounds I played bowls with him, and marbles, and my mind open.

Here we have an example of English in Ireland, or English and Scotch rule in Ireland, as we see it in these Institutions in that unhappy country—a man rescued from the penalty of death, for murdering an innocent man because he wanted his possessions, and he knew not what those possessions were. That red-

handed, bloody murderer was placed in an institution, with authority and power to superintend the keepers and patients of the male department, of about a thousand creatures, and no one with authority over him but a house doctor to take the reports from the under doctor, that came forth to both of them, from an under criminal's report, ushered forth from the convict's cell to the yellow band and crown of the realm of Great Britain, to rule and superintend not alone the poor, fallen, degenerated Irish creatures, but the cosmopolitans of the world that by misfortune's drive, has landed them far from every quarter of the globe, to that Belfast Asylum.

Hearing them tell their stories, to while the time away, some in lamentations about what they had lost, others about how they were deceived by their friends and relatives, it reminded me of myself, in my own circumstances, that cursed is that man that puts his trust in man. Others I saw, crippled with rotting members—legs and feet afflicted, evil matter protruding from their necks and bodies, paralyzed, staggering and shaking, caused by the sins of fathers and mothers, the lust and passions of the flesh, regardless of the future generations of those who are to come—some before they have got married—men and women have wasted their strength in debauch, some by uncleanness, others by excess, till venereal has taken hold of the blood stagnating its filtering courses. The pores, exhausts and inhalings are blockaded: a stampede in the germatic stream has become eruptions, and as it were the fabric system is degenerating.

They have married and intermarried in the midst of corruption; the germs of the blood are sick of this food, that is supplied to them by the desire of the heart, until they have longed for the cooling matter of the grave to assimilate with rather than the hot passions of the flesh.

I have seen these Campbells, this Duke's supposed daughter, acting as keeper in this asylum. They call them nurses, but they seemed strange nurses to my observation. I always thought a nurse was calm and gentle and kind, but I never believed when a patient told one of them something that was true about herself, and she did not palliate it very well, I thought she might possess power or authority over her own feelings to some extent that would hold her in subjection to reason.

Reason is action that is founded on consideration of right and wrong, to act wisely and justly, and instead of that action being performed so, it was the contrary. A patient got agitated at how she shoved her; this nurse thought she was not walking fast enough to keep up with the other patients, so she shoved

her along the walk to keep up with the crowd. The result was the woman said something that did not please her, so she stopped the patient on their recreations, and got two other nurses to help her. Two nurses caught one each arm and she caught her by the hair. The three of them twisted her arms and threw her down on the ground, and like men, they jumped on her body with their knees, till the poor creature was staggering along the walk.

And they boiled some of those poor women in the bath house. I don't mean they boiled them to death, but made the water that hot that it was unbearable for man or woman to endure, and when a patient woman had a visit from a friend and got some eatables, this so-called Duchess of Argyle, would catch hold of her and take the last grapes or apples or sweetmeats from them and eat them up in their rooms. This was a general thing with these royalty, and between mad, insane, and would-be nurses, there were a lot of royal relatives in that Belfast Asylum to hide themselves. No wonder it is called the Garrison Town.

For my part, I had no right to complain. I received the under wear, and from two of the keepers did I receive ill-treatment, and it was ill-treatment. One of them kicked me in the side and stomach when coming out of bed; the other burned me in the bath. Murray, an Ulster Scot, burned me. Lavefty, an Irishman, kicked me. Gibson, the first attendant to me, to please Jezebel, was insulting towards me. The rest were respectful.

Well, I had a friend of mine visit me. Her mother was an Indian from near some of the Garrison towns; she was a linen weaver in Belfast; her father was a Paymaster-Sergeant on the 21st Regiment. Because she visited me, the Campbells got the Orangemen to kill her; she was clever and intelligent and stood by me in the darkest hours when the Orangemen were ramping in blood of every good man and woman. She was a strange friend, when my wife was an enemy.

I remember my wife and oldest boy coming to see me in that Asylum for the last time. I said to her: You had to do with Campbells and the Orangemen doping me. I was glad to see my oldest son and talked to him for the last time. He was a good boy but he was gone, when I was gone, and I told her there, not to come back to see me any more.

Just as she left me, going out of the door, I heard Lawrie, the murderer, speak to her. He, as I said, was head keeper and he attended to the visitors coming and going, and told them how I was getting on, and the other visitors just the same, but no one but the doctors knew Lawrie was a murderer because he went under the name of Townsend, and they

did not know him in the Asylum or the town of Belfast, but I knew him the moment I saw him because I had seen him in Greenock, where he was tried and sentenced; I saw the scaffold erecting to hang him.

Well, as my wife left the visiting room, I heard the head keeper say, "what is your own name, Mrs. Mooney?" "Williams" she said. "But is your mother's name Curbthin?" he says. "That is my mother's name, and you and I are cousins." That was the first time in my life I found out that my wife was a cousin to one of the Judases, cold-blooded murderers, Scotland ever produced, and they never let me know or I never would have married her, and still I would not sign the petition for his reprieve; and my brother was married to the oldest sister at that time. Whether he knew his wife was a cousin of Lawrie's, I don't know. If he knew he never told me, but before I married his wife's sister, he told me not to do it. I thought afterwards that he might have known his wife was a cousin of Lawrie's but kept from me the knowledge of it, on account of him being married to her sister.

When the keepers wanted me to go to a special church where they preached and prayed, for the mad people and insane, every Sunday, I wanted to give a few lines to the priest of the Roman church, as my father was brought up in its creed, and I wanted to enlighten the priest about my circumstances, and the cause of me being there, but these Orange keepers would not allow you to go to any church. I do not dispise their regularity in connection with preaching, and praying to madmen that pays as much attention to them as the stones on the street we walk over, but a patient going in asking a warder or keeper to get speaking to the minister or priest, I fail to see that it should be like a jail of felons, to notice the governor or officials, as if you were a criminal.

They should be notified of all the crimes the patient has committed before he came in, or at his coming in to protect both keepers and officials, and visitors coming in. It only needed a system, and they had none, therefore patients had to suffer deprivations, that should not be taken from them. They will not allow a patient to send a note to a friend, but they will take that note that you give them before they read it, and read it themselves, and then tear it up, and if it refers to anything in connection with the Institution, or their treatment of you, then it ill be a pity for you.

A friend of mine fetched me in a book to write on, and pen and ink. Mr. Gibson took them from me for his own use, and in this bathroom when I first went into that house, the patients got dirty sheets to dry themselves with, and not dirty one way, but human nuis-

ance on them, instead of clean ones. This was discipline.

The yearly inspection was coming round and I prepared a few lines, setting forth the objections and pointing out the failures and dangers to the patients and officials themselves. I told of delft chamber pots in the wards, in the absence of keepers, when men were fighting, someone would get killed; of sheets for towels, with human nuisance on them; of beating simple men to get rid of them. All this I drew attention to, and after this I saw they took a traveller's advice, and I saw things change.

I had no doubt the inspector showed the superintendent this paper I had written out, as I saw things changed around. Then he changed me from inside the 12 foot prison walls to the cottage hospital out on the hillside, into the free and open, fresh and balmy breeze, under the radiant sunshine, where I once more enjoyed the liberty and freedom of the surrounding hills, but still we were enhaling the stench of the hospitals bad sewerage.

To show the stupidity of the Ulster-Scot, they built these cottages on the hillside, without consideration of proper sewerage, that was more important than fresh air, itself. They had nothing, nothing but filth around these cottages on the hillside, when we would go out for exercise around the grounds. Someone, which is quite natural, would desire to ease himself, and he would drop out of the ranks and do so, or dirty his pants, which would cause a smell and disagreeable feeling amongst patients and visitors walking around, and it was a general thing for the patients when coming out in the morning, to rush behind the ditches beside the cottage, and ease themselves.

In summer time, when the heat was great and evaporation ascending it was not a pleasant odor to enjoy, neither for patients or visitors. The sanitary arrangements inside the cottages were all right but water was scarce, and the sewerage from the hospitals, was pipes down a little to a little creek or burn or brook, which ever name you like to adopt. This little stream was supposed to carry this nauseating matter of nuisance to a river they called The Lagoon, three miles along this burn or brook. To this Lagoon river there are plenty of trout in its pure place and this river is about 24 feet wide in some places, but where this nuisance empties into it, it is very near to its base, and as you will know it is wider there, but this Lagoon from this junction, proceeds along what they call the beautiful suburbs of the city of Belfast to Belfast Lough that adjoins the sea, and in all that course, from what they call the beautiful Cottage Hospital's system, is stagnation and filth.

Notwithstanding all their botanical system of flower gardens along its banks, it is a fertilizing matter of a germatic bank of disease and filth, the mouth and base of the river of the city of Belfast, and a pestilence only to be removed as far as possible, by the erection of these homes as near the seashore as possible, and a grand sewerage from the hospitals, with plenty of water to convey the nuisance and matterly germs far out into the sea.

It is the selecting by investigation for all these institutions—they may talk of conveniences and economical conditions in respect to the upkeep, and travelling expenditure in respect to friends and relations of the patients, ~~but~~ an economical board of consideration about expenditure and conveniences, they very seldom consider the patients' friends and relatives' economical condition, unless as to their own financial aspect, as far as their railway investments were concerned, and their shares in catering for the public.

I am well aware of the desires and designs of the members of all of these boards, to get a position on them. They all desire to cater for the supplies in their line of business, to supply the necessary requirements of these so-called instituted establishments, but until some change comes over the minds of the people about the taxation and upkeep of this degenerating people or part of the population, it is becoming a serious problem to solve, and a problem that sooner or later must be faced in all countries.

In the first place, to give my candid opinion—in the first I am sure there will be many who disagree with my candid opinion because friendly relations are very hard to separate from, but a sickness or disease that there is no chance of abating and incurable, I fail to see where the public should be compelled to be taxed to pay for that prolongation of suffering, because a paralytic person will never recover, well enough again to provide and sustain himself and others depending on him.

There are many internal diseases such as cancer on the stomach, and diabetes, both drinking and eating and venereal diseases that have been prolonged and become preposterous in course of its procedure through the system, that stagnates the mind and stupifies the feelings until the whole bodily system is almost senseless of its suffering, and becomes a burden on the population that is struggling justly and honorably to elevate themselves, and also the conditions of the being race of mankind, without this race of incurables, knowingly, being cut off.

There could be a means of removing them without suffering, from being a dragging

burden on the already suffering masses of the people. If I was one of those impure creatures of suffering mankind I would be only too glad to get away from oppressing my fellow-creatures; and this filthy matter that proceeds along this burn or brook to that river Lagoon and empties into the Belfast Lough.

Along the meadows and banks of these streams are splendid pastures and the cows drink plentifully of this water, which is full of the matterly germs from these impure patients, that proceed along the stream and imbed itself here or there in lumps of matter, in the bed of the river, and these are dairy cows, good milkers, and this milk is distributed among the population of Belfast and its suburbs, in both milk and butter. These poisoned germs assimilate through these cows and their milk is bound to affect these people in typhus fever, and other fever of different kinds.

There are the Ulster-Scot in Ireland that claim to possess all the brain power in Ireland. It is obnoxious to gaze upon their acts and deeds in that persecuted country, Ireland. Through their churches and their public press they can surely blaspheme. They have a Belfast paper, and they circulate it over their so-called British Dominion, and through it, they term themselves "Ulster-Scots, at Home and Abroad," while speaking on their public platforms, they denounce the Irish for calling them aliens, while they, themselves, through this Belfast Weekly, proclaims themselves "Ulster-Scots, at Home and Abroad," but from what I have seen of them, they are always abroad looking for the mighty dollar—always at home when they have found it.

Now, I come to the first night's promenade or Grand March that takes place once a month, they say—for the pleasure of these insane patients, but I think it is a pleasure only for those patients that escape the gallows, or some other criminals much the same. My first night and view of these scenes were most observable. That march round the hall by those wretches will ever be remembered by myself as long as I live, there in that dining hall of the Belfast Lunatic asylum. I was told to sit down, along with the other patients, about three rows back from the front seats, so I paused and considered as I gazed upon the faces of imbeciles, insane and fanatic forms, that Shakespeare nor Charles Darwin ever surpassed in all their demonstrations of the apish and serpent races.

First came the command head keeper, Townsend, alias—his right name Lawrie—that murdered Rose, an Englishman in Scotland, at a place they call the Island of Arran in Argyleshire. A Scotchman, a master of ceremonies, leading the promenade was the

old Duke of Fyfe, a bankrupt confiscator. Behind him was a George Brown, a veterinary surgeon, half mad with venereal disease, with Lady Blood's sister on his arm, with a vulture's nose, like Cromwell's. As Goldsmith, said, "Turned from the back of the head down to the point of the beak, to denote the ferociousness of the animal.

Next came Sir Binden Blood, a brother-in-law of the noted Sir Colin Campbell, of the Divorce Case in 1882, or thereabouts, with Lady Blood, Sir Binden's sister, that was the most disgraceful case ever tried in a British Law Court, the most filthy, preposterous and degrading that the court had to be closed against the public and the case and evidence heard and tried in camera, within closed doors.

Next came the great Jezebel, Sir Colin Campbell and Lady Blood's famous daughter, the Babylonian Jezebel. I presume her christian name is or was Josephine Campbell. She was married to a Robert Scott, a shipbuilder, in Greenock, Scotland, who caught his own cousin in connivance or collusion with her in his own house, near Largess in Ayrshire, close by Renfrewshire. He took proceedings against her and divorced her; she had two children by him and he got the custody of them, two girls, one of them, the older, deaf and dumb. He put them in a place to be kept and in his absence, she got hold of them again I suppose, not for any love of the children, but to get some money out of him. Then she was cohabiting with one of the Russell's shipbuilders close by and alongside Scott's yard, her own husband's place. He danced with her in that asylum.

Next came this present Duke of Argyle's supposed daughter, Duchess Isabel and Duchess Martha, in procession, with the old royal detectives and ex-soldiers standing by their side, with a lot of privileged visitors and then this Grand March began.

At the front seat of the hall sat Mr. Baird, the millionaire, of the Gathsherry Iron and Steel Works, Ayrshire, Scotland, and Belfast Telegraph, Weekly and Daily, grinning and spitting like a cat as the promenade passed by, and Lady Blood herself, cursing the Pope and twisting her vulture's nose, screaming at the top of her voice, fanatic, mad, her brother by her side, Sir Binden Blood, delirious in thought like a paralytic soul, unperceiving and degraded, incapable of considering the past and the present with him was unrecognizable.

The remainder of the promenade was complete, brought up in the rear by the deformed of royalty, lame and maimed, of all the deformity and by it, that filthy immorality could descend to. Their decomposing matter smelted to me a germatic plague.

They were all filthy Scots and they were all represented there, in that house of insane deformity, mostly Belfast migraters, back and forwards to the part of the North of Ireland and Scotland as trade prospered or failed.

Every time I looked at these Bloods and their connections, Campbells, of the Royal family, I thought of Lord Normand, they hounded so long after to murder him. I felt very much when I was dancing around the hall with this Duchess Isabel Campbell, I would think of Pharaoh's wife, with Joseph who was sold into Egypt, when she caught him by the skirts of his coat and wanted him with her.

Then I thought of Josephine, Lady Scott or Lady Russell; the fighting man, Bob Fitzsimmons was another husband of the Jezebel, Lady Scott or Campbell, the great red-haired, Babylonian, that gave me her matter, and Mr. William Stead, the journalist. Every time she would touch me going round the floor I would think of Heredies dancing so beautifully before Herod, for to obtain John the Baptist's head on a charger. After a while I came close to her and told her she danced beautifully, I would give her my head.

She walked from the dance off the floor and took of the nurse's apron that she wore and sat down among the lunatics like a Finn in derision or contempt and tried to compose herself.

After that night I intended to go no more amongst them, but I was a prisoner and could not do what suited me best, and my so-called keeper, an ex-soldier, that embraced her in a corner after dancing with her, compelled me to go to the dance, but it was not long after this that I got shifted outside from where they were, to these cottages, outside the walls, but one of these poor ex-soldiers by the name of Aiken, was shifted out with us, and because this duchess knew my mind and had taken notice that this Aiken was not a bad keeper to these poor, insane creatures, and I jumped and enjoyed myself with him, when out with these creatures in the recreation grounds, but this Duchess Isabel, still followed him all over the place where the cottage hospitals were situated, and at last caressed and coerced him to marry her. She got the English minister to come to the asylum, and sent a man to the place he was staying in this asylum cottage and told him to come at once and get married to her, after all her prostituted life.

This is the authority, of the Royal household's harem, composed as it is of the Campbells of Argyleshire, Scotland. She made her final turnround before she left, to tempt me at the place I was staying, and when she came near where I was staying, I told her "to

get out of here, you papuer, you are living on the taxation of the Irish people."

After that, she went out to the Orangemen or reptiles of Belfast, Black-and-Tan murderers, and she and Sir Colin Campbell's daughters, with her who played so great a part in the murders in Belfast in 1903 and 1904, organized a crowd of Orange savages, that in the dead of night went into the house where my children were lying asleep in their beds, and murdered and mutilated their little bodies—of them, martyrs at the hands of King Edward's nieces, and Lord Eran and Edward Carson and Company, the Belfast Garrison, that wants to rule Irishmen in the North of Ireland, at the point of the dagger and knife, and their friends, the Campbells, that run a few flax mills in Belfast, Falls Road and Cormney, at a place they call Mossley, in the suburbs of Belfast.

And these Campbells have the cheek to go to New York, America, and advertise themselves as the leaders and representatives of the linen trade of Belfast and the North of Ireland in that country.

These same Highland-Scotch Campbells have ever been the fore-runners of murder, robbery and confiscation in my unhappy country, Ireland. The night they murdered my children, I heard the dogs cry for miles around where I was awake on my bed, lying listening to my children's screams, while these Campbell's superintended their Orange forces of Black-and-Tan, mutilated the bodies of my children.

Now, I ask, who is going to listen to the harangues of these Finns, Lloyd George, Edward Carson, Greenwood, Balfour, Cecil, Carson and Bonar Law, and the dying carnage of Churchill. No wonder Britain is on her last lap; she is exhausted physically, which leaves her incapable of producing financially. Her economical perceptions are mouldering away. She has proved herself equally unfit to compete with the Germans, and even other inferior nations of today.

The only alternative she has today is trying to hide behind a League of Nations, that if possible, she might gain a little strength of brain power, that might enable her to hold out a little longer against this growing strength of this scientific age.

Not alone in this fast decaying white race of Europe and America, but the vast increase in perception and utilization of science, through and by the Asiatic races over the world, is too much for a degenerating race to compete against.

We have had conjurers and fakers like Lloyd George, as I call him, for we have Gods, many, and Lords many, let them be sorrowing or descending. As Shakespeare says, they are immortal, they are now and then because

of some act they perform, recognized as immortal Gods, and like Lloyd George, idolized as such.

We that can pursue, see the ghosts of these performers in rays of light and darkness, passing around us every day. It is not so much the trick or fake, as how, and the way it is performed, or acute demonstration to deceive the mind, just as much as a conjurer or faker deceives the eye, but science proved and demonstrated, wiped from the eye the dust of fear and superstition, which Lloyd George is unable to do. He is like an-old English faker or Christian Scientist and Faith Healer that is out here from London to perform.

He learned his first lessons from General Booth, in the Salvation Army, but he was not remunerated, he thought, according to his demonstration, and he struck out here in Canada what they call Faith Healing. He does it inside a closed room, and a gentleman I know went with a friend, of his to get cured of rheumatic pains. He took them into his room and shut the door, and then proceeded to put hands on him, and after that performance he shouts: "Brother, Arise," and the man made an effort to rise, but could not, and he shouts three times to him: "Brother, Arise," but he could not rise. So he said, "We will pray for this case," and received the man's money.

Father Christmas, he goes by, but I want no acquaintance with such fakers, spiritually or physically, politically or scientifically; they are all economics, whether in church or state, in any country. My advice to the people is to keep clear of them.

Now, my children and friends all being cut off, and alone in this cottage hospital, I knew these Babylonian workers of the Campbells and Orange serpents could hear me and sometimes guess what I was doing. So I resolved to walk away one day from that place.

As I said before, I saw from all parts of Europe, there, men martyrs for taking part in the effort to free their country from slavery and oppression. I saw Irishmen there, from Henry Joy, McCracken, to John Orr, of the United Irishmen, in 1798. I saw these men that took part in the murder of Cavendish and Burke in Phoenix Park, Dublin.

I saw there Orange murderers of Roman Catholics that had been reprieved and sent there for a little while till the authorities saw fit to liberate them, only to be sent to this country, Canada, as law abiding citizens, and also to Australia, to the danger of the respectable citizens of these dependencies, that the British people seek support from.

I could see the Orangemen had always enmity in their hearts, by their expressions of revenge, while the Irish patriot always smiled and laughed under his suffering, resigned wisely to his fate, knowing full well that na-

tions themselves shall die and their power pass away from the earth.

When I looked around that place and thought upon the evolution of man, about how far he had advanced to the betterment of his own condition since he came forth from the crawls, and also how much he had elevated the other animals that he claimed to comfort and bless and bring into subjection to his will.

He trained the ox to plow and haul the weighty burdens for him; it hauled his wheat and grain, with pain and suffering to itself, deprived of his wandering freedom to eat and lie down at his will, when old and frail. He kills him for his skin to wear and his flesh to eat; he is that beast's malefactor and persecutor. He thongs it over the back with heavy lashes, and when his day's work is done, without regard for his hungry belly, or a place to rest, with shackles on his feet to hobble at will all night, with no one to pity him.

The cow, if not giving enough milk, is sent by him also to be killed. The calf that is born is forbidden by him to live and enjoy the life given to it by nature. The sheep and bleating lambs, that skip around their dams, are killed and eaten by them, for mutton chops, and wool, and skin, to warm their bodies and protect them from the cold, depriving nature of its due rewards, that has as much right to its prolongations and enjoyments of life as we have.

The horse is used as a beast of burden for him, over-worked, ill-fed, and sometimes the cold stones for his bed. When free, he chooses the straw and dry thick grass spots to rest upon. His bed there is a chosen one, but when curbed in his master's stall, he has no chosen disposition to act upon. He is a prisoner and a slave. No food can he choose, nothing is free to him. He may sigh and moan but there is no relief for him.

I have watched them make fast a dog to their sleigh, and hauling with his companions in harness, over the icebound, snowy lakes of North Ontario, with his master's flour and provisions, up to his belly in the snow, rising and falling, pulling and struggling to keep on his feet, struggling on his way, no one to pity him, but his master's whip to make him keep up with the rest of his team. He carries the hunters' furs and animals that they have trapped, by the same system and custom, looking up with fear and dread of his master, when not able to keep up with the rest of his team for fear of the whip on his back.

Man waits his time to kill and eat all the smaller animals, and of the bird kind just the same, still he condemns the deer, the mouse, and all other animals for eating his grain and fruit. He condemns the birds and fowls of the air for destroying his crop, and the hawk

and eagle species for carrying away his chickens.

This mankind, with civilization in all its forms, has enslaved the larger animals' freedom and tortured its body with affliction, even unto death. The birds of the air are compelled to fear and dread him. He has devastated its forests, that provided feed and protection to these creatures. He has driven from the forests the birds that charmed the air once with their melodious songs, and the eye with beauty of their wings, and that fragrant glow of their feathery forms.

I like to be civil, but I hate to exterminate, or try to do so, these natural resources that have so much provided for all flesh. Man for his own existence has become the most cruel of all beings. Self is all his growing ambition. When he has satisfied his belly, and provided a reserve or preserve for it, he begins to consider then the best means for others to pursue, economically, technically, physically and politically, in conformity to work to his best interests and protect that which he now possesses, in all acts of technical demonstrations; this is the primeval law; this is the principle he applies, and if possible, adds to it.

I think we never will possess just legislators unless it would be possible to get paid men to act and so then make and have provisions in the acts of parliament that it would be impossible for any man to take or receive bribes. Man is not alone fallible, but his heart and passions are of this world.

When force drives matter at a furious rate, there is an overheating there, and that overheating in desire or passion will break down the greatest intentions man ever possessed, so that where force travels furiously through matter, there is a breakdown or an explosion, whether in man or beast or the ground we tread upon, and this cohesion with men in acts and deeds, politically or economically, is disastrous, simply because the majority of cabinet ministers are different or at variance in connections with investments in and through the country.

They not only, in their actions and demonstrations in parliament, cause mistrust, doubts and fears, not alone to those that are about to speculate and invest, but they are the means of investors with drawing their investments, that causes collapse of industries that affects the taxation of the country's revenue.

Their have been cases known in many countries and states, that the election of one cabinet minister to the cabinet of his country, caused a reaction of depression and mistrust amongst many of the manufacturers and men of commerce and transfer of commodities, that caused unemployment and deficiencies in

the budget, that whether directly or indirectly, the toilers had to make up for that deficiency either in taxation or a deficiency in wages by short time or reduction of pay.

When I sum up all the benefits of mankind to his own race, as well as the so-called lower animals, I can perceive the scientist is the only true benefactor in this side of time. Men from Stevenson's time to Edison's time are the most beneficial and elevating of man and beast. They took away the burden off the shoulders of both man and beast and gave us more pleasure and joy and rest to both hands and feet and bodies. These men utilized their brain power in investigations, of how material could be reinforced by compounding, and tempered and matured by adding and extracting different kinds of matter in the form of oxygen and hydrogen, and many other commercial forces they utilized to carry into practical effect the designs they had in view to accomplish, which they did and have carried into practical effect, for the better for all of us, both man and beast.

Anything that comforts or eases the creature of this world, designed by man, is a refreshing spring in the midst of a barren desert, cooling the parched tongue, satisfying the longing heart and soul, is a fragrance sprung up from mother earth, by the hand of man garnered and beautifully decorated and adorned.

Edison, I presume, is the hero of the race. From him I receive the illuminations struck out by his ignition of force and matter; his was the torch of that illumination's glow, that sets the pure light in every dome, and lights forth almost the light of day in the midst of our darkest nights.

He gave to the drawing room the songs of mirth and joy from the stage to their own ears, and the greatly improved rehearsal gramophone of the present day. His work in science is a massive one.

We have too, the machines of today running on the roads and fields, driven by both gas, oil and air—as my grandmother told me, they would be running on the road without steam, and so they are today. These men of thought have perceived the future, fire, water, gas, oil and air itself which this whole planet lives and moves in and has being, doing so since it was a planet, floating in space upon air. To my mind, air is the most powerful compound we have in this great phenomena in which we float around, and no matter what any man tells about this planet, how or why it revolves, I believe we are sometimes nearer the sun than others, not because we are revolving round the sun every twenty-four hours, but because of the earth inhaling and digesting in this space in which

it travels in subjection to the sun, as well as revolving.

It draws nearer the sun, and also goes farther away from her, according to her inhaling from the phenomena, and also according to her digesting into the phenomena—you may call it rising or falling in space, or drawing nearer the sun, or going farther away from the sun—it makes a different temperature in the seasons and years, and affects us all, man and beast, leaves us all either dull-spirited or high, at these times of change, and these variations.

I believe through the phenomena, space affects our health and conditions of life. I have no doubt you, who read these ideas, will say as your pregenitors said about the French when they were busy considering their designs for the construction of their aeroplanes. The people said they were mad, but to this day it is a living fact.

I quote here and there little things that take my ear and catch my eye. While one that observes in these places of confinement, sees the acts and deeds of men and women he forms the opinion from his experience by their performances before him, and the witty demonstrations of the insane contrasted with the genius of the wise. Sometimes I see there is not much to choose between the two. In this asylum, I have seen and heard the demonstrations of the insane.

On one Christmas day when friends of the patients had come a long way to see these poor, degenerated creatures in this asylum and bring them some little presents or luxuries, in the evening there was a dinner provided for them and a distribution of chocolates, sweets and fruits to the patients, which the wisest of them enjoyed. There were ladies and gentlemen present in numbers that had given gifts to these poor people, and with song and dance entertained them, with band and company.

There was in that assembly, as I said before, men of all grades of society, and women with all kinds of character and dispositions. They chose a little man to ask the blessing before they partook of novelties bestowed upon them by the public. He was one of the insane patients that had travelled over Great Britain and Ireland and had located at places of disrepute, put up many a night, and assembled at many a "Free Breakfast" door for admission, and the lowest dens for shelter at night.

Why, in my day, they talk of the time and when man first came out from the crawls to what they call civilization of today, and advancement in man's elevation. In some places of the British empire today, the hovels that the people dwell in are worse than the dug-outs three thousand years ago.

Well, a tramp of this kind, was present at that dinner in this asylum; his name was Brandon, born in the Bromilow, Glasgow, Scotland. I, myself, saw him previously in London, South Willidge. One Sunday he took off his coat and threw it down on the street near the ferry and bantered any man on the street to fight him, and afterwards picked up his coat off the street, and walked calmly up the street into the entry of one of these cheap lodging houses for the night, as peaceably as I could do. He was one of these fanatics that at times, could reason as well as I could do, and in a little time, fanned up again into a rage as wild as a cat.

Well I remember that man's demonstration at that dinner; they dressed him up for the occasion, with a long hat, kid gloves, white linen shirt and minister's garb, long black coat. He proceeded forward to the platform and divested himself of his long hat and kid gloves outfit, and calmly moved to the front of the platform, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are about to thank the Lord for what we are about to receive, and for Christ's sake, sit down." That was his blessing to the males and females of that Belfast asylum of insane creatures, and I think it was more appropriate than a harangue from an old minister or priest, that was paid for by taxation of the blood and sweat of the poor toilers, "To pass their time away," as Richard said, "That never can be found again," squandering it to affect the mind and brain that is doped already with this Christian dope, that has in many cases, frightened them for fear of hell, and a dread about not getting into heaven, until they arrive into this asylum of persecution and torture.

This faking of creeds and churches has confused the already delirious mind of mankind and womankind. When I, the only man that I think, has ever taken the same way and means of finding out how men used men for his interests alone, and to use him like an artist at his bench, to work out his salvation and live upon his misperceptions of him, I asked myself this question: What are the people thinking about when they tax themselves to pay clerics of three or four denominations to preach to madmen in a lunatic asylum, every Sunday; sometimes when I considered and tried to draw the contrast between the insane and the sane I thought the ones outside the walls should be taken inside, and some of the inside ones liberated and set free.

To keep up seminaries, to educate men to understand a pagan, barbarian history, which never could be done, is a propaganda of confusion and blasphemy. This book written by and with the authority of kings, whether

good prophets or bad ones, as far as I can make out, without, I might say, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel and Ezekial, are all fakirs, conjurers, miracle workers, and it always requires a lie to substantiate a miracle.

I can believe nothing but what is proved to be true. This flying up into space by whirlwinds and fire chariots, and such like, is no proof to me, without being an eyewitness of the acts and deeds performed. Perhaps they have gone up in balloons like Nansen, the explorer, into some part of the phenomena, and came down a wreck on some other part of the earth, but in this twentieth century, my faith in any kind of miracles is too weak to believe all these. All things must be demonstrated before my eyes, before I can consider or reason with them.

I have listened to men telling stories, plausible, and even palliating, but never with a thrill of conviction in them. Where this faith exists upon stories and tales, there is misconception, mistrust, derision and confusion of faith.

It just reminds me of part of an address I read of Mr. Bonar Law at the University of Glasgow, the other day, in March, 1921, before the great array of young students of that city, I see by his address, as he quoted Cromwell's words, he seemed to have a liking for that monster, that his name noted him well. He not alone crushed and crumbled poor Ireland and her people, but part of the British themselves in Ireland. He crumbled their homes to the ground, not knowing what he was doing, blindly lead to and for ambition and fame. He massacred and destroyed the people and their homes.

He said about Cromwell, "He goes farthest who knows not wither he is going," but he only saw this observation one way, that was, rising to fame, blindly, regardless of suffering mankind. It makes me feel so shameful of myself, receiving honor and gratitude and remuneration for acts and deeds, and respect, for walking blindly in the dark concerning my own future, far less, the future of those that are depending and trusting to me in that dark march. Whether that march is to honor and fame on my part, or to destruction, it is a march to be dreaded—and as he said, it is a word worth pondering over well, a text worth discourse.

But he had to avoid the demonstration of being blindly led before these students, or else he was incapable of doing so. It is one thing repeating another man's phrases and meanings, but it is a different thing to demonstrate your own meanings, and devise and construct your own sentences.

When Cromwell joined the Puritan army, he had no vision, I am sure, of one day occupying Whitehall, and of ruling these islands

with more than regal power, nor had he any vision either of the loneliness which that position would entail, a loneliness, he said, which made him exclaim in the height of his power, "I had far rather kept a flock of sheep."

Now, here is a man with a career as black as the unvisioned path he trod on, Cromwell. I have no doubt but some of those students in Glasgow University that were listening to Mr. Bonar Law's address would feel like Socrates when he visited the great seat of learning, Athens. He went there to read what the poets had written, and heard what the politicians, like Bonar Law, had to say in Athens. Well, when he read what the poets had written, and heard what the politicians had said, he came away from that place, and politely said: "I could have said and written those things better myself," and he said, "Life is like an uncharted ocean." The possibilities of human foresight are very limited, but I believe the lives of great and good men all remind us of footprints on the sands of time, which are not alone charts to steer our paths, but beacons illuminating our way towards our destiny and distant shore.

Before these university boys, Bonar Law was still full of the war cry. He said that a foreign prime minister had said to him in the war, "Some fight for compulsion, some from the habit of discipline, but you British fight from a sense of duty." But I would have told those boys that were hearing him, it was better to fight for honor and justice than a duty. We must be proud of our honor before we perform duties, and I think this twentieth century has very nearly annihilated the civilization of the white race, far less its honor.

Christianity teaches "Thou shalt not kill," and so does the Bible command, but these Christians, all of them, as in the barbarian days, prayed for the slaughter of their enemies; and who were their enemies? These Christians, that were fighting against them, all Christians. Then I say, why teach them to be Christians, to murder one another? In all our revolutions and rebellions I can trace this Christian minister and priest, from forefront to the end, of all these risings in the midst of us today, if not directly, indirectly, one finds them there. They teach for the king and the capitalist, the millionaires, proselytes and confiscators. That is, and this is Christianity.

I heard with my own ears, ministers of Christ, praying to their God to destroy the Germans, their enemies, that before, they cherished them in their arms and gave them all the preferences and privileges of their land in England, and when I and my countrymen, refused to fight against these Englishmen's

friends, the Germans, Lloyd George and his government called us traitors because we would not fight against those that were preferred before us. In the City of London, an Irishman had to stand down and make room for a German. Then, because we would not help them to slay their friends, they called us traitors, but if they had taken a referendum vote of the people of Canada, they would have had more traitors than Irishmen, as it proved in Australia.

They had in Australia a few prognostic, self-honoring Welshmen and race worshippers, because Lloyd George was a Welshman and Premier of Great Britain. Such self-honoring Welshmen as Hughes, the Australian premier, through the public press, tried to make the nation believe that all right thinking men believed in the Welshman's policy. But, be sure your sins will find you out, and they found them out in the League of Nation's performance. This alumnus graduate of tactician knowledge, Mr. Bonar Law, Unionist member for a division of Glasgow, he is anticosmetic always, trying to impair and confuse the pure perceptive mind, concentrated upon the future, that is sifting carefully the chaff from the grain. He is impairing, if not destroying, the investigations of the beautiful thoughts of the boys, to creep into power by economical tactical conjuring tricks, socially or politically is an act that should be avoided and proceedings that should be abhorred.

How they try to deceive the mass of toilers, by fakish demonstrations of would-be orators upon public platforms, and even deceive at times, the very men that toil and sweat at the bench and mine, with pick and shovel, that now are representing their fellow workmen in that parliament where these fakers perform before them, and actually deceive them. Would you believe me, I would rather watch and listen to a lion tamer or performer, with a revolver firing off over the lion as they gaze, seated looking at him with awe as that fire illuminated over their heads.

It reminds me of the British House of Commons where you have to listen to these manipulators and conjurers for their salaries' sake to hold office for their own interest and their friends' interest, when they began to fire off this rhetoric that deceives even these members that have and do conceive a little about their own conditions.

These rhetoricians, as Bonar Law terms them himself, are but fire rockets. You will see he knows himself, for guilt is so jealous of itself that it spills itself in fearing to be spilled. So you will see by this Bonar Law's oration, that suspicion haunted his guilty mind. He himself, was exploding these fire rockets before these students in Glasgow, that

goes into space, as he did at Blenheim on the Irish question.

No freedom of speech, no hearing of the rights of man, no recognition of justice for small nations—Ireland couldn't be allowed to govern herself because three races resided there, different in religion and customs, but Canada, where this Bonar Law claims to hâle from, has about ten or twelve different nationalities and races, and all kinds of religions, and they are trusted to govern themselves. Why? Because they lie alongside that country, the United States of America, of which they are a part of that continent, that fought seven years for their freedom against England and conquered them, and took their homes and nation. They know Canada, if she wanted freedom, would be set free by America, therefore they don't interfere with her.

But that little Isle, Ireland, is at the mercy of that tyrannical people, the English, Saxon and Dane that alienated with this Dutch-Saxon race that is ever a thorn in the flesh of these poor Irish people. As I have said, and as Christ said, there is no getting away from these people but by the shedding of blood. Without the shedding of blood there is no redemption in this world. The Alliance believed in it when they went to war with Germany. Germany believed in it when they went to war with France and Britain. But they say I should be arrested for sedition because I say so.

But they are the Jew and the Gentile of today that were the Jews and Gentiles of Christ's time, when they said, "Away with Him from the face of the earth, such a fellow should not live when He said so," and they crucified Him for saying and believing so.

Now, as I said before, Irishmen must get away from their minds this fear of hell forever, and ever which is not, and of a heaven in another world, which is impossible. Here in this flesh and in this world is both the heaven and hell and no other, therefore is this desired power of autocracy catered for by them, for the heaven that is to be possessed in this world, and to blind your eyes about the recompense of the deeds performed in this world, in another, is to my mind, damnable blasphemy, and should not for a moment, be considered by any right-minded, thinking man. If I am a malefactor against the people that are toiling and sweating for their daily bread, shed my blood and show no mercy towards me. Here is the hell and the heaven.

Some have a heaven by living on other people's toil and bloody sweat; others have a heaven by earning their bread by the sweat of their brow; others have a hell, and make a hell for interfering with the toilers' and laborers' hire, reducing the toilers' wages for this heaven on earth, getting himself hated by his

neighbors. All my life, from a child, I could see this heaven alongside this hell. Side by side they stand and fall, but believe me, the true heaven here is justice, no matter what way that justice is imparted, if it is just. As the Evil One says: "Misconception overwhelms me; the tread of my feet I cannot discern; hell and the grave is mine."

Repentance is like the spendthrift's sigh, it hurts by easing. We may regret and feel sad, but the weight of the burden increases. Hell and the grave is never full, nor never will be while this planet lives in space. We may invent sentences to pronounce the meanings we desire to express, but by all the manipulating phrases, man's technical skill can devise, and with all the ways and means that he takes to demonstrate, he cannot combine justice with unrighteousness nor engrain right with wrong. Justice is an act of feeling, distributed from the heart's pulses' action of admiration for the beauty and equality of the beings like Himself, and also to elevate the creatures that cannot express themselves with such emotions.

But time is moving so fast that I feel compelled to limit it and proceed with my life, as I have come through it.

On May 11th, 1908, I left this bedlam, and about three miles away I approached a stone quarry, where there were some men working, and I went into the quarry and asked the boss for a job. He was an Irishman, from Manchester, England, and I saw he had a tie around his neck, white and green, with shamrocks on it. I knew he was a fearless Irishman when he wore that tie on his neck, because all around that district were Orangemen, King's supporters, and Cromwell's autocrat heart, although they were slaves as well as us, yet they worshipped that despot. He gave me a job and I started to work to fill hutches of stone and wheel them forth in a barrow to the hutches, which is a very hard job and sore on the hands.

This was at a place called Bellagowan, County Down, Ireland, near Belfast. The stones were to build a new dock in Belfast, Scott & Middleton, were the contractors, and I worked there till the dock needed no more stones. I boarded with one Michael Martin, a man that worked on the Comber Section of that line. His wife and he were very kind to me. Her people were small farmers and very industrious, and these little side depots or stations on the track. At this one, their master's name was McKee, an Orangeman, and like himself, his wife was busy going round trying to make disturbances amongst the Irish people, as all these Ulster-Scots do when wanting their positions and possessions in that country.

She asked me what I thought of Mrs. Martin, "but I could see through her, and I told her Mrs. Martin and her husband were decent people, and so they were, but just after talking to me about them, she went straight away and told them what I said about them, but I did not mind it, or about her stories in the least. I was leaving in the train that night for Newrey and it was the month of July when I started for that town.

They were preparing for the celebration of that Dutch marauder, King William that crossed the Boyne, this Ulster-Garrison of Scotch and English, with other cosmopolitans and migrates from the British Isles, and at every siding, it was a boon for the railway companies by the transferring of these Royal Irish Constabulary from one place to another, along these tracks where these Orange celebrations are to be held. The railway companies receive their remuneration from the poor taxpayer of the country, that takes no part in this celebration, and in a great many cases, abhor them. This is English Rule in Ireland, by nominated officials from Dublin Castle, the English Garrison getting up parades and demonstrations in that persecuted country to make the peaceable peasant and taxpayer pay for the transfer of military and constabulary from place to place, and town to town, a peasantry that has no desire to see such demonstrations far less take part in them, are compelled to be taxed for the pleasures and temptations of these barbarous pagan worshippers, Ulster-Scots, with a blend of that square headed English, Dutch-Saxon, that is as stubborn as the bull himself.

As I passed every station en route from Down Patrick to Newrey, there were all the preparations for pagan demonstrations of these barbarian kings, but when I arrived in Newrey, a new ray of light appeared. It was the Fourth of July, the Star Spangled Banner of the new world, floated gently over our heads, along Main street of that frontier town of Newray—thankful for the land that is free to our exiles, a home on a foreign shore, in the midst of civilization and justice, among a generous people, without prejudice or hypocrisy; there, hand in hand, the world o'er, do brothers be, for a' that.

In the town of Newray, I stopped a day to see some acquaintance that was working for a friend of mine, but when I saw them I longed to get away from them. They were ignorant of sociability, and no conception of human assimilation, blindly lead; I perceived the days of my boyhood were gone, and I felt to get away from them would be the Aurora daybreak, of a brighter dawn. I left them and went into a barber's shop and got my moustache shaved off. In there were a lot of the

barbarous Orangemen, and the barber, a red-headed Dane or Saxon, was one himself.

I was a little lame because of these Orangemen, as I said before, broke my leg, when young, in Scotland. One of them said: "Our dóg was a lame dog, but he was a good ratter,"—that was me he meant; this analogy did not offend me because I knew the dog was man's best friend, but he little knew that I was the dog that was hunting Orange rats like him out of Ireland, and I have completely destroyed their nest in Belfast, and as I watched an old grain ship going on fire in Belfast Lough, the rats all made for the shore, but could not reach it. They were all drowned beside their nests, and so will these.

I left there and went to a humble eating house and had a bowl of broth. There was a low, mean pimp there, living, I suppose, upon her body. She was the same name as myself, Mooney, but when I had done eating he came over to me and tried to get into my pockets, but poor girl, she implored him to leave me alone, and he did so.

I then went up the street and went into a public house; the mistress of it it was a very highly educated Irish-American, and my mind being open, she knew to a certain extent what I appreciated and liked to enjoy, so she told me she was not long over from America, and how she liked the country. She was a beautiful woman, in physique and expression. Her electric powers held me in her demonstrations of life, of how it is, and how it would be, as she believed, by seeing, feeling and hearing. I enjoyed the time there till my train was leaving Newray for Greenore, and when I arrived at Greenore I went forward to the book-stall to get some newspapers to read, and there were a lady and a gentleman standing at the stall, and they knew it was I that King Edward and the royal Campbells killed the people about to get the money, and that lady and gentleman passed some insulting remarks about the murder of Mary Jane Kelly in Whitechapel Road, London, that I was like a Whitechapel butcher.

But they made a mistake concerning me and I told them so. I said if Lord Eran and young McBride of High Park bleachfields, Belfast, with Bob and Tom Fitzsimmons, if this crowd were going about killing people in London and Belfast I had nothing to do with them; it was apart from my knowledge, and I detested, the accusation; and took the paper and went down the gangway onto the Greenore boat for Holyhead, in Wales, on the fourth of July, 1908. I bid adieu to my native land and almost my native town, Newray.

I landed in Wales with 11 shillings in my pocket and going over on that boat there was a young prepossessing Irish lad singing gaily and heartily, and he said "A short life and a

"merry one," but I interposed and told him to use economy both in money and life, for both travel fast, and they are not street cars, once past, you cannot catch another in a few minutes. I had not myself, at that time, but 11 shillings to carry on to where I might get work, so I resolved to walk to Cardiff and take my chance of getting a day's work on the road.

It was July and all nature seemed aglow; I walked at anything from 27 miles a day to 34 miles, till I got to Cardiff. I often, to save the little I had, went into farmhouses and asked for work, and if I could not get any, I would often ask for a drink of milk or a piece of bread, which many a time I was glad to receive at the hands of some good woman or man. At night I would lie down at the side of a haystack and make my bed and blankets of the hay. When I took a bunk for the night in one of these Welsh towns where tramps put up for a night's rest—and there were plenty of those little beds in a small room, close, side by side—8 cents a night—and my mind being open, made it very hard for me to pass through, and it was a very frequent occurrence for some of these ignorant people to curse me, because of the voices of Sir Colin Campbell's prostitute daughter that come from them, and these were within their hearing around them. It affects everyone around me, no matter where I am, but I took no notice of them and pursued my way.

In some of the little towns I came across Scotchmen wandering around, that are ever on the road to fame, like Bonar Law, but had never reached the pinnacle. I met one, a compositor of newspapers in a little town. He had found a little job on a small journalist's paper, and by his little experience of travel, he had found out what it meant to be hard up against hunger and thirst. He had some cheese and tea to share with me. I was glad at the time to share with him also, in a humble, generous way. I bade him good morning after we had discussed of our past experiences in Scotland and England.

I proceeded on, but I say Wales is the most isolated part of England, lonely and self-preserving, tranquil, silent, save for the murmuring brooks and streams they call rivers. The peasantry are squatted apart on the hillsides and valleys; in some parts, save for the bleating of the sheep and the bellowing of the ox or cow, man seemed a lonely pine. Their little towns are forlorn and deteriorated, a place that would not rest the weary for its solitude, nor rejoice the warbler that has to fly from place to place for variations of scenes and nature. It is a calm retreat for the dying or the dead.

I passed along hillsides and valleys and dales, gazed upon the sloping hillsides, and

saw there the pheasants and other birds caged in cots of confinement for the lordly master's use. I saw there, the poachers and the coal miners wait their chance to kill and steal them for a luxurious meal. I have met and conversed with both the beggar and the thief. I have drunk and eaten with the pedlar that carried on his back and arms the wares that he sold, or changed for meat and clothes. I have seen and listened to the brawls of the wife or paramour.

In these cheap tramp lodgings, I inhaled on my way from town to town, about their misdeeds and unfaithfulness to one another in that religious spirit of suspicion that always haunts the guilty mind. I looked upon the whitewashed cot with its thatched roof, and the ivy woodbine twined around its door and walls. In one such cottage I, myself, was raised and born. By the wayside, in this same Wales, I have received bread and cheese to eat, and milk to drink. I also asked a drink by the way and was pointed to the river stream to go and get one.

Hospitality in Wales is like the soil in every land; there are barren spots and rich spots. It is so with the hearts of man and woman; some are rich with charity, others are impoverished and miserable, but charity and humility is a sample of love, that by the force of too many calls upon it, will kill itself in its own too much, and I have no doubt that Wales, so limited to industries and nothing to live upon but land production and the fruit of the field, the people have a minimum and maximum to go by and guide them, so that an experienced traveller must read between the lines, concerning their hospitality, as migrants are a general flow or current at certain times of the year, from Ireland, especially around harvest time, that these small farmers will be called upon very often to assist this kind of tramp, and they cannot always be taken out of their little store.

In my travels, I met many kinds of men in that little country, Wales, some barbarous, some of the knavish type, and laborers of all kinds, but their country towns, BIlth, Newtown, Carnarvon, and many others, are very uncivilized, a people with a custom and ideal that are arctic to a traveller and foreign, European and Pacific ideas. There is as much variation between theirs and American ideas as there is between Chinese and Africans. You have to act with them and do as they do or else you are as foreign as a Hindoo, in cohesion with their ideas. They are superstitious and distrustful, watching and doubting all the time, an outward show of civilization, readers of old histories and bunk tradition that has made them skeptic, and round-headed Puritans that never varies and should not do so.

They are a resigned, homogenous kind of creature that never changes, and think they should not do so; confined to beliefs they think original, and should not be diverted from; and intoxicating drinks drive them crazy like American Indians, and just as dangerous, and like Lloyd George, if they do get a little glimpse of light, they are fanatics and they think they are the sun himself.

We here enumerate ourselves but we must humor them to hold them in subjection to reason. As the great Ingersoll says, according to the space we travel over, so is the largeness of our brain power. Little Wales is confined, so is its brain power, for perception. Reading about and the whereabouts is one thing, of acts and deeds performed, but seeing them performed is the cause of reaction and reconstruction within the brain and hence the emancipation of the human mind. These confined people, in small islands, no matter what they have read, without seeing demonstrated before their eyes, are always doubtful and it cannot be otherwise. We must see and feel it is the whole truth.

I journeyed on till I came to the town of Martha; it is a good sized town but times were very bad then and the Steel works were closed down and mining was very dull. Keir Hardy, a coal miner from Ayrshire, Scotland, was member of Parliament for that town. It a little, seemed to me to be more enlightened than any other town in Wales, but previous to this I stopped all night and Sunday at an hotel in a little town they call Bangor on the coast in Wales. It was a widow who kept it, and there was a funeral went by there on Sunday, and coming back, they all partook of dinner there and had a little refreshments, and the inspector of police came in to see if they were all travellers, and told the mistress he would have to be very strict with her, and she cried, but it was because I was open and these royal Campbells could hear all around where I was, so that the people had to be careful, not for fear, but to look after their business.

I noticed in that little village hotel, men who seemed to me to be writing history, or some other romance, men with intelligent expressions upon their face, with a Poet Laureate expression, I gazed over the sea and watched the rippling waves over the face of the waters beneath me, and with exultation, listening, I heard the wind hustling the leaves of the bushes around me, and the passing clouds in their aurora glow. The day was wakening up, the birds were singing forth their songs of joy. I thought I had awakened up from a great dream, but it was Daniel on a beautiful beach or shore, an exile, alone in a strange land, surrounded by hills and mountains on one side, with golden rays

above, the rushing waves of a flowing tide below; the blessings of a calm and peaceful rest, save for the filthy corrupted, bloody germs of royal filth, that warred against the pure blood of my body, that circulated through my veins. There was hell in the midst of heaven for me, which is the only hell that ever man shall know, here or hereafter.

I proceeded along that shore and up to my right, I could see the quiet, whitewashed residence that once the greatest speaker and thinker of his time, who, I have no doubt, did suffer in his meditations, in his considerations for the human beings of mankind—Mr. Gladstone, all honor to his name. Lincoln passed the Emancipation Bill for the black slaves of America when he was acting his term of president, which means the position of king, but Mr. Gladstone, when acting under the jurisdiction of a king, passed the Home Rule Bill for Ireland, though the king's autocrats threw it out. He proved to the world he meant it to pass because he raised an enthusiasm for home rule that never had taken hold of the people before, of his own followers, and the Irish Home Rulers were aroused by him, and still are, to almost fanaticism, which I prove by foresight and consideration, and that great and glorious grand perception of the human mind.

When I travelled through that country, Wales, and saw their miserable existence and their struggling for a living, I still wonder how such a reptile could come forth to persecute mankind, and it seems to me, even these Trades Unions should be careful, and not let the near-sighted, narrow-minded Welshman get possession of their financial positions. Narrow mindedness hales from little possessions, physical, economical, political, and worse than scientific, which leaves him hopeless, powerless and defenceless, without an art. As is thy heart, so art thou.

I travelled on to Pontipreed, another mining town, and when arriving there I found there was a disaster in one of the pits by gas explosion and they had not got all the bodies to the surface of the ground, and yet there was no terror or fear on the miners' part, going down into the pit again, although there were 125 men lost who lost their lives in that same pit. These are the conditions of life in Wales. These people, between life and death themselves, only exist in degeneration's utmost fear, from day to day, without a surplus to carry forward for old age or sickness, and days of acute oppression, simply because their circumstances are allotted to them in such condition and such a state, with no experience in or through life of other countries, conditions of sustenance and existence.

Therefore, their ignorance and isolation from these facts, leaves them incapable of even using their franchise acquisitions in any part of the empire, but themselves. For this reason alone they are not fit to vote and take part in the settlement of the Irish question; neither are the Scotch nor the English. They are all remote and befogged concerning the conditions of that poor, oppressed country with the exception of a few migrating vultures that hover back and forward in and around our coast. Neither are they—far less—capable of voting and returning members to parliament, to legislate or make laws for the people of India, Egypt, Africa, and other little dependencies of the British Isles, simply because these people have no conception nor idea of the conditions under which these people exist.

Therefore, they are governed by a nominated body that is selected in the British parliament, from partly no experience of the conditions and existences of these people.—simply because they were elected to the parliament by a vote of the British electorate, that knew and conceived nothing outside the British Isles, concerning these peoples of other lands, only from a dictating British press, that befores and blinds the eyes and deceives the ears of the untravelled and misinformed elector. Therefore, any sane man can see that the commercial men of Britain by their nominations, directly and indirectly, are the government of India and Egypt, Africa, and other dependencies, no matter what kind of electors, when the electors have no material knowledge about these countries, because as I said before, they know nothing about the conditions of the people in these countries.

When it is so that the electors of any ruling country do not know and thoroughly understand the conditions of these countries their parliament is governing, that they have elected, it is those electors' duty to notify their governments that they are ignorant and uninformed upon the conditions of these countries that they are governing through their votes, and should be handed over to the people in these countries that understand their own conditions as we understand ours. In these conditions, lie the root of the evils today in our midst.

Self-preservation is the life of mankind, therefore nations must be left to work out their own salvation; if not, a man is a slave and prefers death to it. Freedom to realize and to devise, build up and renovate, is the sole preserver and generating energy from the brain of common sense.

Now, I landed in this country, Canada, about 1909-1910 from the Clyde in Scotland, and I located at a place they call St. Mary's in Ontario. I was just one year there till there

came a General election for the Federal Government and I had no vote, and I remember well hearing and reading the addresses of a good many of their returned members that defeated Mr. Laurier's government, and Mr. Borden was their newly elected leader. Their whole demonstration was "Protection," as it is too with the man Meighen, Borden left in his place to act as Premier till this election would be over.

Well, that government of 1911 would have no Reciprocity nor arrange any levelling up of tariffs in any way with the United States government at Washington, and I took note of their, or Borden's policy of Protection at their meetings. Me, being an exile and a sufferer from my motherland, I certainly did not take much interest in the election, nor neither do I today, but just to show the ideas of the British electors and their progeny in Canada, I said to a few of them I thought it was not very beneficial to the Old Country, far less to the United States. They told me it was good for the Old Country because it would give them more work in Canada and they could come out here. "Yes" I said, "quite true, but do you not consider a man in the Old Country is under better climatic conditions, and lives longer, than he would be here in Canada, with a climate divided into two seasons, instead of four."

I said to my Canadian friends, "You erect your flour mills, and manufacture your wheat into flour, shorts and bran. While you do this you take away an amount of manufacturing and labor from the Old Country that never can be recaptured again. This will cause unemployment, to millers, teamsters dock laborers, clerks, and many others, lawyers, doctors, and the rest of them, not speaking of the engineers and iron and steel workers, that you will have to keep up by a tariff wall that one day will be uncemented and come crumbling down, to your own loss."

"I know you have minerals of all kinds, but to be honest, to yourselves and myself, let me tell you they are inferior kinds and hard to procure. The minerals of Canada are so expensive to reach and obtain in the backwoods of bush and rocky mountains, with lakes and valleys to span and bridge over, with no scientific knowledge of assurance that the expenditure would be recapitulated in return, after risking these adventures to obtain this supposed wealth or so-called treasures.

"I have seen and heard of the race or rush to the Klondyke, and with its end now at Dawson City, with an isolated village among the hills of that dark country. If this wealth was easily and cheaply procured, then they could protect it with a mite, but I say, with their climatic variations, and such expensive production to attain wealth of this kind, is to

my mind a delusion, and to hear men talking of the vastness of the country, and that it could maintain a hundred millions, I would like to see them squatted over the rocks and mountains of British Columbia, and Northern Ontario, 40 below zero.

These dreams may convert the untravelled and ignorant, misconceptive thinker, but believe me, he will pay the penalty of being blindly lead. In this new country, Canada, we have not alone the grafters and manipulators of Great Britain, but we have got from all parts of the world, these vulture birds. They are garbed with all the outward show of honesty and respectability, with all the civic airs of instruction and generosity belonging to their craft, whether it be the Free Masons or Orange fraternity, blended with the Odd-fellows, the Sons of England, Saint Andrew, Saint John, and Company, they are all there, to share in the spoil of the vultures' prey, and if you are a world traveller, you will find yourself at home in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal.

As I was about to say, you will find yourself at home in these places, so far as sharkism and vulturism is concerned.

The European, Asiatic, African and Australian are all represented here, and from these centres, are spread over the prairie plains, with all kinds of samples of wares and commodities amongst the settlers that neither know their worth nor stability, and these peasants are from all parts of Europe, with different ideas, different conceptions, and like ourselves, with different powers of conception having no knowledge of the profit these travellers receive for their services in representing for the transfer of those commodities, in addition to the producer's prices. They have no further information than the daily or weekly paper that in cases of big syndicates of manufacturing concerns they, themselves, are shareholders in a great many journals and papers that do their advertising, and write their blustering letters of praise about their goods, the expense of production to them, and how cheap they sell.

This belongs to the graft and the peasant does not know it; poor peasant; he is a long way from production and does not know the cost of it, and if he complains of the price, there and then, he will produce this paper or journal and show him the honesty of his deal with him, and this is the paper that corroborates these sharks or grafters.

Well, now, we have in these villages another kind of grafter or shark, that travels from town to town, or village to village, with his picture show, that soaks them of all their spare dollars and dimes on a Saturday night.

Last but not least, the preacher comes to their little wooden church on Sunday, and

tells them he is a missionary arrived from some foreign country or some large city. He demonstrates before them the horrors he has seen in these great cities or countries; he pictures Dante's horrible description of hell and the dreadful horror awaiting the wicked, while he himself, with a hideous eye, is watching the collection plate as it goes round, to see if he will have sufficient to carry him on to the next hospitable village, that is kind to strangers, and woman, with her belief in divinity, always wooed man after her desire, which I see on the prairie today, is the curse of the peasant's themselves. The women dictating to men, have completely upset him, in many cases, of his buying and selling, even with our supposed wise men.

It has been said: "Women, be subject to your husbands," but where there is money and means today, the ministers and priests say to the husbands' wives, "make him be in subjection to you and me." That is the teaching of that hypocritical church, of Catholics and Protestants, today, and the dogmas of these churches have not alone degenerated the white race, but they have proceeded further, into the Red race that cometh after, also the Black race they have inculcated, and this Bible is such wretched food for Secret societies, that life is in the greatest danger, because not alone the villiation of these symbols and signs is dangerous to life, amongst themselves but it is a source of danger to those that do not belong to their craft and that are correlated with and to them. This Bible should be burned.

Now, as to the Dominion government, it is simply and wholly a British document handed over to the Dominion by a British government, with Senate nominated, without election by the people, for the people, and always in important cases, especially financially, they have to apply to the British government.

I say, no matter what any man says, or any body of men, that it is not self-determination, but I also say, if the majority of the people of the Dominion like it and perfer it before self-determination, with all good luck to them, let them have it, but it is not my love, but I always believed in majority rule in one country, separated by water, without the name of dependence being attached to it. I hate the name of this 'dependence.' It was the custom in big London amongst the people of that city, when I lived in it in the '90s, when their old father that worked hard to raise them up in life, got old and infirm and unable to work any longer, they detested their father to depend upon them and they put him into the workhouse for somebody else to keep him, so that you will see these English people in the great city surrounding the great parliament of their

country, where their laws were made, did not like even their father as a dependent subject, and yet these English people want Ireland to do for them what they themselves, would not do for their own fathers—support them.

Now, I must describe the population of Canada as I believe it to be. It is composed, economically speaking, of the surplus or refuse of all the European nations. As all nations, as you are aware, in the transfer of their productive commodities, utilize the good material at home, and export abroad the surplus of their useless goods, so it is with the surplus of their useless population. This is what Canada is composed of today, and amongst these fibres of different samples, there is a great variation of thought about ideals and actions, and coming out as they have done to these prairies and provinces, from their dark superstitions in European countries, is a very hard proposition to assimilate and consolidate them.

Every township is a colony and a government in its own ideas, and its own superstitions, and mostly all related to one another by marriage and some kind of friendship. They seem to take no notice nor knowledge of anything outside their own kin; and suspicious of any outside knowledge or instructions. They watch the passing by their houses of every strange person on their way, by the road, and can tell you almost exactly who owns the wagon and the team, so with the superstitions of Europe affecting them, transported as they are over a prairie desolate plains, there is not much hope of inculcating into them the knowledge of evolution ascending, for some time to come, and this ignorant superstition, without the knowledge of perception, I must say is found among all British settlers and French settlers, as well as from other parts of Europe.

At the dinner table they are almost gruesome; they know nothing about manners or respectability, or politeness and gentleness, far less generosity, or respect for the old. The British returned soldier is the most billingsgate amongst them, a pestilent weed, and some of my own race—the Irish—for they are not all lambs of the one fold, with acts of audacity and effrontery to me to behold, but this kind of Irish are an amalgamation, a mixture of many kinds. If there were a dozen of these British subjects together in the country, Canada, and they mostly came from the east where the supposed wise man came from—Ontario and the Maritime Provinces—when they wash their faces they wash them with their dirty hands coming out of the cow stable, instead of washing their hands first and throwing out the dirty water after, and then take clean water to wash their face in. If I would be

third, as I often have been third or fourth into the wash stand at dinner in the harvest time, as I naturally was trained to do when I was young, if there were two or three waiting when I came in, I certainly stepped to one side and let the persons be served that were in before me, but when I did that here in Canada, they never recognized what was taking place and they rushed to the stand to wash, like a lot of cattle at a trough.

While sitting at dinner they never cease talking about what somebody had done in the field, or something done wrong, or something done well. The attendant at the table had something to tell; all the time we were eating, there was some one of them talking, no respect for anything, and much ado about nothing. This is the truth about this surplus of creatures shipped out here from Great Britain, a nation that poses of and about her wealth of knowledge and culture in that evolving train of ascending, have I say, degenerated.

This Canada cannot be re-cast and consolidated now, from prejudice, race hatred and bigotry, physically, economically and morally. In the investment of capital there is mistrust; in economical dealings there is prejudice. In all moral transactions there will be favor shown with this indirect tug of war going on, with sects and crafts. There will be no sound nor stable trades of industry; all will be unstable and a lottery. Commerce shall fail; tariffs shall rise and fall, and as Shakespeare says about love, there will be nothing at a like goodness still. And these troubles do not rest here.

All nations and people reap what they sow. The enmity and hatred of Britain against America is only a slumbering fire that reposes when Britain is in her weakness and distress, but that fire originated in the dwarfed, deformed offspring of egotism, and burns on in weak and exhausted hearts like Vesuvius that puffs out now and then, the slime and nuisance from its nostrils. It is wonderful, and at the same time, awful to hear Britishers, even men with means that are and have been citizens of the United States, gushing out with vehemence in furious expressions of contempt, in blasphemy against the American people, that if the American people only heard them and realized it as I do, they would not alone put on tariffs against them but they would also prohibit the poison from landing on their shores, to keep the vermin from eating them, simply because they obtain no power nor authority over the people of that country, who fought for their freedom and liberty against them and won it, and the very germs and essence of that cankered defeat lies in the Orangeism embedded in On-

tario, as they told me themselves, the Lungs and others, they flew there from Philadelphia and the Delaware and Bunker Hill.

I know the Canadians will not like to swallow these statements, far less the crushing Britisher that never could take defeat with generosity and shake hands, because he was taught to understand he was wrong and weak. I never was so mean in all my life as to suck a man's blood, and it was because I was in union with him—that is Britain in Ireland, that is Britain at Washington, in America, with her delegation of a League of Nations, because she is weak and sucked America for her wealth, and now owes her eight thousand million pounds that she will never be able to pay. No wonder Lloyd George blusters about "We are one people with one language and the same race." These were such farcial statements.

We do, and the Americans do speak the same language, but in the love for that language or a desire for it, the American, German, Russian, Austrian, Italian, French, Spanish, and even the Dutch do not like it. Balfour and Cecil and Lloyd George remind me of the musician realizing the emotional strings of nature, how they might revibrate them and draw a throb from the weakest string. This is how they think they will succeed at Washington Conference with their League of Nations, or rather their league of plunderers and brigands.

When this bulldog animal commits himself and is afraid of his master, how he lies down beside him and crouches up to him and wags his tail. It is something humiliating but it courts pity. If Mr Harding doesn't dispense with them very quickly, he will fall into the trap they led Wilson into, not alone expenditure, but even the danger of his own life. Why not hold this Conference in London, where all Babylonian forces are performed; their mints are empty now and they think the closer they stick to Washington, the better hope there is for more. If George Washington had been living today there would have been no Washington Conference.

I am just after reading the proceedings of a British and Irish Conference, and also the proceedings of Lloyd George's address to the House, and the conduct of the representatives of the British people while listening to that address about this Conference. Some of the members called Mr. Collins one of the Irish members of the Conference; a murderer, because he was a commander of the Irish Republican army. I say that was an honorable man to represent the Irish Republic at conferences like these—simply because he regarded not the loss of his life, either in the field of battle or on the scaffold, nor the decay of his body within the British

prison walls, and I firmly believe the British member that called him a murderer, was himself one and a coward and a member of some Orange or Freemason craft.

Believe me gentlemen, who read this book, you would be safer among the wild tribes of Africa or any part of India, than trust yourselves amongst any of these secret societies, Freemasons, Orangemen, Oddfellows, or any of these crafts that have taken their signs and symbols from this Bible. There are, as Bob Ingersoll says, so many who do not understand the Bible, and no two men understand it alike. It is what I call a wretched compilation of different men's opinions that never should have been grouped together, some of them, designs devised to deceive the people in their time; some of them to expose the people's wickedness, just as it is today—men writing books to hide crimes and some exposing crime, but that man Christ said, "Can you not discern the signs of the times."

Geology compels me to compare the past writers with the present, and draw an inference, which compels me to believe the Bible is not what it is represented to be, spiritual or inspired, and in its exposition it is blasphemous. Its records are bloody, deceitful, superstitious miracles, blasphemous and whorish, and to substantiate all lies, a miracle is performed. This is my opinion, you can form yours, and bear in mind you have to consider the state these people were living in, in the days and times these books were written, they call the Bible. They were in a state of heathenism and immoral barbarism. I want you to understand it was the Jews who wrote those Books and handed them down to us, after many revisings both by them and the Christians, whether Jew or Gentile.

When I took to my biology of the Jews, when they knew nothing about science or astronomy save from the conjuring Chaldeans, stargazers, I have investigated their train from Moses, the first lawmaker, up to the present day, and I cannot find a scientist nor a true investigator, in this transfer and march of time, I can see little or no progress of the Jews. They have clung to these old books of superstition, conjuring and miracles, written by their prophets. They are as slow to move as Rome herself, that is the mother of all the dogmas. Their evolution is slow to invent and to go forwards. They work hard in all the textile trades and are business men in many lines of these productions.

They are, and always were, good dealers, and know how and when to take advantage of the unperceiver. Their train of progress seems to have stopped and seems to be at the Great Terminus. There is, I know, indirect capital invested by them in many big

syndicates and companies of enterprise, but as a whole, they are speculators or dealers, which always depends on the pioneer, which is a game of chance in this Canada. In some places it has advanced, but what I can see of these advancements, it was the mingling and assimilation of and with the American people that helped out these advancements, not alone in the tilling of the soil, but also their scientific inventions in the machinery to till the soil with.

I am amused at Britishers when they come out here. They tell me the Old Country has got the good mechanic, but America has got the tools and machinery. Well, now I can see that is a naive expression to enable him to gain access to his craft in the labor market of this part of America. It is a silly course to pursue because when he does enter the market of his craft in the workshop, there he shall stand or fall. His work shall be tried and tested in many a fiery furnace. There his self admiration destroys him.

Then, again, if America has got the tools and machinery, they must also have the brain power to devise the means and ways of construction of these tools, and without that demonstrating power, we have no mechanic, and if a British craftsman takes up time to dress and polish what manual labor can do at the emery stone, the handy man with the paint brush, his craft will run him out of business, and his technical illustrations by his tongue, will be unheard as unworthy material to utilize or construct from.

Here is another thing I notice among the European settlers, outside the British domain, their mother tongue is so hard to dispense with when they assemble together; they seem to be so happy in expressing it and more at home in their joy of feeling, and compelled as they are to speak the language of their adopted country, which I believe is right to do. They still feel a pleasure in their own, and I think the reason is, anything not compulsory is the most enjoyed, but these provincial governments are so rude and uncultured themselves, in the majority of their representatives it is so, but on the other hand, there are a few, as Ghorki said, over-educated and would improve and adorn the upper chambers of the Federal House, but the trouble is, the provincial parliament is elected by different races, different sects of races.

What the people in my day term education, is if you can write a nice handwriting, or be able to read the newspapers with a nice air, blended with a little elocution, whether you, or rather, they understand it or not, and I hear men using phrases that if you were to ask them the meaning of them, they could not tell you until they would look up in the

dictionary. Now these kinds of men, broadly speaking, are illiterate and do not understand the meanings of a great many sentences. What I term an educated man is one who can trace the meaning of every sentence, from its source or origin, to its base, and in this travel from source to base, there are some pauses and considerations to define the right meaning to be utilized in demonstration by the expression of speech. The derivations must be realized by many sensations and feelings of thought.

Now you will be aware how little effect the teachings of such an education would have upon the people of Canada with so many variations of thoughts and feelings, joined as they are, with the effects of their Old Country, always making comparisons and drawing inferences from the two, to prove which system or custom was the best, and until they have proved the worth of the one and the deficiency of the other, they will not act.

A new country is a difficult country, and a strange people in a strange country are hard to consolidate. I think without so many grafters, it economically would have been a great deal better, and I hope the Canadians will come to see and realize that these migrants, from Great Britain, no matter of what kind, are vulture birds seeking the fruits of office in every village and town and city. They devour the prey and take it with them directly, and indirectly, and remember your native-born should be your civic councillors and your administrators. Their, or your Federal government should, on your own native soil, be born, also your senate and all men that hold economical government offices, so that you will know the nature of your own plants and flowers. The frost and snow will chase those Britishers south, but the Canadians will brave the storm and the blizzards' blasts and smile when the cyclones fly.

I have perceived and taken notice of most of the colonies of Great Britain, France and Germany, and believe me it is an uphill struggle there, both for the government and the settlers that are landed there. The government of these colonies wants to make something out of them there. These settlers are the government's investments, and if they do not pay the interests on these investments by their production and taxation which accumulate from their toil and labor, if it does not succeed, the government will leave them as a liquidated concern, to work out their own will, because they cannot afford to lose. They put you there as a speculation, as a surplus population to ease their taxation at home, in the hope that they might profit by you. You are outlanders because you are planted in a country foreign from the land

of your nativity, and the sooner you realize it the better for yourselves, and if the land of your adoption is more enlightened than yours, get into touch with the people around you and co-operate with them for your own good. You have to live there and make the best of life amongst them, and your children born there should be the first, along with the natives, to hold all important positions in the government of the state, independent of the nation that planted you there.

No one but the natives and patriots are the true lovers of home, and the springs from every native soil should water and nourish fruits of their own land. The springs are the knowledge and wisdom their sons shall bring forth, and the population of the country is the seeds that shall be watered and nourished by the wisdom and knowledge that shall be diffused and spread amongst them. There they shall grow like green bay trees, and their children, like the roses, shall come forth in their full bloom.

But when alien laws come in amongst you, against your ideals, contrary to your ambitions, forced upon you, with a dislike in your hearts against them, then doubts and mistrusts and fear, with darkness o'erspread the land and hope is gone. "Liberty or death!" is the peasants' cry. Wisdom and knowledge cease to exist. The schoolboys' bell of call rings no more. The pack horse of destruction of the oppressor has entered the land—men, women and children, weeping against wrong and praying for the home where peace shall never end. Such is the existence of the poor and defenceless where an alien oppressor is ruling over them. May the time come when every nation and island shall be made to keep within its own lands and support its own population. There is no bread so sweet to eat as the bread of honest toil. You have oppressed no one for it, you have begged it off no one. It is the fruit of your labor.

Now, here again, in these new countries. I find and see the desire of all these big syndicates and companies to locate in the big cities, which puts a great addition upon every article of commodity, that is transferred to the consumer. This commercial traveller gets a big wage, with the storekeepers' profits in the village or town he is located in—with these, and the profits that lie between the producer and the merchants, and the profits between the merchants and the storekeepers. Now, the question is, how are those peasants that are as varied and separated in their national ideas about the conditions in which they live, as the different commodities the merchants sell to them are varied, so are they, and unable to devise means of protection. Why, the profits derived from these

goods between the middleman, the merchant, the sample traveller and the storekeeper, overruns the cost of these goods; when all is done and the goods delivered they realize the true facts, and that is, that they have been paid for twice over, and no remedy, because they are not consolidated. This is the cause.

The government is to blame. Why? Because some of themselves are shareholders in these same companies and trusts. Now, you might think it strange, although these peasants are closely planted together they have still, if not a hatred, a mistrust of one another. The British dislike the French and Germans, and hate the Russians, the Poles, and Galicians and Italians.

These are a compound of variations of ignorant race and sects of semi-civilization, suspicious, with a slight knowledge of the English language, not that I believe that there are not a great many of these foreigners really understand right from wrong, and perhaps could elucidate many subjects scientifically perhaps, in their own language, but to master the meaning of words or sentences, it is a different thing to be able to utilize them, to confirm or disapprove or dispute according to reason, and I think if we were placed in one of these European countries we would make a poor show at their language.

But coming to the real point, I can see a great interlude that mingles these races together—that is sectism—the craft that interludes the English speaking race of Biblical sectism. I could never see it amongst them, and I believe that is the reason they are easily controlled and obey the laws. There is one race given up to fratricide, and that is the Austrian, but it only applies to bigamy cases, in absconding with another man's wife, but apart from this, they are safer subjects to toil by their side than a British Orangeman. They will have no suspicion of you apart from your work, that is, because they have never read the Bible and they do not know the secrets of Moses that killed the Egyptian, nor Jacob, that deceived his brother and sold his birthright, nor David, that put Uriah in the front of the battle with a mad army, to get lying with his wife; and marked the house of Ammoid, put them under saws and iron harrows and cut them up with axes and took their fair women to lie with, and many other murderers and deceivers that are written in their chronicles.

These sects never read that Book, which is well for the population of this country today.

Now, I pity this population. It is not unfairly taxed but it is unfairly favored, because Britain is the pet, this should not be.

This country was opened to immigrants from all parts of the world. Europe was placarded from city to village; when they were good enough to be invited, they should be good enough to be made welcome to stay, by all positions of remuneration should be open to them for competition, if able to fill them without prejudice. They were here before the war, and when Britain fell out with her great friends, the Germans, it is poor spite now, after the war, because of this, to turn around with enmity and prejudice, indirectly to oppress these alien subjects, with no fault of their own; they did not cause it, they took no part in it. I am as guilty as they are, an Irish exile because of my persecutions.

Where the injustice is today, it is caused by the British, in the power invested outside of it, by them indirectly, which holds the halter on the necks of the people. Serfdom is the doom where the Union Jack flies. They will ask, "Why are you under the Union Jack?" Because you would not let me live at home in my native land—that is the answer from me.

Now here is a system in this country prevailing at the present time. The lawyers get hold of the farmers by doing business for them, and they run up bills of debt, and consequence is, the farmer loses his property and gets off the farm, for the lawyer to let out on crop payments that he may get his extortion out of it. The consequence is, so-called farmers join in the contract, and there is not one in twenty succeeds. He generally contracts for a period of three years, and after paying the lawyer his share, he has scarcely sufficient to pay his store bill, and if a bad crop, which generally occurs in these days, he will beg or starve the winter, which is the half of the year. Six months—and with himself alone on a half section, it is a hustle and a bustle to get the crop in, which under these conditions is never properly done. The result is bad crops, and for fear of being unable to meet their due payments, they do all this work without help. The result is the ground is half cultivated, scratched over, and the weeds are in full growth before the seed has taken root in the ground.

The three great prairie provinces are a mass of weeds today because of this system, one man trying to do the work of two men—and what they call summerfallowing, in a good many cases, is worse than fall plowing. In June or July they plow this ground, and make fast a chain or piece of wire to the beam of the plow to hang down by the mould board of the plow so as to catch the weeds and lay them down, so that the share and mould board will turn them down and cover them. But here is what I want you to know:

In every province in Canada we have Experimental Farms equipped with professors, and material to examine and investigate all germs that follow, both the seed from the weeds and from the seed to the weeds, and to find out their destructive powers and how to combat with them, that the good seed may be preserved and utilized for the benefit of mankind, and the filthy and corruptible weeds may be burned and destroyed from the ground.

Now I believe in scientific methods to investigate and find out, but in a great many laboratories of these agricultural classes, there is not much brain power to possess that may be got to occupy the positions. The first object lesson that I learn from these so-called professors is this: They tell the farmer to summerfallow before the seed of the weeds get ripe, but they never told them the seed in the hull that was not ripe, when overturned on the ground, will mature and invigorate and spring up a great plant amongst the good seeds, and choke them, and all farmers I have worked for harbor the opinion of the professor—get the weeds down before the seeds are ripe. These seeds turned over within the hull, young and green, are not dead, they are in evolution process and in their course will come forth.

All summerfallow should be plowed and disced and kept cultivated to the time of seeding. When seeded, it gets rest and all the strength of nature grows with it, and the farmer that doesn't know to seed his ground when warm in spring, before the rain, is a poor farmer indeed, and a farmer that has not got the machinery that he may put his crop in with the required help in the spring before the rains, is no farmer but a scratcher and a fasterer of weeds himself, and Manitoba and Saskatchewan are squatted over with thousands of them.

I define them non-producers, they are self-preservers, and yet in the darkness of suspicion and superstition, alienated to barbarism and linked to the heathen chain, this Canada, no matter what any man says, is as far as culture, refinement and civilization is concerned, with the exception of the learned and the cultured from their mother's knee, that are from the refined of the United States.

In parts of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta there are many sod houses or dens of men's abode, and millionaires, gold seekers that live in the palaces of New York city, have partaken of a refreshing meal in some of these dugouts, but the question I refer to is, this slow process of evolution, ascending. I see the defects, they are these: The mother tongue, her ideals, the Old Country customs of expressing, rude and vulgar expressions, before the children, and the child-

ren have taken hold of their mother's influence before they have reached the elementary schools of this country that makes it hard for the teacher to wean the suckling from its milk of its mother's breast.

These children are in two schools, and a child within the two schools of different thoughts and actions is very hard to convince what path to pursue. It thinks its mother is right, and though taught differently by the teacher, still has the supposition that its mother is right. This is the barrier against all great thoughts of investigation by reason and consideration, instructed by the teacher. If there could be a means of instructing the mothers of how much use they could be to themselves and the children's conditions, if they would keep from the children the thought of conditions of a country they never seen, and perhaps never will see, and if there, would not bide in it, in some cases, twenty-four hours. In later years, the child will read the history of his mother's country, when he has the means to improve his conditions.

I do not object to them, for one moment, learning their mother tongue, which might be of use to them in their financial and economical pursuits through life, but concerning the rude and immoral parts, and refusing to obey and conform to the conditions and consolidations of a land, and in the land of your adoption, is not in consistence with civilization nor evolution, and it is a very difficult task even for the astute teacher to inculcate conception of the subject into their minds, far less, to get them to reason with it.

The child must have first the knowledge and power of thought before he can enter into the subject, to consider and reason with it and if teachers have not realized these facts within their perceptions of the pupils, in and through their teachings and dealings with them, a teacher must realize the cause of all misgivings and all misdoings before he or she can deal with the effects of these misgivings.

The effects of bad morals in school or out of it, is a bad omen and should be despised both by the young and old. The teachers that I see are not fit to teach; they are young, with no experience and have no powers of demonstration, save from a book they read out to the scholars, and when they lay down that book, their knowledge of it is gone and they are unable to detect the defects and separate them from the effects of this cause, that bears out the knowledge from these scholars that would enable them to do right from wrong. Now, like the doctors and lawyers, they are formed into Unions like a Coalition government, which means we can never do wrong, and whether they do all the wrong that can be done by them in their time, and cannot be un-

done after them, that is the question they have been teaching, left incapable of taking their positions in life, that their fathers were expecting to see grow up strong in knowledge and wisdom, a pure and clean fruit separated from the weeds of stupidity and filth.

This is a fact, and notwithstanding all demonstrations to the contrary, by these teachers' friends that are connected indirectly with them, I want no Coalition teachers any more than I want a Coalition government. When they do wrong, there is no way of getting rid of them but by an appeal to the country, which is expensive, and sometimes the country is not educated up to the conditions that exist, which is the cause of putting back the ideals we had at heart and cherished so long; and alongside of this, at election time and before it, every club of every sect holds their conference and considers well their interests from their own point of view, and in these considerations, the Coalition group comes in again. What will you do for our interest? If we vote for you? Well, it comes to the education question. The wealthy know that the elementary schools are but the steps to the door of education and take no notice of them, but simply, and to please the simple one, he makes a great speech on education and demonstrates a glowing picture of what should be done for the masses of the people in these elementary schools, for his own ends. He has succeeded in getting the votes of these people, which places him in the position he wants to get in—in parliament, to look after himself and his craft's interests, that is, his investments. No matter what shape or form they are in, where his treasure is, there will be his heart also.

How hard it is to get a just man. Solomon said he found one in a thousand, but I doubt it. If he reads and practises the Bible, he will soon become deceitful and deceive his brother. How happy are they, and how happy were they, who never read nor heard what the Bible contained. It leads man into the paths of confiscation, bribery and fraud, whoredom and murder. Without it we would never devise evil.

Every race in this country has their good morals and their bad ones, also their passions and instincts, some fast and furious, others slow and reckoning. In all my travels through this country I never found a man I could trust. Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man, he will suffer for it.

The Canadians are, to a certain extent, isolated, their farms are so far apart, but the telephone has greatly improved their condition, and many a time I have heard the husband tell the wife he would take the telephone down if she would not attend to the work of the house; the dinner meal-hour is

twelve o'clock, when in from the fields; they know each other will be in from the fields, and if anyone is going to town, ask them to call for their mail and leave it some place for them. Other places there is a mail delivery and pay the postman from the rates of the township. They have got their boxes on the roadside close to the farm, but a great many townships have no delivery to the settlers that came in last, and over the phone they can discuss the market prices, and if they want any oats or potatoes to loan from one another or if they want an obligation in help with sick horses or cows, or anything necessary, the obligation is discussed there.

Science is the blessing of this land or any other. It keeps from our door the heretic minister and Roman priest. Where none of them are, the people dwell in peace and harmony and good will, but where sectism prevails, the people are in doubt and fear of each other and there is no harmony nor joy in their associations. Mistrust and suspicion is the abode of all sects and schisms. This young country is being destroyed by them and their crafts, enmity, prejudice, suspicion and mistrust, are eating into every class of business, physically, morally, economically, financially, and finally and deplorably, into the political constitution of the country itself, and the people of the country will have to pay the cost.

What is the cost of anything produced? It is not only the value of the skill and labor employed, but it is the cause that brings the results of that production to a successful issue, to be recognized as beneficial to all or detrimental to the whole. If it is detrimental to the end of justice, they will pay the cost, and the worst of it is, it will be those that took no part in producing these defects that will have to pay the costs for their brothers that have left no option, but to face the charge of conviction that his brother has to stand surety for when the costs have to be paid, and the criminal smiles and says to his friends, "I have left my relations all right," and without a thought of evolution's sway about the conditions on the earth, or what change is about to take place, he consoles himself that he and his are all right, and he forgets what a day may bring forth.

Here we have no continuing place, you may seek what you like. This we know and can assure, but to go beyond it is befogging. I declare it is great presumption in anyone to go to the length of saying he knows that he is saved. I affirm that no man can be certain; hanging, as we do, in the balance of thought between these two opinions about this destiny of an eternal existence. It should be the reason and sole reason of man to act right and do justice. This should be the convincing

point of choosing right from wrong, on a straight road that has junctions and cross-ways in connection with it, that when we come in contact with them, they compel us to think and consider where they would lead to.

So it is today, and at no time have men and nations of man, a greater right to decide the path they have to pursue because of the teaching of these sects and schisms, that come in and get off at junctions along the road we travel in the path of life.

Every sect is right and every sect denounces the other sect and says it is wrong in teaching the people to believe in it, each one looking for his gain from the sectism he makes believe is true, and tries to add thereto and when it is a hard proposition to hold together after denouncing one another, like the Lloyd George government, they form a Coalition and they cannot do wrong. Can you not discern the signs of the times when you see these things come to pass, when you denounce the company of a person, and afterwards unite with them, proves to the world that they are morally farcical and fraudulent. Don't you know it is a matter of seventy years till the Red Horse dispossess you? Why quarrel with yourselves for such a short time? I see some of you in your degeneracy have recognized it, and eat, drink and be merry and tomorrow they die. I see all this.

The crafts attached to these sects are abominable and base and can I not perfectly well see that all nationalities of men have a sense of self-preservation. If any danger approaches them, they have the sense to act to protect themselves.

Now these foreigners have all a reason to use in consideration of any subject that does concern and effect them. They have the power of reason, to consider and judge for themselves, in their own language, but it is hard for them to reason in a language foreign to them. That is the reason why they should learn the language of their adopted country, that they may be able to take part in their own improved conditions, to show forth their wisdom from their own point of view, in this adopted language. They may convince their alien friends or enemies of their power of conception. That elevation did not come from one nation or people alone, but from variations of thought and actions in many parts of the world by mankind, but for this scientific investigator, we would all of us be in darkness today, with an old mythical Bible of miraculous superstitions and fables that true investigators pass by with scorn and disdain.

It has caused revolutions and great bloody wars; it has given to the innocent the knowledge of wickedness. It has revealed unto the right hand what the left hand doeth; it has set class against class, man against man, se-

parated good friends, united evil, and where these sects were near related in their beliefs, they coalited in their crafts so that the simple and just marched on unknown and unknowing. Race hatred today, without the Bible craft, is scarcely known or recognizable. Where they understand each other's speech, they have nothing to hate but the principle, but I am not anthromorphic, believing that God is in human form, nor yet am I an autemundane, before the creation of the world.

Where was God before the creation? If He existed before the world was created, then this world or other worlds must have existed. If He is from everlasting to everlasting, why quarrel about it? Minister nor priest can do nothing for you nor against you, save in this world he can oppress you or cause you to be oppressed. In regard to another world he can do nothing for you. He says he can, he can guide and instruct us to make us ready for another world. I say, one world at a time. We want to be instructed in this world that we know we are in, and a God that is from everlasting to everlasting will do the rest; we can't do it.

The minister nor priest cannot do anything for or against what they know nothing about. All this bunk tradition handed down from Christ, the apostles, and company, is a blasphemous construction and should not be realized in our day. Let us depart from these old fabrications, that have held down man in superstitions and darkness, like a clog around a dog's neck. I believe in letting the people have all the latitudinarianism of freedom of opinion. Then we shall see the aurora break of day shine o'er them, with a morning sun of illumination, that man, for once, will see the light to walk in the paths of justice and truth, not like the father of the so-called Abraham, when going into a strange country, told a lie and said his wife was his sister for fear they would ill-use her or kill her. He was afraid to trust God to deliver them, and he told this lie, and yet that same Book tells us Abraham believed God and it was counted unto him as righteousness.

This is the book we have to take for our guide. I say, no, gentlemen, it is blasphemy and contrary. There are good passages in this Book, but why put the bad passages before the children that they may practise them even if you will tell them these are forbidden fruit, like their mother, or rather our so-called mother Eve, they will think anything forbidden is sweet to the taste, and they partake of it, as like myself, when a boy, we have cast lots for who would go into the garden first to steal apples because we knew it was against the law. Hide the apples from our sight and we will not know to covet them. Shun the appearance of evil and we shall have no guilt.

That fruit applies to many kinds. The fruit of evil has enticed me many a time, and if I had not known that fruit was there, I never would have thought of it.

Humanization is born in man and woman that possess it, and never could be inculcated by any school or civil laws. We have many undulating mocking motions of humanity that are not real or genuine. Woe be to the would-be's. There are many of them and much deceiving. I have noticed this difference not alone in men and women but in the beast in the stall and that roams the plains. I have noticed them kind and bidable and agreeable in answers to all calls made upon them, and when brushing them down, they seemed generous and thankful by fondling you. The dog also, and many other animals, show courtesy and generosity in and through your treatment of them.

On the other hand, we find them selfish and stubborn like the inhuman man and woman, no thought of others or anything but self-preservation, driving everyone away from the food, they want to get from the lower animals; to the fowls of the air I have traced this greed for self-preservation, the vulture, the eagle and many other ravenous birds will take possession of their prey and drive all others away, with no thought of any but themselves, and like many, I notice they all favor their own kin, the one protects the other. There are cases, at times, when they disagree with one another and fight and kill one another about the spoils they are about to eat, and you will see them like men, taking the others part in their disputes. Also I have seen the horses that stand together in one stall and eat and lie down to rest beside one another. They will, as they call it, chum together when let loose in the field and drive the others from their pasture; and a strange cow coming into the herd is butted and hacked from place to place when eating or drinking amongst them, until with dread and fear the flesh wastes off their bones, until they refrain from her and leave her alone. Looking upon these animals and seeing these acts performed amongst them, it drew pity from my feelings for that animal's sufferings and oppressions. It brought to my mind my feelings for mankind.

With no fault of his own, sold or imported to a strange land, amongst a strange people where he is shoved and hustled about from place to place, no where to lay his head, no encouragement—disappointments and fear, directly and indirectly on every side. They look upon him as an intruder, a foreigner and an alien. The very same conditions exist with man as does exist with these so-called lower animals. How much less are you better than they? All the labor of man is for his mouth

and his belly craveth it of him. The beast of the field receives no more, and poor man, toils hard to receive it. How much are you better than they?

I have seen men under the oppression of his fellowmen in the workshop because of his belief about a future state of existence in another world, and here is the reason: These sects of beliefs have a craft attached to their beliefs, and the object of the craft is to protect their own interests at the great expense of life and death of those outside of it, by keeping them out of positions of trust, financially, politically, and physically and economically, so that they will hold the key to serfdom, and as they sail around, taking notes by their symbols, signs and passwords, in every place they think would be against their interests, for they have marksmen of many Past Masters of their different coalition crafts and their cursed Bible administrators and ministers are their leaders, indirectly.

They will visit the Coffee shops where the poor but honest hard toiler partakes a meal; they will, if possible, introduce themselves about some question of the day. If there is an opening, they are sure to try to find out your opinion about financial or political questions of the day that affects their craft's interests in any way. They will ask what trade or occupational following you have got, and your opinion of the Wage question, if too low, or satisfied; what he thought of the boss, and what church and political views he held.

Finally, now, what do you think yourself, and what opinions do you hold. Six cases out of twelve, he is a Freemason, or maybe an Orangeman. Now, look and consider how this poor, innocent workman is taken possession of, that is toiling hard and honestly for his daily bread. And then they proceed to tell their employer that man is dangerous; the consequence is, they are dismissed from their employment and do not know what for. Then this Craft sends one of their brethren, armed with their lines of introduction from their brethren's craft, for the job or position this just, honest man had possessed.

Now my object in setting forth these true facts, as I do, is to warn these just men that are trying to keep themselves unspotted from the world, to have a wide perception and consideration of the acts and deeds of these lepers from the crafts, because they are led by the sect which they are united to, and that sect has a church, and that church has a Bible and that Bible has many conjuring sayings and doings in it. All these sects that are circulated have used these conjuring sayings and doings as a craft, to deceive their fellow-creatures, knowing full well that all the people cannot receive a share of the good things produced from their labors, while they use their

craft to keep it from them. Reprisals were formed by barbarians and that barbarism was first proclaimed from the Bible, where all crafts, or the knowledge of all crafts, came from.

Believe me, there are some good sayings in the Bible, let them have been performed or not, but the crafts taken from the Bible and practised as they are today upon and among the people, is the blackest, the basest this world has ever known. We have Leagues of Nations assembling today to discuss armaments and how to keep, they say, the strong from over-riding the weak, and Britain, as they claim to be the mother of civilization, at the head. After that, she had discovered her own weakness in the War with Germany and her chosen delegates were the descendents of them that caused the War, Balfour and Lord Cecil, Salisbury's son and nephew, that attended this League of Peace and Good Will at Berlin, in 1871. These are the crafts' conjurers.

We have again to insinuate, good will and peace to man; believe me, men or nations of men's representatives, assembling together, without a sense of justice, will never succeed, neither in discussion nor consolidation after discussion and no nation can lose that right. She has nothing to fear from justice, otherwise suspicion haunts the guilty mind and as time goes on, guilt is so jealous of itself that it spills itself in fearing to be spilt. In any way, there is nothing to be gained in unjust dealings; it dislikes its name, and when the name is disfigured, the stature is deformed and worthless, both in confidence of trust and dealings.

When you have power and authority over others and will not act justly by them, how dare you enter into negotiations with other powers which cannot be farcical and fraud. It is long since I looked upon ambassadors as deceitful workers and the swindlers of nations. As I look over their actions in the past, one big nation dealing with the other, they remind me of a motor race; the one is ahead this lap, and the other is leading the next one. I must say, as Shakespeare said, "To my sick soul, as sins true nature is; each toy seems a prologue to some great amiss." Those that consider the acts and deeds of their prologue of these Leagues of Nations will indeed be toys that will mislead them into many miscalculations and foolish thoughts, and indeed actions.

After this war we have a relapse of trade, which is to show you that the making of bombs and shells was more profitable than making cultivating machinery for the farmer that we might have more to eat and more to wear, and in fact, these manufacturers are like an apprentice going into a shop to serve

his time. In this excitement of the war, they have forgotten their arts in trade pursuits unless the price to charge for the old stuff that lies on their hands. The preachers have forgotten the way to preach save for looking for drives for dollars, as they were in the trenches shooting Germans, and how they defended the country.

Added to these ministers are the governor general; they are not dry from the spray of the sea breeze, till they are up on the platform telling about their services in France for the defence of the British Empire, at the same time, shaking hands with some old fogey, and then introduces his wife with an oration, new from London, with all the magic and conformation of a great statesman. Then she proceeds about her benevolence and extended charity to these heroes of the war, and shakes hands with some would-be veteran of Vimy Ridge or the Marne, that perhaps had been like Baden-Powell, within a steel hat in Africa, or safe behind a corrugated earthwork.

Here he enters the realm of state with an evolution that adds to the taxation of the people another few thousands a year. The soldiers returned, the taxation is going to be great. The Victory Bonds came in to force to find out the strength of the people's purse. The people, with no assurance, dived into the investments with a will; then in every city and town—they knew the soldiers had some money home with them—they got up Whist Drives, Balls and Bazaars and kept it up until they had the returned soldier fleeced of all he possessed. These dives, with the soldiers' friends, into their pockets, five, three and two dollars was the admittance into the fools' paradise. These luxuries are what poverty costs. The wise extort from the fool until all is spent, then the wise become the fool, as one Mr. Smith in Winnipeg, said about Solomon and the Hebrews:

"Some people," he said, "thought Solomon the wisest man in the world, but he thought him the greatest fool in the world"—and so do I. This Mr. Smyth or Smith is at present professor in the Wesley college of philosophy. As he said, Solomon built himself gorgeous palaces, with all the expenditures he could possess, from his own people, in taxation, until they were in a state of starvation, and that he had borrowed from all the nations and tribes round about him that he could not pay, like the British today and before the war. They were into almost all nations with debt, they could not pay, and I believe to get out of the paying business, they were glad to get into a war that they might escape for a while the paying of these debts.

The Babylonian whore, with all her sorcerers and conjuring deceivers like Lloyd George and his Downing street, this scarlet whore that sits in the sea of glass, is none other but Big London. These deceivers from that big whore of a city of London, are today on their way to Washington to try to deceive the world by their conjuring before what they call or term a League of Nations, that they may expostulate their revised and newly arranged treaties, to ~~hatter~~ ^{hatter} and tie up the science and invention of mankind. The very same men or conjurers have demonstrated to their own nation and parliament that the best way was to be ready and prepared to go into war.

Oh, but the cyclone is past and they braved the storm; their ships were sunk and their army annihilated, and the conjurer's cry went to some God, with a shout of murder, and for assistance from the United States to come and help them, at the same time, claiming to be the one race and the one language, and after the war was over, they claimed to be the victors over the Germans, without the assistance of the Americans. Today they are in the United States, with all the art and influence of a conjuring, travelling brigade. When they perceived the perceptions of their designs were gone, how quickly they cried out for disarmament and cessation of wars, and without prejudice to English men or Americans, as Goldsmith said, I am compelled to speak as I see and feel.

When I hear Englishmen express themselves in enmity, that they would cut the inside out of an American, solely and simply because his forefathers fought for liberty and freedom against his forefathers and won, there never was a Kaiser could demonstrate hatred before his people, to equal the platform orators of Great Britain, and mind you, I trace this again to Biblical craft—Freemasons, Orangemen—and I thought it strange because of these men, because there are Freemasons, and even Orangemen that are against the constitution of the United States, secretly existing there.

The whole enmity is this, because Britain cannot nor never will get power nor authority over the United States. As I said before, this enmity and ambition is the dwarfed, deformed offspring of egotism. What will be the outcome of this Conference or Prologue of League of Nations each one looking for his gain from his quarter. I can imagine I can see old twisting Balfour, with his other prejudiced bigot, Borden, vowing eleven years ago that he would not co-operate in a conference about Reciprocity with the United States. What does he want there today? Is it because his tariffs failed and liquidated his country that he comes creeping back to look

for something of interest. The nations that are not represented are the wise ones because the sharks are gathered there.

This League of Nations that is about to assemble reminds me of John in the Island of Patmos. This divine writer tells us about the beast that had ten horns and these ten horns will be as beasts for one hour, because the beast here is described by the divine as king, and these ten horns are colonies represented before the king and be as kings for one hour with the king. You will also see that this sea is multitudes of people of all nations and tongues, and the great whore which has deceived the people in the midst of these multitudes of nations and peoples is, I believe the great city of London, and these ten horns are her dependencies that hate her now because of her deceptions and extortions from them—India, Ireland, Africa, Egypt, Australia, New Zealand, Java, Mauritius, Ceylon, Fiji Islands, and little subordinates allied under these ten horns, which I see, have to be avenged for the wrongs done on them.

He says there are seven mountains, which means seven heads, on which the woman sitteth, and there are seven kings; five are fallen and one is, and the other is not yet come, and when he cometh he must continue a short space the beast that was and is not. Even he is the eighth and is of the seventh and goeth into perdition. These ten horns have power with the beast, which is King. These ten representatives of these colonies have power and one mind and shall give their power and strength unto the beast, which is king. These will make war with the lamb, which means the good, innocent people of the earth that rebel against the beast, as Africa, India, Egypt, Ireland. This is England with her kings and her dependencies, and the ten horns shall hate the whore which you sawest upon the beast, and shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh and burn her with fire. These are the colonies against England and London, because of England's abominations and fraudulent deceptions.

Woe unto that great city which has deceived the earth and promoted Sodomy and abominations to the ends of the earth. I watched their royal family playing with their own deceiving. As Mr. Gladstone said: The crimes of that great city were concealed.

I see a report of proceedings in this great city of Winnipeg today,—a man committed suicide because of his wife's misconduct, shooting himself. He had entered a divorce suit against her, and at the Coroner's inquiry, the man that was co-respondent winked at his counsel which drew from the Bench the rebuke of the Judge and the appreciation of the Court, and his wife swearing a deliberate falsehood.

The morals of the British race are gone; they want it no more. The dog on the street should be more recognized than they. All is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Then again I perceive the acts and deeds of Trades Unions, the doctors and lawyers, the big combines and syndicates or companies, the artisans, the general laborers—are all united in their own way, and there is no honest moderator between right and wrong, but might is right. We will fight it out. That condition of things never can exist simply because these struggles progress and duration cause great sacrifice in suffering and distress. Lost time never can be found again, no more can great contracts be brought back and recaptured, that have passed by your doors, and in some cases, these producers find out that the transfer of the material to another place of manufacturing, sometimes they are better served, not alone economically but with a more scientific, showy finish that benefits in bringing in profits.

Fighting out anything to a finish is extermination, either on one side or the other. The principal in any of these combats, if defeated, will never be able to successfully compete again. John Morley, thought it would be the survival of the fittest. He does not believe in it, but of course it is, I suppose, whatever way or from whatever angle he looks at it from, but there is one angle I look from, and that is, a fair field and no favor. Let us start in this life from whatever angle we like. Let us be equipped with all the scientific requirements that nature instils into us, without favor.

But then again I see from another angle, and that is the cleverest man at the Bench, because of Biblical crafts, of Secret Societies, is tied up and cannot demonstrate his abilities. Again, there is a man in the merchant's trade; he has mastered all its arts, yet the companies and combines run him out, by selling cheaper, just for the time, to exhaust the man's capital. Afterwards this combine raises its prices because it had got that business man out of the trade and competition against it, that if the consumer had been educated to their tactics, they never would have purchased from the combines, but held to the survival of the fittest.

I believe in a living wage, but I do not believe in destroying the social structure to obtain an over-living wage. In the Old Country, from what I read and hear about it, they are and have been during the war living in a Solomon's Paradise, running up debts to other nations in their luxuries, while Canada was working hard and had no time to enjoy luxuries, and today, her peasants are in starvation; even the farmers, some of them are un-

able to pay their store bills, burdened with debt you have thrown upon their shoulders.

I have attended the Trades Unions gatherings in this city of Winnipeg. I have listened to their representatives from all arts of a mechanical standpoint of view, while at the same time I was and am free from taking any part, for master or workman. I could see in this Assembly many would-be leaders from their own arts and crafts of workmanship, befogged and befooled from and by the dark superstitions of the Bible. One of them would call out for their leader, and who called the meeting. Another would say, where is this Moses in the bulrushes? I too would like to see him. Another would say, who called the first meeting that we were not consulted about? After some confusion, they appointed a chairman, which they elected by an up-standing vote. He took the chair, and after consultation with a few around him on the platform, he proceeded to the front of the platform and said:

"Fellow Workmen: The masters are going to reduce our wages, and it is an unjust action at this time because of the price of existing commodities, at such a high standard, and no appearance of the levelling of cost for existence." Some of these leaders would get up in the body of the hall or gallery and demonstrate from his point of view, to resist the master's demand. They were all Scotch, these would-be leaders; some secretaries, some treasurers, some delegates, trustees and presidents of many different crafts; some of them expelled by their crafts for graft and fraud; others on the road seeking remuneration in some position that might be vacant amongst their craft; or haply, by their powers of demonstrations might possess the Past Master's certificate of president of the Coalition of all the arts and crafts, all through their oration, and I could see the Bible's craft pursued in reference to the sayings of prophets and kings, which they think, carries them through their orations unperceived, and they will for a little while divert the subject from its foundation to some sect or schism, especially to the Roman church, to perceive the feelings of those they are desirous of getting their support and remuneration from.

Then finally, they decide to stand back to back to resist their master's demands, without a thought of instructions to that meeting of the ways and means; they are sure they can stand against their master's demands. They were all agreed to fight a war, blindly led against their masters, without being sure of the sword and staff of life which is bred to uphold and defend them.

I like Union, but as Mr. Gladstone said, it must be a union of hearts. Creed and deception, prejudice and scorn, must be obliterated

between mankind before that great and noble day of the Lord's coming. This coming in the flesh of the Lord is befogging you, and I believe there is no coming of the Lord only through his prediction, that these conditions would come to exist upon the earth with mankind. I believe in justice to exist between mankind. I know the human must be separated from the inhuman, in social life, it is impossible for the human to associate with the inhuman, but in the midst of this inhuman carnage, the human can demonstrate their acts of humility and charity before them, that they may take note of them.

A wise man chooses the wife or partner he is going to associate with through life, and I think the human has a right to choose his company. It is one thing for a being to think or imagine that they are nice, as well as cultured, and as sound and fit to hold their power and position and in many cases, do do it and they are the equal of the human being. As I said before, many a time humanity is born of her own fruit's seed. There is no education on earth can inculcate it, can inoculate it but by the grafting in of the seed, and we hate to degenerate, and the inhuman has taken no notice of our seed, save for his lusts and his passions, and this grafting should be done very carefully with the educated and refined, so that humanity would be developing all the time, physically and morally, that will supersede the race of degenerated corruption and finish reptiles. Here lies the secret of man being's ascending.

As I have said before, there are many Unions of mankind in all trades and arts of crafts, and what is natural, the most scientific and artful designers of ways and means to attain their ends most certainly succeed. The uneducated has no chance. He cannot draw out on the draft board of demonstration, his manoeuvres in tactics to compete against doctors, lawyers and the clerics. They have more time to compound and dissolve the courses to pursue, the tactics to be employed, and how to manoeuvre in and through these tactics.

I see today in Canada, through these manoeuvres by this educated class of doctors and ministers, they have taken control of the liquor traffic, by drug stores, and they possess this power by the electric through the cities, country and towns. They can design tactics and can perform by getting control of the women's vote in their churches. What for? They tell it is to protect the women and children. If it is, why do the doctors charge two dollars to the patient that requires it? Let it be woman or child? Why do the drug stores charge twice the worth of it. I say, if these doctors' and ministers' sons connected with the drug stores were honest, they would vote

to do away with the drink traffic altogether, as the doctors when defending themselves about this matter, say the spirits are not necessary for sick patients and could be done without.

Now, why don't they be just doctors and just ministers and get rid of this drink traffic altogether, out of the country, and not have us pestered on the streets with drunken men that get it from bootleggers. There are stills going on. What kind of a country is this Canada anyhow? Since Borden's government went into power, to this day, there has been nothing but graft for those and by those that voted for him. Either have Government Stores with good, pure drink, drawing a revenue for the country, to help pay the heavy taxes on the war bill, but no, they prefer to shoot bootleggers and get policemen and detectives shot, for a few thousand dollars in fines, that make no revenue for the country but pays for the upkeep of a Police Force to run after them.

I am amused when I read in the newspapers about a Dominion government proposed for Ireland. I say, I hope the goodness of all will deliver them from such, it is a confusion. They would all lie back with the ground for their pillow, if they had their pure drink and meat. I sigh for this country while it is under an Orange and craft power. There is no hope from the freedom of fines, of confiscation and extortion. She is isolated, without true vision of thought in this city of Winnipeg, which has a floating population at one time. Their Free Press said they had over 250,000 of a population. Today, the census of 1921, of the same city for the election on December 6th, is 178,300, and some odd, and this city, mind you, is vested in the garb of English and Scotch experts of scientific manipulators run by a Press of Dafoe, that depicter of Crusoe, that met me, the supposed Friday, and traced my tracks on the sand, with his partner Macklin, if they are not dissolved.

These were for a time, the educators and demonstrators for the educated in Winnipeg and Manitoba, and those that knew how well old Professor Macklin could dress a lie on Glasgow Green, would understand the capability his son would have over the cosmopolitans of Winnipeg and the Swedes and Icelanders of Manitoba. Never speak of the English and Scotch that are of his own kin. Faith, he gave them the Orange Hip, Hip, Hurrah, and the Union on paper, with a will.

This country, by these British immigrants and migraters that are continually on the run have usurped from these settlers' thoughts the ideas of consolidation, and have been partly the means of removing other good settlers from place to place, out of their adopted country. These Britishers carry with

them these disheartening affects of their native homes. They are like the man that made the song, "There is no Place Like Home," but he never demonstrated where this home was, nor how it was made. The exile of Erin got ahead of him there, when he said, "We will make a bright home on a far, foreign shore, and there we will live happy although we are poor."

These are the kind of immigrants that are wanted in Canada, or any other open country, for the tillers of the soil—men and women that know they are citizens of the world, under the same deep blue sky, floating about through space of this great phenomena that is unknown. Make the best of time and chance; trust to no man, always use your brain power in considerations, and let your conscience be the judge. These ideas are essential and vital to and for the well-being of the populations, consolidation of this country. We all must be servants to one another, the herein in every effort in all our undertakings that we may not be menaced with dread of doubts and fears, and like timid children, afraid of the dark.

Let no anxiety entangle you, let no propaganda influence you, the pioneer has an end in view and he must reach it, or his own, which means the end of us all. Don't like the Britisher, murmur in it—rejoice and be glad. It is a voyage and a passage that will come to an end. Try and make it a happy one for us all, not for the chosen few, and the Past Masters of their craft, but us all, small and great, that have adorned their brides and bridegrooms with garbs of humanity and love, that will shine in the glowing light of investigation when this voyage of life is o'er and we know humanization must be the guiding posts on the road in this journey. It is the morning star that meets you at the break of day. Without it, the heart is sad; doubts and fears are in your way, but those that have it need no law. They do by nature, these things contained in the law and in time the law will be more perfected by their acts and deeds through life.

Their exemplification through life, will absorb the moral sympathies and disalienate the instinct of jealousy.

In setting forth these ideas of mind, I do not profess to have the wisdom of Plato, that it took the world twenty centuries to absorb it but I claim priority to equivalent in thoughts and actions for humanity's sake. Civilization, in some cases, is inculcated by the tuitions of the laws that be; others are educated to it by the punishment they receive for disobeying it. Others obey the laws and become civil only for fear of its punishment, yet they all have a vote in choosing and selecting their representatives to the parlia-

ments to make the laws, and yet they all boast of their civilization. I would be ashamed to enter any parliament to represent such a confab of such hypocritical, cowardly reptiles. I know they will say, to hide their wicked, unnatural hearts, that I am against the poor and ignorant, but let me tell them there is more humanity amongst the poor than there is amongst the middle and wealthy classes. This humanity cannot be sold nor bought. At every election and at every booth, in parliaments, in discussing these civil bills that become laws to hold the people in subjection to them, is grafted for its self interests, with no consideration for the elevation or enlightenment of mankind.

The civil laws in my days, have many variations and changes, and whatever man desires most, he will violate and break them to obtain it. Would you allow me to tell you, the man that is, not human today, wants no law, nor does not desire it; educated or not educated, he is brutal; laws or no laws, obedience to do right and disobey wrong is the sole educator of mankind upwards from degeneracy. From the whole train, from Christ's crucifixion up to the present day, there has been no evolution upward, but the rebellion and disobedience against wrong has brought forth the fruit of emancipation for humanity's sake.

Humanity has wept sorely for the sufferings of the just at the hand of the brutal wicked. They knew the law but used it for themselves. I heard them say with pride: "We are civilized, we honor the king," but they did not like Peter's command, "Honor all men." They could not be grafted into humanity that way. They thought to obey the rich and despise the poor was an upward trend. Those in high places are the gods of honor and those of low degree are to be despised. They have the civilization of all their sects and schisms' crafts; spread their fallacies with a smile on their face and warm shake-hands of "How are you today? I hope you are well." If he is in business, he is trying to injure his trade and interest for the benefit of his own craft or sect, that they may possess it. If a workman in a good position, he will try to put him out of his job and get one of his lodge into it.

When he has disinherited his human being friend of his daily bread, or greater still, dispossessed him of providing for many hundreds of workmen that he employed, of their bread and living—better a mill stone had been tied around his neck than deprive one of those little ones of their daily bread. His master calls him, "Where art thou, wicked one?" "I was watching you afar off; get you hence from among my people." His master is just speaking back to him to give him

double in return recompense sufferings for his wickedness, practised upon the just and human.

Now, the verities of these subjects, that think themselves educated because they can read and write, do a little calculation in arithmetic and a little geographical explorations about cities, towns and rivers. They think they are fit to analyze and dissolve and compound and weigh in the balance of thought, the worth and unworthiness of the acts and deeds of man. He must be taught by that great school of adversity, devise and design and utilize the means to provide for thyself, which means man's preservation. When he is taught in that technical part of providing, the boy and girl should be taught to make all their own wares, from the tailor to the tailoress, the knitting and shoemaking, and last but not least, the spinning and weaving of all kinds of fibres; building homes, and construction work of all kinds. They will say I am crazy, we have that already.

But suppose your lot is cast upon some isolated island—as many a man's lot has been—he will be able to utilize the products of that island's natural resources for his own sustenance. We have revolutions on the earth that disorganize our existence, and is it not possible there will be revolution in the earth that will be the means of removing from one place to another the people that exist upon the earth? When Columbus discovered the new world, we knew then the difficulties man had to endure for the sole purpose of self-preservation.

I, Daniel, see and perceive we know not what a day may bring forth in these civil laws that are made in parliaments, or worse again, by the cabinet, and finally, a select committee by them. Then they are handed up to the Lord Chancellors of state to revise their meanings and put them in shape for the judges and lawyers of the public courts to consider in and through the country, through all this process of manipulating these civil laws. We see their imperfections because of this strain of thought that is employed by every sects' and crafts' interests; that they may gain something by its operations.

The just, humanized heart and soul are trodden down still. How many just and honest men have I seen suffer under the administration of unjust verdicts and judge's decisions, all from an angle of interest point of view. If this unjustly treated victim, at the hands of judge and jury, had got justice by the judge and jury, the judge and jury thought it would affect other cases of interest that would come up before them, without a thought of justice towards that man that had

sacrificed all he had got honorably that he might obtain justice.

What can we do for those of mankind that are not fit to reason for themselves, with a wavering thought of these people, going backwards and forwards, like a stampede of a great crowd at a football match, one time falling, another time rushing forwards and backwards like the disturbed and heaving wave, with no certainty for a verdict of justice, but the call and whistle of the referee that acts are passed, but no justice. How man is so selfish I don't know, or how he has no consideration for man separated from him. That poet wrote these lines that I am about to quote, and he surely knew the value of man's friendship and good will. "The beasts that roam over the plains, my form with indifferences see. They are so unacquainted with man that their tameness is shocking to me; society, friendship and love, divinely bestowed upon man, Oh, had I the wings of a dove, how soon would I taste you again."

So you will see man needs men and women by them. There is no government that recognized sects and schisms capable of making laws for the benefit of the people. They are always giving privileges to the sects they belong to, and at their election, it is their own sect proposes them, and seeks the nearest sect to them to assist them at the polls that they may be returned to power to revise and make laws to suit them, regardless of consideration for the consolation and evolution of the people ascending. Isn't it hypocrisy of a wretched government like that to take upon itself the responsibility of legislating for the people in any country, no matter where, with no thought of justice in their hearts or minds, the unconsciousness of their actions towards the masses of the people, not knowing they are their guardians, and responsible for the acts and deeds they do perform.

If the laws they make are unjust laws, the people will rebel and cause these laws to be expensive to themselves as well as to the government that made them, and the consequence is, lawlessness and disorder is the result, with no one being satisfied. These governments sacrificed justice for the love of interests, sects and crafts. Herein lies the evil; a national, universal sense of charity must be realized or civilization is dead. The acts, deeds, and all fraternal ideas taken from this heathen, barbarous book they call the Bible, must be thrown in to the dust heap.

Why, by their missionaries' teachings to-day, they have the Asiatic at variance with one another over the teachings of this Book; Chinese, Hindoos, Japanese and many others quarrel about these heathen dogmas of superstition that they know nothing about and

never would know anything about but confusion. Oh, my, all is vain and vexation of spirit. What will these comfortable beings invent? When they are like Lucifer in their paradise of joy they are not content, but they will draw their sects and schisms from their paradises of peace and contentment to another realm of thought and existence by the demonstrations of their power and glory.

These Christian legislators all soar to the high mountain and pinnacle of fame in their illustrations of demonstrations about the glory of the world, and the beautiful place, they will put you in if you fall down and vote for them on election day. It will be a glorious day when the survival of the fittest does succeed. The genius will be unfurled, and all sects, schisms and crafts shall be buried, and the seeds shall become no more pregnant upon the earth and the survival of the great shall flourish without the encumbering of the infestering weeds of their cursed crafts, to befog and derail the train of the pioneers of thought and action for the benefit of mankind.

There shall be no combines to block their way, no syndicates nor corporations to smoulder round their progressive course; free to all that course of life shall be, without veil or blind to deceive his eyes, for the light of knowledge shall be revealed unto him. All shall follow in the course of life, these trains of investigation that will lead to the junction of their designs and desires of their construction and consolidation of mankind, without fear or favor. I say the survival of the fittest is the survival of all without enmity or prejudice intervening between.

How many geniuses have been thwarted and disheartened and cast down from the genius of inventions by the cruel hand of enmity and spite; the injury of Samuel Johnson in his dictionary, Goldsmith in his natural history; Howie and his sewing machine; the deprivations and bereavements of many others through and in the pursuits for the benefit of man, knowing full well they, themselves, would reap no reward in their own time, but believing that when they are gone, someone after them will reap the reward, in ease. They would receive comfort from the genius of his brains and the works of his hands, or they might pass by a weary hour from reading his thoughts set forth by the pen in his hand, that thereby they might have consolation and hope in their own efforts to more and more illuminate the torch of wisdom that guides man through life, that he might be a little conspicuous in his intellectual exhortations that they might usurp some of it to their own benefit.

The great genius of invention has, in many cases, usurped from the philosophers' ideas,

the key to many of his inventions. They are coupled on the one train, the one realizes, the other utilizes. They are the compounders and the dissolvers, the balancers of thought and action. The man that follows their footsteps has joy and peace; no church nor secret society troubles them; they prove all things and hold to that which is good. They are real nature; they are like the planet on which we live; they inhale and digest knowledge and wisdom. They assimilate as a spray from the refreshing springs.

What a contrast between the man in his drawing room with his sons; he teaches them the art of economical, financial science; how to swindle his fellowmen, and the time and place to do it. These are the days of the great whore's deceivings amongst the nations of the earth, but man toiling all day, has not got much time to read, and any time at his command is wasted in some story of imagination or adventure made plausible to the unskilled and unperceptive reader. The working classes have not been taught the art of reasoning, when boys, in their own homes, by their fathers. If they were, they would know at once the value of the book or prayer they were going to read, after the first few pages.

It seems strange to me the amount of books and other literature that is on the market today. You would actually think they were thought out by steam as well as printed by steam. They are without rhyme and reason, and yet there are fools to buy them. This is because they are not trained to trace the source from whence they came.

That League of Nations assembled at Washington, for the purpose of consolidation, and that dreamed of the millenium of eternal peace, blessed by the prayer of all hypocritical Christian churches and their crafts today, in their exploitations of a great war. They have shifted their mould hills of gold from one nation to another and they are all after it, and from one combine to another. The valleys are levelled up, and the crooked places are made straight, and this League of a few nations wants to design and construct subterranean tunnels of ways and means to deceive the people and the other nations that are isolated from them. They will phrase their knowledge in an illumination of eloquence, in a form of elocution which means, what? Phraseology, eloquence, an art of speech; elocution conjuring demonstration of it.

I am sure it will be grand to behold them, that fraternity from many tribes and nations, assembled together for the blessings of mankind. Oh, the unwary traveller and unperceiving; what his burden or load must be! From every point of vantage these sharks do

view, he claims to preserve and reserve the means and ways to his sustenance in and through life, regardless of justice to his opponent. This is the kind of confab which is supposed to bring peace to this world—but not yet, the beast and the lamb are too far apart. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are they divided.

The people all, rich and poor, must be educated to a sense of humanity's claim in charity. The busy, working bee has not time to devise, he must work and seek his provisions from many a field and flower remote and far apart, as man is compelled to move from place to place to provide for his household and his young—no time to consider nor reason with the probabilities of what a day might bring about. I deplore these conditions, as I travel myself, from place to place, if happily I could cast my lot amongst the wisdom of humanity that I might enjoy their charity and hospitality for a little while. But no, I have to cohabit with the ignorant and unhumanized.

When I sleep amongst them in camp or caboose, the cruel impressions upon their faces towards those that belong not to their sects, or crafty beliefs, are mocked at behind their backs, and deceived and taken advantage of at every turn, and in these thickly populated countries, it surprises me, although the race is mixed, with different European casts of nationality, as Allison said, "Race hatred caused almost all revolutions and rebellions," which I am convinced of. But in my day, there is an additional production of evil, which is the sects of Christianity and their crafts guided and directed by the ministers and clergy of those sects and crafts, which has inculcated into the ignorant mind and brain, of these sects and crafts, a hatred and mistrust against beings they know not of, because these beings were separated from them in sectism and natural ideas they knew not of.

Where they did come in contact with each other in their daily labor, they were afraid of one another and would leave nothing to chance, not even arbitration, and it has become so acute that it is more to be dreaded than the invasion of the black or red race amongst us today. These sects and their crafts are the enemies of any nation today, and none so bad as Britain against Ireland, which is causing not alone race hatred towards one another, but these sects and crafts belonging to those Christian churches, that are contributaries of mixed races, surrounding the original race or stream of life, and these tributaries have been so adulterated with the immoral teachings of these sects that in their junction with the racial stream of life, they have poisoned and polluted it.

When man is taught to dishonor his brother because he does not appreciate his dogmas and his sects, leaving him no free discretion nor will of his own to choose for himself, this is the gruesome action of these Christian sects and crafts. We have no law to separate the people from the power of these sects, and until man is left free to his own will, I mean from proselytization, from the power of these ministers that lead the sects, and until man is left free to his own will, free from these cursed reptiles, who deprive and corrupt the poor being from their birthright.

But these deceivers will tell you, "All is love," while they stand at your back with the dagger in their hand, and I have heard these very wicked reptiles proclaim aloud: "Are we going to lose hold of the people?" There are so many of this kind of gods that we would need a few deicides to come in amongst them.

Yes, lying down to rest in these places amongst these barbarous creatures, many a time I wished I had been in league with the stones of the field; their sects and crafts belonging to these sects and crafts were united against me and others that did not believe in them, and to look for or ask an obligation, it would have been contemptible before them. Their deportment or behaviours about us or towards us was defamation, so that you will see the uphill struggle a single minded being and free thinker has in this world.

No wonder Ingersoll said: "Hold your opinion and go with them; or they will stop your breakfast,—but they cannot stop mine,"—because he knew they would give to himself for the money, for the world, do anything to get it. But you will see this ignorant part of our race that is led by these ministers of their crafts, has inherited these symbolic signs and arts from their forefathers, the Jews.

The whole Jewish ritual is a conglomeration of proposition and supposition, no matter who possess it, and conjuring superstition follows it, whether Roman from Jew to Gentile, the pure and free could never sully his brain with such befooling and befogging dogmas, free and apart from all these Christian superstitions. I have never once been insulted or molested by any race or mixture of a race. I do know the races are prejudiced, but wars and rebellions have been mostly the cause of that. Old feuds are rehearsed in history, and the one most oppressed by the other, when re-entering the field of battle with another nation, naturally will express its feelings in contempt against her, and will use almost her strength physically and financially to assist those to defeat the one that oppressed them.

That is what stares Britain in the face.—The history that is recorded against her. If not oppressed, she has fought against all the nations of the world today, at some period or another, or in some form or another. Not alone her possessions that are struggling to get free, but all nations and tongues are upon her. Here is the interpretation of these things: Men of Britain, God has numbered your days and thy kingdom, and has finished it.

The ten horns are against you, which were once your ten colonies or dependencies. Every face of these is against you because of your Babylonian whoredom and your deceivings of the nations of the earth. You cannot rise any more, motionless you lie. You have drunk the blood of the prophets and murdered the innocent, but as Mr. Robert Ingersoll says: We shall have a new era of peace and good will upon the earth.

Just consider the Kaiser's address to his troops when about to enter the war with the nations of the earth, quoting the words of the Kaiser: "Recruits, before the altar and the servant of God, you have given me the oath of allegiance. You are too young to know the full meaning of what you have said, but your first care must be to obey implicitly all orders and directions. You have sworn fidelity to me. You are the children of my guard, body and soul. Only one enemy can exist for you, and that is my enemy. With the present Socialist machinations, it may happen that I shall order you to shoot your own relations, your brothers, or even your parents—which God forbid—and then you are bound in duty, implicitly, to obey my orders."

Is it any wonder, charters like these are broken in rebellion and civil war? This is the old idea, that the people should be the wards of kings and priests, that their bodies belonged to the one, and their souls to the other? The freedom of the United States of America with one blow, with one stroke of the pen, they struck down the cruel, heartless barriers that aristocracy, that priestcraft, that kingcraft, had raised between man and man. They struck down with one immortal blow that infamous spirit of caste that makes a god almost a beast and a beast almost a god. With one word, with one blow, they wiped away and utterly destroyed all that had been done by centuries of war, centuries of hypocrisy, centuries of injustice.

What more did they do? They declared that each man has a right to live; and what does that mean? It means that he has a right to make his living; it means that he has a right to breathe the air, to work the land; that he stands the equal of every other human being beneath the shining stars, entitled to the product of his labor, the labor of his

hand and of his brain. What more? That every man has the right to pursue his own happiness, in his own way.

Grander words than these have never been spoken by man. And what more did these men say? They laid down the doctrine, that governments were instituted among men for the purpose of preserving the rights of the people. The old idea was the people existed solely for the state, and the benefit of it, that is to say, for kings and nobles. And what more? That the people are the source of political power. That was not only a revelation, but it was a revolution. It changed the ideas of people in and with regard to the source of political power.

For the first time, it made human beings men. What was the old idea? The old idea was that no political power came from, nor in any manner belonged to the people. The old idea was that the political power fell from the clouds, that the political power came in some miraculous way from heaven, that it came down to kings and queens and robbers—that was the old idea. The nobles lived upon the labor of the people. The people had no rights. The people stole what they had and divided it with the kings, and the kings pretended to divide what they stole, with God Almighty. The source then of political power was from above. The people were responsible to the nobles, the nobles to the king, and the people had no political right whatever, no more than the wild beasts of the forests. Yet kings were responsible to God, not the people. They were responsible to the clouds, not to the toiling millions they robbed and plundered.

They are doing the same today in India and Ireland. But our fathers brought a new light into the new world in this declaration of independence, and reversed these things, and said: "No, the people, they are the source of political power, and their rulers, these presidents, these kings, are but the agents and servants of the great, sublime people. For the first time, really, in the history of the world, the king was made to get off the throne, and the people were royally seated thereon. The people became the sovereigns, and the sovereigns became the servants and the agents of the people.

It is hard for me and you now to imagine even the immense results of that change. It is hard for you and me, at this day, to understand how thoroughly it had been engrained in the brain of almost every man, that the king had some wonderful right over him; that in some strange way the king owned him; that in some miraculous manner he belonged, body and soul, to somebody who rode on a horse, to somebody with epaulettes on his shoulders, and tinsel crown upon his

brainless head. Our fathers had been educated in that idea, and when they first landed on American shores, they believed it. They thought they belonged to somebody, and that they must be loyal to some thief who could trace his pedigree back to antiquities most successful robber.

It took a long time for them to get that idea out of their heads and hearts. They were three thousand miles away from the despotism of the old world, and every wave of the sea was an assistant to them. The distance helped to disenchant their minds of that infamous belief, and every mile between them and the pomp and glory of monarchy, helped to put Republican ideas and thoughts into their minds. Besides that, when they came to this country, when the savage was in the forest, and three thousand miles of waves on the other side, menaced by barbarians on the one side, and famine on the other, they learned that a man that had courage, a man who had thought, was as good as any other man in the world, and they built up as it were, in spite of themselves, little republics, and the man that had the most nerve and heart, was the best man, whether he had any noble blood in his veins or not.

It has been a favorite idea with me, that our forefathers were educated by nature, and they grew grand as the continent upon which they landed; that the great rivers, the wide plains, the splendid lakes, the lonely forests, the sublime mountains, that all those things stole into them and they became part of their being, and they grew as the country in which they lived. They began to hate the narrow, contracted views of Europe. They were educated by their surroundings, and every little colony had to be, to a certain extent, a republic.

The kings of the old world endeavored to parcel out this land to their favorites, but there were too many Indians. There was too much courage required to take and keep it, and so men had to come here who were dissatisfied with the old country, who were dissatisfied with England, dissatisfied with France, with Germany, with Ireland and Holland. The kings' favorites stayed at home; men came here for liberty, and on account of certain principles they entertained and held dearer than life, and they were willing to work, willing to fell the forests, to fight the savages; willing to go through all the hardships, perils and dangers of a new country, of a new land, and the consequence was that our country was settled with brave and adventurous spirits, by men who had opinions of their own and were willing to live in the wild forest for the sake of expressing these opinions, even if they expressed them only to trees, rocks and savage men.

The best blood of the old world came to the new. When they first came over they did not have a great deal of political philosophy, nor the best ideas of liberty. We might as well tell the truth; when the Puritans first came, they were narrow; they did not understand what liberty meant; what religious liberty, what political liberty was, but they found out in a few years. There was one feeling amongst them that rises to their eternal honor, like a white shaft to the clouds. They were in favor of education. Wherever they went they built schoolhouses, introduced books and ideas of literature. They believed that every man should know how to read and write, and should find out all that his capacity allowed him to comprehend. This is the glory of the Puritan fathers.

They forgot in a little while what they had suffered, and they forgot to apply the principle of universal liberty, so that you will see with all the honor due to them, they erred in their charity. While erecting places for education, it was for their own use, but in their interests, greed for their own benefits. They could not withhold that light of advantage from spreading to others; and liberty of toleration they did not extend to others that differed from them.

Some of the colonies did not forget to extend this toleration. The Catholics of Maryland were the first people on the continent to declare universal toleration. Let this be remembered to their eternal honor. Let it be remembered to the disgrace of the Protestant government of England, that it caused this grand law to be repealed, and to the honor and credit of the Catholics of Maryland, let it be remembered, that the moment they got back into power, they re-enacted the old law.

The Baptists of Rhode Island also, lead by Roger Williams, were in favor of universal, religious liberty. No American should fail to honor Roger Williams. He was the first grand advocate of the liberty of the soul. He was in favor of the eternal divorce of the church and the state; so far as I know he was the only man at that time, in this country, America, who was in favor of real, religious liberty. While the Catholics of Maryland declared in favor of religious toleration, they had no idea of religious liberty. They would not allow anyone to call in question the doctrine of the Trinity, or the inspiration of the Scriptures. They stood ready with branding iron and gallows to burn and choke out of man the idea that he had a right to think and express his thoughts.

So many religions met in our country, so many theories and dogmas came in contact, so many follies, mistakes and stupidities be-

came acquainted with each other, that religion began to fall into disrepute.

Besides this, the question of a new nation began to take precedence of all others. The people were too much interested in this world to quarrel about the next. The preacher was lost in the patriot. The Bible was read to find passages against kings. Everybody was discussing the rights of man. Farmers and mechanics suddenly became statesmen, and in every shop and cabin, nearly every question was asked and answered.

During these years of political excitement, the interest in religion abated to that degree that a common purpose animated men of all sects and creeds. At last our fathers became tired of being colonists—like Ireland, tired of writing and reading and signing petitions and presenting them on their bended knees to an idiot king. They began to have an aspiration to form a new nation, to be citizens of a new Republic instead of subjects of an old monarch. They had the idea—the Puritans—the Catholics—the Episcopalians—the Baptists—the Quakers—and a few Freethinkers, all had the idea that they would form a new nation.

Now, do not understand that all our fathers were in favor of independence. Do not understand that they were all like Jefferson, that they were all like Adams or Lee, that they were all like Thomas Paine, or John Hancock. There were thousands of them who were opposed to American independence. There were thousands and thousands of them who said: "When you say men are created equal it is a lie." When you say the political power resides in the people and the great body of the people, they say it is false. Thousands and thousands of them said, "We prefer Great Britain," but the men who were in favor of independence, the men who knew that a new nation must be born, went on full of hope and courage and nothing could daunt or stop or stay the heroic, fearless few. They met in Philadelphia and the resolution was moved by Lee, of Virginia:

"That the colonies ought to be independent states, and ought to dissolve their political connection with Great Britain."

They made up their minds that a new nation must be formed. All nations had been, so to speak, the wards of some church. The religious idea as to the source of power had been at the foundation of all governments, and had been the bane and curse of man. Happily for us, there was no church strong enough to dictate the rest. Fortunate for us, the colonists only, but the colonies, differed widely in their religious views. There were the Puritans who hated the Episcopalians, and the Episcopalians who hated the

Roman Catholics, and Catholics who hated both, while the Quakers held them all in contempt. There they were of every sort and color and kind.

And how was it that they came together? They had a common aspiration, they wanted to form a new nation; more than that, most of them cordially hated Great Britain, and they pledged themselves and each other to forget their religious prejudices, for a time at least, and agreed that there would be only one religion until they got through—and that as the religion of patriotism. They solemnly agreed that the new nation should not belong to any particular church, but that it should secure the rights of all.

Our fathers founded the first secular government that was ever founded in this world, recollect that, the first secular government, the first government that every church has exactly the same rights, and no more. Every religion has the same rights and no more. In other words, our fathers were the first men who had the sense, who had the genius, to know that no church should be allowed to have a word, that it should be allowed only to exert its moral influence. You might as well have a government united by force with art, or with poetry, or with oratory, as with religion. Religion should have the influence upon mankind that its goodness, that its morality, its justice, its charity, its reason, and its argument, give it, and no more.

Well, now, great and good men turned as I tell you, every thing squarely about; they derived all their authority from the people. They did away forever with the theological idea of government; and what more did they say? They said, whenever the rulers abused this authority, this power, incapable of destruction, returned to the people. How did they come to say this? I will tell you. They were pushed into it. How? They felt that they were oppressed, and whenever a man feels that he is the subject of injustice, his perception of right and wrong is wonderfully quickened. No one was ever in prison wrongfully who did not believe in the right of habeas corpus. Nobody ever suffered wrongfully without instantly having ideas of justice.

And they began to inquire what rights the king of Great Britain had. They began to search for the charter of his authority. They began to investigate and dig down to the bed-rock upon which society must be founded, and when they got there, forced there too, by their oppressors, forced against their own prejudice and education, they found at the bottom of things, not lords, not nobles, not pulpits, not thrones, but humanity and the rights of man. And so they said: "We are men; we are men."

They found out they were men, and the next they said, was: "We will be free men. We were weary of being colonists. We are tired of being subjects; we are men and these colonies ought to be states, and these states ought to be a nation, and that nation ought to drive the last British soldier into the sea." And so they signed that brave Declaration of Independence.

I thank every one of them from the bottom of my heart for signing that sublime declaration. I thank them for their courage, for their patriotism, for their wisdom, for their splendid confidence in themselves, and in the human. I thank them for what they did and for what we have received; for what they suffered and for what we enjoy. What would we have been if we had remained colonists and subjects? What would we have today? Nobody is ready to get down on their knees and crawl in the very dust at the sight of somebody that was supposed to have some drop of blood that flowed in the veins of that mailed marauder, that royal robber.

They signed that Declaration of Independence although they knew it would produce a long, terrible and bloody war. They looked forward and saw poverty, deprivation, gloom and death, but they also saw on the wrecked clouds of war, the beautiful bow of freedom. These grand men were enthusiastic, and the world has only been raised by enthusiasts. In every country there has been a few who have given a national aspiration to the people.

Now I want to show you, who read these few lines from my pen. In the first place, I don't want to divert from one subject to another, unless there is an analogy. The first political speech delivered by Viscount Grey, of Folloden, since his retirement in 1916. October 10th, 1921, he spoke as follows about the Irish and British Conference that was about to take place. Now just listen to this would-be democrat about Dominion parliaments, and draws inference about the initiations of Ireland into Dominion Governments Associations, and the conference would have to know whether they, the Dominions, would accept Ireland into their confederacies of governments. He is a curio of a philosopher, this Viscount Grey. Just listen what he has got to say and you will see he is a past master of the real arts of all Free Masons Crafts.

Ireland does not want to be initiated into a federated Dominion Empire crafts; she wants what America fought for and took—freedom from all nations, that she may be honest and just, in humanity to the world at large. That old song they sang in the American's ear, "You Can't Do Without Us," is defunct lang syne. Here is what he says:

Dominion States—if that point be reached, then I see no prospect of a successful issue of the conference. I do not mean to assume that it is probable the conference will fail. On the contrary though, I am not to profess to say it. I understand all the workings of the Irish mind. If the thing is properly handled, there must be a good prospect of the conference succeeding, only let us be clear as to what we are prepared to give as a settlement, and to not use language which is likely to prejudice the chances of the settlement being accepted.

He says: "Are we prepared to take Ireland into the partnership on precisely the same terms as the self-governments or self-governing Dominions are in?" asked Lord Grey. Then he continued, "I believe it is the only solution for Ireland or for us. There again, if that be the solution at which the government is aiming, we must again have the consent of the other Dominions."

Now, here is an island struggling to get free from its oppressors, an imperial throne, and this Viscount Grey wants to choke them by bringing in a Confederation of Dependencies, to get consent of them and to use their influence for their own interests and the interests of Great Britain, herself, that she might suck her blood, and these so-called Dominions, which are dependencies, know little about Ireland, and have no concern in her, only to help the British to suck her blood, and this wretch, Grey, wants them to do so.

He says you cannot bring a new partner to the Imperial Council Board on the same terms as the other partners, without having the good will of the other partners. Very likely that has been seen, he says, isn't he a collator of any kind. Allow me to tell him, as an Irishman and a Bob Ingersoll kind of a fellow, we neither want him nor his federation or council that he or the British Empire desire. He said he had one stipulation to make. Was it possible for Ireland to come on the same terms as the self-governing Dominions? Was it consistent with the safety of Great Britain? You will see here suspicion haunts his guilty mind, because in the German War, when their victory was a hopeless one, they sought and obtained the assistance of the American nation, to save them, so to hold Ireland and bleed her, he makes this infernal assertion, but I am not personally at this confab of a so-called conference, but my heart and soul stands there, with right against wrong.

On this he said he had one stipulation to make, as regards the self-governing which was on the other side of the ocean. It was possible to have separate naval bases, separate naval units, separate naval authority, but

he was quite sure, he said, that Great Britain and Ireland situated as they were, could not make the naval defence of either island sure, unless the naval defence was under one authority. There must be agreement on that point, he said, so you will see he comes to self-possession and authority again. It would not be sure unless the naval defence was under one authority.

This is one place, I see, where he departs from his coalition. His theories have become untheoretical theories, unpracticable. He can trust these Dominions thousands of miles away from the British Isles, where their trade and commerce do partly reside, but this timid child, yet in the dark of imagination, predicts for the future a hopeless aspect of civilization and good will to man, while he would, by his guarded expressions, make or try to make Irishmen believe he was their true Godfather.

In this alliance of right and wrong, in Ireland's autonomy, and self-determination, he knows how safe he and his country are, by the Overseas Dominions, by the power of British nominated Senators without the people electing them by manhood suffrage, and these senators have the sole power to rule the Dominion governments, physically, financially and economically. No wonder he favors Dominion government; they are dominated governments, whether provincial or federal. It is a farcical government that over rules the wishes of the people's representatives in that parliament by nominated officials. There is no assurance of consolidation or contentment under any nominated authority. Therefore I abhor Dominion rule.

I am at this present time, a subject to its laws in Canada, and I can see the effects of this nominated Senate that over rules all constituted government. It is nothing more nor less than monarch rule. Then you shall say, "Why do those Dominions like it?" I say there is no other alternative; they are always complaining and cursing the daily press that is paid through these British nominated senators of their respective governments, which financial remuneration comes indirectly from the Dominion people. These papers never cease denouncing the United States, Germany, France, and other presidencies, about their bad government, and these people, having no knowledge of these conditions in those countries outside their own, naturally by reading these wretched accounts about other countries, goes a long way to divert their attention from perceiving the true cause of their own defects, and consoles them a little longer.

"We are not so bad after all." This is the result and effect of allowing another man to think for you, or to travel and see and hear for you. To thine own self be true and you will trust to no man. Do your own thinking,

do your own travelling, even if you should dead beat the road. Ride the rods, or the baggage or the freight car, or hide yourself away in the hold of a ship or the stokehole. Investigate for yourself. No two men have the same perception of things, nor acts and deeds of men. The silly read the daily press, but it deceives the people. They infer, they insinuate, they construe and cause the poor unwary to shift from place to place, that he may get his all for the companies and syndicates and combines that employ his pen for their interests.

This is a citizenship of the world at large, if I can summarize or abridge it for myself. I look back with awe and pity for those that follow after, without perception or discernment to distinguish authentic enactments by references, which sometimes, is a good depositary of reason. Never let ourselves be apostasized, and to right and justice we shall be firmly attached. Let no man of thought and with true consciousness adhere to that idea of kingship, which has been and still will be while they last, heathenisms, barbarisms, and chambers of horrors while they remain. I appreciate the deeds of good and great men, but I refuse to give honor to a dirty, filthy authority.

I stand on the side of liberty so that I will be like, Henry, in the fell clutch of circumstance; I have not winced nor cried aloud under the bludgeoning of chance. My head is blood but unbowed. Toleration is bearing with others that differ from us. It is one thing to suffer and endure the ignorance and misconception of some people; it is another thing to enjoy the liberty of expression of right against wrong. Every man should have the right to impart and exercise in demonstration, his opinions in elucidating physically, politically, economically, forces that are unrevealed today.

These dominating functions that usurp our normal blood, that is construing the thoughts and actions of many a simple and unperceiving man, and these functions have their conspicuous ways of peculiarity in actions, especially these theological orthodox of thought; in their home, sanctity of baptism. They proselyte and pervert at every corner, and if we are to expostulate in one sentence about their orthodoxy, they would brand us with all the sacrilegious that man could commit, which means, the crime of violating what is sacred or profaning sacred things; alienating to common purposes what has been appropriated to sacred persons or uses.

Just look at the curse we are under because we tell them this is all dope. They are like the sect of alchemists or visionary philosophers who made great pretensions to science of their arts, but I think this art of theological

conjuring is almost played out. It is they who are barring the door against liberty. It is they who are trying to close out free speech. It is they who are trying to withhold the rights of man. They never took part in emancipation only for their own interests, preserving the education for their own progeny.

Lawyers, doctors and clerical grafters, by their constructions on every platform or pulpit, they are what I call deleterious poisoners of the people, and then again, he misleads his, or this North British audience, about Ulster. the Sinn Fein part of Ireland must win the consent of Ulster by consent. Any attempt to coerce Ulster would fail. It would lead not merely to civil war, not merely to race war, but to the something which is more deadly opposed to religion and humanity than almost anything else, a religious war.

Now consider this man's ideas about civilization, about race war and race religion in the twentieth century. Minorities of planted Outlanders that Britain has planted in every dependency. She has taken from the natives, claimed and possessed by her, for her usurping interests. She claims privileges of authority and power from the minority of the people, which means coercion upon the majority of the people in any country, which is the means and has been the means of bringing on all the rebellions and revolutions that ever I saw come to pass. What is he, this Viscount Grey, anyhow, while he is speaking about Ireland, Outlanders, or British Garrison in that country. He and his government's garrison are busily shooting down the poor Indian subjects in Calcutta and other parts of India, because they will not be in subjection to privileged minority rule.

It caused the revolt of the Dutch in Africa, it caused the revolt about Egypt; it caused these very conditions in Ireland, the country he is trying to befog the people about at present. Look at the contrast of this man's knowledge to those of an Indian Canadian Missionary, speaking in Winnipeg about the Indian Rebellion. He said the British government would have to be advised by the representatives of the majority of the Indian people, instead of the representatives of the British government advising them. Yet, he says, a majority of the Irish people will have to gain over to their way of thinking and acting, the consent of this alien planted government of Ulster.

But allow me to tell this Viscount Grey, that the majority of the Indian and African, Turkish and Egyptian people have been a long time trying to convert these privileged garrisons of minorities to native ways of thinking and acting. And he talks about religious war in Ireland; I was born there, raised there, and from my mother's knee till this day I have

seen nothing but religious war. As Paul says: There are two natures warring within, and naturally some try to serve both; and this Viscount Grey needs to get rid of one of them before he has learned the nature of liberty; he must put away his lukewarmness, and either be hot or cold, and choose one of these natures and we shall know his value.

He must also be made to understand that a garrison placed in a dependency, is, if not sworn by oath, as Ulster, to their Bible and their crown, their Orange Lodge and men that are pledged to stand for and by that constitution, as Viscount Grey knows well, are not capable of reasoning with an alienated friend. She is a prepossessing young woman that entices another young man into partnership with her, without knowing something about her former actions and moral character, and distant courtship like that of Ulster and the rest of Ireland, needs no divorce,—a garrison any place is holding on and is liable at any time to be cast adrift.

Eamon de Valera, president of Ireland—the Publicity Department of the Dail Eireann, issued the following proclamation by Mr. de Valera on Monday, the 10th of October, 1921.

To the people of Ireland—Fellow Citizens—The conference in which the accredited representatives of the nation are about to engage with the representatives of the British government, must profoundly influence and may determine the whole course of our country's future. It affects the lives and fortunes of every section of the community; whatever the difference of the past, it is the interest, as it is the duty of all Irishmen to stand together for Ireland now. Ardent peace we all desire.

Our delegates are keenly conscious of their responsibilities; they must be made feel that a united nation has confidence in them and will support them unflinchingly. They share with each one of us, the ardent desire that this secular conflict between the rulers of Britain and the Irish people may happily be brought to an end, but they realize that the ending of the conflict does not depend finally upon their will or upon the will of this nation.

The struggle on our side has always been simply for the maintenance of right that in its nature is unimpeachable, and that cannot therefore either be relinquished or compromised. The only peace that in the nature of things can end this struggle, will be a peace consistent with the nation's right, and guarding a freedom worthy of the sufferings endured to secure it. Such a peace will not be easy to obtain. The claim that conflicts with Ireland's rights has been ruthlessly persisted in throughout the centuries of blood. It seems unlikely that this claim will be abandoned now.

Peace and that claim are incompatible. The delegates are aware that no wisdom of theirs and ability, will suffice. They indulge therefore in no foolish hopes, nor should the country indulge in them. The peace that will end this conflict will be secured not by the skill or statesmanship of leaders, but by the stern determination of a closeknitted nation, steeled to the acceptance of death, rather than the abandonment of its rightful liberty. Nothing but such a determination in our people can overcome force that our delegates will have to contend with. All would again be lost. By an heroic endurance in suffering, Ireland has gained the position she holds.

Were the prospects of further horrors or further sacrifices to cause her to quail or falter for a moment, all would again be lost. The threats that could force surrender in one vital particular, would be relied on to force surrender in another and another, till all were gone. Of necessity, Ireland must stand where she is, unyielding and fearless on the rock of right, or be out-manoeuvred and defeated in detail.

A race transplanted to an adopted land is but a garrison to assume command, and if not considerate to accept the laws that be, must decamp, for honor and justice is the only guide on the path which leads to the other side.

I fail to see where an honest just man can fear the transfer of power and authority from one community to another. It is a general occurrence in our physical system, it is also in our financial system, in economical system, but apart from politics, they cannot see these changes, though they indulge in them, themselves. Political power does not last forever, in one part of a nation's thought. We are given to change according to our conditions of existence. We are natural, and therefore we are given to change all the time, and a man that does not know this is incapable of using his vote for the betterment of his own elevation and evolution of all mankind.

Self-determination is the only true education man has received since he came out from the crawls. He knew what he needed, and no one could prohibit him from devising a plan in his own brain to obtain it. Necessity is the mother of invention, and that mother's desire will still continue while there is a son on the earth.

Now between times, while I am writing these few lines, I read the daily press, and I am amused at the utterances of a Winnipeg clerical theologian about why the Martial League of Nations failed in their negotiations for peace. He has the name of Laughton, of some Christian Protestant church, but I think they call him Laugh, when the reason the conference did not succeed, he said, it was be-

cause a French atheist opened the conference without prayer. What an unconsidered insult to a French representative at a League of Nations, to consider the best way and means to continue the peace of the world. He said it was different at Washington where the meeting was opened by prayer. He believes where the hypocrites are, the millennium will come.

It is strange, in my travels through life, that I am accosted by the sayings of some men that are held civil by the laws, but by no desire of their own. Education by technical skill is unnatural and diverting; by it, many are deceived and led astray. Self and class interest is horrifying. Charity is supposed, with pity, to be extended to the guilty even when justice is administered to them, for to speak of the actions of public men, especially when disparaging them, not knowing their country environments, nor the diversity of their opinions, is a serious question, in a time of danger and distress, not alone to himself but his country and the fate of others, while acting discreetly between the forces opposed to each other in his own country, and with all the brain power he could possess, he was utilizing for the other nations' representatives, in consideration to their religious agreements and comforts.

I do admit it is no easy task for public men in any country to please even a small majority of his own countrymen, in times of excitement and unrest, not withstanding he knows within himself the course he should pursue, but time and chance happeneth to all men, and although he knew that, he knew also to act contrary to it would be disastrous to him, and the cause he had at heart. I do detest some in their dastardly impulsive demonstrations, but in a simple act of careful consideration for the benefit of him and all, I appreciate such procedure and condone it. It is not tactics, it is perceptive action.

The public men of today, by reason of the interludes upon their conscience, are embarrassed from the acts and deeds they would perform from their hearts' and souls' desire for the benefit of mankind. These kinds of men I speak about are like myself; all die and pass away dissatisfied because they think they have done so little for the benefit of mankind. How should sect and schism part the true and just, right, honest heart. It is not for fear of death we stand, but for the work here at our hand might here be done, for we are like particles of the sand as we go and come. Some of us glitter here and shine amidst the sunbeams in our time; some have solitary days, driven here with wind and waves, to many a distant clime, as they are here in Canada today, from all parts of the known world, Japanese, Hindoos, Africans, Australians, which makes me express these sentences.

I see the Wise Men from the East, like the savage, wild before their feast. They come here to us with devising plans, to usurp from us the rights of man. They think they can succeed the best amongst the toiling peasants of the glowing West. They want nought but pleasure and full command of the toiling masses upon the land. Their homes are not the farmers' cot, but verandas great, or gardens grand, by the river side, and the art of man. There they eat and drink and plan the way to usurp the rights of man's feelings of what I saw out West.

Now, while giving my experience about these settlers in the northern part of America or Canada, I have worked on the farm in Ontario, with British settlers, that their forefathers fought against the United States. As I travelled over towards the prairie provinces, I worked along side and slept in the camps with Germans that today are the British enemies that fought—or their forefathers did—by their side with Blücher against Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo. I have worked by the side of Russians, with their many variations of caste, that their forefathers fought against Britain at Sebastapool, Inkerman and Allemaigne Heights. I worked with Poles and Galicians that had their homes and nations confiscated by the Allies, and Britain took part in that confiscation.

I have worked with the Turks and slept by their side, while the Italians were threatening them, which gave them sincere anxiety, and while at war with Russia and Osman Pasha surrounded in Plavna with three hundred thousand Russian troops. Britain was threatening them with her fleet going up the Dardanelles to Constantinople.

I have worked there with the Dutch that have fought against Britain in Africa; at Tugala, Spion Cop and Modder River. I have listened to the Chinese scoffing at the British idea of religion, for to coerce the people for their own interest, to caste ideas, that profiteth nothing. I have listened to the poor Hindoo about England's persecution of them, of how the British soldiers were shooting them down, in their rebellion against injustice, and how these British did the same in the Indian Mutiny; and I heard the British-Indian soldiers who languished in the British prison, because he refused to shoot down British-Indian subjects.

I have heard my native countrymen curse the flag that floated over them, as an emblem of liberty and justice, a union of cotton rags dyed and bleached into colors, red, white and blue. I have no doubt you will notice here, as I do, how this white is surrounded and made fast by these two dirty, bloody, filthy colors, red and blue, which my definition of it

means, the red is blood, and blue is the filthy corruption of it and in it.

Well, I have told you I have worked and slept beside all races and castes of mankind that have come out to the light and assimilation of mankind. Now, in these days after all these conflicts between Great Britain and all these races and castes of nations, in any of her dependencies like as where I am, that peopled by almost all these nations and castes that are still warm to their struggles with Britain, for right or wrong, it means not which, they are still smouldering in their historic minds, and behold what a little fire candleth, and to speak of unity for consolidation in a new country, like this by these races and castes that do not alone differ about conditions of existence, but sectional differences in beliefs about other worlds and hereafter, and I see the most detrimental amongst these castes to be dreaded, lies amongst the British sectionals themselves, as it did before the Civil War in the United States, which was the cause of their separation and independence.

With church and state that sooner or later will cause an upheaval amongst all kinds of society that will end in a disastrous conflict between, not only the sects of Britain, but between the sects of the different castes, that is sure to become uncontrollable for power, to possess these different castes and races, as well as Britain, are partial distrustful of one another, and suspicious one of another, each section wanting its own way, and as to the investing of capital that would benefit the countries, neither caste will trust the other and none of them will trust Britain because of her treachery and deception in the past.

They will send this money home to their native country, or to some other country for safety. The country that has no laws to entice its subjects to trust in the protection of them, that their investments would be safe and sound, without favor or prejudice; that no man shall be respected more than another only for his superiority in workmanship and skill. Barring his genius, there should be no respect or favor.

Canada at this time, is run by nothing but a nominated Senate and a public press, paid and duped by them, at the expense of the people. The Riorden Company or combine, the Canadian Iron and Steel Company; the first named of them, from before the war, paid no taxation to the government, although their plant was turned into making war material, where and when there were so many millions grafted, in a speech with Mr. Mackenzie King, leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, for this election. He said there were only a few cases that he could prove. One of those combined owed the government, or rather the country,

\$800,000, and some odd, and the other one million and some hundred thousands odd dollars, and that secular Orange Freemason had the sarcastic retort to make about his Protective Tariffs, that he did not want to see 180,000 skilled workmen idle.

So the result is in Canada, the farmers and farm laborers, and all other unskilled labor has to pay taxes and tariff for the skilled laborer, under a secular government that might be kept in existence for the sake of 180,000 workmen out of 10,000,000 of a population.

Now as to the castes and races, these French that fought for America's independence at New Orleans, and later on, for their own against Britain at Quebec in Canada their adopted country, allow me to tell these would-be reformers and union builders of Britain, that these races and castes, especially their late Allies, the French themselves, will take a long time to revolutionize prehistoric minds of the past, till a sense of humiliation and a union of hearts towards their prehistoric enemies, the British themselves; and all castes that contended with her, are identically the same, and it is not so much matter to them whether Britain's procedure is right or wrong towards them, it is because Caesar's authority is still predominating, and the power of an enemy, old or new, is still detestable even when they extend pity.

Canada is different from the United States in forming her Nation—America's nation was formed by oppressed and exiled patriots, of all castes, with Britain included, but Canada was and is formed by the defeated oppressors of these American exiles and patriots, that had no enemies in the world but Caesars, and for the lamb to lie down by the wolves without a watch and keepers to warn them, is not safe yet.

I see all over this country, every caste quats down by themselves, with the exception of a few wanderers that have lost their way. If you take notice, you can almost see the difference of these castes, not alone in their accents, but in their mode of buildings and construction of those little villages. Their decorations are according to the desires and admirations of their caste and to the dislike, in many cases, to the British caste, so that you will see how hard it is for a British caste that has sprung from such an oppressive desire and designs, to obtain power, to usurp authority from other castes, and to impose upon them their ideas that art not essential in any way for the betterment of their conditions or elevation.

Yet they are so dominant in their persistence of introducing their ideas, that are in many ways, inconsistent with the progress and welfare of another caste, while admit time and continual evolution, or the teaching of

evolution, where there is no imagination of alien castes, where these mixed castes are under process of becoming a new nation, in time they would become grafted into these new ideals they were taught, but you must always remember the being race is like Lot's wife, they like to look back to historic days and times of their pregenitors, and they will inhale still a draught of that mixture to nourish the veins from their mother's blood, that by times, awakens within them.

But to consolidate Canada with immigration flocking into it, and migrators coming and going to and fro, is like repairing the trenches under a heavy fire, disorder, disruption and destruction of the construction, but the wise, or would-be wise heads will say I am doty or bughouse. When working through Canada on the farm, in every stable or barn I worked in, I, by where I worked last, can tell almost to what caste they belong, by the way the stable is constructed, their system of putting up the fittings, and how they hang up their harness; the way they tie up the horses; the way they water and feed the horses and cattle. These are the environments of the different castes.

In cultivating the land, they all have a different system and a different idea about how and when to do it. When you shift from one farm to another you can tell whom they are related to; you can trace from the father to the third and fourth generation by the way and how they do things; the acts and deeds of the caste are there at every turning so that you will see Canada, before she can try to become consolidated, must stop her immigration unless her own caste whom she means to rule in Canada; and the class of migrators should be limited to the desirables, because the undesirables, with their defects of association, affect the consolidation of a National Canada, and I might as well say, until that revolution of thought and revolution of action takes place, there will be no consolidation of Canada.

Then, and not till then, will the drifting cease of the population, from place to place, like the drifting sands on the prairie plains, ~~driving like a storm of hail, with cyclone breeze.~~

Then, again, I am obliged to listen or read the papers about some harangue of would-be patriots of Canada for Canada's rights, that he might gain some position thereby and flaunt the flag of liberty from every platform of this Bible and his crown, threatening the people of the West of the dangers of becoming familiar with the ideals of America for fear they would become Republicans. And mind you, these Americans speak the same language, but they forget about these ideals when they want privileges of these Americans, when they want them to

buy their products and give them an open market. They don't mind these dangerous ideals for a while, that Mr. Swanson is so uneasy about. The ideals that bother him so much, is the Canadian debt, coupled with the British debt, that they owe to the Americans and with no prospect of paying it. He is afraid of being in subjection to the American power of authority for this receipt of debt they got from the American people to run their country, before the war.

What would these Caesar's subjects of Great Britain not do if they had power! They would shoot you down as they are doing today in India and Ireland, but I hope those Caesar days are done, not alone in Canada, but amongst all other peoples of the earth. The ideal to be avoided, if it is an ideal, is the example of monarch rule. Gentlemen, the day is coming, when such rot, diffused among the people by doctors, lawyers and theologians and would-be patriots for a king, will be hounded at like the wolf after the chickens. Men for their own interest and their friends around not alone for them, but in their greed to lay up for their progeny yet unborn, while thousands starve and hunger—this is monarchism; O, for the days of recompense for those that assist them here.

Then again, this would-be Canadian says in advocating Canadian literature—just look at his ideas. He says these wise heads and men of knowledge all came from the Colleges of all patriots that were driven from the States. Now, if he had been honest he would have told his audience that these men or their fathers, the servants of a king, and they fought against the true patriots in America for authority over them, and hence, like any other defeated oppressor, they had to take flight on their drooping wings, to a land of garlic, with leeks and onions; and he tells us they were patriots from the Old Land in that country that educated them.

A patriot is a man that by careful consideration, by reasoning between right and wrong, and finally, after seeing the failure of design and action, forms his opinion in spite of all other diversions from it, by man, regardless of adversity in suffering even unto death, he will rebel and resist; this is a patriot. Not a man that is loyal to a kingdom an oath for sect or schisms, crafts of any secret society of any kind, but loyal to right against wrong. On this rock stands the unbreakable link united to humanity's nature, of that sense of justice that death itself cannot unbind. That is the reason the patriot breaks all the charters in oath and sign he has made to man that has enslaved him to tyranny in ages of old.

We are linked to nature's evolution and revolution, therefore we must go on in

change. There is nothing at all like good, still. It is a true saying and it was a Britisher who said it. Enmity is the dwarfed, deformed offspring of egotism. What good is it to man to ridicule man for an interest when he knows that man is right? Let me tell him that interest will not prosper.

I would just like here to quote a lecture by Robert Ingersoll. "If others who read this book get as much information as I did from the advance sheets they will feel repaid a hundred times. It is perfectly delightful to take advantage of the consciousness labors of those who go through volume after volume, divide with finite patience the gold from the drops, and present us with pure and shining coin. Such men may be likened to bees who save us numberless journeys by giving us the fruits of their own.

While this book may greatly add to the information of all who read it, it may not increase the happiness of some, to find that Swedenborg was really insane, but when they remember that he was raised by a Bishop, and disappointed in love, they will cease to wonder at his mental condition. Certainly, an admixture of theology and despised love is often sufficient to compel reason to abdicate the throne of the mightiest soul. The trouble with Swedenborg was that he changed realities into dreams, and then out of the dream made facts upon which he built, and with which he constructed his system. He regarded all realities as shadows cast by ideas to him; the material was the unreal, and things were definitions of the ideas of God.

He seemed to think he had made a discovery when he found that ideas were back of words, and that language had a subjective as well as an objective origin, that is, that the interior meaning had been clothed upon. Of course a man capable of drawing the conclusion that natural reason cannot harmonize with spiritual truth, because he had seen a beetle in a dream that could not use its feet, is capable of any absurdity of which the imagination can conceive.

The fact is, that Swedenborg believed the Bible; that was his misfortune; his mind had been overpowered by the Bishop, but the woman had not utterly destroyed his heart. He was shocked by the literal interpretation of the Scriptures and sought to avoid the difficulty by giving new meanings consistent with the decency and goodness of God. He pointed out a way to preserve the old Bible, with a new interpretation. In this way infidelity would be avoided, and in his day, that was almost a necessity. Had Swedenborg taken the ground that the Bible was not inspired, the ears of the world would have been stopped.

His readers believed in the dogma of inspiration and asked not how to destroy the Scriptures, but for some way in which they might be preserved. He and his followers unconsciously rendered immense service to the cause of intellectual enfranchisement, by their efforts to show the necessity of giving new meanings to the barbarous laws and cruel orders of Jehovah. For this purpose they attacked with great fury the literal text, taking the ground, that if the old interpretation was right, the Bible was the work of savage men.

They heightened in every way, the absurdities, cruelties and contradictions of the Scriptures for the purpose of showing that a new interpretation must be found, and that the way pointed out by Swedenborg was the only way, or in other words, Swedenborg was the only one by which the Bible could be saved.

Great men are, after all, are the instrumentalities of their time. The hearts of the civilized world, were beginning to revolt at the cruelties ascribed to God, and were seeking for some interpretation of the Bible that kind and loving people could accept. The method of interpretation found by Swedenborg was suitable for all. Each was permitted to construct his own science of correspondence and gather such fruits as he might prefer. In this way, the ravings of revenge can be instantly changed to mercy's mellow tones, and murderous dagger to a smile of love. In this way, and no other, can we explain the numberless mistakes and crimes ascribed to God.

Thousands of most excellent people, afraid to throw away the idea of inspiration, hailed with joy a discovery that allowed them to write a Bible for themselves. But whether Swedenborg was right or not, every man who reads a book necessarily gets from that book all that he is capable of receiving. Every man who walks in the forest or who gathers a flower, or looks at a picture, or stands by the sea, gets all the intellectual wealth he is capable of receiving. What the forest, the flower, the picture, or the sea, is to him, depends upon his mind and upon the stage of development he has reached, so that after all, the Bible must be a different book to each person who reads it, as the revelations of nature depend upon the individual to whom they are revealed, or by whom they are discovered, and the extent of the revelation or discovery depends absolutely upon the intellectual and moral development of the person to whom, or by whom, the revelation or discovery is made, so the Bible cannot be the same to any two people, but each one must necessarily interpret it for himself.

Now, the moment the doctrine is established that we can give to this book such meanings as are consistent with our highest ideals

that we can treat the old words as purses or old stockings in which to put our gold, then each one will, in effect, make a new inspired Bible for himself and throw the old away. If his mind is narrow, if he has been raised in ignorance and nursed by fear, he will believe in the literal truth of what he reads. If he has a little courage he will doubt, and doubt will, with new interpretations, modify the literal text, but if his soul is free, he will reject it all.

Swedenborg did one thing for which I am almost grateful. He gave an account of having met John Calvin in hell. Nothing connected with the supernatural could be more perfectly natural than this. The only thing detracting from the value of this report is that, if there is a hell, we know without visiting the place, that John Calvin must be there. All honest founders of religions have been the dreamers of dreams, the sport of insanity, the prey of visions, the deceivers of others and themselves. All will admit that Swedenborg was a man of great intellect, of vast acquirements and of honest intentions, and I think it equally clear that upon one subject, at least, his mind was touched and shattered and shaken; mislead by analogies, imposed upon by the Bishop, deceived by the woman, borne to other worlds upon the wings of dreams, living in the twilight of reason and the dawn of insanity, he regards every fact as a patched and ragged garment with a lining of costly silk, and insisted that the wrong side, even of the silk, was far more beautiful than the right.

Herbert Spencer is almost the opposite of Swedenborg. He relies upon evidence, upon demonstration, upon experience, and occupied himself with one world at a time. He perceives that there is a mental horizon that we cannot pierce, and beyond that is the unknown—possibly, the unknowable. He endeavors to examine only that which is capable of being examined, and considers the theological method as not only useless but hurtful. After all, God is but a guess, throned and established by arrogance and assertion.

Turning his attention to those things that have in some way affected the condition of mankind, Spencer leaves the unknowable to priest and to the believers in the moral government of the world. He sees only natural causes and natural results and seeks to induce men to give up gazing into void and empty space, that he may give his entire attention to the world in which he lives. He sees that right and wrong do not depend upon the arbitrary will of even an infinite being but upon the nature of things, that they are relations not entities and that they cannot exist so far as we know, apart from human experience.

It may be that men will finally see that selfishness and sacrifice are both mistakes, that the first devours itself, that the second is not demanded by the good, and the bad are unworthy of it. It may be that our race has never been and never will be deserving of a martyr. Sometimes we may see that justice is the highest possible form of love, and that all should not only be loved, but be compelled to reap exactly what they sow; that industry should not support idleness, and that they who waste the spring and summer and autumn of their lives, should bear the winter when it comes. The fortunate should assist the victims of accident; the strong should defend the weak, and the intellectual should lead with loving kindness the hands of the mentally poor, but justice should remove the bandage from her eyes long enough to distinguish between the vicious and the unfortunate.

Mr. Spencer is wise enough to declare that acts are called good or bad according as they are well or ill adjusted to ends, and he might have added, that ends are good or bad according as they affect the happiness of mankind. It would be hard to over-estimate the influence of this great man. From an immense intellectual elevation he has surveyed the world of thought. He has rendered absurd the idea of special providence, born of the egoism of slavery. He has shown that the will of God is not a rule for human conduct, that morality is not a cold tyrant, that by the destruction of the individual will, a higher life cannot be reached, and that after all, an intelligent love of self extends the hand of help and kindness to all the human race, but had it not been for such men as Thomas Paine, Herbert Spencer could not have existed for a century to come.

Some one had to lead the way, to raise the standard of revolt and draw the sword of war. Thomas Paine was a natural revolutionist; he was opposed to every government existing in his day. Next to establishing a wise republic based upon the equal rights of man, the best that can be done is to destroy monarchy. Paine had a sense of justice and had imagination enough to put himself in the place of the oppressed. He had also what in these pages is so felicitously expressed, a haughty intellectual pride, and a willingness to pit his individual thought against the clamor of a world.

I cannot believe that he wrote the letters of Junius, although the two critiques combined in this volume, entitled "Paine and Junius," make by far the best argument upon that subject that I have ever read. First, Paine could have no personal hatred against the man so bitterly assailed by Junius: Sec-

ond, he knew at that time, but little of English politicians, and certainly had never associated with men occupying the highest, and could not have been personally acquainted with the leading statesmen of England: Third, that he was not an unjust man; he was neither a coward, a calumniator, nor a sneak. All these delightful qualities must have lovingly united in the character of Junius. Fourth, Paine could have had no reason for keeping the secret after coming to America.

I have read that Junius, after having written his letters, accepted office from the very men he had maligned, and at last became a pensioner of the victims of his slander. Had he as many mouths as a hydra, such a course must have closed them all. Certainly, the author must have kept the secret to prevent the loss of his reputation. It can not be denied that the style of Junius is much like that of Paine. Should it be established that Paine wrote the Letters of Junius, it would not in my mind or in my judgment, add to his reputation as a writer.

Regarded as literature efforts, they can not be compared with common sense. The Crisis, or The Rights of Man. The claim that Paine was the real author of the Declaration of Independence is much better founded. I am inclined to think that he actually wrote it, but whether this is true or not, every idea contained in it had been written long before by him. It is now claimed that the original document is in Paine's handwriting. It certainly is not in Jefferson's. Certain it is that Jefferson could not have written anything so manly, so convincing, and so faultless in rhetoric and rhythm as the Declaration of Independence.

Paine was the first man to write these words: The United States of America. He was the first great champion of absolute separation from England. He was the first to urge the adoption of a federal constitution, and more clearly than any other man of his time, he perceived the future greatness of his country. He has been blamed for his attack on Washington. The truth is, he was in prison in France; he had committed the crime of voting against the execution of the King.

Ingersoll says it was the grandest act of his life, but I do not think so. If I had known, as Robespierre did, how many honest, good men the King got beheaded, taken from their homes and wives and children, in the dead of night, in cabs and all kinds of secret conveyances, he would not say so, but I think it was the grandest piece of work and act on Robespierre's side for taking a vote about whether they would execute the King or not; it brought to the light of his eyes, the enemies of his country's freedom and himself. This man Paine in the time of the greatest danger

to the emancipation of France, after the shedding of so much blood, to obtain it, he, only an alien subject, might have refrained from taking any part in it. I think after leaving America, where he took such a part in the origin of that struggle for liberty, might have turned his mind from signing such a petition for a King that was liable at any time, by his influence, to undo the great work the revolution had accomplished, for the rights of man.

I believe by this act, and the manner in which he approached George Washington for his intervention on his behalf, after his actions in France, at a time when neutral action even by alien subjects were most required for consolidation of an affected and suffering people, Tom Paine may have been a great man and taken part in many daring adventures, as a great many Englishmen do, but it is also possible and has been proven that they have often over estimated themselves, and Robert Ingersoll, I admit, has been a clever lawyer, a good orator and a sound reasoner, and with his perceptions of people's feelings, he certainly commands a hearing that few men of his time did or could.

He diffused the light, and on many subjects he illuminated it. I admire his demonstrations of the thought of other men, and where they were reasonable he congratulated them, and where they were defective in one sentence, he cut that asunder from reason, and as he says himself, our failures are mostly all graded by the broadness or the narrowness of our surroundings of that light of investigation in our upbringing, but in some cases he does not rightly apply it. I think in the case of Paine, he overlooked it. Because of persecution, he became revolutionary, but his upbringing was surrounded by kingism, which I believe caused him to vary, and in sympathy with the compliance of youth's surroundings of kingism, he vacated the throne of reason, which he wrote so much about.

While Paine was in prison in France, and he being an American citizen, asked Washington, the then President, to say a word on his behalf to Robespierre. Ingersoll says Washington remained silent, and with a slur to the honored dead, he says in this speech at a time when Paine was dead also. He was speaking in honor of Paine, and also to the dishonor of the great Washington, that gave his life, his all, to chance for the liberty and the right of man, and he goes on and says: "Washington remained silent in the calmness of power and the serenity of fortune. Washington, the President, read the request of Paine, the prisoner in France, and with the complacency of assured fame, consigned to

the waste basket of forgetfulness, the patriot's cry for help."

Those men were both dead—Paine and President Washington—and what end Ingersoll had in view, to blackmail a man that had led the American people to victory and freedom, to liberty, in a revolution that the man Paine had partly originated and started; Ingersoll praises the acts and deeds of the man that lit the torch, and abuses the acts and deeds of the way the other man carried that torch, forgetting that he said, himself, "the dead are defenceless, unable to defend themselves." If Washington was in the serenity of power before the conflict started, he had no thought of it. His thoughts were the thought of justice, of right against wrong, and he carried the torch that now illuminates the earth on every side. All honor to his name. He was the patriot that founded the poll, that hoisted the Stars and Stripes of light and liberty to mankind.

Mr. Ingersoll says Paine was neither a coward nor a calumniator, I have no doubt that Washington did see and realized, as Ingersoll did himself, when he said: "It may be that he will finally see that selfishness and self-sacrifice are both mistakes, that the first devours itself." Certainly it devoured Paine; and second, that it is not demanded by the good. Paine's actions certainly were not demanded by Robespierre nor George Washington because he did not intervene on his behalf to Robespierre to get him out of prison, and you will see here that in this report of Paine's to Washington, he still adhered to those old, kingly and pagan assertions whether in disrespect or respect of those he addressed:

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion; a great sized monster of ingratitude; those scraps are of good deeds past, which are devoured, as fast as they are made, forgot as soon as done, but with all this great power of thought and expression by Paine, I think sometimes that justice is the highest possible form of mercy and love, and that all should not only be allowed but compelled to reap exactly what they sow."

I believe Washington knew all those things and Ingersoll said it; and Ingersoll tells us: "Paine did more to free the mind, to destroy the power of ministers and priests in the New World than any other man. In order to answer his arguments, the churches found it necessary to attack his character. There was a general resort to falsehoods in trying to destroy the reputation of Paine. The churches have demoralized themselves; nearly every minister has been a willing hand of witness against the truth. Upon the grave of Thomas Paine, the churches have

sacrificed their honor. The influence of the hero author increases every day, and there are more copies of 'The Age of Reason' sold in the United States, than of any work written in defence of the Christian religion."

Hypocrisy, with its forked tongue, its envious and malignant heart, lies coiled upon the memory of Paine, ready to fasten its poisonous fangs in the reputation of any man who dares defend the great and generous dead. He says, "Leaving the dust and glory of revolution, let us spend a moment in quiet with Adam Smith."

"I was glad to find that a man's ideas upon the subject of protection and free trade depends almost entirely upon the country in which he lives, or the business in which he happens to be engaged, and that, after all, each man regards the universe as a circumference of which he is the centre. It gratified me to learn that even Adam Smith was no exception to this rule, and that he regarded all protection as a hurtful and ignorant interference except when exercised for the good of Great Britain. Owing to the fact that his nationality quarreled with his philosophy, he succeeded in writing a book that is quoted with equal satisfaction by both parties. The Protectionists rely upon the exceptions he made for England, and the Free Traders, upon the doctrines he had down for other countries.

He seems to have reasoned with the question of money precisely as we have of late years in the United States, and he has argued both sides equally well. Poverty asks for inflation, wealth too conservative and always says there is money enough. Upon the question of money, this volume contains the best thing I have ever read: "The only mode of procuring the services of others, on a large scale in the absence of money, is by force, which is slavery. Money, by constituting a medium in which the smallest services can be paid for, substitutes wages for the lash, and renders the liberty of the individual consistent with the maintenance and support of society."

There is more philosophy in that one paragraph than Adam Smith expresses in his whole work. It may be truthfully said, that without money, liberty is impossible. No one, whatever his views may be, can read the article on Adam Smith without profit and delight. The discussion of the matter is in every respect admirable, and is as candid, as able. The world will sooner or later learn that there is nothing miraculous in finance, that money is a real and tangible thing, a product of labor, serving not merely as a medium of labor but as a basis of credit as well; that it cannot be created by an act of Legislature; that dreams cannot be coined and that only

labor, in some form, can put upon the hand of want Aladdin's magic ring.

Adam Smith wrote upon the "Wealth of Nations," while Charles Fourier labored for the happiness of mankind. In this country, few seem to understand the Communism. While here it may be regarded as vicious idleness, armed with the assassin's knife and the incendiary torch, in Europe it is a different nobility or a different thing. There is a reaction from feudalism. Nobility is Communism in its worst possible form; nothing can be worse than for idleness to eat the bread of industry. Communism or Communists in Europe, is not the 'stand and deliver' of the robber, but the protest of the robbed.

Centuries ago, kings and priests, that is to say, thieves and hypocrites, divided Europe among themselves. Under this arrangement the few were masters and the many slaves. Nearly every government in the Old World rests upon simple brute force. It is hard for the many to understand why the few should own the soil. Neither can they clearly see why they should give their brain and blood to those who steal their birthright and their bread. It has occurred to them that they who do the most should not receive the least, and that after all, an industrious peasant is of far more value to the world than a vain and idle king.

The Communists of France, blinded as they were, made the Republic possible. Had they joined with their countrymen, the invaders would still occupy the throne. Socialism perceives that Germany has been enslaved by victory; while France found liberty in defeat, in Russia, the Nihilists prefer chaos to government of the bayonet, Siberia and the knout, and these intrepid men have kept upon the coast of despotism, one beacon fire of hope, and thanks be to universal power, today they have received their long looked for reward of their adornment into that glorious and true light, of emancipation that their little, great and inspired leader, Lenine, has led them into the land of liberty to enjoy their milk and honey.

They have got Robert Ingersoll's prediction today of 1876. How the prophets see. As a matter of fact, every Society is a species of Communism and a kind of cooperation in which selfishness, in spite of itself, benefits the community. Every industrious man adds to the wealth not only of his nation, but to that of the world. Every inventor increases human power, and every sculptor, painter and poet adds to the value of human life.

Fourier, touched by the sufferings of the poor, as well as by the barren joys of hoarded wealth, and discovering the vast advantage of combined effort and the immense economy of cooperation, sought to find some way for men

to help themselves by helping each other. He endeavored to do away with monopoly and competition, and to find some method by which the sensuous, the moral, and the intellectual passions of man could be gratified.

For my part, I can place no confidence in any system that tends to do away with the system of marriage. I can conceive of no civilization of which the family must not be the unit. I must say myself—that the marriage unit is the first sign of constituted government, and also the first recognized authority amongst the being race. It elevates them to a standard of consideration to reason about their condition and brings them to a sense of the necessity to help bear other burdens. It also raises them above the lower animals and enables them unitedly to protect themselves, when wandering from place to place in search of pastures new. It is advancement in conditions, morally and physically, and prepares them to consider evolution's grade.

It was this neglect of the Jews in morality that caused their fall and degeneracy, which has today destroyed the constitutions that represent the people in the parliaments of both the British and United States of America. The morals of lustful passions with no economical base of how to pause or stop in the course they do pursue; the immoral passion of financial exploitings and speculating without consideration or reason, which is a gamble not alone of financial reason, but of the lives and souls of industrial men and women. Societies cannot make, they must grow. Philosophers may predict, but they cannot create. They may point out as many ways as they please; after all, humanity will travel in paths of its own.

Fourier sustained about the same relation to this world as Swedenborg did to the other.

There must be something wrong about the brain of one who solemnly asserts that the elephant, the ox, and the diamond, were made by the sun; the horse, the lily and the ruby, by Saturn; the cow, the jonquil and the topaz by Jupiter; and the dog, the violet and the opal stones, by the earth itself; and yet forgetting these aberrations of the mind, this lunacy of a great and loving, for one, I hold in tenderest regard the memory of Charles Fourier, one of the best and noblest of our race.

While Fourier was in his cradle, Jeremy Bentham, who read history when three years old, played on the violin at five, and at fifteen detected the fallacies of Blackstone—was demonstrating that the good was the useful, and that a thing was right because it paid in the highest and best sense, that utility was the basis of morals, and that without allowing interest to be paid upon money, commerce could not exist, and that the object of all hu-

man governments should be to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. He read Hume and Helvetius, threw away the Thirty-nine Articles, and endeavored to impress upon the English law the fact that its ancestors was a feudal savage. He held the past in contempt, hated Westminster, and despised Oxford. He combatted the idea that governments were originally founded on contract.

Locke and Blackstone talked as though men originally lived apart and formed societies by agreement. These writers probably imagined that at one time the trees were divided or separated apart like telegraph poles, and finally came together and made groves by agreement. I believe it was Puffendorf who said that slavery was originally founded on contract, to which Voltaire replied: "If my Lord Puffendorf will produce the original contract, signed by the party who was to be the slave, I will admit the truth of his statement." A contract back of society is a myth manufactured by those in power to serve, as a title to place, and to impress the multitude with the idea that they are in some mysterious way, bound, fettered, and even benefitted by its terms.

Many societies have favored the theologians. They have admitted that these questions could not at present, be solved. These admissions have been thankfully received by the clergy, who have always begged for some curtain to be left, behind where their God could still exist. Men, calling themselves scientific, have tried to harmonize the apparent discrepancies between the Bible and the other works of Jehovah. In this way they have made reputations. They were at once quoted by the ministers as wonderful examples of piety and learning. These men discounted the future that they might enjoy the ignorant praise of the present.

Agassiz preferred the applause of Boston, while he lived, to the reverence of a world after he was dead. Small men appear great only when they agree with the multitude. The last Scientific Congress in America was opened with prayer. Think of a scientist that depends upon the efficacy of words addressed to the Unknown and Unknowable. In our country, most of the so-called scientists are Professors in Sectarian Colleges, in which Moses is considered a geologist, and Joshua an astronomer. For the most part, their salaries depend upon the ingenuity with which they can explain away facts and dodge demonstration. The situation is about the same in England. When Mr. Huxley saw fit to attack the Mosaic account of the creation, he did not deem it advisable to say plainly what he meant. He attacked the account of the creation as given by Milton. All through

he knew that the Mosaic and the Miltonic were substantially the same.

Science has acted like a guest without a wedding garment and has continually apologized for existing, in the press of arrogant absurdity, overawed by the patronizing airs of a successful charlatan, it has played the role of a poor relation and accepted, while sitting below, the salt, insults as honors. There can be no more pitiable sight than a scientist in the employ of superstition, dishonoring himself without assisting his master, but there are a multitude of brave and tender men who give their honest thoughts, who are true to nature, who give the facts and let consequences shirk for themselves, who know the value and meaning of a truth, and who have bravely tried the creed by scientific tests.

Amongst the bravest, side by side with the greatest of the world, in Germany, the land of science, stands Ernest Haeckel, who may be said to have not only demonstrated the theories of Darwin, but the monastic conception of the world, rejecting all the peurile ideas of a personal creator, he has had the courage to adopt the noble words of Bruno. A spirit exists in all things, and nobody is so small but it contains a part of the divine substance within itself and by which it is animated. He has endeavored—and I think with complete success—to show that there is not, and never was the creator of anything. There is no more a personal creator than there is a personal destroyer.

Matter and force must have existed from eternity. All generation must have been spontaneous and the simplest organism must have been the ancestors of the most perfect and complex. Haeckel is one of the bitterest enemies of the church, and is, therefore, one of the bravest friends of man. Catholicism was, at one time, the friend of education, of an education sufficient to make a Catholic out of a barbarian. Protestantism was also in favor of education, sufficient to make a Protestant out of a Catholic. But now, it having been demonstrated that real evolution will make Freethinkers, Catholics and Protestants both are the enemies of true learning.

In all countries where human beings are held in bondage, it is a crime to teach an education that will enable a slave to read and write. Masters know that education is an abolitionist, and theologians know that science is the deadly foe of every creed in Christendom. In the age of faith, a personal God stood at the head of every department of ignorance, and was supposed to be the King of Kings, the rewarded and punisher of individuals, and the governor of nations. The worshippers of this God have always regarded the men in love with simple facts, as atheists

in disguise, and it must be admitted that nothing is more atheistic than a fact. Pure science is necessarily godless; it is incapable of worship; it investigates and cannot afford to shut its eyes even long enough to pray. There was a time when those who disputed the Divine right of Kings were denounced as blasphemous, but the time came when liberty demanded that a personal God should be retired from politics.

In our country this was substantially done in 1776, when our fathers declared that all power to govern came from the consent of the governed. The cloud theory was abandoned, and one government has been established for the benefit of mankind. Our fathers did not keep God out of the constitution, from principle, but from jealousy. Each church, in colonial times, preferred to live in single blessedness rather than see some rival wedded to the state. Mutual hatred planted our tree of religious liberty. A constitution without a God has at last given us a nation without a slave. A personal God sustains the same relation to religion as to politics. The Deity is a master and a man, serf, and this relation is inconsistent with true progress.

The universe ought to be a true democracy, an infinite republic without a tyrant and without a chain. Augusto Comte endeavored to put humanity in the place of Jehovah, and no conceivable change can be more desirable than this. This great man did not, like some of his followers, put a mysterious something called 'law' in the place of God, which is simply giving the Old Master a new name. Law is this side the phenomena, not the other. It is not the cause, neither is it the result of phenomena. The fact of succession and resemblance, that is to say, the same thing happening under the same conditions, is all we mean by law.

No one ever conceived of a law existing apart from matter or controlling matter, any more than he can understand the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost, or motion apart from substance. We are beginning to see that law does not and cannot exist as an entity, but that it is only a conception of the mind to express the fact, that the same entities, under the same conditions, produce the results of the same. Law does not produce the entities, the conditions or the results, or even the sameness of the results. The metaphysicians are always giving us explanations of the phenomena which are as difficult to understand as the phenomena they seek to explain, and the believers in God establish their dogmas by miracles, and then substantiate the miracles by assertions.

The designer of the theologian, the first cause of the religious philosopher, the vital force of the biologist, and the law of the half-

orthodox scientist, are all the shadowy children of ignorance and fear. The universe is all there is; it is both subject and object, contemplator and contemplated, creator and created, destroyer and destroyed, preserver and preserved, and within itself are all causes, modes and effects, unable in some things, to rise above the superstitions of his day.

Comte adopted not only the machinery, but some of the prejudices of Catholicism. He made the mistake of Luther; he tried to reform the Church of Rome. Destruction is the only reformation of which that church is capable. Every religion is based upon a misconception, not only of the cause of phenomena, but of the real object of life, that is to say, upon falsehoods, and the moment the truth is known and understood, these religions must fall. In the field of thought they are briars, thorns, and noxious weeds. On the shores of intellectual discovery, they are sirens, and in the forests that the grave thinkers are now penetrating, they are the wild beasts, fanged and monstrous.

You cannot reform these weeds. Sirens cannot be changed into good citizens, and such wild beasts, even when tamed, are of no possible use. Destruction is the only remedy. Reformation is a hospital where the new philosophy exhausts its strength nursing the old religion.

There was in the brain of the great Frenchman the dawn of that happy day in which humanity will be the only religion, good the only God, happiness the only object, restitution the only atonement, mistake the only sin and affection, guided by intelligence, the only savior of mankind. This dawn enriched his poverty, illuminated the darkness of his life, peopled his loneliness with the happy millions yet to be, and filled his eyes with proud and tender tears.

A few years ago, I asked the Superintendent of Pere la Chaise, if he knew where I could find the tomb of Auguste Comte. He had never heard even the name of the author of the Positive Philosophy. I asked him if he had ever heard of Napoleon Bonaparte; in a half-insulted tone he replied, "Of course I have. Why do you ask me such a question?" "Simply" was my answer, "that I might have the opportunity of saying that when everything connected with Napoleon, except his crime, shall have been forgotten, Auguste Comte will be lovingly remembered as a benefactor of the human race."

The function which Europe has performed by the reviews, viz., that of supplying discussion of the more abstract elements of politics and sociology and renders the reading public familiar to some extent, with the philosophic systems of leading thinkers. The articles embraced in this volume were written for the

Chicago Times, at the request of Mr. Story, its editor, and published in its Saturday edition, which has a circulation of some 60,000 copies. Before being collected in book form, most of them attracted very general attention and letters of criticism, commendation and response came in to them from the most distant and unexpected quarters of the globe, as well as from points near at hand.

One request was for a publication in book form, coming from a German in Egypt; another from a Frenchman in Quebec. The fact that the most experienced, enterprising and successful daily journalist now living, should open his columns to expositions of current philosophic and sociological systems, requiring so much space, and that they should be widely read and preserved by them or those that or who have read them in this form, indicates that there is an increasing demand on the part of the public for thought that is independent of any and all forms of theological bias. The people demand to know not merely what seers and prophets, oracles and men, acting under some form of hysterical infatuation or supernatural frenzy have thought, for there is always a liability that these may be lunatics, but also, what the calm schools and rigid thinkers and investigators who were favored with no divine affliction, have thought concerning man, his origin, duty and destiny, for while a few of the latter, like Newton, and Comte, have suffered from cerebral disease brought on by stress of mental labor, even those differ from seers like Swedenborg and Mahomet, in the fact that we are not indebted to their disease for their revelations.

Philosophers, as well as prophets may be subjects of catalepsy, or of lunacy, but a marked distinction still reigns, if the latter like Mahomet, communes with the angels only while foaming at the mouth, while the former like Comte, elaborate their philosophic systems only after all signs of mental distress have disappeared.

No attempt has been made in the following volume to collect the views of merely speculative philosophers or metaphysicians—those who undertake to consider the nature of knowledge of being, consciousness of ideas, or of the sources of any of these, it has designedly nothing to say of Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Hume, Reid, Stuart, Hamilton, or any of the German metaphysicians from Spinoza to Hegel. It aims only to present a few of the leading thinkers upon social science, upon the great questions arising out of the evils that afflict society, and the supposed means of scientifically and philosophically counteracting them. It endeavors, however, to elucidate the system of each more constructively

and sympathetically than is usually done in Histories of Philosophy.

Swedenborg thought society would derive its greatest salvation from an entire renovation of the accepted creeds of Christianity, spiritualizing what had become materialized, and converting hell from a lake of flame into a love of self, and heaven from a jeweled city, into an amiable character. He then adhered to the spiritualized word thus obtained or created, as the most potent means of renovating society through the purification of its individual members. Though his means were theological, his ends were social.

Adam Smith thought wealth, industry, division of labor, the introduction of money, and freed of exchange, to be the great progressive forces in society, though for eighteen centuries, Christianity had been compelled, by the narrow, social views which attended origin to decry wealth and the love and pursuit of it, as the source of all misery. Dr. Smith founded a school of economists whose views as to the methods of counteracting the evils of society, are none the less hostile to those of the Mount, from the fact that the economical writers seldom so much as deign to notice the hostility.

Jeremy Bentham discovered that crime was not an impulse of the devil, but a result of imperfect development, and taught mankind that the reform of many of our evils lay in governing men less and teaching them more. Both Smith and Bentham were as eminent, positive, scientific philosophers as if they had sat under the teaching of Auguste Comte.

Thomas Paine was the representative critic, destroyer and revolutionist, of his period, but his end at all times, was such a reconstruction of society as would prevent the building up of an aristocratic government or governing class by keeping the wheel of popular elections in perpetual revolution. His political ideas corresponded more closely with the actual form and structure of the American government than those of his contemporaries. This entitles him to a front rank as a social philosopher.

Charles Fourier and Herbert Spencer have made sociology their chief end and aim. Ernest Haeckel put in a scientific form, the evidence of the spontaneous evolution of society. He who writes the scientific genesis for man begins in the true history and philosophy of society at its actual beginning. According to Haeckel, the child begins in the womb, where human society begins in its true Adam, viz., in a cell clothed in protoplasm. All the subsequent growth arises out of adaptation to its environments and heredity. The great powers, therefore, which make up progress are tact and talent. Tact is that which adapts each life to its environments, from

the mote that basks in the sunbeam to the millionaire that controls a railway. Talent is the growth which each life underwent in its parent.

The original inheritance of calibre, vitality and force, with which offspring are born into the world, including the creation of society, is the evolution, by material forms, of these two innate powers equally present in a worm and in a Webster. The extent and complexity of the environment upon which they act. Auguste Comte could not fitly close the theological and metaphysical periods in his own person, had he not, by example, boldly taught the world that the business of God making was a legitimate branch of human industry. It as philosophically impossible for any man to imagine a God that would not be a product of human nature or rather of human imagination, but Comte, as an ambitious and scientific manufacturer of Deity could not be content with taking some fraction of attribute or type of humanity, whether Jewish, Greek or Roman, for his idol, but must embrace in one comprehensive act of worship, the entire stock, whatever it might inventory. Comte attempted to substitute sociology for theology, sociolatriy for idolatry, sociocracy for democracy, plutocracy and ecclesiocracy.

Although but a century has passed since Swedenborg, Bentham, Adam Smith and Thomas Paine taught, the political ideas of the three last have passed into the creed of the common people, and the theologians of the present day would be extremely glad to compromise on Swedenborg's views of the word, if they could thereby rescue it from its impending utter extinction as a power over human thought. The tendency of society for half a century has rapidly been toward a complete realization of many of the social theories, both of Fourier and Comte, unlike as their views are in their details.

Spencer and Haeckel expound evolution amidst the applause of the generation that hears them, with the assurance that all the theological expositions, having already been banished from scientific minds, cannot long dwell in the popular mind.

To this state of facts, the question is, what are you going to give us in place of the ideals and myths you are destroying? And to this, the great thinkers answer, in substance: "We will give you the patience that is content to assume to know only that which human faculties have the capacity to reduce to knowledge. We will give you the knowledge which does all that has ever been done to adorn, bless, ennoble human life. If we should discover any fact concerning another life, we will give it to you as freely as we would give those concerning

this life. We will give you all that the educated and scientific men of the world ever believed, viz., the accumulated results of all observation, experiment and comparisons. We will impose upon you no guesses which nature has endowed us with, no faculties for verifying."

It took two hundred years, says Condorcet, for Archimedes and Apollonius' investigations in mathematics and astronomy, to so perfect the science of navigation so as to save the sailors from shipwreck, but when the science was perfected, it totally superceded the efforts of the human mind to control. Through prayers and sacrifices, that Divine mind which controlled the seas and the winds, or to secure safety for the ship by exerting a supernatural influence over its environment. As long as prayers strove to adapt the seas to the ship, it went down. When science adapted the ship to the seas, it sailed on it.

It cost a like period of study before chemists discovered that the basilisk which haunted cellars, which was invisible but called it looked upon, was carbonic acid gas, but when this was discovered, the basilisk's dreadful eye was no longer fatal. The world is still filled with invisible basilisks, invisible, save as knowledge makes them invisible, but killing their millions—epidemic diseases, cruel and false social theories, vast social wrongs and oppressions, great theological wastes of wealth relatively to no purpose, compared with the good it might effect, are among these basilisks. Incantations have been chanted over them, but they still kill. Anathemas and prayers have failed to exterminate them: Slowly but surely, the world's great thinkers are exterminating them, for what they think today, forms the creed of educated men, tomorrow, and of all men on the day after.

But I believe in Jeremy Bentham's theory in governing men less and teaching them more. Ernest Haeckel said evolution began in the womb, where the seed was planted, which is a very good idea, because of the environment that takes place after they leave the womb. The young plants that will come forth and diffuse their bloom—which is their desires and warmth of heart and soul in emotion, through their various graduated pursuits through life, but there is something to be done in the investigation and examination of the ground or garden you are going to plant the seed in. This means, the man must know the inheritance the woman possesses—what she likes best, what she loves best—and he must detect the subjective mind towards the object it desires most to obtain; also, its emotional variations from one object to another, and above all,

the love of unsully and unsullied virtue, which is the preserver and stability of family life. Both man and woman must be guided by their virtues to a state of true evolution.

Then again, to carry with us the whole unit of civilization, they must know each others hereditary descendings, free from lunacy, impurity of any kind, and prove their feelings and actions towards your fellow creatures; also their kindness towards the lower animals; their loves for birds and fishes, for all canine quadrupeds, dogs, and all species of the animal race.

When you have the sense and knowledge of all these virtues and loves to practise them—then comes the physical development of this human race, the climatic conditions of variated seasons, their adversity and bereavements, the sources of production, the ways and means of producing, the enduring and suffering of these industrial hives of beings, have reduced their development and mankind, in a struggle for existence, with no time to think, no time to hear nor see demonstration, nor even time to read, leaves him a slave in and of ignorance, incapable to design and construct a path for himself.

But when I come to these thoughts, it is hard for the being, without the power for investigation that he might reason in some way about the improvement in his condition. Now as to this physical development in the being race, I believe in the purity of it, that is to say, every nationality should mingle within itself, that is to say, the British should keep within their own nation, America included with Ireland, which is in race, most similar, but French and Germans, Russians, and all other nationalities should marry within their own nations, only where the caste is more similar and more evolutionized.

Now, as the true investigator will know, every caste from every clime exists and is sustained by a different process of production, simply because of climatic conditions, and you will see by the scientific appliances of their food productions, that refined food does refine the creature physically—you will notice in every caste. But that is not all. I come now to the Darwin theory of evolution. Man and woman, in their ignorant state, did not take notice of their natural physical degeneracy and never for a moment, took a thought of the cause.

When I look around me here amongst so many different castes of Europe, and see their deformity on the streets of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, they seem just coming out from the crawls; the food they eat, half cooked, like wild garbage as wild, and as their food is uncooked, so wild and uncultivated looking are their features—this with no sense of choosing a partner to bring forth a beauti-

ful seed, keeps the race on a balance, going back and forwards, with no sign of improvements of an upward grade; and then this beautiful, developed in many cases, is inhuman, unkind, ungrateful and brutally cruel.

Then again, the wise ones, kind and just and true, and also beautiful, with their environments, adversity's burden; even in youth, are become deformed. Then under their government's conditions, it is impossible for them to join partnership with another developed, physical constitution, even if humanized, because of his own frailties and weakly degenerated state, would leave the race on a balance still. But I suppose we will have to wait on nature's course here too and the purest in morals with the best developed forms and features, be united and by example and persuasion, we will accomplish and unite the link of the endless chain on evolution's wheels.

This is preparing the ground or the garden for the seed. We are the grain that brings forth the seed. We must be sifted and cleansed and separated from all weeds of impurity. As I have said, by that process of watching the discernment of each other, the warmth of emotional love to what they desire best, we shall know by these emotional demonstrations what is good and what is bad.

It seems strange to me in this twentieth century that castes like Britain and France, not speaking of benighted Russia and Italy, and enlightened Germany, to be so slow after Darwin's rebuke to them, of evolutionizing their should-be human forms. I often look with gruesome eye on my own caste and think ashamed of the land I was born in, or rather under the flag that made the laws. In a great many cases, there are men and women that have money and means and supposed to be educated. They have never given a thought to nor about the beauty of their forms. I see them looking into the mirror glass, and how they cannot see themselves as I do, I do not know; some of them with flat noses, some with upturned, others turned down, as Goldsmith said, like vultures, from their narrow, low forehead, deep hollow eye-sockets, sprawling out feet like mammoths, knocking knees and bow legged, from the crawls creeping out from the darkness, short of nothing, as Darwin said, but tail.

If these ministers and priests that have such a hold on the people, that are void and short of this missing link, would try and evolutionize themselves, even by their change in appearance before the people, might enhance in mind the elevation of the people itself, until these people are educated to a sense of their shape and form, and that they need a

suit of clothes to fit them better in shape to the eye, clothed upon, divested of the reptile form that is detestable to the human mind and eye. They must be taught to realize the beauty of a form, its worth and value, and to be beautiful in stature and feature, shows to the world that your pregenitors was an evolutionist, if not an artistic human being.

As I said, we are the grain that the seed will spring from, hence we must prepare the ground to plant in, and in the spring, when we are planting the seed, we must plant in the joy and love of our hearts and nourish it within the couch of care, with examples of purity and cleanliness, with comfortings, bearing the burden of the weak, watering with words of consolation, and exhorting at all times, the human pity and charity of love. This will be part of the food for the babe in the womb. The other part will be milk and refined food, tasty and relishable. When the seed does come forth, nurse it with care, with cleanliness and joy. Let all your expressions be moral, and let every act be an act of humanizing feelings, with sympathy towards each other and the child. Both parents are responsible equally for the evolution of the child. I see a want of training and ignorance in a great part in the degeneracy and greed of all mankind from the womb.

Now, as how and when the seed should be sown. No girl or young man should be married before they are twenty-one years of age, and the law of the land should demand of them purity in nature. It should demand of them morality in all character, in demonstration and expression. I know the abominable and loathful, lustful creatures will denounce these thoughts of mine, but nevertheless they will be beneficial to the true and pure mind of the investigator. I do admit there are pure and virtuous men and women get married, with a real good intention of bringing up their offspring honorably, but they have never given a thought about the strength and stature and endurance of that offspring, physically, mentally, they would have to come through and bear the strain of their environment in pursuit of life's sustenance, that would be certain to break down in the midst of its weakness, that delays and progress of evolution's wheel, until such time as the old fabric will be cast down and a new foundation constructed by a stronger seed for the evolution of mankind.

You will see that this want of thought in the choosing of the seed is almost as bad as the development of a seed that is unrefined and uncultured. The strong and pure seed must choose the ground to plant in. It must not be blown about with every imagination, like chaff, by the wind, but chosen with con-

fidence and respect. This done, now the seed has come forth. If you are humanized and know yourself, and have studied and watched the acts and deeds and desires of your partner through his environment, and reasoned with them before you consented to cohabit with him or her then you will know yourselves, and also the product of your nature. Your instincts will be in the child, and your subjective mind, according to your own variations, will form the blends of the child's subjective mind, and the child's deliberation will be a variation between the two, and in comparison, as germatic substance is stronger than the other, in one parent, it certainly follows that the child's subjective mind will lean that way, and if that way is the least human, they will have to carefully guard and direct it and teach it, in the human way.

When the parents realize these subjective emotions of desires towards the object they mean to attain, and if constrained from the human side, the parent will know how to demonstrate and act towards the child, to allay and abate the evil. These germatic natures are linked together, though in many places these links are weakly and strongly welded. That means one nature is either stronger or weaker than the other, both physically and subjectively in desires for the objects they have in view.

The ideal is to strengthen this chain of evolution by purity, inculcating the pure desires of actions, demonstrating them in human, emotional forms before the children and at the knee of their own parent, where the first tuition should be, will surely elevate and evolutionize the race.

There should be a law to regulate marriages, and also do away with the mongrel idea of bastardism, which is a strain of always going back to the scrub or the crawls of filth and darkness. When the children assemble at the parents' table of learning or instructions concerning their future course to pursue in their environment in life, it is the parents' duty to point out to them the ways and means of procedure through life. Knowing their instincts are descended from themselves, will make it easier for the child to perceive and inhale their inculcations of wisdom's instructions, with the confidence of feeling in a human love, pointing out to them the dangers of communication with evilly disposed persons; the effects their defects would have upon their future life; and to shun and scorn the lustful passions that lead to pain and suffering and disgust; that their link may not snap from pure humanity's chain in evolution upwards; teaching them the science and the art of air, light, fire and

water, and the sense and power of the utilization of all mineral resources.

This prepares them for another season. Their spring is passed of childhood days, the summer and youth draws near. He leaves his parents' side to enter into another school, and the humble parents' child has no choice—into the school of curricula the children must go—and save for a few lessons in reading and writing, arithmetic and grammar, geographical instructions—and very little of the last is taught—is the maxim of the rural districts of the country's education. The home is the principal place of instruction, if the parents are educated, but I pity the poor. It is a hard struggle in evolution's train. They have never had the opportunity of instruction in any kind of education, morally, economically, financially; nor yet do they know the meaning of political science, though they are overwhelmed and deluged in it by newspapers of all kinds and class, because of their brewing and constructing of the means of these politically paid operators, that sometimes and in some places, they are a political curse.

Their theologian preachers never think for a moment of giving them one lesson on ethics, or the equivalence, among mankind. They say that is nothing for them to think about, that is the doctor's and the lawyer's and our business. Think you about hell and heaven and your happiness in another world, no matter about this one. What do you think about preachers like these—no concern about our condition in this world. You don't need to think, they will think for you—but when it comes to work, they will tell you, go and work for yourself, so you see they will think for you but they will not work for you, and if a man does not work, neither shall he eat. He doesn't want to work but he wants to eat and think, that's the preacher. Leave this world alone and all your environments, sayeth the preacher.

With all these deceivings before the poor man, how is he to keep on the track? Will these theologians' car ever get linked to the train of civilization and humanity's evolution?

Now, I see this evolution is going to be a slow one. Today we have a League of Nations sitting in Washington, after shooting down about five million people, and shifting their gold heaps from one country to another. They think they are the millennium hunters on the last run round. By their actions they are just on the way of stopping evolution's train, in the progress of science and art, not alone in arms and machine guns, but in all departments of progress. We have only discovered the power of air and have not yet designed the ways and means to utilize it,

and many other great thinkers in different parts of the world are at work in investigation that now might be abandoned for these millennium builders' sake.

Now as to the education of boy and girl in their sunny day of life. I am glad that in Britain they have moved a step forward by making it compulsory for the boys and girls to stop at school until fourteen years old; that will give them a chance of reaching a higher grade of education, but all privileges should be taken away from sectarian classes and equality to all. Genius is the father of itself and should be open to all. There should be night schools of all kinds of technical knowledge, with the material to demonstrate the same, in the shape and form of machinery, that the boys and girls from and by their own desires, choose to learn.

Watch them in the garden in the sand heap, build their houses, construct their bridges, make their lakes and streams, forming the boot or shoe, drawing their own pictures on the sand—this is the beginning of the genius. If the parent is a naturalist, here he discovers the desired destiny of the child. If you are a true son of mother earth, you will know the scientific pursuit to place your boy or girl in.

I never had, as I said before, the pleasure of being one hour in a day school in all my life. Under two masters I got my little all and both in Irish National schools of thought and teaching, so I think I know the value of night school teachings. Do you know it was as sweet to me as my daily meal? There should be engines, typewriters, printing, electricians, air and steam, brick making, building of all kinds of implements—should be displayed before the boys and girls that they might learn whichever they please, and what they most desire.

They take hold of it first, and then practise upon it; this is the mind and hand work. The demonstrator is the thoughts and tongue work. All this should be done in a generous spirit of harmony and good will amongst the pupils and the teachers, each one helping the other without respect of person, all united on the one chain, revolving on—what is good for one is good for all, and when all is tested, we have still to sift the good from the bad.

Rome, in the midst of her idolatry, held fast to two good things, that is, one marriage while you live and no more, unless one of the contracting parties dies. That alone in one direction, is the upholder of honor and purity of character and follows in morality evolution's train. The act of the Romish church, of prohibiting the Bible to be read in the school to the children that did not understand it, and having it lying on the desks where the children could get access to

it, I reckon that was one of the most moral actions of the Church of Rome, that having a Bible of their own, and knowing the murders, whoredoms, blasphemies, confiscations, and deceivings that are written in that Book, helped us on our way to the end we have in view, of humanity's civilization's evolution. If all the bad was taken out of that Book, the Bible, there would be a very small book left.

All great books of great men's thoughts should be placed in the homes of all the large families in both city and country, at the expense of the state, regardless of creed or caste. The children when not at school, in their leisure hours, will enjoy them, and what they do not understand in these books, their fathers and mothers will explain to them. The time has expired that we should choose the time and place to educate the child. Place the food beside him and when he is hungry, he shall partake of it; also in the school of curricula, should be placed before these children, the wisdom and knowledge of these books in demonstration, so that when at home, they shall divert their thoughts and attention to these instructions set before them, instead of lying, languishing away the hours in feeble thought.

Every home should be a schoolhouse of knowledge, and every school a university and college. No minister or priest should be allowed to enter the home of any family in the absence of either parent, to dictate to them how to bring up their children, or conduct their home. The parents should know all this before wedlock, and a minister or priest to go between the well-advised considerations of family honor and respect, is an enemy of home rule. He turns the mother against the father's ideals, and the father against the mother's ideals, that cause disunity and no respect for the parents' and children's home. He has accomplished the evil, that is, a house divided against itself cannot stand.

We have the first dawn of enlightenment revealed to us by Shakespeare, from his standpoint, received by him and perceived by him, in little and from little experience of travelling, and also in his time amongst a population of only about five million souls in England, and the city of London about 125,000 people, was from where he received his knowledge, and exploited and demonstrated it, and peered a great length into space of man's existence, though at that period he was only peeping out from the dugout and uncultivated nature. Shakespeare, of course, lived in martial days and his heroes were heroes of the sword. He was English of the English. Marlowe, Ben Johnson, Philip Sidney, Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, were

all of the English school of thought, and amongst themselves, but all this school of thinkers were only peeping out at the light we now behold and flash around us. Where we noticed their thought in some things, they were inspiring, but always separating the good from the bad, of their ambitions. As one writer says, we may not produce a Shakespeare within our generation, but we can, at least, reproduce the circumstances under which a native author can write about and express the ideals of his own country, but for humanizing, we have to go back to such authors and giants of thought and expression, as Goethe, Victor Hugo, Dante, Aeschylus, and for the beautiful form and stature to improve our own lives.

Let us look upon the grand, refined sculpture work of Michael Angelo; then we choose the companions to produce the true form of stature that will make us lovely to look upon, that brings us nigh to the beautiful tints of Titan's brush.

Then again we must divert from the large cities to the village or country districts that we may escape from the crushing, scorching flame of degeneracy. The heart is the centre of man's gravity; it inhales, condenses and digests; the exhaust from there must evaporate to the brain. The brain must condense this evaporation by and through the valves of nature which this condenser has put in operation and motion, which propels the tongue that expresses the feelings of the heart and discharges the generated refuse from the nose; as is the nature of the being so is the nature of all things. The more we know about ourselves, the further shall we be advanced about all nature, so in these cities where we exist, there is one exhaust evaporation from all natural processes, and sometimes there are atmospheric gases hovering above and around the city that are unbearable because of their compressive force upon the being race. They are so oppressive at different periods that our lungs can scarcely bear them, so that the prolongation of life is more due to open air space than to city, and the sooner we get the people to realize this fact, the evolution of the race will be easier, physically and morally.

Compulsory education and free education to and through the highest standard or grade, college, university, or any other source of training, is the only hope of true and pure education. Success in the evolution of mankind and the example of morals should never be forgotten and should always be shown in practice and action.

Mr. Robert Ingersoll, on the Chinese God, Washington, March 27th:

"Today Messrs Wright, Dickey, O'Connor & Murch, of the select committee on the

causes of the present depression of labor, presented the majority special report upon Chinese Immigration. These gentlemen are in great fear for the future of our most holy and perfectly authenticated religion and have like faithful watchmen from the walls and tower of Zion, hastened to give the alarm. They have informed Congress that Joss has his Temple of Worship in the Chinese quarters in San Francisco, and within the walls of a dilapidated structure is exposed to the view of the faithful, the God of the Chinamen, and here are his altars of worship. Here he tears up his pictures of paper; here he offers up his prayers; here he receives his religious consolations, and here is his road to the celestial land."

That Joss is located in a long, narrow room in a building in a back alley, upon a kind of altar; that he is a wooden image looking as much like an alligator as like a human being; that the Chinese think there is such a place as heaven; that all classes of Chinamen worship; that the temple is open every day at all hours; that the Chinese have no Sundays; that this heathen god has huge jaws; a big red tongue, large white teeth, a half dozen arms, and big fiery eyeballs. About him are placed offerings of meat and other eatables, a sacrificial offering

No wonder that these members of the committee were shocked at such a God knowing as they did, that the only true God was correctly, described by the inspired lunatic of Palmos in the following words:

And there sat in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, one like unto the Son of Man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and hairs were white like wool, as white as snow, and His eyes were as a flame of fire, and His feet like unto fine brass as if they were burned in a furnace, and His voice as the sound of many waters, and He had in His right hand, seven stars, and out of His mouth went a sharp, two-edged sword; and His countenance was as the sun shining in His strength.

Certainly a large mouth filled with white teeth is preferable to one used as the scabbard of a sharp, two-edged sword. Why should these gentlemen object to a God with a big, fiery eyeballs, when their own Deity has eyes like a flame of fire. Is it not a little late in the day to object to people because they sacrifice meat and other eatables to their gods? We all know that for thousands of years, the real God was exceedingly fond of roasted meat, and that he loved the savor of burning flesh, and delighted in the perfume of fresh, warm blood.

The following account of the manner in which the living God desired that his people should sacrifice, tends to show the degradation and religious blindness of the Chinese.

Aaron therefore went unto the altar and slew the calf of the sin offering which was for himself, and the sons of Aaron brought the blood unto him and he dipped his fingers into the blood and put it upon the horns of the altar, and poured out the blood at the bottom of the altar, but the fat and kidneys and the gall above the liver of the sin offering, he burnt upon the altar, as the Lord commanded Moses, and the flesh and the hide he burnt with fire without the camp, and slew the burnt offering, and Aaron's sons presented unto him the blood which he sprinkled round about the altar. And he brought the meat offering and took a handful thereof and burnt upon the altar.

He slew also the bullock and the ram for a sacrifice of peace offering, which was for the people, and Aaron's sons presented unto him the blood which he sprinkled upon the altar round about, and the fat of the bullock and of the ram, the rump that which covereth the inwards, and the kidneys and the gall above the liver, and they put the fat upon breasts and he burnt, and he burnt the fat upon the altar. And the breasts and the right shoulder, Aaron waived for a waive offering before the Lord, as Moses had commanded.

If the Chinese only did something like this, we would know that they worshipped the living God. The idea that the supreme head of the American Religion can be placated with a little meat and ordinary eatables, is simply preposterous. He has always asked for blood, and has always asserted that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sin. The world is also informed by the gentlemen that the idolatry of the Chinese produces a demoralizing effect upon our American youth by bringing sacred things into disrespect, and making religion a theme of disgust and contempt. In San Francisco there are some 300,000 people. Is it possible that a few Chinese can bring our holy religion into disgust and contempt. In that city there are fifty times as many churches as Joss Houses; scores of sermons are uttered every week. Religious books and papers are plentiful as leaves in autumn and somewhat drier. Thousands of Bibles are within the reach of all, and there, too, is the example of a Christian City.

Why do we send, or why should we send Missionaries to China if we cannot convert the heathen when they come here? When Missionaries go to a foreign land, the poor, benighted people have to take their word for the blessings showered upon a Christian

people but when the heathen comes here, they can see for themselves what was simply a story became a demonstrated fact. They come in contact with people who love their enemies. They see that in a Christian land men tell the truth; that they will not take advantage of strangers; that they are just and patient, kind and tender, and have no prejudice on account of color, race or religion; that they look upon mankind as brethren; that they speak of God as Universal Father, and are willing to work and even to suffer for the good not only of their own countrymen, but of the heathen as well. All this the Chinese see and know, and why they still cling to the religion of their own country is to me a matter of amazement.

We all know that the disciples of Jesus taught, "Do unto others as they would that others should do unto them," and that those of Confucius—do not unto others anything that they would not that others should do unto them. Surely such people ought to live together in perfect peace, rising with the subject, growing heated with a kind of holy indignation. These Christian representatives of a Christian people most solemnly declare that these are Bob Ingersoll's remarks in his lecture on A Chinese God, with the Chinese philosophers' opinions and teachings included:

He says anyone really endowed with a correct knowledge of our religious system, which acknowledges the existence of a living God and an accountability to him, and future state of reward and punishment, who feels that he has an apology for this abominable pagan worship, is not a fit person to be ranked as a good citizen of the American Union. It is absurd to make any apology for its toleration; it must be abolished, and the sooner the decree goes forth by this power of this government, the better it will be for the interest of the land.

I take this, the earliest opportunity, to inform these gentlemen, composing a majority of the committee, that we have in the United States, no religious system, that this is a secular government, that it has no religious creed; that it does not believe nor disbelieve in a future state of reward and punishment; that it neither affirms nor denies the existence of a living God, and that the only god so far as this government is concerned, is the legally expressed will of the majority of the people. Under our flag, the Chinese have the same right to worship a wooden god, that you have to worship another. The Constitution protects equally the Church of Jehovah and the House of Joss. Whatever their position relative may be in heaven, they stand upon a perfect equality in the United States.

This government is an infidel government. We have a constitution with man put in it and God left out, and it is the glory of this country that we have such a constitution. It may be a surprise to you that I have an apology for a Pagan worship, yet I have an apology, and it is the same one that I have for the writers of this report. I account for both by the word "Superstition." Why should we object to their worshipping God as they please. If the worship is improper, the protestation should come not from a Committee of Congress, but from God Himself. If He is satisfied, that is sufficient.

Our religion can only be brought into contempt by the action of those who profess to be governed by the teachings. This report will do more in that direction than millions of Chinese could do by burning pieces of paper before a wooden image. If you wish to impress the Chinese with the value of your religion, of which you are pleased to call the American system, show them that Christians are better than heathens; prove to them that what you are pleased to call the living God, teaches higher and holier things, a grander and purer code of morals than can be found upon Pagan pages; excel these wretches in industry, in honesty, in reverence for parents, in cleanliness, in frugality, and above all, by advocating the absolute liberty of human thought.

Do not trample upon these people because they have different conception of things about which, even this Committee, knows nothing about. Give them the same privileges you enjoy of making a God after their own fashion, and let them describe Him as they will. Would you be willing to have them remain, if one of their race thousands of years ago, had pretended to have seen God, and had written of Him as follows:

"There went up a smoke out of His nostrils and fire out of His mouth; coals were kindled by it, and He rode on a cherub and did fly."

Why should you object to these people on account of their religion. Your objection has in it the spirit of hate and intolerance. Of that spirit, the Inquisition was born. That spirit lighted the fagots, made the thumb-screw, put chains upon the limbs, and lashes upon the backs of men. The same spirit bought and sold, captured and kidnapped human beings, sold babes, and justified all the horrors of slavery. Congress has nothing to do with the religion of the people. Its members are not responsible to God for the opinions of their constituents, and it may tend to the happiness of the constituents for me to state that they are in no way responsible for the religion of the members.

Religion is an individual, not a national matter, and where the nation interferes with

the rights of conscience, the liberty of the people, is devoured by the monster, superstition. If you wish to drive out the Chinese, do not make a pretext of religion. Do not pretend that you are trying to do God a favor. Injustice in His name is doubly detestable. The assassin cannot sanctify his dagger by falling on his knees, and it does not help a falsehood if it be uttered as a prayer. Religion used to intensify the hatred of men toward men, under the pretence of pleasing God, has cursed this world.

A portion of this most remarkable report is most intensely religious. There is in it almost odor of sanctity, and when reading it, one is impressed with the living piety of its authors, but on the twenty-fifth page, there are a few passages that must pain the hearts of the believers, leaving their religious views, the members immediately betake themselves to philosophy and prediction. Listen:

The Chinese race and the American citizen, whether native born or who is eligible to our naturalization laws and becomes a citizen, are in a state of antagonism. They cannot nor will ever meet upon common ground and occupy together the same so-called level. This is impossible; the pagan and the Christian travel different paths. This one believes in a living God, that one, in a type of monsters and of worship of wood and stone. Thus in the religion of the two races of men they are as wide apart as the poles of the two hemispheres. They cannot now, nor never will approach the same religious altar, the Christian will not recede to barbarism, nor will the Chinese advance to the enlightened belt (wherever it is) of civilization. He cannot be converted to those modern ideas of religious worship which have been accepted by Europe, and which crown the American system.

Christians used to believe, that through their religion, all the nations of the earth were finally to be blessed. In accordance with that belief, missionaries have been sent to every land, and world wealth has been expended for what has been called 'the spread of the Gospel.' I am almost sure that I have read somewhere that 'Christ died for all men and that God is no respecter of persons.' It was once taught that it was the duty of Christians to tell to all the people the tidings of great joy. I have never believed these things myself, but have always contended that an honest merchant was the best missionary.

Commerce makes friends, religion makes enemies; the one enriches and the other impoverishes. The one thrives best where truth is told, the other where falsehoods are believed. For myself, I have but little confidence in any business or enterprise or investments that promise dividends only after the death

of the stockholders, but I am astonished that four Christian statesmen, four members of Congress, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, who seriously object to people on account of their religious convictions, should still assert that the very religion in which they believe, and the only religion established by the living Godhead of the American system, is not adapted to the spiritual needs of one-third of the human race. It is amazing that these four gentlemen have, in the defence of Christian religion, announced the discovery that is wholly inadequate for the civilization of mankind, that the light of the Cross can never penetrate the darkness of China; that all the labors of the Missionary, the example of the good, the exalted character of our civilization, makes no impression upon the pagan life of the Chinese, and that even the report of this Committee will not tend to elevate, refine and christianize the yellow heathens of the Pacific Coast.

In the name of religion, these gentlemen have denied its power and mocked at the enthusiasm of its founders. Worse than this, they have predicted for the Chinese, a future of ignorance and idolatry in this world and—if the American system of religion is true, hell fire in the next.

For the benefit of these four philosophers and prophets, I will give a few extracts from the writings of Confucius, that will, in my judgment, compare favorably with the best passages of their reports. Here is the men's opinions, that are called heathens, about life; the yellow Chinese: "My doctrine is that man must be true to the principles of their nature and the benevolent exercises of them towards others; with coarse rice to eat, and with pure water to drink, and with my bended arm for a pillow I still have joy. Riches and honor acquired by injustices are to me but floating clouds. The man who, in view of gain, thinks of righteousness, who, in view of danger, forgets life, and who remembers an old agreement however far back it extends, such a man may be reckoned a complete man.

Recompense, injury with justice, kindness with kindness,—there is one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life. Reciprocity is that word. When the ancestors of the four Christian Congressmen were barbarians, when they lived in caves and gnawed bones and worshipped dry snakes, the infamous Chinese were reading these sublime sentences of Confucius. When the forefathers of these Christian statesmen were hunting toads to get the jewels out of their heads to be used as charms, the wretched Chinese were calculating eclipses and measuring the circumference of the earth.

When the progenitors of these representatives of the American system of religion were

burning women charged with nursing devils, these people, incapable of being influenced by the exalted character of our civilization, were building asylums for the insane. Neither should it be forgotten that for thousands of years, the Chinese have honestly practised the great principle known as the Civil Service Reform, a something that even the administration of Mr. Hayes has reached only through the proxy of promise.

If we wish to prevent the immigration of the Chinese, let us reform our treaties with the vast Empire from which they came. For thousands of years the Chinese secluded themselves from the rest of the world. They did not deem the Christians nations fit to associate with. We forced ourselves upon them. We called,—not with cards but with cannon.—The English battered down the door in the name of 'Opium' and Christ. This infamy was regarded as one other triumph for the gospel. At last, in self-defence, the Chinese allowed Christians to touch their shores. Their wise men, their philosophers, protested and prophesied that time would show that Christians could not be trusted. "This report proves that the wise men were not only philosophers, but prophets.

Treat China as you would England; keep a treaty while it is in force; change it if you will according to the laws of nations, but on no account, excuse a breach of a national faith by pretending that we are dishonest for God's sake.

Now we see man's knowledge and man's wickedness. To be just to myself about the thoughts and opinions of great thinkers and great sayers of the white race and the red race. It lies between two men—Confucius, a Chinese, which as a prediction philosopher, is one of the most just and most human; he sprung from nature's purest spring. I place him before Shakespeare, race hatred and prejudice may intervene with some thinkers.

As I do know that book writers look forward to their next adventure on a new book, to make money, or gain applause, or some admiration from a passing crowd of humorists, that are but drenching showers that make a good thinker feel cold after its drench, I do propose to set my thoughts before you, without a thought of admiration or respect in return. Politicians look forward to the next parliament, and statesmen look forward to the next generation. I desire my thoughts to go that way.

Shakespeare was a man defined by his name, that is, he believed in the power of the sword. In his Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III., and his Henry VIII., shows his tragic inspirations were inherited from a progeny of bloody kings. When I look at his physog-

nomy and trace his vulture nose, from his brows to his lips, almost turned into his mouth, reminds me of that germatic tie that binds to the past progeny of the bloody Stuart Kings, that their dregs still here remain in the British Isles, in that ambition of his for power and authority. He was always in heart and soul in those dramatic tragedies, and by some materialistic usurping or transfer of matter, by his wizardom, he attained and possessed the thoughts of men. Out of his own mouth I judge him. He says:

"Nature is fine in love, and where it is fine, it shows some nice examples of itself after the thing it loves." How did he know this if he had not the knowledge of the transfer of matter and that electric tie that connects us to the past, creeps up before us, in its still small voice. He inherited it from the bullish and tyrannical thrones of his country.

Here we have him! He says: "This England never did nor never shall lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, but when it first did help to wound itself, now these, her princes, are come home again. Come, the three corners of the world in arms and we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue, if England to itself do rest but true." The only thing I don't like him for is because he is like Nelson—another vultured-nosed hero of the sword. She helped to wound herself in the American War and her princes had to return home again. Today she is wounding herself in India and in Ireland and her princes will have to go home.

I can tell Mr. Shakespeare's admirers that Princes of England, like what Shakespeare speaks of, let them be governors or merchants they have migrated too often and returned to England with the vulture's prey, and he that lives by the sword shall die by the sword. Lord Nelson, Shakespeare and Charles Dickens were the vultures, by inheritance. These men knew how and when tragedies and bereavements would take place. In their opposite direction I am placed, through my pregenitors' sufferings, murder, confiscation and persecution. It is very easy for a man to write fiction when he has the impulse of his pregeneracy and feels in his heart how it was done and how it could be done. It is equally easy for me, as it has been all my life, with the blood of my pregenitors in my veins, to know or perceive by their actions and expressions toward and about me, what they desired to accomplish, or what was going to take place.

My parents had been murdered; my friends had been murdered—this made me subject to the horrors of the past that every thought was a reasonable thought, and every action carefully considered. No wonder Christ said: "Ye hypocrites! You can discern the face of

the sky but you cannot discern the signs of the times."

I have seen on the streets of big London, in the silent hours of the night, stop on my walk and pause and listen to the shouts and cries and groans of murder, and shouts for "Police! Police!" I could see the women at the corners trying to decoy the men into their dens and jungles of abode. I could hear the whistle of the body housekeeper, with his sharks, lying waiting for their prey. There I would pause and think and consider of the uncertainty of life, its duration and its worth in the midst of vigor and ambition, cut down by the assassin's hand, while in their investigations to discover the evils of the human race, Humbolt was more happy and safe on the peaks and tops of Chimborazo Mountain, with the blood gushing out of his mouth and ears, than passing through the streets of London, and many other smaller towns.

This pestilent kingism, for Orangeism power, haunts not alone the mind, but infuses the blood of their pregeneracy to follow in that bandit train of plunder and murder.

The worst as to and regarding these supposed great men's sayings, I think, by these admirers of Shakespeare themselves, will agree with me, is that there is a variated opinion about the construction and forming of all these supposed sayings of Shakespeare. Some hold that Lord Bacon wrote some of them, and these suppositions, if true, would leave Shakespeare a quite ordinary being. If written, some will contend, by Bacon, it is possible that other Englishmen have invented sayings for him or in his name.

Prejudice to race and country, in demonstration of admiration for it, and not worthy of it, is a prelude detrimental to that race. Genius is self-production; it demonstrates itself. No recommendation, however great, can debar it nor introduce it. He or they that set forth the light should get the honor of illuminating it, but let me tell you, a man's work shall prove itself, and a nation's production is its receipt.

I have seen in a Scottish Bible, Robert Burns' songs mixed up with David's psalms, aiding and abetting in his old Freemason craft, and you will see it is according to his wishes. He might, he said, be at David's hip yet, and I can assure you I do not grudge him his position, for as far as I have read about the King David, he liked the heat like Robert Burns himself. I read an account that when he was old, he got a young woman by the name of Abashage, to lie with him to keep him warm, so you will see they both liked the adding to, and I suppose Shakespeare appreciated these compilations of his countrymen, as well as Burns.

There are many sayings by Scotchmen, and deduced by Scotchmen from Irish sentiment, added to Burns' sayings, as there are acres in Scotland. Though they are not written in his works, they are ascribed to him, as to his and their honor, but I think this idea of showing the greatness of a single countryman, does not go far in promoting the interest and welfare of a race, especially when the character is an immoral character, and fanaticism is an element reaching into the so-called heavens in enthusiasm of what it knows and what it can do.

• Wherever you see a smile at wrong doing, tread upon the serpent's head. Shield the moral character, and protect the virtue, without which no man can enjoy the sun.

While I am writing about things today, I have just got the results of the Canadian government elections, on the 6th of December, 1921, and the hero of the hour is the son of a patriot—Mackenzie King—that his grandfather was sentenced to be hanged because of rebellion against slavery and injustice. He takes the helm of the ship of state in this Dominion of Canada, after defeating one of the most wretched Orange governments which ever held office in the Dominion of Canada. He swept the country from East to West, for freedom and for liberty, and in the contest, when his supporters were asked if they were for Ireland's freedom, they manfully said they were, so they can say we deceived no one.

We are here at the wish and desire of our countrymen, after a war of destruction and distress, to consolidate and unite the forces of energies in action, utilize the resources of our country for the benefit of all, balanced by the justice of equivalence in taxation, and educated to that sense of equivalence, that we may go forth with joy and good will. I have confidence in this government. The leaders of them, if not patriots, are the progeny of or from them. It has been the exile of their forefathers, it is their native land, it is their home, therefore, I have confidence in them. They are of the soil, they know it and love it. It is natural for me to live under them, and believe me, though not born here, I like the country and their ways, though I am prohibited by cursed dukes and sirs of the royal Campbells and kings, from enjoying, and as the Chinese philosopher Confucius says, "I will reward injury by justice, and kindness by kindness."

Now it is amusing at this time for me, while reading the results about the Canadian Federal election, at the same time, I am an Irish exile, but a Canadian naturalized subject, and while I was reading down the columns of the Winnipeg Free Press, I noticed the settlement of the Irish question. I say to myself, "this

is short and sweet," but what about the allegiance to the king.

No true Irishman ever took the Oath of Allegiance to the British Crown, nor never will. That is the reason they are Sinn Feiners at heart today. You erratic readers and thinkers will say I am a wrathful man, but to be honest and just to ourselves, and to the British people would be cruel on our part. To take an oath we did not believe in, when we know the sufferings were endured at royalty's hands, it is as serious to take things concerning our, or people's conscience, into allegiance against their free will; the first honorable Irishman whoever entered the British House of Parliament, could not take the oath and be true to himself; when he did take it, he said, "the first I know, to be a lie, and the second I believe to be one," and signed the book that was no allegiance and Britain knew it, so these oaths are only farcical and a stumbling block; better to be honest than unfaithful, and as an Englishman, said to teach a man to be honest, teach him to understand he is free.

But in this long controversy with Ireland and England, to get freedom of existence has almost wearied out our minds since Daniel O'Connell's day. We have but Parnell, McCarthy, Redmond, and what not, struggling in vain to obtain constitutional government, and it had no impression upon the minds of the people of Great Britain, or at least, upon the men they sent to parliament to make or revise the laws, and after patience was exhausted in waiting for reform, men became hopeless and reverted the desperation at their country's weal, hence came the Secret Society that murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, Mr. Gladstone's chief secretary and under-secretary in Dublin Castle. Mr. Gladstone saw by these acts who were going to the goal post first, as the survival of the fittest and he passed the Home Rule Bill for Ireland in 1886, which to my mind, was better than any Dominion government, but the Lords or the Gods, threw it out, and today I can see nothing but clean separation for peace and prosperity and contentment.

The British Welsh Premier, the Free Press said, was twisting and shifting before he had the conference with the Irish Republicans at Downing street. After condemning this Lloyd George as twisting, shifting premier, he turns round and congratulates, after the successful conjuring with the Irish delegates, this Lloyd George and said he was an astute, patient, persevering Welshman. How soon a man's philosophy changes when he gets something to suit his palate.

Then he gives us a harangue about Hamar Greenwood's good work of bringing this conference to a successful issue, a man that left Canada, and Nova Scotia, amidst the plaudits

of the Orange Borden and Meighen government, to go to Ireland, or rather, to hide under cover in London, and give command to Dublin authorities under him; how to shoot down the Irish and pillage their country. After all this, it may be true. He gives congratulation to Lloyd George for handing over the pen to Lady Greenwood in recognition of the share her husband, Sir Hamar Greenwood, had in laying the foundation of the Irish peace, but as in the case with both men and women, the tears of melancholy give them time to rue, but notwithstanding all this, they can never undo what they have done, and Confucius, the Chinese philosopher comes in again, when he says: "I recompense injury with justice, and kindness with kindness."

The Free Press says the share of Hamar Greenwood is in danger of being forgotten, because Sir Hamar, realizing how completely he has been associated with the coercion policy, deliberately had kept in the background during the negotiations, yet, in well-informed circles, it is realized that to the chief secretary for Ireland belongs the credit of having initiated the movement which came to a successful end in the early hours of Tuesday. There are times in men's lives, endowed with power, that through ambition and pride of possessing that power, in their admiration of devisation of construction in aim to arrive at justice, has often side-tracked to an interest or social sect, the duties he should have administered to all.

When a man ceases to stare a fact straight in the face and tries to get round that fact, his day is done, his hour is forgotten, even of his own that he most favored and lost his honor for, and it was just about this time last year, that in this Free Press, I read an account about this Lady Greenwood's brother blackmailing a woman that he might get her to prostitute with a Mr. Gould, a millionaire, in the United States. So this conference pen of Lady Greenwood's will be a great acquisition to the breaking of contracts with men and women, and perhaps in the League of Nations themselves.

Then again he tells that he averted or prevented a great calamity in Ireland from taking place. He says Lloyd George and his government were prepared to launch forth an army against Ireland and almost prepared to annihilate her when Hamar Greenwood intervened. I have no doubt but he did and by experience, he was well advised to do so. He knew that in revolutions like these, his own life was forfeited no matter how well guarded or protected, that was one army murdering a rebellious people, but well the British government knew there was another army of Irishmen over the world, and Irish relatives, with

Americans, Germans, French, Italian, and even Russians and Hindoos. This is an army of merchants and traders of all kinds of commerce, without a gun, without sword—would transfer their commodities from you; your ships would be laid up in your harbors and what would be at sea, would return with half cargoes and lie and wait at the wharf, paying dock dues to get it, and when returned back to British ports, would be unable to pay their crew.

Your food would be shortened, your cotton would be dearer, and all your raw material you import would be over-charged you. You could not compete in the markets of the world. Unemployment at home, with low wages to those that will be working, will devour you, and many other ways I cannot mention now, will destroy you. This is the army worse than the Germans new boats, and remember this is the great whore London, that stands in the midst of the great sea, which means multitudes of people; and remember the seven heads that have power under the beast, are your seven colonies that hate the beast, and that beast is your king.

All these are an army without sword or without gun. Lloyd George you knew the vial that first would come, but he is an unconformist and cannot perceive the rest, but there is one thing he is famous at, and that is conjuring. Long before the Irish Conference took place, when he was vowing what he and his colonies would do if Ireland would not submit to his rule, he had his snares set. He then said in one of his speeches, that Mr. Griffith was a clever man. He knew he was a Welshman in Ireland wanting a certain amount of freedom, and he would be a good mark for him to do business with, as they were both Welshmen. Therefore he courted him and his correlated friend Mr. Collins, to sign an agreement in regard to what he termed, the settlement of the Irish question, through negotiations with him and that wolf Churchill and that educated barbarian Chamberlain, with as I have said, that Lord Birkenhead, so that you will see this conjuring Lloyd George, with his countryman, Mr. Griffith, performed the hat trick at Westminster in the absence of the Irish president, Mr. de Valera.

Then he sent it broadcast over the world, by his paid government colonial pressmen, that Ireland had got its freedom and the Peace Treaty was signed by him and his colleagues and the Irish delegates, but he did not tell us these negotiations and their results should have been sent to the Irish Government of which Mr. de Valera is head, for consideration and sanction, before they dare to sign it. It is a breach of privilege.

Mr. Lloyd George is accustomed to manipulating and he is so accustomed to war this last lot of years, in Belgium and France, that he and his government generals carried it into the British House of Commons, that one of his colonels, Col. Howard, a gallant gentleman and soldier, was going to charge Joseph Devlin, a National member for West Belfast, when Lady Astor or Mrs. Dick had to hang on to the tails of his coat to keep him from charging the Irish member.

About this Irish Independence, this is Lloyd George's practice in what he calls strategy. He manoeuvred it well when he got the Irish delegates to sign his bogus treaty, with his countryman, Mr. Griffith, whose pregenitors had emigrated or migrated over from Hollyhead. I can tell Mr. Griffith, if he has done such a thing without the consent of Mr de Valera, he has reached the beginning of his end, and Lloyd George as well. If he has signed this to destroy their countrymen's freedom, they would be the first to destroy him.

This Free Press is a wretched critic and a serpent in the dust. It and The Tribune, are like the two Belfast newspapers, The Whig and The Telegraph. They live on the same food but digest differently. They all remind me of Mrs. Thompson and her husband, when performing their conjuring tricks in Chicago, a German challenged their performance and whoever wins gives the proceeds to charity. Mr. Vohn closed down all the windows of the building, around and above, and shut the doors around and below, of all the buildings, and cut off all the communications from the performer. The result was the other fellow could not be heard or seen, and motionless and silent they stood, divested of their conjuring garb, and cried out to the German, Vohn, "What have we to do with thee, thou son of God," and Vohn said, "Come out of the man and the woman, thou evil spirit of wizardom." and the man and the woman shook themselves and looked around, and behold, they were naked and exposed before all the people.

So is the Winnipeg Tribune and Free Press concerning Ireland. Their criticisms are national prejudices and sectarian vulturism, and towards the poor, ignorant, uneducated, untrained Irishman, that their own caste and their own race were responsible for in Ireland by their bad government up to this present day, their wrath is cruel and their anger, vengeance; the instinct of barbarism will never be cultured; its education is phraseology, rhymes, bespattered with other great men's thoughts. It is always following in a train of variated example but never by true perception. He that cannot see the prospects of tomorrow, neither can he see nor

perceive the results of today. A dogmatic instinct that will not turn and sift out will never find the trail.

These remarks apply equally to Lloyd George's delegates and his cabinet, added to these so-called Free Press newspapers.

Then I come to this dislocated Premier, Mr. Asquith, three times Premier of this Great Britain, and in all his administrations, he never attempted to evolutionize or emancipate forward one foot. He was an inch by inch legislator; he was a lawyer and politician of finance; where his capital was invested at a good interest the dynamite of hell would not shift it. If Ireland did not squeal, he kept the leech the closer. If the Hindoo chiefs increased his investments, he sent out more troops to shoot down the poor Hindoos that rebelled against their small remuneration for long and hard day's work, and the ignorant Britisher, when he read in the papers about the rebellion in India, would say, "Aw, they are heathens; they should be shot down; they are a lot of savages."

Yet there was more humanity with them and amongst them than there was amongst those British Christians. He was married to a Scotch woman, Sir Charles Tennent's daughter; he was a millionaire and many a poor workman came to grief in that chemical mortuary; their vitriols and soda ash workmen were like bound slaves, bandages on their mouths and nose, and their teeth dropping out, while Mrs. Asquith was smoking her scented fags. Instead of thinking about consolidation and well-being of the people for the next generation, he would be sitting in the champagne room with some of his trusted speculators, considering the rise and fall on the Stock Exchange, and how and when to make his next pull: In greed for wealth, he even migrated to Germany and in the great Krupp gun factory, pulled a haul until the great war scare revealed his secrets.

He was always a make-believe, scaring politician. His policy in India and Ireland was, if the dog is sleeping, let him lie, but if he is howling, give him a bone, as an old schoolmaster chastises and warns the younger members—and when in sympathy with him and his analogies, he congratulates them, and tells them they have a brilliant future before them. He was shrewd enough not to indulge in a demagogism or wild politics, but in sympathy for justice to either Ireland or India, he never recognized it by action, but in a conjured up demonstration of phraseology. If he had been a man of the past he would be one at the present.

He sat beside Mr. Gladstone and heard the thunders from his heart's emotions, for the love of justice to mankind, yet when his voice

did cease to re-echo its vibrations in that House, he never attempted to follow the path he pointed to.

When the echoes of the past call me back, I feel to go in action. Will man, as Confucius says, ever come to be a complete man? This sense of duty to all men is scarcely or seldom recognized by the majority of our leading men today. Interests of their own and their correlations, is the length and breadth of their developed minds. I can consider a man providing for himself and his children, but beyond this I cannot go. When it comes to the laying up for the unborn, at the expense of the degenerated living, I want to resign life, but men are so hard to educate. When they do away with one czarism, they turn round and worship another. This generation is a stiff-necked generation again, saying people that bore on without thought or reason to consider, they stand and look and listen, with no formula, garrolous in appearance and also in action. Their intrigues are certainly ambiguous and dangerous towards the human being.

Small countries make small comprehensions; small comprehensions make small ideas, and small ideas make small utilization. Therefore, when such is in the van, in town or city, far less in parliament itself, there is no progress, so that every nation should put the man that travelled the most, saw the most, felt the most, so that he would have comprehended the most knowledge, at the helm of every state, that from his demonstration they may be able to build and construct from his designs, that the rising generation may be evolutionized by him and developed to greater and newer ideas of elevation in thought and action.

That social philosopher, Jesus Christ, said, in the latter days many would come in His name, saying, "Lo, here is Christ," and would deceive many. I see and hear a false prophet too around me, proclaiming himself a spiritual healer in the name of this Lord Jesus Christ, that was upon this earth. They call him Father Christmas. He was a Salvation follower of General Booth's Army in big London. He could not get control of the Treasury there and he struck out for himself as a spiritual healer, through what he calls, special prayer to Christ Jesus, after he puts his wretched hands upon them. This conjurer tells us about prophecy he predicted, when it is even at the door with us, but he had the privilege of reading and hearing what the true prophets had predicted, therefore he was wise enough not to depart from their predictions, but to get money, he claims to have predicted himself and that he is the true prophet of these events that are taking place upon the earth today.

He says it is not faith, it is just the Lord answering prayer. If it is not faith in believing that the Lord heard his prayer to heal these afflicted ones in the flesh that are suffering, what is it? He says all disease and suffering are because of sin. Then he proceeds to cure those sins by laying on his hands, and praying afterwards to this Lord.

We have these spiritualists raving around us today in this continent of America, from the Dominion of Canada to the Pacific slopes of the United States—magicians of conjuring, and Jezebels, wizards from the Royal family of Great Britain, of the Duke of Argyle and Sir Colin Campbell, Aristotle's performers of their wretched daughters by the transference of their nature to me and other people, have the countries of the earth in a hell of confusion in the beginning of this twentieth century, and to hide their Babylonian witchcraft, they have paid agents going around the country, preaching spiritualism, of blasphemy to hide their witchcraft.

Professor Lodge and Conan Doyle marauding the towns and villages of Great Britain, and even had the audacity to invade the Dominion of Canada, till one of our professors, Mr. Allen, of Manitoba, had to rebuke them and tell them to stay in their own country. For a person, that has travelled in many lands, and listened to the different opinions of mankind, of many castes and creeds of beliefs about another existence after leaving this world, and for to get gain without toiling for it, by magic performances of conjuring upon the uneducated people, and no law to protect them from their will and power of their deliberations, and these conjurers are only about half-educated they seem so plain to me to be unable to perform their tricks in the eyes of enlightened men and women, yet the simple ones are taken in by them, and the piles of dollars that are handed over to them for these performances, is amazing, and they are not eased of their pain.

They will read out manuscripts from some place distant, far away, from where they are performing these so-called miracles, and he reads out these blasphemies before his audience,—that so and so was made whole by the laying on of hands and special prayers, and this letter is to testify that I have made them whole; and he says "The Lord has done it all."

And there never was and never shall be a Lord or God to stop evolution's train, neither in disease nor death. If the plant is not nourished and fed, it will wither and die; they may call it whatever they like, that caused and affected it, but they cannot stop it by magic conjuring or they would have lived forever. What is the use of healing a man for a day or two, or a year or two, if he had to die?

It is all like turning the water into wine. Therefore, they say it is all in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ, who did all this conjuring the Scriptures say He did, in the form of miracles, in the face of evolution.

I do not wonder at them crucifying Him and suffering such a cruel death. It is the cursed graft of today, this faith and belief-healing. It is an abomination before my eyes, and the man and woman that believes in it, can prove no fact. They are conspicuous in nothing but superstition. It is the damdest heresy actions I ever saw. As Bob Ingersoll says, instead of this conjuring about another world, we must begin to despise these monstrous doctrines. If you want to be better men and women here, change their conditions here; don't promise them something somewhere else. One biscuit will do more good than all the tracts that were ever peddled in the world. Instead of laying on hands and praying, give them more whitewash, more light, more air, more good food and less hard work,—and you will change men physically, intellectually, so that we will need none of those cursed spiritually physical healers, of Anti-Christ's conjurers of pestilence, that is a plague around us today.

Ingersoll said he believed the time would come when every criminal will be treated as we now treat the diseased and sick; when every penitentiary will become a reformatory, and that if criminals go to them with hatred in their bosoms, they will leave them without feelings of revenge. He says, let me tell you the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Eurydice had been carried away by the god of hell and Orpheus, her lover, went in quest of her. He took with him his lyre and played such exquisite music that all hell was amazed. Lexion forgot his labors at the wheel; the daughters of Danaeus, ceased from their hopeless task; Tantalus forgot his thirst; even Pluto smiled, and for the first time in the history of hell, the eyes of the Furies were wet with tears.

As it was with the lyre of Orpheus so it is today with the great harmonies of science, which are receiving from the prisons of superstition, the torn and bleeding heart of man. Slavery, under the authority of conjurers and faith healers, is the child of ignorance. Liberty is born of intelligence and will inquire and investigate to find out the art of the conjuring performer.

As Ingersoll says, there is nothing grander in this world than to rescue from the leprosy of slander, a great and splendid name. There is nothing nobler than to benefit our benefactors. The aureole of saints of the next; the destroyers of the old have always been the creators of the new. The old passes away and the new becomes old. There is in the in-

tellectual world, as in the material, decay and growth, and ever by the sunken grave of age, stand youth and joy. The history of progress is written in the lives of infidels. To attack the kings was treason; to dispute the priests, blasphemy; the sword and cross have always been allies; they defended each other; the throne and altar are twins, vultures born of the same egg.

It was James I who said, no king, no bishop, no church, no crown; political rights have been preserved by traitors, intellectual rights by infidels; the dogmatic teaching of this king—neither right nor wrong. Submission to them was their heaven on earth. Let oblivion remain as it is.

Every monarchy that has disgraced the world, every despotism that has covered the cheeks of men with fear has been copied after the supposed despotism of hell. The king owned the bodies and the priests owned the souls. One lived on taxes and the other on alms. One was a robber and the other a beggar. The history of the world will not show you one charitable beggar. He who lives on charity never has anything to give away. The robbers and beggars controlled not alone this world, but the next. The king made laws, the priests made creeds. With bowed backs the people received and bore the burdens of the one, and with the open mouth of wonder, the creed of the other, and the authority of these kings today, by their ignorant followers, is the only pestilent amongst the seeds of reason and education today.

Combined with these infallible creeds of superstition that are stagnating the progress of the nations of today, especially in Britain, it is humiliating to sound and just reason. We have a premier in Britain, after the Great War, trying to consolidate his empire by what he calls "Assimilation of a just taxation" to pay the debt. In the case of Ireland wanting to impose taxation that they would not be able to bear, and Ireland, during the war with Germany, was rebelling and fighting against Britain, for her own independence, that Britain had to send her leading General of the British Army in France over to Ireland to fight the rebels in that country, and now proclaiming to the world, they have given Ireland her freedom and wanting to tax her for their own expenditure with Germany, and tying her up with all kinds of limitations in commerce and trading, industry and protection.

It is a freedom of treachery and corruption on the part of two men—Lloyd George, a Welshman, and the British Premier—and his brother Welshman, Mr. Griffith, an alienated Irishman. These two men formed the pact of the Irish and English Conference in London, England, for Ireland's self-determination.

Lloyd George was the Elijah of the hour: Mr. Griffith as the Elisha. He threw his mantle around him and befogged him before he ascended in that firey chariot of applause and hurrahs from the House of Commons to King George's throne and left poor Ireland in despair, with Elisha's charms from his mantle strings, Arthur Griffith, demonstrating his agreement. This Elijah is still on the war path.

He has drawn and constructed a wall of protection for Great Britain and also a barrier of prohibition against Ireland, in conglomerations of agreements and signatures by men unaccustomed to conjuring with facts, and because of the geographical position of Ireland, surrounded by water, washed by the British seaboard, alienated close by her, isolated from the rest of Europe, leaves her to the mercy of that Bible-ridden, barbarous, despotic monarch race and within herself in the North, sacredotal creed more vicious than Nero that cut the bowels out of his mother. That Orange city, with nothing in their hearts but autocracy and autocratic power, absolute power to rule, and this magician, Lloyd George, has and is providing all the means at his disposal, to introduce into this so-called Free State, of Ireland, this most obnoxious festering weed of Orangeism of king worship, that would be the means of destroying all self-determination ever devised by the mind of man, and especially at a time when and where the human educated ones have thrown in their lot with self-determination, to educate and consolidate the beings of their native land.

For my part, I who have only taken a second degree of Orangeism, and after that experience, refused to go any further into the knowledge of that craft, and regardless of life or death, I left them, it is far better to keep these heathens in their own corner in Belfast than to have any collusion or connivance with them; they have no compunction nor remorse. At all times they are condemned, despised and scorned, and most contemptible, despicable, no contrition nor repentance. This is the arrogant haughtiness and the arrogant magisterial teaching inculcated by Castleray—the teaching of Palmerston and Peel, up to Lord Carson, that has just arrived in the House of Lords from the common people in their lower parliament, representing, or misrepresenting, Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, and educated there by the authority of the British government that controlled that institution.

These leaders of Ulstermen, all instance, no control of it, this last firebrand, and thanks be to goodness, he is the last. In a debate in the House of Commons he called Mr. McVeigh a liar, a member from my own Newrey town,

around where I enjoyed many days. This same gentleman, Lord Carson, today in the House of Lords, December 14, 1921, in a debate on the same Irish question, referring to one of his kith and kin, Lord Curzon, he said he had gone the whole hog—a fine analogy for a university educated man to make—but we are all nature, and the lower down we ascend from, we go back quicker. We all know a hog is a swine, and to be compared to that, among honorable gentlemen, is not improving the moral sentiment of that House.

These are all Ulsterites, and it is strange that as far as I have read, there is no real Englishman has descended so low, to the base of immoral sentiment, as these Ulster representatives in this British House of Parliament. They have degraded Burke's fundamental principles of oration, and also the parliamentary procedure of that House, and attempted at Burke's eloquence and elocution and pathetic moral desire in efforts of demonstration, which is never seen in that House now, but what is England's loss is Ireland's gain. They have cast aside the grand respect and generosity of Mr. Gladstone towards the isolated and humble efforts of a new member. He always counted hospitality true charity and never wandered from the path of justice. He never was erratic; an ardent disciplinarian was his aim, so you will see these Ulsterites, from Pitt down to our day, are the children of bad parents, and the only emancipation for bad weeds is extermination. Regeneration or renovation is not possible. They are a dope of poison confinement within their own bounds and restrictions around their borders is the only preservation and reservation of the Irish race.

They are not only Ulsterites, but ulcers among mankind.

Perhaps me being on this great continent of America, with its broad and open views of thought, if not demonstrated in sentiment from public platforms, is written and couched in glowing thoughts of reason and words and acts of direction that takes hold of the perceiver's mind at every pause and gesticulation. It is not hard to find the cause of ignorance; amongst these isolated islands like Britain and Ireland, positions are few and hard to obtain at the expense of a curbed, elementary system, reserved and preserved for the very chosen few. If a few of their inquirers have the means to travel and investigate in other lands, to acquire knowledge, and when they return to their island home, instead of placing that light before the people for the benefit of all, they hide it for themselves under the bushel, in these colleges or seminaries of theologian blasphemy, to be preserved and guarded with-

jealousy for their progenitors and children's children.

Where there is a narrow outlet of knowledge, there will be a few contributors to that stream until a revolution comes from all tributes of knowledge, into that narrow brain outlet that will widen it out and make a great chasm, that will contain more and flow over and through the barren fields of the ignorant, that they may be refreshed with light and joy.

There is only one God; Christ defined Him on the mount. "Do unto others as you would others would do unto you"—that is the God of justice; and it was from that God that Eamon de Valera thundered from the cannon of his mouth the words of freedom and self-determination for Ireland, from and by that revolutionary thought that first awakened mankind. We may thank Mr. de Valera, as we do all the calm scholars and rigid investigators who were favored by no divine afflatus, have thought concerning man, his origin, duty and destiny.

I do hope this punishment of death no more will be attached to the expression of honest thought. I want no more established governments founded in accordance with the teachings of the Old Testament. I want you to understand this Testament is a deformed history, and you can realize to some extent upon history that is not revised, nor tampered with, but this Old Testament as well as the New, can in no way be wholly realized on being true, 34 times being revised or altered, leaves it not alone impossible of being inspired by a supposed God, but unrecognizable as a true history. If this I am writing now in this book, was altered to suit some purpose or any nation, people or sect of people, it would construe my meaning and falsify my declarations. Therefore it would be deformed and unreliable history.

Pure and undefiled history and literature must come from the springs of unadulterated matter. There are even errors in translation, far less in revising. I warn you readers and thinkers, to remember this, there is no being existing but what has a certain amount of supernaturalism in him; however, none but the perceptive being, realize it, but the light the few see, cannot be kept in motion and illuminated without the contracted force of another power to react upon. All our materialistic forces are reactible and until we see and feel all these acting and reacting forces within ourselves and others. We cannot devise and construct the means for the development and elevation of mankind, neither could we devise the means for the resistances of the avalanche of ignorance that might carry us away to disaster and wreck our ship. This is the God and Gods of this world.

Man can do nothing of himself, he must have material to work with and upon. Co-relation and co-operation is the destiny of mankind. Pay no attention to kings; they are vermin that will not work or want, but live on the taxes. Heed not the priests nor ministers, they are beggars and alms-gatherers, and beg your taxes of the state to educate their own brothers' and sisters' children, with no regard for the humble workman's child.

I believe the day of visitation is come. Man has awakened from his slumber; the lethargy of matter has ceased to sleep; the humanizing germs are invigorating. The glow worm of spirit and matter has illuminated me, the reflecting glow from the so-called firefly's wing has fanned me.

I see all these Gods are Gods of nature. The abominable priests and ministers have deformed many a poor creature, with their dogmas and formulas, the poor creatures getting down on their bended knees on the cold ground to pray to a God just as cold as the ground, that never hears them, and when the priests and ministers perform their magic and pray for rain to descend upon the earth for to nourish the fruit of the field, that the harvest may come in due time, plentiful for all, but when no God heard their prayers, they said it was the wickedness of the people and God has refused to hear the prayers. Then they proceed to defend themselves by referring the people to miracles.

This is one of the years of famine, and if they have not left up enough for the winter, they will have to go down to Egypt, or rather the wilderness, to provide corn, and tells them, Joseph will be glad to see his brethren. The question is, when will we get rid of this cursed theologian. What is their theory? What is their logic? Superstition—simply making the people believe that they are superior to them in devising college and tuition means their future state, that means, the clerics take full control of your soul and body, while the king holds the sceptre. (This is superstition explained by me).

A constitution elected and formed by any state with that superstitious power hanging over them, leaves it still an unpolitical fiction in bondage and in slavery, a slave to other men's thoughts and opinions that are not your own. Commerce makes friends; religious superstitions make enemies. These clerics all thrive best where falsehoods are believed, and the poor creature, with no experience of man's existence in other countries, knows nothing about their environments nor perception of things. He does not perceive or see; to him is blind supposition.

You must know the subjective mind is directed by the surroundings that affect it, and

if there is no variation in the surroundings, the objective mind has no cause for analyzing because it is the same old food, with no change in the palliating of it, but where there is variation of knowledge, the rejective mind plays its part of what to retain and what to reject. The eye is the wandering desire of the heart. The ear hears echoing sounds; the nose follows after in the scent of those echoes and sounds and the whole body and soul acquiesce in one grand form of supernatural man of matter and force, co-acting and reacting. So you will see the more space we travel over, the more and greater the variations of existing things are, the more thinking and reasoning and comparing and separating we have to do. We have always to sift the good from the bad, the just from the unjust, the pure from the impure.

These variations in mankind today are not so varied as they were fifty years ago; the train of progress is still proceeding and the side stoppages are very few. We can converse with each other in different languages, about different conditions, side by side, in the Lumber companies, on the prairie wheat fields, and discuss the different causes that effect our welfare and our grievances, with men from different climes, different environments, different instincts. We have overcome all these bereavements and can reason together like men. Then we still have obstacles to contend with, of Communism, and that Communism must be turned upside in meaning. That is the real passive dictatorship of this age and century in and of Communism, which is caused by monarchs and capitalists contending with the people for power and possession.

This is the real Communism we have to contend with and I am afraid it will come to a physical revolution. The first Communism I ever heard or saw was a commune of treachery. It began with a name that is well known in Biblical history—Joseph Chamberlain. This Joseph was treacherously sold into Egypt to provide for his brethren, and to do this wickedness, it was natural for him to wear a coat, and character of many colors and changes of action. He came out first with an eyeglass to take observations. He beheld the people and put around his neck a tie of red, and proclaimed himself a radical for reforming the city of Birmingham, with Jesse Collins, another Birmingham member of parliament, the very centre of England. These two communes made those people believe it was possible for 500,000 people in the city of Birmingham, to have three acres and a cow. To have done that it would have taken nearly ten per cent. of England's territory to contain them.

When this Joseph got into parliament, he found favor in Mr. Gladstone's sight; he took

him as a trusted servant of his Cabinet, but Ireland's emancipation came up for determination, but Joseph rebelled and said Pharaoh's wife—the Ulster Orangewoman, had enticed him, so he turned a Unionist Coalitionist with the Orange Tory government against Ireland's freedom—out of bondage. Here is the first real Bolshevik, Joseph Chamberlain, and the first Communist Coalition in England. Lenine of the Russians, with nothing to gain for himself, launched into the ranks of freedom against monarchism and tyranny for the emancipation of his race, without a thought of life, but that he might accomplish the freedom of his native race.

There is no tedious pretensions about this man Lenine. The absolute desire of his heart is and was, that his country would be free from monarch and serfdom. The world was listless to his demonstration, but the clash—revolution came. The beacon fires on the Siberian Coast, as Bob Ingersoll prophesied, were kept aglow till Lenine took hold of the torch and carried it through the streets of Moscow, till the battering rams knocked down the tyrant police in St. Petersburg and set the prisoners free, out of Siberia, that were lying in filth and loathfulness.

The prophet of the day is the inspirator of the prophets that are to come. These phenomenal, inspirational gods I do not believe in. They are all theological superstition of Anti-Christ. When the crooked shall be made straight, when we shall see eye to eye and face to face, the hills of wealth and gold shall be assimilated amongst the people and man shall rejoice within sight of his house, and his children shall leap with joy before him. I believe the savage will become civilized. That is Christian barbarism today. Those that have an outward show of education shall become administrators of the same. Education will become a school of thought and investigation. Man shall help man, and the weary have rest. Co-operation and co-ordination will be the levelling up of the valleys, and life shall be in harmony with a joyful song. The old at the bench shall have his just reward for his labor, and the young and strong, with his technical skill, shall take the place of senior before him, because his strength is over. He shall be in equivalence by him, not of equality because his strength has failed. He shall receive for his labor the just balance of his strength and knowledge, on a sliding scale. That is, a young, strong, technical workman will receive the highest wage, while old age and declining years will receive twenty per cent. less on a sliding scale. This means equivalence,—some ten per cent. some five per cent. and so on according to your value, but always, where men do an equal

amount of work, they must be paid the equal wage.

Ethics and equivalence to my mind, stand side by side. I had my first experience of this principle with a very careful thinker and observer a Mr. James Ferguson, secretary of the Clyde Engineers in Glasgow, Scotland, and he was a very astute man in and about the balance of production, not alone between master and man, but as just recompense to the men themselves in remuneration for the work done. I do not want to cast aside the old machine if it can do the work. The new engine, when fitted out, does the main work. There are no two men alike, although they on some things, can do the same amount of labor.

As there are stars in the phenomena, so there are the variations in man's ability and qualifications, therefore equivalence must rule, and without being construed.

I was just considering an article written by the Free Press of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, on the 16th or 17th of this month of December, 1921, about the tariffs set up by the United States against Canadian productions. After quoting all the different productions exported from Canada through and by these tariffs of the United States system of economics, he said the United States did not make much by their tariff duties; but he never told us that when America or the United States put up the tariff wall, it was a wall of defiance against Canadian productions from entering their markets, that they had and could produce themselves and keep their own workmen busy in their own country. While doing this, they kept the turn of labor and money busy in their own country while it left Canada with no open market for its products, and because of the thousands of her workmen who are walking the streets idle, in her cities and towns, hungry and destitute, begging of these that denounced their king and constitutional rule, with their British bigotted hatred against the great and noble republic of the United States of America, that saved the world from kings and slavery, and when these prejudiced bigots of British wretches try to hide themselves by separating their castes, with their back up against the wall, declare: "I am a Scotchman, or a Welshman, and have nothing to do with England,"—and any man that has travelled over their country, geography will convince him that it is all one country and the pattern of cast is their mould.

And if Canada had got her products into the American markets, the Americans would have paid millions of dollars for this produce. That would have kept hundreds of thousands of workmen busy in Canada, working, from the farmer to the mechanic, which causes prosperity and wealth, and this Free Press itself, excelled in its senseless abuses of the

American people and their environments. It should know that all countries dispose of their surpluses of production in the foreign markets of the world, where they get the easiest and cheapest access to that market, for the best remuneration for the consumer, or rather, from the consumer.

If the revenue was small from these tariffs they desired it so as to keep the productions out of their markets, that they were able to produce for themselves, to better advantage. Purchasing all Canada's desirable products would have drawn but a small revenue, at a low tariff, and would not have recapitulated the purchase price of the Canadian products and stopped factories of production in their own country where the raw material is easier and cheaper to obtain. Canada has a surplus of wheat and grains and lumber, but her mineral resources are too expensive to obtain. To dream of a frozen region six months of the year is to me a nightmare of it ever becoming a great country, and I wish her well. She is part of a great continent that I may say was the last to be explored, and owing to its ridged and ragged geographical condition and position, the extraction of its minerals and transportation of them to a real base of utilization or construction, to overcome the cost of their production, to me to believe such a thing as Confucius says about ill-gotten gains, to me they are but floating clouds of thought that come and go.

Believe me, this Canada is a barren, bankrupt country today, and resources, she has none she can call her own. She is a liquidated, dominated Dominion, with no receipts to capitulate her return to life again, but barren rocks and icy lakes, and a wild prairie with weeds and thistles, all her borrowing capabilities are exhausted and she has fleeced her good friend on her border, to the best of her British advisers' ability, and because of this you know when a good friend, that was kind and obliging to you when you were hard up, and lent you something with the assurance that you would pay him back at a certain time, when he makes an appearance and you know and hear he is there, you say: "There's that damned man, I wish he was dead."

That is how Canada stands today towards the United States, by her British advisers or sharks that form a league of brigands, that have deceived and robbed the world. They are at Washington, Balfour, Lord Cecil and Borden, that robbed this country, and now they are proceeding further to deceive the American nation, with an excuse about a League of Nations, of disarmaments and peace and good will to men, but their whole aim is to get at the American purse and treasures of these American people. The lawyers and doctors, the ministers from their pulpits,

and the farmer at the plow, the mechanic at his bench and office, Canadian and British finished off with acclamation, the horrors and detestations, with vouchings, from the public press of their country against the American nation, cursing them and blaspheming them while they are existing on them, simply because they do not want to pay back their debt and money they borrowed from them.

England has educated her children—ever since I understood what I read about economics, that it was good for them to be in debt. I noticed their public speakers from their platforms all declared it was a good way to have a big national debt because other nations would be relying on them for trade and commerce to get it back—always giving one and taking two. That is her game of bluff, and she is educated to it. She is a foul bird, carnal, and the nations that deal with her should have the transfer of commodity, no matter however small or great the commodity may be. That is the only way any nation or people can deal with England.

My countrymen at this hour, are discussing in Dublin a document brought from London by a Mr. Griffith and Mr. Barton, a so-called Welshman and an Englishman, that are the cleverest trio in Ireland today, a compound by an Irishman called Collins, and this Irishman befogged for a week or two at Westminster by this noted wizard Premier of England, Lloyd George, not only acquiesced to agree to this document, but signed his name too for the acceptance of Irishmen, without having any consideration of it or about it, and this Mr. Collins was so completely overwhelmed and elevated by the Welshman's phraseology of sense about the freedom of Ireland, explained by this conjured-up document placed before the great Irishmen in Dublin, Mr. de Valera, Mr. Plunkett, and other valued and tried Irishmen, to accept, and the way he tried to defend that agreement was so wretched to the eye of a perceiver like me, to me on the face of it, the two Welshmen had Collins under their mesmerism. They knew that with an open door to the public, while discussing this document and defending it, the hall would be crowded with Unionists to applaud every sentiment that left their mouths, and this Mr. Collins proceeded, according to the Welshman's instructions, to demonstrate and to catch the support of both the English Unionist, that had no right in or at that discussion.

He launched out, that some of the flippery-flappery ones at that meeting thought they had signed a piece of bluff. This pleased the Unionist section that had no business there. Then he throws the hare at the dogs, after a long chase, for to catch the Irish appreciation and said England had been bluffing this last

two years, but they never changed. That was very good to gain applause from an unthinking lot of Irishmen for requisition from the storm he had run into for not having ascertained his course at the signing of the document that determined the fate of his country's future,—throwing this hare that they had chased so long, for freedom, at the mouths of Irishmen, to be devoured in argument with no assurance nor conciliation of freedom from Pharaoh's hosts

This document is not worth the paper it is written on. There are four points in this settlement vital to me and to Ireland, my native home. The first,—we shall recognize no king under any consideration. The second is,—we shall recognize no indemnity or expenditure incurred by England in Ireland. Her pensioners of all kinds and classes shall not be recognized by Ireland, save for those who fought for France's freedom: Thirdly,—we or rather, Ireland's commerce and trade must be free. Ireland's protection and defence must be controlled and maintained, internally and externally, by Ireland herself. Other ratifications can be easily made, but these are vital. Confine the barbarous Orangemen to four counties till such time as the majority of the four counties want to join the Irish Free State, then men of will and reason will consider their proposition and receive them as United Ireland's ancient property with good will and cheer.

Under kingism we were betrayed, murdered and shamefully treated, and to this present hour of negotiations between England and Ireland, we are insulted by a Scotch barbarian coyote or wolf, they call Winston Churchill, a member for bonnie Dundee, Scotland, secretary for the Colonies, or Foreign secretary. He began in the British House of Parliament, to decimate the Irish and decry and disparage in pestilential, violent speeches in fomentation characteristics of the Scotchman, after signing this Irish document of so-called Irish independence, either because it could not be accepted from him by the Irish people, or because his bloody Stuart Scotch kings were dethroned by the Irish people from Ireland, never to return to that island again. Therefore his vehement indications against the Irish were those of a man's arrogance of assumption with his equilibrium unhinged.

He enumerated the evils he thought the Irish were capable of doing in America, he said by their preposterous propaganda in America, they had succeeded in throwing out governments and injured the British interests in trade. Let me tell him that these Americans, whether Irish, French, Russians, Germans or Austrians, are Republicans and stand side by side to protect their country that gave them birth. The United States of America.

That is what made them throw out governments for, when they read his preposterous propaganda of blasphemies about the dirt and filth of the Chicago packing rooms, while your own packing departments were loathful, not speaking, as I have said about the dirt and filth of your sugar factories, men with running ulcers, abscesses, evil legs, wading knee deep in the sugar and syrup before my eyes, and alongside of them at my work, barefooted, with dirty, sweaty feet, never washed them till I complained myself, before the manager of Abraham Lyle & Sons' brother-in-law, to the Duke of Argyle, and King Edward. After that they got canvas boots to wear amongst the sugar. All this was going on in 1894, while this Scotch Imperialist, propaganda mongrel, Churchill, was defaming the United States packing houses.

In Scotland where he represents—or misrepresents—the people, it was filthier still in their sugar factories and the other places of food productions. These English people know so little about the necessities of cleanliness in food production of their own country that it is gruesome for a man that has worked amongst these productions to read the comments of these English newspapers about their superior mode of manufacturing in producing these commodities for the civilized world, while all this was going on in the so-called British Dominions—Scotland, Wales and England—but they are all one god, head, body, soul and mind. They were recommending the Danish productions as the cleanest and the Irish as the dirtiest, for the praise of their Danish queen, and to cheapen the Irish products to be sold and undervalued in the English markets and the world. This is Churchillism, while their English freight steamers had no respect for the handling of Irish productions but to damage them, that they might be sold in the British markets as salvaged goods, after coming through fire and water.

I like to see every production clean in every market, packed neat and clean; delivered to the consumer sound and beautiful, no matter what country it comes from. Ireland and its own government will have a new issue of production and a new issue of packing and transferring it to all its markets of the world. They will and must be free. No country however small, should be hampered or kept down by an alien race that is always a thorn in the flesh, and any man not born in that country has no right to hold office in it as a government unit. He should have a vote and speak his mind freely as any born citizen of that country because the inborn spring is the nourishment of that country. The origin of the child where it first saw the light will look, as Moore says,

back in declining years to get a glance of the place where he was born and spent his boyhood days. Justice to alien and justice to all, but all officialdom of utilization, defence and protection, must be trusted to and given to the native born. Aliens are all very well for the country's weal, but it is when their own interests are at that point of misrepresentation that the distrust and danger comes in.

Nationality will quarrel with both their philosophy and their physical conditions, at times, with their alien friends. I have watched it in Ireland, in Britain, in Canada, in Australia, Africa, and among the Asiatics, and America itself, and there is no true patriot but from the inborn native of the soil of his dear motherland, and the greatest enemies of any land are the migrators, jealous and suspicious of his own. He will violate and participate against the laws of the country, because of his migration, he becomes an analogy of resemblance to nationalizations that are foreign to his own and attracts to the ideals of his native land.

The defects of these assimilations have obliterated the noble desire and designs for and to his native land. For example, we have today in these countries, many enemies of America, that grand, self-reliant, noble people, through the stress of years of combinations of kings and enmity of the British race, that stinks in the nostrils of reason and common sense. We have four English Welshmen around us today, deceiving the nations of the earth for the love of their pregeneracy.

—Hughes in America, Hughes in Australia, Griffith in Ireland, and the last but not least, the greatest magician of all, Lloyd George. These four English Welshmen are desperate enemies of every nation on the earth, but England-America they hate because of her wealth, and by every means in their power and exploitations, they try to extort the wealth from that country.

I know some will say Mr. Hughes is an American-born citizen, not an alien, but you must beware, this looking back to progeny of bunk tradition is ever dangerous where justice is required, whether alien or naturalized. They should always be carefully rounded up by their acts and deeds towards and concerning those alienated pregenitors, and any nation to be sound, should trace back the history of their public trusted men unto the third and fourth generation, or they will visit you with their iniquities unto the third and fourth generation. To keep your nations safe and sound, remember my words. I have proved amongst men, these, acts and deeds, and it equally applies amongst nations.

Moore says, "Let Erin remember the days of old, when the sons of her fathers betrayed

her." That was because of the adulteration of these fathers' pregeneracy. They looked back to their alienations and deceived the land of their birth. Too much migrating, which alienates the thoughts and desires of the heart—evil communications corrupt good manners and also the thoughts of the heart; grapes do not grow on thorns nor thistles, neither do figs grow on nice green bay trees. Nature, its true self, has its enticing deceptions. Watch man, he falls and at times ruins millions.

Just look at how these deceived Irishmen by Lloyd George fared at his hand for self-determination of their country. A Welshman, Griffith, befooled an Irishman Collins, the name Collins is unsound, scalers in a lumber camp, when measuring, trying the soundness of the lumber. When examined and found to be unsound, they call them culls and they are cast out. This Collins is unsound and does not know the meaning of the document he signed. He got up amongst a lot of partly educated men that did not know the meaning of the word assumed from the first. When Daniel O'Connell entered the British House of Parliament, he assumed for Ireland's freedom but assumed and was laughed at. Parnell assumed and was laughed at. John Redmond assumed and they fooled him. Joe Devlin assumed and they were going to kill him in the British Parliament in 1921, and now in December, 1921, this man Collins of the Irish Army gets up in Dublin and tells them with ignorant assumptions, that this agreement was open to assume.

Any man or any nation might assume and not be able to accomplish anything. I do not want men like that to have any part in the government of my country. Given Duffy, a Unionist, descended from the Orange Givens, I detest him. He said it was a piece of treachery on Lloyd George's part, why did he want the Irish to accept it? He was like Viscount Grey, a timid child, afraid of the dark, afraid of the country being over run with war and murder. Let me tell him, if that is his policy to get the Irish to accept such a settlement, he can make ready for oblivion. He appears to me to be more treacherous than Lloyd George himself. I prefer death to slavery as Mr. de Valera says, and there is no redemption without the shedding of blood, and man that is afraid of death, does not know what it means. It is the cessation of our troubles and our toils will bother us no more. The man that is a slave is a coward and dishonors the name of man.

It seems strange to me that these Irishmen have changed their opinions so soon. One time they say they were never daunted, and at the next breath they become Lloyd George again for negotiation. Be men, and stand by

the demand of Eamonn de Valera, which is justice, and nothing more nor less. I hope they will see with me that it is better to die than be persecuted, and that death will be the prelude to freedom and justice when we are gone. Look at those who give their lives and are gone that are better than you that do assume. Men who in the midst of danger never flinched nor faltered to the goal. Are we to lament about the future, when there is a past? Stand by the Valera, of right against might, and wrong will die with the day in which it came forth.

Nothing can be more wonderful than the majestic, sublime and eternal march of cause and effect. Reason must be the final arbiter. And a man like Lloyd George cannot stand against a demonstrated fact. Better that all that is should cease to be than accept this bill, better that the springs and seeds of things should fall and wither in great nature's realm, better that cause and effects should lose relation, better that every life should change to breathless death and voiceless blanks, and every star of hope, to blind oblivion and moveless nought, than to accept that document for Ireland's emancipation from a conjurer's hand.

In this country, few seem to understand Communism; while here it may be regarded as vicious idleness, armed with the assassin's knife and the incendiary's torch, in Europe it is a different thing. There is a reaction from feudalism. Nobility is Communism in its worst possible form. Nothing can be worse than for idleness to eat the bread of industry. Communism in Europe is not the 'Stand and deliver' of the robber but the protest of the robbed, as in Ireland by Britain. If we could get people to realize and understand what nature's origin and destiny means, if man is to continue exterminating by degeneracy, his own and the races that he deceives to sustain him, that are captivated and ensnared by him, for his assistances to exist, the beginning of his end is come. Man must elevate in all degrees of nature, to substantiate himself and continue progress. When he limits man's food from its standard of producing strength by an unfair producing wage, he limits also the production of sustenance to all mankind, and other animals or beings of existence, better leave them to nature's forces herself than to enslave them to the laws of unnatural force that degenerates them and finally brings the pale horse of pestilence sword and destruction on all the race of mankind, and the lower animals, snared and debarred from nature's course.

When I look at the so-called lower animals that roam at will over the prairie plains and mountain jungles, with their beautiful, clean skins that nature has endowed them with

when I compare them to these caught and trapped by man, placed in their artificial Zoological gardens, fed on unseasonable foods, preserved and reserved as man's artificial foods that are always out of nature's course of generative growth, and never in its invigorating progress of season and maturity's course. These animals are dull, unsportive and unclad of nature's purest garments, their skins dirty and filthy, their food unpalatable and tasteless to them, confined and cramped, separated from free nature by the laws of man, that has even bound himself within prison wall and barbed wire fence and the dungeon cell of extermination.

Who was he or what was he, this son of Pharaoh's daughter that initiated these laws of bondage and of serfdom. He appointed captains of hundreds and thousands, and governors, to hold men in subjection to his will. He appointed places for murderers, thieves and robbers, and grand place of administration for himself and these captains and governors of the people, to rule the people and eat the bread of industrial workers. This was all to hold the people in bondage to his will, and this protection from these outlaws was to safeguard the toiler that was honest and just, that he might produce sufficient, or the workmen might produce enough to keep these captains and governors at their ease of these taxations that Moses placed upon them for protecting them from thieves and robbers that were not so numerous as this Moses' Army they had to provide for in taxation from toiling bodies and hands for this leave to work for others that ate the bread of idleness, for holding in bondage the slave as well as the robber; is the law of Moses feasible, and do unto others as you would others should do unto you.

I think it would have been better for us today had this kind of law-giving Moses but remained in the bulrushes, it would have been better for mankind and industry. We would not have had so many clubs or societies with signs and symbols amongst us today, of every craft and conjuring dispositions, serpents, fire chariots, burning bushes, Jacob's ladder, and all the gravitations of hell encounter us through and by this Moses—doctors, lawyers, clerics, to the toiler in the plow have their secret societies, one against the other, and they are so manipulated by the greatest conjurers that when capital and labor have a clash because of these Secret Societies being variated by being mixed up with capitalist and labor fraternities, left the Labor men ununited to the Labor camp; and also the capitalist knew their financial strength and designs of procedure, blindly lead.

When I heard men—Trade Unionists—speaking of a strike for a just share of pro-

ductions' profits, and me knowing they were Free Masons and Oddfellows and Orangemen and other societies, with both master and man united in them to support one another by oath, so help their Almighty God, how could that workman go out on strike against the master he has sworn to support in this fraternal secret society, both him and his master if they did such a thing, are both blasphemers and not fit to associate with. No wonder capital and labor cannot agree, and now when they are both down, they cry out for recapitulation or coalition.

I suffered for them and by them, but I found out such deformity of reason was unbearable on my part, and I have spewed them out as agnostics, and warn all men to separate from them until they are regenerated and purified—one world at a time, one society at a time, one word at a time, and whatsoever cometh more than this is confusion and vexation of spirit. Take no allegiance nor alliance that will oppress any man. Be free to express your feelings before all men, that you shall be able to write your own autobiography upon the hearts and souls of men.

Where duty is to be performed on behalf of unenlightened beings never let procrastination of any man confuse or befog you. A bigot is blind, don't look at him. Always let your latitudinarianism be judicious, wise and prudent, with freedom of opinion, that will not only draw towards you lenity and tenderness, but a desire for your generous ambition. Avoid tedious, pretentious discussions; be absolutely distinct with no passive dictatorship, in your arguments of reason, of right against wrong. Usurp no man's constructive sentences, devise your own. Criticize his words honorably even when detesting him. Draw your analogy from acts and deeds. You see resemblance to his accusations and arguments of wrong against right, urbane civil and polite, carry with you, it illuminates in the shade and has a warmth within its glow, and the generosity of it has a sparkle with a brilliant smile.

Let your discourse always be dignified. Avoid demi monde, they are fast women, they are always designing and intriguing evils. Let your minds be concentrated upon things that are tracing their effect to things that will be and that are to come. Be efficacious in investigations and have consolidation in reasoning with them. Have no circumlocution of going round, but go in and through them; cite and quote the truth without collusion or connivance. Do not be coarse; give touchiness sore, without ridicule that sensitiveness may take hold of it and benefit by it. Nauseating fallacies avoid, they will work out no solutions. Be proficient in human eulogies without jealousies; few carousals or banquets,

they cause anxiety, and there is no pleasure without pain. In any thought or act, never substitute evil for good. This is the principal bulletin I certify to mankind for the evolution and elevation of mankind, and the light shall not dawn on the being race until they have realized one Communism, one God, one labor temple—no fraternities of Free Masons, Oddfellows, Orangemen, Royal Oaks, St. Andrews, Shepherds, Free Gardeners, Forsters, Buffaloes, Hibernians, and so forth, until all these are exterminated and replaced by a friendly Labor Union, sick benefits, funeral insurance and life insurance and accident insurance, and contributions to that Union invested in the country's resources for production of commodities for the benefit of all and any union or unions. However united without, one union fall, is impossible to stand with these varied unions I have mentioned, still contending financially, physically, religiously, and all kinds of sectarianism intervenes between.

No man can put any other ideal between me and this one for the day of joy and good will to men, then we shall have the constitution by the people and for the people, and not till then. Capital shall be compelled to realize the rights of labor by justice and not by force. These local Friendly Societies in the midst of us, in every town and city, and country districts, with theologian clerics, and doctors and lawyers in these friendly societies that have their money invested, are the sole enemy of Trades Unions today.

This cry of One Big Union without exterminating the weeds which are within itself, and these weeds are these secretaries, treasurers, presidents and trustees of these secular societies that work independently towards Labor unions, and not only independently, but is a continual associate, and acquiesces and agrees to the desires and designs of these capitalists that labor contends with for justice. Here is the conclusion of unionism. A man's foes are those within his own house. There is no renovation possible for that house; annihilation and reconstruction are the only redemption for the millennium jubilee. When men grasp the knowledge of these facts for the betterment of himself and his fellowman then the One Big union will take place, and if the capitalists refuse justice to labor, the labor government will remove justice from his door. Believe me what seems impossible will become a real fact.

Education with investigation will rack the tumult confusion of uproar and constraint, and direct the disorderly. I can see in the distance these glorious waves of emancipation of all mankind, though I am old and feel the weight of hard toil of the past upon me, yet I am young and full of joy in hope for the fu-

ture welfare of mankind. There is another thing to be discarded,—all superstitions that are taken from the Bible are dangerous for the young. All darkness should be put from before their eyes. Light will not make you stumble. Just imagine this teaching in the twentieth century. I can't help quoting these ridiculous things we read in the Bible. I find in some book that the sun stopped a whole day, to give a General named Joshua time to kill a few more Amalekites, and the moon was stopped also. Now, it seems to me, that sun-being stopped would leave little enough light to kill Amalekites, without stopping the moon also, that they could see nothing; and another time we read the sun was turned ten degrees backwards to convince a man they call Hezekiah that he was not going to die of a boil. The man who wrote that thought the sun was two or three feet in diameter and could be stopped and pulled round like the sun and moon in a theatre.

Do you know that sun throws out every second of time as much heat as could be generated by burning eleven thousand millions tons of coal? I don't believe he knew that, or that he knew the motion of the earth. I don't believe he knew it was turning, or revolving in space at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, because if he did he would have understood the immensity of heat by stopping the world. It has been calculated by one of the best mathematicians and astronomers, that to stop the world would cause as much heat as it would take to burn a lump of solid coal three times as big as the globe, and yet we find in that book, that the sun was not only stopped, but turned back ten degrees, simply to convince a gentleman that he was not going to die with a boil, and like Robert Ingersoll, they may say, "I will be damned if I do not believe these things," and I say I will be damned if I do.

You will see here the superstitions and pagan ideas of these times that these books that compose the Bible, were written. They knew nothing about science, nor astronomy; they were simply stargazers, with no conception of the phenomena resources and was supposition only to them and by them of what material this universal system contained. Of its origin they knew nothing; they were not capable of devising and constructing instruments of science to investigate and analyze the material forces of nature that they might utilize them to their own benefits. Prove all things, is my motto.

These prophets were like ourselves by what they saw and felt was taking place around them. They were compelled to think about what these acts and deeds of mankind would lead to in the future, and naturally they knew what they could not accomplish them-

selves, they would hope that ones interested in the betterment of mankind, would take up the torch of light that they had laid down, and carry it to the next generation, nearer to a perfect day, and the sooner we see the light of knowledge we have the more time to trim it and dress its illuminations. As we all follow on, one after another, we condense the material and purify its issue. These prophets were good in their times, of drawing the attention of mankind towards the universal units of material forces, but they themselves, had no conception of the utilization of these forces nor the ignition of these forces.

From one of this race of Hebrew prophets, spiritualizing without matter, is waterlizing, a heathen, barbarian, paganism deity, is this God of supposition. When they speak about these planets, that is all matter as gods and goddesses, and lift their eyes to sun, moon and stars in admiration for some great blessing being bestowed upon them, and paying for this performance in the twentieth century, and sending men and women out broadcast over the nations of the earth to preach this doctrine of worshipping matter, no matter what shape nor form that matter may be—it may be of the lowest reptile, and it may be man himself, or the sun, moon or stars, and that great phenomena of which we all move within its bounds. These pagan heathens of my own land will fall down on their knees and lift up their eyes and hands to that so-called heavens surrounding this universe and offer up the desires of their hearts to these materialistic forms of which their bodies are a part and form a part.

Oh, these ministers and priests, these conjurers and magicians, these befoggers and befoolers, how long, you simple ones, will you love simplicity, and you fools hate knowledge. Listen to the man that has seen and has suffered at the hands of these abominators. Kings and their followers are the curse of the universe. The churches and the sects established by them are the pestilence and the sword of the pale horse before his time. Rome, within its form, presents a materialistic, universal, supernatural God to superintend upon earth, the preparation for a heaven in oblivion, by a machine of loath, filth and debauchery. The inquisition of that church has frightened its own sect, of a fear of hell that never was and never will be only on this earth. It has also poisoned the ignorant and deceived a few learned, and usurped their toil and sweat, by taking from them their hard-earned money for penance; by persecutions, for to redeem them from hell and purgatory; telling them, the more they injure here upon earth, the happier they will be in heaven.

These are all blasphemies; they know no hell, neither do they know a heaven. Mortal man, to tell me of the hereafter and of my destiny, or any other man, is a blasphemer and a finished consummator. My God—I will stand by the God of Justice and the God of Right and of Pity. There is no obligation upon me about my God. I see them and feel them. There is no prophecy nor spiritualism about it. It is sense of reason that magnify me and draws me to its altar. It is not in a heaven unknown; it is right upon this earth, and if you do not realize it here, you need never look beyond. If there is anything I hate in this world it is miracles, a conjurer never could deceive me. He deceives himself. He reveals his tricks and cannot hide them.

It is useless for me to speak about Christianity, it has finished itself, it was built on lies; a miracle performed is no evidence to substantiate his doings and sayings. His apostles, or else the inquisition of Rome or the heretics in their revising and altering of the Scriptures, blasphemed Jesus, even in the turning of water into wine at the supper, was blasphemous; he never did it. Do you know the old Jews themselves, including Moses, worshipped Jehovah in the form of a bull? That accounts for the horns on the altar. They not only worshipped that God but many others. Even at the time of Solomon and Hereboam, there were thirty temples in which other Gods were worshiped besides Jehovah.

After man found out that one animal by itself, was not their superior, they began to make Gods composed of several animals. They took the lion for strength, the eagle for swiftness and the serpent for cunning, or long life, making together an animal that could not be killed. No wonder our Christians worship three bodies and one head, in substances, equal in all. Take the Mexican Indians, what is their name for God? Stone Spirit—one who wore an armor of stone. Where did they get that idea from? The armadillo, that could not be pierced with their arrows, something they could not kill, and I reckon they had more sense than the Christians that worship the God Christ they did kill. I want to convince you all that we manufacture these Gods ourselves, and every one of them is a poor job.

After men got through worshipping beasts, simple and compound, they began worshipping man, the beautiful qualities in man as well as the bad ones. The Gods were first beasts, then men. Right here, let me tell you that there is not a person in this house who can think of a God except in the form of a man. Why? Because that is the highest intellectual form you are acquainted with. You cannot think of God on four legs, or as

a woman? Why? Because man made religions; we have not yet become civilized enough to worship a principle having traced the origin of God.

The next question, does this God interfere in the affairs of this world? For upon this depends the great question of human rights. The savage has always believed it. When his poor hut was blown down, he thought God was mad with him, or with one of his neighbors. Just think of the infinite maker of every shining world getting mad at the poor savage and pulling up his house. I tell you this world has been mightily abused, and it almost makes one die with pity to read its religious history. The priests say: "You will have to employ me; I have influence; I am a lobbyist in the legislature of heaven." The priest said to the poor fellows: "Divide with me." That was the commencement of slavery.

The next point was to teach that God would hold a whole community responsible for what one man did. There could not be a meaner principle. They then taught that this God wanted to be worshipped, and a fine temple must be built to worship Him in. That infinite Being likes to see men go down on their knees and thank Him. How gratifying it would be to us to have the millions of little animalculature everywhere around us, go down on their knees to us, since God demanded worship, there must be some order to it, and certain gentlemen knew just what this Being wanted, and just the kind of ceremony that would suit Him. Hence, the church and all these religious mummeries. All at once, terrible calamity would befall that community. Then what? Somebody has insulted God, has not brought his sacrifice, has not killed his sheep. Let us hunt him up and kill him, and then our God will be appeased. They went so far as to say, that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins, and they would sacrifice to God the one they loved best.

God told Abraham to take his son Isaac and kill him. Abraham started off to do the inhuman work and was just going to kill his son when God fortunately stopped him on the nick of time. Jephtha made a bargain with God, that if God would let him whip his enemies, he would sacrifice the first thing that greeted him. On his return the prayer was granted, and as he neared his home, a company of girls met him, and at their head was his own daughter. He sacrificed her. These are infamous lies, I call them, or lunatic savages.

But what strikes me most is this remission of sins by innocent blood. I know there is no redemption without the shedding of blood, but every man cannot see the meaning of re-

demption by the shedding of blood, as I do. Neither Jesus or any other man, ever died for sinners or wicked men; they died for the oppressed, for rightness, suffering in slavery, in prisons and at the martyr's stake, by the hands of wicked sinners and wretched men, giving their lives freely in all lands under the sun for man's humanity sake, that they may evolutionize the world and emancipate all mankind, from the wicked, oppressive sinners of the being race. Let me tell you, I want to turn the thing upside down and examine them for you. I am Daniel and I want to stand in my lot at the end of my days; the 49th chapter and 7th verse of Isaiah: Thus saith the Lord, the Redeemer of Israel and His holy ones; to Him man despises, to Him whom the nations abhorreth, to a servant of rulers; kings shall see and arise; princes also shall worship because of the Lord that is faithful and the holy one of Israel, and He shall choose thee. 8th verse: "Thus saith the Lord in an accepted time or acceptable time have I heard thee, and in a day of salvation have I helped thee, and I will preserve thee and give thee for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to cause to inherit the desolate heritages."

Now, listen here is His mission to the people on the earth—not to die for sinners, nor for wickedness, as the cursed theologian ministers' and priests would have you believe, but to teach men how to live, and what to live for—not a word about forgiving men for injuring you, not a word about dying for a murderer, a robber nor a thief; greater love hath no man that layeth down his life for his friend. Here is what the prophet Isaiah said He came to do, in the 9th verse: "That thou mayest say to the prisoners, go forth, to them that are in darkness; show yourselves; they shall feed in the ways and their pastures shall be in all high places." You will find this redemption means the rescuing of all mankind from His oppressors. The rescue from the prisons, men suffering for the rights of men, men that have given their lives on the scaffold, in the dungeon cell, persecuted from city to city, from nation to nation, with no hope nor thought of benefits to themselves but to make life better for their friends and fellow workmen, who are their friends.

No martyr or patriot ever suffered for wicked men; he suffered that he might deliver men from the hands of the wicked, and those wicked men are the masters and rulers of the people that live upon their people's blood and sweat, usurped by unjust remunerations for their labors. These are the oppressors that place men in dungeon cells, in the asylums and at the martyr's stake, and exiles them from their native land. Then

they tell us, if you don't forgive these wicked men you shall be damned. There is no purgatory nor hell for me but on this earth. Let me tell your priests and ministers, in the 47th chapter of Isaiah, the 10th verse: This is concerning a ravenous England in India, as referred to here as a bird. He says, calling a ravenous bird from the East, "The man that executeth my counsel from a far country, yea, I have spoken it. I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it. Harken unto me, ye stout hearted that are far from rightness." I look at myself, as Isaiah puts it. 48th and 10th verse: "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver. I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." You will see all the leaders of men have been tried in this furnace, by persecutions of masters of kings, and all rulers of the barbarous, heathen race of Christians. 41st chapter, Isaiah, 4th verse: "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." This means man shall know and understand one another, and the valleys of degeneration and degeneracy shall be raised up from want and misery by rightness, for the master shall pay his workmen their right reward. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs with his arms and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

The mould hills of the capitalist's gold shall be taken away from them by a just remuneration for their labor. He says, "I will waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs, and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up all the pools." Then He lets us see how to improve and construct the ways and means to shift the grafters and manipulators, politically and physically, that are crooked and oppress us. This is how it will be done by us and by those that follow after us: "And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not. I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and make crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them and not forsake them. They shall be turned back; they shall be greatly ashamed, that trusted in graven images, that say to the molten images of gold heaps they have built up—ye are our gods. Hear ye, deaf, and look, ye blind, that ye may see who is blind, but my servant or deaf, as my messengers that I sent."

These messengers that He sent were blasphemers, ministers and priests preaching for principalities and greed and gain. Who is blind as He that is perfect; these are they

that are brought up in the theologian colleges, and blind as the Lord's servant, seeing many things but thou observest not; opening the ears but He heareth not. Now, here are the people Jesus came to rescue. Listen here to my opinion: The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake. He will magnify the law and make it honorable. This is to let you know how we are treated today by principalities and powers, but this is a people robbed and spoiled. They are all of them snared in holes and they are hid in prison houses. They are for a prey and none delivereth for a spoil, and none sayeth, "Restore." Who among you will give ear to this? Who will harken and hear for the time to come, who gave Jacob for spoil, and Israel to the robbers. Did not the Lord?

He against whom we have sinned, for they would not walk in his ways, neither were they obedient unto His laws, therefore He hath poured upon them the fury of His anger and the strength of battle and it hath set Him on fire round about, yet He knew not; and it burned Him, yet He laid it not to heart. He was taken from prison and from judgment, and who shall declare his generation, for He was cut off from the land of the living. He made His grave with the wicked and with the rich in His death because He had done no violence; neither was any deceit in His mouth. He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.

Here is what I want you to understand about this man Jesus. By His knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many, for He shall bear their iniquities. This does not mean that He died and suffered for your sins but that He suffered at your hands, from and by the desires of your wicked hearts. He dies also to convince men that His sufferings were not to convince men about another world, but to reconcile them to a sense of their duty in righteousness towards one another in this world. He was like all other martyrs suffering for the poor and oppressed that are and were persecuted by wicked men.

Hakim Agmal Khan says Britain obstructs the Near East solution. Ahmed Abad, British India, December 26, in his presidential address at the India Caliphate conference held there, Hakim Agmal Khan reviewed the Moslem situation throughout the world. He said that Asia Minor on the one side, and India on the other, were the two extreme links in the chain of a future Islamic Federation. He complimented the Turks that their victory over the Greeks had completely smashed British diplomacy. Britain alone, he said, stood in the way of a real solution of the Near East Question. India wanted peace, but only if it safeguarded the rights of citizenship

and national honor. Hakin charged that the government had committed inhuman atrocities at Malabar, under martial law.

So you will see here that Jacob's brother Esau took unto him wives of the daughters Ishmael,—I want you that believe the prophets to listen here,—"And Esau said unto his father, hast thou but one blessing, my father? Bless me even also, O My Father," and Esau lifted up his voice and wept, and Isaac, his father, answered and said unto him, "Behold, thy dwelling shall be the fatness of the earth and of the dew of heaven from above, and by thy sword shalt thou live and shall save thy brother. And it shall come to pass when thou shall have the dominion that thou shalt break his yoke from off thy neck." This means English Jacobs' Rule is broken off the necks of the Esaumalites in India and Turkey after a long time service of Esaumalites, and this is done by an Esaumalite named Hakin Ajmal Khan.

This is in the 27th Chapter of Genesis, Isaac giving his blessing to Jacob when he believed his father. He blessed Esau and told him he would break Jacob's yoke from off his neck, when the dominion was his own, that was signifying his progeny that is in Turkey and India today. This is the results of Isaac's blessings; because of this Jacob's British treachery to his rough skinned brother, the Hindoo Esaumalite of India. I hope England will be driven from all of these nations. She has in trying to rule and ruin the world, a cursed race that when they are not persecuting others they are exciting their own. The Bombay correspondent of the London Times predicts that Mahatni Ghandi will succeed at the present session of the Ahmabad Congress in securing complete dictatorship, and the Congress will invest him with leadership and dictatorial powers and control of the Congress organization funds. He will employ these to extend non-cooperation, civil disobedience and non-payment of taxes, with increased vigor throughout India, deliberately challenging the whole policy of the Indian government. Ghandi professes delight at the government's repressive measures which he is convinced, will disgust the moderates and close the ranks of his adherents.

The correspondent thinks that this aspect of things is disquieting for the constitutional government. Machinery is erected on the loyal cooperation of the moderates in the task of governing the country. These wicked governors in London of Great Britain trying to rule and rob the nations of the earth, in every land, by all means of deception and treachery to obtain power to possess their wealth directly and indirectly, and how these foreign nations do not see it and realize it and combine together against them, because force and only

force put into action, economically, scientifically and physically, will drive her, or rather those British monsters' vultures back to their own land or isle.

This wicked nation since the day America, that is the home of England's exiles and persecuted race by England, gained its independence, England has by her intrigues and undermining systems of piracies, conjuring exploitations of merchandise, transferences of commodities by change of currency and customs and shareholding predominating concerns run by them in the internal affairs of Americans greatest resources and productions usurping the American wealth and transferring it to Britain to be put in circulation in that country, that should be in circulation in the United States; England taking the lead in the stealing of the United States' wealth and transferring it to their Old Country, not alone the capitalist investor but the humblest toiler in the lower ranks of the laboring class would send his savings home to England with the hope that he might spend it there and enjoy it in his old age, with no love or respect for the land he adopted to make that money in, but just as he thought to get and take all he could from the people of their native soil. This is the English, and where I am today in this country, Canada, that is in subordination to a Governor-General selected and chosen by a British king, to lead and direct a nominated Senate, that controls what they call a constitutional Federal Government, composed of all kinds of races and nationalities, with a confusion of languages, and worse still, the confusion of misunderstanding and interpreting of the English language that this Federal parliament is elected by, under this imperial cursed system.

It amuses me to look on these poor, benighted creatures at these election times. They think they are going to get some thing from their taxation by the demonstration of these gentlemen they are electing into this sham Dominion Imperial parliament, that get their salaries and remuneration from the befogged and silly electors, that thought they could ease their burdens by getting them into parliament, but they find out, by this Imperial System, that they lighten the burden of the King's servants and increase their own. England, by these treacherous systems of ruling these dependencies—not dominions nor colonies but dependencies for pauper nations like England that cannot support herself eight months in the year.

Lloyd George, England's Premier, and that snakish serpent Balfour, raised a cry about the Dominion of Canada, of the freedom and power it possessed as a nation, with a sham representative in the League of Nations at Washington, to intercede on England's behalf

when a vote came up about England's interests. But Harding saw their logic and showed them they were dupes of an Imperial government in England, usurping power and authority from the United States and that League of Nations in and for England's interest, which she had no right to, while under the subordination and dictatorship of English rule, and limited England to one vote for her British Empire, which was right, for Canada under British authority, was and is an interloper; and at the same time, trying to convince Ireland that Dominion government was a great boon for Ireland, and expecting Ireland to jump at accepting such a government for or in the name of freedom. They thought it would be a great trap to ensnare these Irish, that they think they will frighten to accept peace at any price, by shooting the poor, oppressed peasants of that country.

Now, after I read this constitution of this so-called Dominion of Canada, not formed by the people of Canada but by a broken down, despotic monarch's government after their overthrow of and by the American people, you will see these Canadians were driven from Northwest America by the real pioneers that fought and bled on the battlefield of Bunker Hill, the Delaware, New Orleans and Valley Forge, the home of Tom Paine. They flew here, as far north as the continent would allow them to go, from before the true and great patriots of Washington's host. You will see, no matter what any deformed journalist writes about this Dominion Constitution, it was for and by a demobilized and demoralized band of traitors, before the real and great United States got full control of this great country, and these King George's relics of Canadian not worthy to be called rebels, accepted this so-called Dominion parliament as a free constitution. As you will see, no honorable, self-respecting man would recognize it as a free and self-determined constitution.

For these reasons alone I object to it being recognized by Ireland, simply and wholly because it was founded on corruption, and anything founded on corruption is filthy and demoralizing, and this corruption in Canada today from the Globe Newspaper in Toronto, to the Winnipeg Free Press of Manitoba, another journalist. Every article they write is insulting to the American people, only when they are issuing lies to induce the American to come over to Canada to buy cheap land, to get his money off him. Then they sing their salvation song, that the Americans have brought so many millions of dollars to Canada, that bought and paid them for their blowing sands and Canadian thistles and sow weeds, and in three years had to decamp back to the Stars and Stripes with their money gone. They could not contradict me, I was

there,—and from these journalists to the scavenger on the streets, by reading these articles, they cursing everything American? Why is this? Because they cannot get power and authority over that country. They are like the Ulster-Scot in Ireland. They say it is ours and the United States people had no business there.

My dear friends, England is running about over the world with a League of Nations today; she was spoiled in Europe; she is trying in Washington to get money or a place to control it; she is down and out and there is none to help her. If Canada was as strong as the United States, tomorrow, this Balfour at Washington would declare war. I never worked amongst a lot of people that so hated the United States people as British Canadians. And you might think I was prejudiced or bigoted towards this kind of Canadians, but even in the meal hour, any spare time they had, it is and was these "damned Americans." It was something fierce but it is a good job they are not in the ascendancy. There are always Europeans around that hold them in the balance. It convinces me that even the moderate English-Britisher is dangerous.

Professor A. Berridale Keith of Edinburgh University, has written an article on Canada's constitution, and in the following article Professor Berridale Keith, a recognized authority, explains the constitutional relations between Canada and the Imperial Government. Professor Keith's article was as follows: "The Dominion of Canada came into being under the pressure of local needs and imperial aspirations, in 1867, under the British North America Act. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united with Canada, which simultaneously was divided into two provinces, of Ontario and Quebec, the racial issue being solved by the frank recognition of the right of the French to self-determination within the Dominion.

The Act contemplated the expansion of the Dominion by consent, to the whole of British North America, and in 1870, the Imperial Government, having recovered control over the vast areas held by the Hudson's Bay Company under its charter, transferred these lands to the Dominion, while British Columbia and Prince Edward Island entered the Union in 1871 and 1873, by agreement with the Dominion Government. Newfoundland alone has remained outside the Union. Her people, attached to their independent position as a self-governing dominion, are reluctant to sink to a provincial status, unless it can be proved that such a position would involve material advantages sufficient to outweigh the loss of prestige.

He goes on about provincial and dominion authority, their limits and provisions between

one another, that is not worthy of consideration by me or men or body of men that believe in self-determination. Sufficient for me to show you this farcical Dominion Government of Canada, but here is where the wretched part of this constitution comes in. The Governor-General is appointed by the king, whose wishes as to his representative, command the fullest consideration, while the ultimate responsibility for the selection rests with the Prime Minister, but care is taken to ensure that the nominee will be acceptable to the Dominion of Canada. The Governor-General now occupies towards his Ministers, the same position as the king to the government of the United Kingdom, and though he serves as a channel of communication between the Dominion and the Imperial Government he no longer seeks to control Dominion action on matters of high importance.

The Dominion Premier now communicates direct with the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. This man was trying to make the Irish believe they were getting something worth having, if they would accept Dominion Home Rule, but I will let him see what they will receive at the hand of the privy council. He says while the executive government of Canada is free from Imperial control, the legislature is still fettered in its powers. It is true that the Imperial powers of disallowing Canadian legislation is practically obsolete, but Canadian enactments have no validity beyond the territorial waters of the Dominion, save where expressly authorized by an Imperial Act, and Canada is powerless to regulate the actions of Canadians beyond her boundaries. Dominion Acts are valid only insofar as they do not contravene Imperial Acts, although the Imperial Parliament has ceased to pass legislation for Canada save with Dominion assent, older Acts still exist, limiting Canadian powers, and in special, the Dominion Parliament is powerless to alter the Dominion constitution. The supremacy of Imperial Acts and of the constitution is enforced by the judicial committee, the appeal to which Canada cannot abolish, nor could Canada pass any valid law which violated her position as a Dominion under the British crown.

IMPERIAL DEFENCE AND FOREIGN POLICY—For defence against foreign aggressions, the United Kingdom is still mainly responsible. Canada's obligations to aid in the defence of the empire are undefined. Nothing effective has yet been done to create a Canadian navy, but military organization is farther advanced, and the potentialities of Canada were fully manifested in the war. The sole control of these matters lies in her own hands, but this does not prevent Canada resorting, when she desires, for advice to the

Imperial Defence Committee, on which she may be represented. Since 1905 no Imperial forces have been maintained in Canada, but arrangements exist for the access of British Men-of-war to Dominion ports.

He says in foreign affairs the Canadian position has not yet been finally determined. Sir Wilfred Laurier aimed at securing for Canada the power of negotiating for commercial treaties without Imperial intervention, but this policy terminated with the defeat of his party over the issue of reciprocity with the United States, a scheme which seemed to involve political consequences unfavorable to the British connection. Since 1920, he says, Canada has been a full member of the League of Nations, independent of the United Kingdom; and her representatives have voted against the British delegates on issues of importance at meetings of the League assembly. She is eligible also for election to a place on the council, however little likely such can be.

Now, I know the reason Sir Wilfred Laurier was defeated at the polls in 1911. Laurier was a far-seeing man and knew reciprocity was good for his country, especially with the United States, his neighbor, so near by, that purchases over the half of Canada's productions. He was educated to these facts, but he had an English population that was ignorant of their own condition in Canada, not educated to a knowledge of their benefits, so by English prejudice and English money, they succeeded in not alone defeating Mr. Laurier's party, but they annihilated themselves and Canada as well, and I told them that at the election in St. Mary's, Ontario, Canada, and I told them that by doing this the United States would tie them up, and they laughed at me.

But what had the League of Nations to do with the trade and commerce of any country; who proposed the delegate of the Dominion of Canada to get a place among this League of Nations; it was England herself. She thought Canada could assist her by falsely proclaiming a nationhood to Canada, while England still held jurisdiction over her. It was a pre-arranged contract between England and a few of the king's supporters in Canada, that this Canadian nation propaganda was spread before the United States of America and Europe, so that she, England, might get something out of the United treasury of the United States, and at the time all these acts were performing at Washington, they were trying to make the Irish people believe this Dominion Government would be a great boon to them, to receive at the hands of England, with a member of their nation in a League of Nations or brigands, to talk nonsense before the world, of

no benefit to his country but to extort funds from the taxation of his countrymen at the will and pleasure of England.

Let me tell this before Balfour, Lloyd George and their confederates that are dependent upon these colonies, to not befog these United States and European countries about their freedom as nations while they are subjects of a despotic crown. The League of Nations Canada wants, and Ireland wants, is freedom to negotiate with the nations of the world, treaties and arrangements for their trade and commerce, unfettered by England or any other nation, if considered just and honorable. I hate this dog and collar business, to be tied up at will by any nation. If the nations are just and honorable they need no League. What does a League mean? It means a combination of expenditure, and also a confusion. When you see a strong man bullying a weak man without a cause, and a weak man insult a strong man without a cause, they both must be chastised and pay the damages as well. You can take his furniture but not his house—that means, you can claim no territory nor lands, but pay an indemnity, small nation or big nation.

I hate this disinheritance; it has caused all enmity and the most bloodshed, and an association of nations of their own free will, without expenditure intervening, and warning the combatants, if you go to war whoever is guilty, you will pay the indemnity, so please yourselves. In this association there would be only one man to pay—the man who issued the proclamation after he had received the command from all nations or vote of what he had to proclaim to the combatants, and whatever the majority of the nations' vote would determine; the League of Nations would have to determine just the same, and anyhow it might come to a conflagration, or solution of the problem, but most of all that is needed in time, is the setting free of these places like India, Ireland, and in fact, all the British dependencies that want, by a majority, to govern themselves. Anything that wants free should be free. Every place they are in today, by deception, they are blaspheming and no sense of justice is, in their hearts or mind.

Just listen, the freedom this Dominion Government of Canada has got by the swearing in of their privy council. Now, this privy council by its power, supervises and controls both federal and senate of this Dominion of Canada, that England wants to make the nations believe, is a nation and free, and wants Ireland to accept this Dominion Government. This is the country that had the cheek to send an enemy of the United States and France to the meeting at Washington, of the League of Nations, a Mr. Borden, a Canadian

Premier that had just retired after the German war. He denounced the United States of America, and threatened the Canadian French. Canada, he said, could live without the United States and he would have no reciprocity with them, but I told his Canadian friends they would find out that man would prove to Canada he was a burden by nature as well as by name. He has left men, women and children in Canada today, each \$248.00 in debt, while he sits up at Washington amongst the people he denounced and hates, giving the League of Nations a lot of his phraseology about his friends, the Germans' cruelty with their undersea new boats, sinking the dear nurses going over to France to nurse the sick and wounded, but he did not tell them anything about the theologian ministers that told the young women of the Christian Associations and the Salvation Army to go out and help the soldiers in France—and one returned French Canadian soldier told me that wickedness and immorality of the British soldiers amongst the French was fierce, outraging young girls and married women. He told me it would take a century to purify the country from the dregs of immorality and that the authorities had taken steps to locate this filthy offspring for to run out from progeneracy, to save the adulteration of the race.

I read an account of the British soldiers in London, marrying young girls, to get their virtue, with no intention of supporting them or living with them after the war; that the Bishop of London denounced it from the pulpit as immorality.

I don't wonder France wants her own back. Canada seems yet to be a child timid and afraid of the dark, unable to look after her own affairs; she has asserted her anxiety, this Scottish professor says, at a conference of this League of Nations at Washington, not to destroy the diplomatic unity of the empire. He says, she has associated herself with the British delegates in the signature of all the peace treaties, and she has allowed a single, Imperial delegation to represent the British Empire at this Washington conference. But he made an assertion there, that there was no allowing about it, it was the British propaganda of the crown in Canada, by their Free Press journalists, and other English interlopers that befogged the people with and through these propaganda of the British Empire and crown.

If there had been a vote taken through the country about this one empire vote at the conference of brigands in Washington, called the League of Nations, Canada would have looked after her own affairs, instead of an Imperial vote from the British crown. No matter what co-operation any nation has to

depend upon, there is still a certain amount of distrust, and breach of privilege, which is not alone dangerous but disastrous to either man or nation. A final question arises, he says: Can Canada, of her own free will, sever her condition with the British Empire? He says, legally the answer must be in the negative; constitutionally, in the affirmative was the answer given by Mr. Bonar Law, as leader of the House of Commons, on March 30, 1920, when he asserted the right to secede as inherent in Dominion status, but students of constitutional law, including General Smuts, have duped the justice of this pronouncement, but I believe these constitutional enactments are not worth the paper they are written on.

I can see this secession from another angle. Not so far back when Norway drew up a united army of 30,000 men and demanded secession from Sweden and took it, assisted and backed by England, which helped Norway to separate from Sweden, but when it comes to their own doors, they cry out, "The constitution is inherent and hereditary and cannot be violated. But I warn this Bonar Law Cromwell and his British crown followers, that the life of all things are given to change, and the minds of the people are in evolution in all lands and all climes. It is perpetual motion and you must change whether you like it or not, let that change be evolution or revolution, it must shift you. Your stoppages are stagnation and darkness and confusion.

Now, as I am going the whole length in describing this farcical independence of Canada as a Dominion of freedom and self-determination, Manitoba Free Press, Winnipeg, Friday, December 30, 1921:

The swearing in today was twofold in character. Those who were not privy councillors were sworn in as such. Thereafter, each minister was called upon to take the oath required for the administration of a department. The privy council oath is a pretentious one, as follows: "I do solemnly promise and swear that I will serve His Majesty truly and faithfully in the place of his council in this, His Majesty's Dominion of Canada." That is a nice, free Dominion, and it goes on and says: "I will keep close and secret all such matters as shall be treated, debated and resolved on in privy council, without publishing or disclosing the same, or any part thereof, by word, writing, or otherwise, to any person out of the same council, but to such only that be of the council, and yet if any matter so propounded, treated and debated in any such privy council shall touch any particular person sworn of the same council upon any such matter as shall in any wise concern his loyalty and fidelity to the King's

Majesty, will in no wise open the same to him, but keep it secret as I would from any person until the King Majesty's pleasure be known in that behalf.

"I will in all things be moved, treated and debated in any such privy council, faithfully, honestly and truly, declare my mind and opinion to the honor and benefit of the King's Majesty's pleasure."

And then to hide these blasphemous oaths, they couple it or them with these words: "And the good of his subjects, without partiality or exception of persons, in no wise forbearing so to do from any manner of respect, favor, love, need, displeasure or dread of any person or persons whatsoever. In general, I will be vigilant, diligent and circumspect in all my doings; touching the King's Majesty's affairs, all of which matter and things I will faithfully observe and keep as a good councillor ought to do, to the utmost of my power, will and discretion." This is the elegance England wants to palm off on to Ireland as Dominion Home Rule.

I hope that my God of Justice will deliver Ireland from such blasphemies, dangers, and diabolical oaths, worse than the Kaiser's oath in the German army that the soldiers had to take to defend their king, where he said they might be called upon to shoot down their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and children. But God forbid. All the difference between the Dominion privy council and the Kaiser's soldiers is this—The soldiers knew how and when they would be killed, but the Canadian councillor or privy councillor did not know how and when he would be killed, according to this Dominion document of elegance by oath. Believe me, I never would sign it; it is damnable and the man that takes such an oath is inhuman and a criminal. It is only fit for a Bible-read barbarian.

Then they had an innovation of Vimy Ridge introduced in the ceremony, by the fact that each man that took the oath on a separate Bible, in which was inscribed his name and the signature "Byng, of Vimy." They like to let us know they are men-killers. The titles in question were orthodox, to those to whom they were presented. All King's representatives must be wielders of the sword, if not physically, they like to imitate Shakespeare, but there is no freedom in this Dominion constitution as far as her commercial trade and physical protection outside of her internal affairs are concerned, which leaves them isolated before the world. It is a tied-up proposition and a defenceless unit within the empire and the world, and the British government makes this offer of a Dominion parliament to Ireland, with room to assume.

But I have seen enough of assuming in my time, I prefer to separate from it and have the

goods down. If it had been room to secede, Ireland might invest a bond in their British liquidated garbage dump heap for a little while, but secede we must. We have avalanches every day, and it is natural that the prisoners must be set free. A nation that has not control of its trade and commerce hasn't control of self. It can never expand its productions, therefore its energy, however great and ambitious it may be able to possess, it can never succeed. When the devisation of men's minds is tied up, revolution and war breaks out. Any river of force when damned up will flow over and make a course for itself, even should it sweep before it the fairest flowers.

I am not surprised to read about scientists in Toronto today trying to prophesy a lot of blasphemies about what is going to take place in the world this year, 1922. I know there is going to be serious trouble with the masses of the people and the heads of these Imperial governments that must relinquish, their hold upon the people of Ireland and India leads the van Russia comes with us, and France fast behind for the freedom of slaves. He says we will have pestilence and earthquakes will be the explosions to remove the pestilence that commanded the soldiers and police to shoot down the people. He says there will be unnatural scientists in engineering, but I wonder where they will come from.

All is nature, the earth and all things in it and around it, above it and below it. If they can make or invent anything out of nothing it will be unnatural. He must be a Canadian Scotchman that migrated to the United States for a better living, and returned to educate his brethren in the delusions geology will provide for them about an unnatural science. He is neither a philosopher nor a scientist, and like all theologians, professors, he thinks he will succeed by demonstrating miracles, prophecies. What is a professor? A creature that professes he knows something when he knows nothing. These would-be British professors and scientists migrating back and forward to and from the United States, and so-called Great Britons, are a pestilence today in Canada and worse than the weeds they profess to be able to exterminate in their touring round from one country to another. Their whole aim and object is to find out a green spot to settle down upon, and they are always advocating new colleges, or additions to them, with all the new renovations, that will increase their positions and salaries, from Nova Scotia to Vancouver, from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Coast.

All over these prairies, Agricultural Colleges are to be found in cities and towns, and the more there are of them, the more weeds gather on the land; fooling the people, that are taxed to pay them big wages and remun-

eration for nothing but writing articles of confusion to the public press, that they have discovered some important chemical compound that would destroy the tape worm or the potato bug or grasshopper, and still they come, and also the professor's salary. All is vain, and our toil and sweat goes to feed the parasites and microbes, and they quarrel with their predecessors that guided and directed them to where they are. They are like the League of Nations, they know where they are but they do not know where they are going to.

One of them said Charles Darwin's theory was not true; after twenty years they do not find anything to substantiate it, but he could not produce any evidence from the investigations to contradict it,—and that was an Englishman, a Professor, challenging his countryman's theory of which he had no evidence to contradict him. I believe he was thinking before that conference how like he was himself to Darwin's missing link, and he did not like it, but there is some queer philosophy among these would-be professors of science and rescuers. There is no man likes a good, true scientist better than I, because they never profess without finding out and they demonstrate facts, but as to assassinating governments, ministers and rulers for ordering their troops to shoot down the people, with policemen assisting them, where a majority of the people want to get free, I am in full accord with the people in doing so. I don't wonder that a people like India, that Edmund Burke pictured years ago, at their suffering and distress, and Ireland, several hundred years in bondage, with no one to free her. How could any human man have pity on them? He would surely laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh. Better to kill men than keep them in slavery.

I would rather die than be persecuted. A man does not know what life and death means that lives to be persecuted; there is no bondage in the grave; the next best thing to life, is death. I rejoice to know it. Your ministers and priests can damn away at me; here is the suffering, here is the judgment. Let no man say after my dismissal from this scene, that there is any redemption for me; I need none. I don't believe any man can suffer here for any sins but his own, but I do believe that men can suffer here to make life better for others, and give his life joyfully on the scaffold, knowing that these that would come after him would have better and happier lives. This is redemption and none other,—that a man layeth down his life for his friends. This man Jesus gave His life that those that would come after him would be relieved from serfdom and from slavery, but the world's history proves that He was not

sufficient alone to die for mankind. We have had many sufferers and many martyrs since His day and we will have many more that know, as Tom Paine said, the rights of man. Jesus was only a forerunner that drew the attention of us that follow after Him.

Today we see that torch burning in many distant lands, amongst all colors and climes of men. We see where slavery is, life is not worth living, and when man sees that and knows that, why does he barter with it. Let no theologian deceive you to bear the burden meekly. He helps the tyrant kings and capitalists to enslave you and imprison you. Be man enough to know that death must come, and die an honorable one, and shun it not when your brother is falling by your side. I have this assurance; I will have no suffering after this life. All lunatics believe differently. I see I have to work hard for taskmasters. The sooner they will have to work for themselves, the better. The minister and priest that befog and fool men to believe that they are serving God to have patience and suffer on, under a yoke of bondage, and it will be well with him in the next world, for his benefits, that priest or minister should be shot.

No wonder Job said, "Why did I not die when I left my mother's womb?" I was the same in my young life as I am in my old age. I had neither a desire to go nor stay. I knew, if chance would grant it, it was better to go than stay. Life at best to look back is but a passing cloud, and I oftentimes did think it was too much for me to look upon the suffering of mankind. It is strange a man can injure himself and live and suffer, but when he stands and pauses and looks on at the sufferings of others, he forgets self, and there is the magnet of thought centralized upon our own condition.

From the London Times, December 15, 1921—the history of Ireland—it was once said in the English parliament, is for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget. We publish below a summary of the relations between the two countries since the foundation of the "Times" in 1785. "The opening of Parliament this afternoon, marks a great and historical day in the tragic story of the relations between England and Ireland. As the mind travels back over all that has come and gone since the times of Grattan and Wolf-tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Fitzwilliam and Cornwallis, and the Beresfords, it can find little cause for pride and none for complacency on either side; priests and politicians, Castle and Rebels, Orangemen and Whiteboys, Unionists and Sinn Feiners, Catholics and Protestants, Statesmen and Newspapers, all have blundered, all have misunderstood, and some have stained their minds and

hands with crime. Who amongst us shall cast the first stone?

One day (wrote Lecky) when the English government disavowed the act of their Irish representatives, recalled Lord Fitzwilliams, and again brought to the helm the most virulent opponents of the Catholics, a cloud seemed to fall on the spirit of the nation, which has never been removed. Henceforward the government speakers never attempted to deny the assertion of their opponents, that the government were steering their ship or bark through corruption, through revived religious animosities, through almost certain rebellion towards a legislative union. The rebellion broke out and was suppressed at a loss of over 150,000 Irish and English lives. The Union followed in 1800. The support of the Protestants was gained by the system of bribery and corruption, which impelled Cornwallis to write. He despised and hated himself every hour,—himself, for engaging in such dirty work. The Catholics were won over by different means.

A Protestant Union was carried (to quote Mr. Lecky once again), with an understanding that when it was accomplished, the ministry would introduce the measure of Catholic Emancipation into the Imperial parliament. It was this persuasion or understanding that secured the neutrality and acquiescence of the greater part of the Irish Catholics, without which, in the opinion of the best judges, the Union could never have been carried. The understanding did not materialize till 1829, when the Catholic Emancipation Bill was at last carried—a whole generation too late—supported and carried through the House of Lords largely by the efforts of the Duke of Wellington, avowedly as a preferable alternative to Civil War.

On April 13, 1829, in his last two editorial articles on which is called this heart-stirring amelioration of British policy, the Times hailed the passing of the Bill in the following terms: If the Bills for relieving the Catholics and for purifying the elective franchise have not yet received the royal assent, that is the only step which now remains wanting to constitute these important measures the law of the United Kingdom. He who lives until tomorrow will find the sun where he used to be, though Lord Eldon on one occasion of his long life, a poet, assured us that the sun of England would set forever; nevertheless, the Englishman who sees tomorrow will receive the light through his windows from the same source and in pretty much the same direction as on yesterday. He will only have the satisfaction of knowing that the great luminary shines alike for his Catholic fellow-subject and for him; that the same breeze will no longer parch the Catholic, while it cools the

Protestant and cheers him,—and the Catholic, will stand erect beside his Protestant brother, instead of crouching at his feet, and resent and punish as an outrage upon himself what he would formerly have rejoiced in as an insult or a mortification to his determined enemy.

What then will have wrought this wondrous change, while struggling for a place among those questions which were to be deemed worthy of a specific notice by Englishmen, and while it was to many spectators, more than probable that Ireland, with her grievances, would be but the argument of an hour, this Journal saw clear through the vista of political necessities, and took its stand on the solid principle that nothing short of full and perfect justice would or could ever suffice to tranquilize a people rendered turbulent by oppression.

The Bill receiving our Catholic brethren within the shelter of the British constitution became yesterday the law of the land. The Tithe War, immediately followed the passing of the Bill. There were over six million Catholics in the Island, and about one-eighth of that number in the Established Protestant Episcopal church. In 1830, the larger body revolted against the law, by which they were compelled to pay tithes for the upkeep of the smaller. Many lives were sacrificed in the consequent encounters between them and the forces of the Crown, and the bloody struggle lasted for five years, till Thomas Drummond, the new under-secretary, put an end to it by refusing to allow soldiers and police to enforce the collection of the tithe. Three years later the Tithes Commutation Act passed, chiefly owing to the exertions of O'Connell and Peel's fears of another rebellion. Its only real effect was to exact the tithe from the landlords, who responded by adding it to the rents, and it was not till 1869, that the Protestant church was dis-established and the remaining cause of the animosity between Catholics and Protestants finally removed.

The six years from 1835 to 1841, of comparative tranquillity under the Melbourne government, and the five years of O'Connell's unsuccessful movement for the constitutional repeal of the Union, were followed, after the horrors of the great famine in 1846 (when a fund for the relief of the suffering peasants was raised by the Times) by the rising of the Young Irelanders in 1848, soon after the suppression of which, the agitation for the reform of the Land Laws began in 1850. For twenty years, the Land Question, the struggle between the landlord and tenant, was mismanaged so badly as the fight between Catholics and Protestants before it. One after the other, all the bills introduced with the object of giving security of tenure to

the tenant came to nothing, and even the Land Act of 1870, passed after several years of Fenian agitation, did not, in the case of bad landlords, put an end to unjust convictions, for all that it was a fine constructive measure.

It was acclaimed in the Times in the following terms: Mr. Gladstone's Bill is without doubt, the most considerable proposal of constructive legislation that has been presented to parliament since 1832. We frankly confess that the Bill exceeds our anticipations. We may be permitted to say that we long ago indicated the lines upon which it is drawn, but in a design of such an extent and complexity that the hand that constructs, there must ever be present a fear, until the construction is completed, that the hand will falter in some part of the work the present Bill displays, such fears. We adopt without reserve the words used by Mr. Bright. "I think it a just and comprehensive measure." Now any impartial man that views with consideration and reason, these parliamentary proceedings of Britain towards Ireland will see that Britain, by serving out instalments in forms of Bills of legislation to Ireland, was not concerned about the consolidations of Ireland but to confuse them and get them to disagree amongst themselves, so that they, by their public press, could put before the world that Irishmen could not agree to govern themselves and for their own good and grace, Britain had to make the laws for them.

But from the time the cursed Act of Union was formed, I never received from any information these acts of amelioration and emancipation for Ireland by Britain was for the benefit of the Irish people. They were never designed for the benefit of Ireland, but with all the care and statcraft their nation and parliaments could devise to safeguard the British interests in Ireland, and in this way, by their British Governors officialdom in salary and remunerations drawn from the taxation for kings and their cursed drones, their only thought was to give the Irish a conundrum or puzzle in the shape of an Act of Parliament from Westminster in London, to excite their minds for a few years to solve the puzzle, and when the leech of taxation had sucked them dry, they rise in rebellion against that monster and shake him off for a while.

Even Mr. Gladstone, that in many things, I liked his procedure, was like Davis, the Welsh Irishman, that was Professor in Trinity College, Dublin, could not be convinced of the rights and justice that Ireland demanded her own inheritance, until he saw he could not dam the stream and had to go with it. Parnell, in my own time, was a nonpareil in the history of my country. I was against him

in some natural things, but no matter what they say about his political tactics, London Times, or any critic, he was human. He started fate in the face; he gave his life to chance, to better the condition of mankind. No matter what methods he employed, they were just to combat cruel slavery. His mind was a broad mind. His generosity and charity had neither limit nor bounds. Like Emmet Wolf-ton, though dead to this world, they are Rob-splerre's and Marat's. In the hearts of all true Irishmen, they stand before me today in my mind, as my father does that suffered death at the hands of King Edward, greater than he, because of their talents. This man Parnell frightened Gladstone, John Morley, and the even tempered mind of John Bright.

For once in the history of this Union, with England and Ireland, the British Constitution was confused and shaken by Parnell's tactics; his Land League and Irish League was a unit. Ireland and Scotland, England and the Irish over the world, were united for freedom. The Irish vote, how it was utilized at every election in England and Scotland, by Mr. Parnell was a terror to Mr. Gladstone, who never considered Ireland's wrongs until he realized the blockade of his own future. Parnell was no traitor and made no treaties nor compacts with the government. He stood only where any good and true man could stand, alone with and by his own party. This is the power and force which made Mr. Gladstone first realize his reformation. Oh, my, the school of adversity is a great school. It reformed Nebucanezzar and he realized right from wrong.

Here is what the Times says about this great political strategist, Mr. Parnell. He says more rejected Land Bills in the 70's lead, or lead to the formation of the Land League, and in the days of Parnell the agitation was carried on by crime and outrage, but let me tell you what this crime was—The tenants wanted their rents reduced and formed themselves into a Union to pay no rents till the landlord would reduce them. The result was, the British Government sent the soldiers and police to drive the tenants out of their homes and place the Ulster-Orangemen in their places, while they were lying by the wayside, in frost and snow, just the same as Trades Unions turned out, and low, mean filth of the population that could not or would not work before the strike, took their places while the police and soldiers were shooting down the strikers. This is what the London Times newspaper said, and went farther, to blackmail these Irishmen who were in close sympathy with its political objects, one of the most lawless and violent organizations that has ever existed in any country.

Now, I want to show how wicked and abominable this London Times newspaper is, that is not alone the leading government paper, but the herald of the royal family as well, that guides and directs their so-called British Empire. The British government arrested this same Parnell, with all his colleagues, and put them in prison in England, and charged them with all the crime in Ireland. That London newspaper, the Times, brought up charges against them, and told the government the evidence could convict them that they would bring against Parnell and his party. Their case was tried in London. Webster was the crown counsel; Sir Charles Russell was Parnell's defender, and the Times brought a man they called Pickett to give evidence against Parnell and his traverses. The witness of the Times, Pickett, was examined by the crown and did well, but when Sir Charles Russell began to cross-examine him, he perjured himself before the judge and jury, and the counsellors and judge got sick listening to him, and it was that dirty and wicked contract between the Times newspaper and the government, that although the paper has changed hands and management without changing its name, will never recover from the wreck, when their chief witness Pickett, went out of court and shot himself, after swearing his lies for the Times newspaper in London, and Parnell's leading counsel, Sir Charles Russell, left the court.

That is the newspaper that tells us that Parnell's Land League was the most lawless and violent organization that ever existed in any country. This Land League was formed in the early 70's. This London Times news of the Walters and British compact that guided their nation in the form of dictatorial editorial articles to their so-called statesmen with all the absurdities of royal sanction and dignity of the throne in his dwarfed, deformed enmity of egotism against this great and good man Parnell. He says: "In Parnell, who entered parliament in 1875, and four years later had become a dominating force both there and in the country, it possessed a chief of exceptional talent and one undeviating aim. With this aim in view, he kept Ireland for years in a state of open revolution, deliberately defying the government and the law."

But this Times newspaper did not tell us, the law then, as it is now—the baton, bayonet and rifle was the law of the land then, and is now in 1920 and 1921. Then he goes on and reconciles himself by saying: "Parnell, with all his faults, was not only the greatest of Irish agitators, but a great man, and with the possible exception of O'Connell, the outstanding figure in the Irish history of

the 19th Century, when the great Land Act of 1881 did at last show that parliament was alive to the gravity of the situation and the injustice of the conditions to which it put an end. It was to Parnell that its conception and passing were mainly due." "Then," he says, "a change of heart took place in England; from the moment this Bill became law, in spite of a further period of lawlessness and violence which kept Ireland in a state of revolution till 1884, it may be claimed that the attitude of parliament towards Ireland underwent a great change for the better."

Irish affairs and the Irish vote were still too often and too generally treated as pawns in the British game of party politics, and Parnell and his followers, by their obstruction tactics, and every other means in their power, encouraged and almost forced the parties to carry on a political campaign which was not distinguished for the purity of its methods or its manoeuvres. Gladstone himself may not have inconceivably been swayed by considerations of the value of the Irish vote, when he first became a Home Ruler and introduced his first Home Rule Bill in 1886. But after its rejection by the House of Commons, during the period between then and 1893, when his second Home Rule Bill was defeated in the House of Lords, the earnestness of his convictions and his purpose had a great effect in influencing all his contemporaries to take a much more serious and honest view of the whole Irish question than had ever been before the case. Both those who supported the Home Rule movement started in 1870 by Isaac Butt, and those who opposed it were sincere in their motives, and prepared to make sacrifices for what they believed to be the real good of the Unity of the Empire, so that you will see here that England always considered her kingdom and her empire, by and with her Liberalist statesmen, including Mr. Gladstone, without any consideration whether to Ireland or India, in any shape or form of justice to them. This is England.

In Ireland today, 1922, no thought of justice but conciliation under restraint of threat and oppression, January 5, 1922. Mr. de Valera issues a manifesto to the Irish people, as issued to the press, Wednesday night: "Fellow Citizens, you are in danger; influences more deadly to the nation faced by an enemy than a plague in the ranks of its army, are at work amongst you. The instinct in you for peace and repose, as natural after the period of strain you have passed through as the craving for food in the famished, is being played upon. If you give way you are undone. All you have gained will be lost, and all the sacrifices you have made, will be in vain. The cry of peace—peace—will not bring you peace.

not now any more than a year ago, and those who shout it, will not lead you to peace. It will not, I say, but till, or rather to another betrayal. You have already forgotten that bird in the hand, Home Rule, on the Statute Book. The embers of bonfires are still black on the slopes of Errigale.

It is not those who would hold you in your ranks, calm and firm, whilst you take your bearings and see whether you are going or being led, who would create chaos, but those who hysterically shout it and try to make you all as panic stricken as themselves. It is easy to induce rout; it is hard to check it once it has begun. If you had a national press it would warn you, but your press is a press that when the enemy was actively making war upon you, you obeyed the dictates and allowed it to be used in the work of sapping your morals from day to day,—a press that during the recent negotiations was quoted in London against the delegates of a nation when they tried to represent your true aspirations,—a press that last January, when the British proposals were made, would have broken your discipline, a discipline that had brought you safely through every peril and led to rout even them. Had it dared today, availing of the opportunity and under the shelter of honored names, this press, instead of bidding you beware, urges you to a stampede as dangerous as it would be disgraceful, a stampede that would expose you to the attack of an enemy no less than to the pity or contempt of the world whose admiration your heroism has just won.

Do not allow yourselves to be rushed into registering inconsiderately a decision which you, yourselves, will live to deplore and which generations to come will curse you for. Do not pretend to set the seal of your approval on a settlement that you know cannot be a settlement. Do not impair the moral foundation of Ireland's fight for her freedom. Do not enter upon a compact which in your hearts, you know can never be kept in sincerity and in trust, no matter how worthy. They are neither good friends to Ireland nor to England, nor to humanity who advise you to take that course. Be bold enough to say, no, to those that ask you to misrepresent yourself. If there were not a gun nor an ounce of lead in Ireland you should say it. You are being asked to give your consent and approval to a treaty establishing a British authority in Ireland, not as you were asked formerly, to work an act of the British parliament thrust upon you. You are being asked to bind yourselves with your own hands, do not forget it. You are asked to give your parole, refuse, as in honor you must, if you do not mean to keep it.

A combination of circumstances such as occurs only once in the relation of warring peoples, has created an opportunity of genuine reconciliation between Ireland and England. Save it from being lost through the short-sighted expediency of politicians. It is not politicians we must come to an agreement, but peoples. Reconciling the politicians does not reconcile peoples. These cannot be reconciled so long as the old grounds for fear and distrust between them remain. You know that they will remain under the terms of the treaty that is now proposed to you. Do not plunge the peoples of these islands into another 120 years of hatred and bitterness such as that which has passed since a former so-called Treaty of Union was made, to the utmost limits to which they could go.

Our delegates have gone to arrive at an agreement such as this nation freely accepts, gone voluntarily and willingly, in a genuine desire for peace and in full appreciation of the governing conditions. By the treat of war they were dragged beyond that limit and the deed and circumstances will ever be remembered by Irishmen, as the crowning act of infamy of England's rulers against Ireland's peace of good will was set aside and a peace that cannot be a peace shamelessly imposed. It is not thus that enduring compacts and lasting peace are made. You, the people, can retrieve the position even at this eleventh hour. The policy you stand by will always be practical politics; your standing by it will make it so. It is with you that peace must ultimately be made. Do not yourselves be misled by innuendo, and safeguard your Declaration of Independence instead of subverting it. It is a shadow that would remove the authority of the British king, the British Cabinet and the British parliament unequivocally from Ireland; that would remove from Ireland the British Governor-General, with his ear to the Downing street telephone; that would rid you of British occupation; that would leave Irish men and Irish women their identity as Irish citizens and not make British subjects of them; that would leave honest men and women their self-respect when engaging in their country's service.

These are represented to you as shadows, and in the same breath you are told that Mr. Lloyd George will wage an immediate and terrible war upon you rather than acknowledge your right to them. You do not need very close analysis to show that it cannot be both ways. Stand fast, fellow citizens, by what you know to be right. Do not allow yourselves to be tempted from the straight and honorable path. If you quail at the consequences, what will they not ask you to surrender next to this ignoble fear.

I am convinced, after reading this President of Ireland—Eamon de Valera's address to the people of Ireland's representatives in Dublin this week, to be the greatest oration since. It is tactical, judicious, wise, elucidating, diffusive with no languid faintness of timidity about any future darkness in the political aurora daybreak of emancipation morn. He was alive and aware of his enemy in his own camp when he told Mr. Griffith that he was quibbling. The Welsh migrater was dangerous in the Irish camp. This Arthur Griffith I detest him. Lloyd George, his countryman, chose him, to help him, to overthrow the great and mental genius of my country, Eamon de Valera, but Wolftone was on their scent and demonstrated before the world their befogging confusion of rushing the Irish people to accept from England a settlement in the form of a treaty between the two countries, but instead the Welshman in Ireland, Griffith, in that conferences with his countryman, Lloyd George, arranged an Act of Parliament between them in Downing street and signed it, and brought it over to Dublin to be worked into shape by the Sinn Féin representatives for the good and peace of Ireland. No agreement between the two countries, in any shape or form about Ireland's self-determination, but to accept the dictation of England of what Ireland would have to comply with at England's hands.

This Griffith, living on the Saxon sweets and the sweat.—I might say as well of Ireland—began to teach the people how they were to work the bill,—a treaty—in Ireland. Then again we have the pregeneracy of Fitzgeralds in the Freeman's Journal, that deceived Emmet Barton, his partner and Englishman. I said before, the cleverest journalist in Ireland. Griffith, Lloyd George's exported countryman, and finally an Irish Cockney called Given Duffy, looking after their own interests in Ireland, and how they will secure positions of remuneration in the Irish government, is their heart and soul's desire, and at the final moment of disagreement, they tried hard to displace Ireland's great and trusted leader; de Valera, that the Welsh sneak Griffith might get his place to carry through the treachery and bribery for Lloyd George, that pack of English bloodhounds led on by this Freeman's Journal, in blackmailing a hero and a great and true patriot.

It reminds me, this English pack in Ireland today calling themselves Irishmen until you trace up their biology and pregeneracy, of one occasion of a Christmas social in Scotland in a hotel in town they call Greenock. They were shipbuilders on the Clyde but they were Irishmen, and one of their number had some place to go and he shook hands with them and bid them good-night. I remember

the words of advice he gave them before he left them, and they were these: "You are Irishmen and I wish you a joyful night, and you shall have it if you do not get mixed up with other nationalities, but if you do get mixed up with other nationalities, you will quarrel before morning;" and I stopped all night there to prove his philosophy, and they got mixed up and fought hard about the acts and deeds of the Scotchmen that mixed up with them.

So I saw Eamon de Valera had, as poor a chance of controlling a mongrel British race in Ireland. They should have no part in the settlement of any treaty in or for Ireland any more than a foreigner, if not inborn, save as an elector to record his vote at the poll. Any nation that allows such privileges, sooner or later, will repent it. The absurdity of Englishmen taking part in the emancipation of Ireland puzzles me. In a new country, there has been such a thing as all nationalities fighting for one cause, like the United States, but in Ireland, it strikes me it is for position and place these Englishmen take part in the discussion, but there might be a persecuted Englishman, or a few of them glad to get revenge of their persecutions. This can be all.

There is another Irishman in cohesion with this English pack, Collins, but he is elated from his promotion as a General in the dug-out to the leadership of Irish-English pack in the Dublin Conference. He even adorns, or assumes, as he is fond of demonstrating, the garb of the Lord Chancellor at the bar of law. He condemned the learned Valera on all points of Lloyd George's document; he, Mr. Collins, brought over from London, in his ammunition pouch to explode amongst the County council chairmen of Kildare and counties through the South and West that lived on graft contracts of roads, streets and bridges, sewers, and set McCabe, Grawle, McCarthy & Co., to second and support his motion for the submission of the Irish people to a king's son, that that father of his, hanged and robbed hundreds of Irishmen that got no revenge in return, but false documents like these he dogmatizes before an unwary people, save for Mr. de Valera himself that has to stand the insults and deformed enmity of a corrupted press, that performs kaleidoscopic displays with no latitudinarianism nor freedom of opinion, trying proselytism, perverting with no sense of retraction nor recall. This Collins makes me laugh.

Here is what the Free Press of Winnipeg, Manitoba, says about him concerning these status of states and dominions that Collins tries to interpret to the Irish people. He says: "Mr. Collins' statement, in brief, is that the status of Ireland is to be the status

of Canada, not as defined in the British North America Act, but the status of actual fact, as established by the constitutional developments of the past fifty years. This implies that the constitution which is to be drafted for Ireland will not be a replica of the British North America, but will seek to embody in legal terms for these, not actual Canadian status, but her own self-determination in and amongst the nations of the earth, to direct and steer, and guard their own ship of state, however small, through all seas, however stormy or calm those seas may be, through the destiny of mankind, on the equality of Britain, or any however great nation there may be on these seas, in and on the basis of justice and equality in all rights pertaining to her, and her in return, respecting the same, to others.

I want no immoral, physical force to intervene, however scientific or fanatic that force may be. "Justice, if the heavens should fall," as Professor Grant of Toronto said, "is my idol and ideal, is my God, and no shadow. It dispels superstition which creates fear," but these wretched Englishmen in Ireland, by their journalistic press, have and are trying more every day, for to befog these poor Irish people that have the misfortune to read English corruption and to obey the call to support a treaty that would bind Ireland to England worse than the cursed Act of Union in 1800. Three or four combined English papers, and one of them a Royal Orange Journal they call the Irish Times, the Irish Independent, another English of no creed but graft, then the supplanter Jacob—I mean Arthur Griffith, that tried twice to supplant his brother Esau Mr. de Valera—the supposed rough man—at his conference of English masqueraders, in hopes of what they might possess in this new English-Irish parliament. It would make Parnell and Gladstone turn in their graves if they were not decomposed; and as I have said, this Dublin Freeman's journal has become a caterpillar for serfdom, driving the people of Ireland that are unaccustomed and unseasoned to such manipulating confusing, politicians that it would take John Dillon and Parnell himself to analyze them and dissect them.

These people are befooled by these Englishmen that have crept in amongst them. No wonder Mr. Gladstone said the Irish were a good people to live upon. Griffith and Barton Cooper and Lord Middleton—gang of Unionists—are still persisting that they know what is good for Ireland. If Mr. de Valera and the true Irishmen would turn their guns on these cursed English newspapermen—Griffith, Barton Cooper and company—they would do more for a republic than all the conferences Irishmen could pro-

claim, and I, to read of it, would rejoice. It would be no assassination, it would be moral and just to deliver these innocent people from the hands of such cowardly, diabolical deceivers as these English journalists that have taken possession of my native land. It is with horror I read the articles issued to and before these creatures, with no other information before to contrast with these wicked assertions. Before I would shoot down one of the most wicked officers of the British army in Ireland, I would shoot one of those accursed English journalists that I have mentioned here and you would be wrong in none of them, for to carry through the English plans of Irish Government by them in Dublin.

They ceased not night nor day, ridiculing Mr. de Valera; the man the Irish people appointed to direct and guide through this struggle, their ship to the port of destiny of lasting peace. Every time this man de Valera spoke in opposition to elucidate and explain in demonstration before these people in the conference, that did not understand the meaning of this so-called Peace Settlement, and those that supported him were attacked by these English bloodhounds of journalists that kept the people of Ireland even in times of peace, in hell of confusion and reaction under such conditions, there was no other alternative for Mr. de Valera but to take a vote on the issue and resign, and to county and city, town and hamlet, appeal to the people for a mandate, demanding a republic or nothing to get rid of the trash that have polluted Ireland this last seven hundred years. It does not mean whether they call themselves Scotch or Welsh, they are English, like the king they want us to worship.

We want to be separated from them, it is pollution to connive or assimilate with them. The blood of their germatic brain is lacerating, tearing and rending the hearts. Listen to this Orange Scotchman, Mr. Baird, of the Belfast Telegraph. You have read Bob Ingersoll's opinion of the Scotch; they are most Bible-read and most barbarous. Here he is about the poor Irish, that he and his race have sucked their blood so long. Commenting on Eamon de Valera's action in the Dail Eireann, the Evening Telegraph says:

"In flinging his resignation at the heads of the Dail Eireann members, de Valera undoubtedly effected a sort of coup d'etat like Samson. He has laid hold of the pillar of the Dail, bowed himself down with all his strength and pulled down the whole house, burying himself and his cabinet in the debris." But I always read that part of the Bible meant another way. When Samson pulled down the pillars of the house, he was amongst his enemies, the Philistines, that

blinded him, and he had no cabinet of friends around him to kill, but himself. But certainly, I believe he did kill his enemies, and a lot of his Belfast friends were there in that coup, but as is their hearts, so are they. They know that in Belfast, with their Jezebel friends, the Campbells, cut my hair, and a lot more, with their dirty, filthy, corrupt nature, by opening our minds to the world, but they did not succeed with their dirty, filthy, Josephine, Lady Scott or Russell, Sir Colin Campbell's Philistine, daughter, to corrupt Terence Macswinney, the mayor of Cork.

This wretched, filthy crowd that destroyed Mr. Stead and Mr. Huxley, that are all related. If this Telegraph of Belfast waits awhile they will see some Samsons in their chambers of their own council, pull down and bury some of them in the debris when they come to tax the farmers six shillings in the pound—There will be more Samsons than one in your Ulster council's. You are in a glass house and your Jezebel won't save you.

Now to be just to these great and noble people, the Americans, that have not alone educated these Canadians but have opened their country's resources up to them and mankind, and taught them to utilize them by their science and arts, of invention, by machinery, that brought their products before the world, and purchased sixty per cent. of their goods, and have left them money to carry on these productions till Canada's resources themselves are almost liquidated to the United States of America, that it is dangerous to lend them any more because they cannot pay the interest on their borrowed debt, and yet their arrogant haughtiness of captions cavilling, petulant aspersions and defamatory abuse of these Canadians against these trusty honorable Americans, that are their best friends and neighbors, to say the least of it, is agonizing in the extreme.

Even Canadians that are in positions in the United States do not stop to throw the dagger at the hearts of the Americans, when on his vacation to his native land, with English politicians and so-called Canadian premiers and school boards' dominators and librarians, all take a thrust, added to by their English Canadian press against the United States of America, going so far as to say not to adopt anything American, but the English custom of reverence to a king, and down with the Republic; tell the children to read no American history, and put all English tragedies and bunk tradition in their heads, about the victories of Waterloo, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and Tellecawber, Candahar and Kabul, and last but not least, Spion Kop and Modder River, and the heroism at Vimy Ridge and the Mariners, and Bruce

with his spider, who climbed to the honor of the British throne. All this is to be taught to the Canadian children, and no respect for the American people that first taught them in all they do, and if all the condemners of the American system and customs were taught and preached from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it would not alter that gait first taught the Canadians by their American friends.

No wonder a son of an Englishman, Robert Ingersoll, said: "Drive the English vermin into the sea," and here tonight I advise my American friend, to beware and let none of these Canadian migrators into important positions, at any time or place, into your country. If you do you will remember my saying as well as Bob Ingersoll's. I listen to them, they want to live on you, and if they succeed in getting a loan of you, they say, "These American suckers should not get it back." And after that, would sit in the Coffee House and discuss how England and Japan and Canada could defeat America. I am an Irishman that has worked amongst them for twelve years, and my forefathers fought for America's freedom. I warn you Americans, the people you are feeding are your enemies.

Your enemies are those within your own house. Don't think it is because I was persecuted that I make these statements. I saw it at Honolulu in 1913, coming from Australia on the Niagara, when the American doctor was insulted, and not only the passengers but the crew and officers joined in the insults of scorn and mockery, when he wanted to examine them before they would go ashore. Don't think I want to lead you into war, but remember, I warn you of Canada and England and her Japanese Allies. They are only trying to find out your desires at this Washington Conference. They are setting their nets and they are beating up your fish to the meshes of them. I hope I will have this book published in time for you to know this—which means light in the midst of darkness.—County Down, Ireland, near Banbridge, Daniel Mooney.

But here is the worst of all the actions of this English parliament in its so-called self-determination by Lloyd George in Ireland. He says they are to establish no religion in Ireland under this Act. Good. I like that. But why does he want them to establish no religion, while they have an established church in England, the Episcopalian, and when they found out it was not sufficient to hold the people in serfdom and slavery to king and constitution, they established another in Scotland, with a new brand, of Presbyterianism, to hold the people at their will. If it is good for England it

should also be good for Ireland, but England, from Henry the Eighth's day, has been dabbling in filth and corruption and with their English propaganda newspapers in Dublin and other towns over the country, are preventing and proselytizing the morals of the Irish people, to these English filthy and corruptible ideals of Henry VIII's day. It is almost abominable diverting the pure Irish mind from its path of virtue and true society. Yes, and more and worse than that, diverting the conscience of the people from their true, national aspirations, and from their God of justice and of truth.

The Church of Rome, in its lowest descent, never came to seek an abominable level of blasphemy as this Luther heresy has approached. The Salvation young women of Protestant Associations and Salvation Armies are a horrid pestilence in the midst of civilization today, that went out to the battlefields of France, amongst shot and shell. They may talk about priests and their nunneries, but they could not equal these herds of missionaries that go out East every year to their own and capitalists' interests, that they may invest and protect them. These are the wars and rumors of wars, but the end is not yet.

England by treachery, has accomplished another Act of Union, with what they call a pact between her and Ireland, by Sinn Féinism, partly chosen by the people and partly nominated by them, but no representatives elected at the polls, for to vote at this chosed confab of Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Collins, and a lot of Orange spies and traitors that even joined the Roman Catholic church, to know the desires and designs of the true Irish people, and subscribed willingly that they might be able to overthrow the cause of Ireland, for freedom.

In 1903, in the hearing of my own ears, when I was lying alongside the dock on a ship they called the Lord Downshire, I could hear them separating the gold from the silver to take it to Belfast, on the 23rd of June, 1903. That is the kind of English compact that is signing this treaty between England and Ireland. If that treaty would stand without revolution or war, the heavens would fall. It is blasphemy on the heart and soul and mind of every Irishman that signed it, for he knows in his heart, as Mr. de Valera says, he wants to be free.

I hope the people of Ireland will defeat it and throw it to the winds of oblivion. If they accept it, they are slaves and their progeny will foresake them in famine and distress. They need never more complain, no matter how much they are oppressed, and loaves of any kind they will not get. It is feeding England from Irish toil in other

lands and taking the money from the land of their adoption that should be in circulation in that land for the benefit of the people and themselves. I say if you accept this so-called freedom England has offered you, you are done, and right here, you are damned if you accept it. As Mr. de Valera says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Good will has come to your doors, and if you reject it, don't dare to lament when your trouble comes." You will get no assistance and the world will laugh at your persecutions and calamities. As Mr. de Valera said: "This ignoble fear, afraid to die, is a coward and a slave."

Mr. de Valera, the Irish president, was in the identical position that Mr. Parnell was in, in Room No. 15, of and on the Home Rule Bill. He saw the position his followers were in. They were confused by the English press and constrained by self-interest, and worse than that, among his own ranks were men of the English-Orange organization in disguise, claiming to be Irishmen, like Arthur Griffith from Wales, in England, and Cooper of the Dublin Freeman's Journal—Englishmen with that traitor, Fitzgerald, that his pregeneracy deceived Bob Emmet, and Given Duffy, that his first name, the Givens, were, Castleray's leading conspirators of bribery against the Irish over from London, to dictate terms of peace to Eamon de Valera, that has nothing to gain but to sacrifice all his life can give for the freedom of his countrymen from an oppressive race.

We have another person similar to him in one of those antiquated, would-be philosophers by the name of Viscount Grey. He was in such historic and picturing about the separating of Ireland from England, that he was raising the dust of King William's Puritanism from the grave in insurrection to besprinkle the Orange Ulsterite in Baptism, before he would enter into that bloody, religious war with the Roman Catholics of Ulster, an old wretch of the Castleray brand. Ah, my! These Puritans, that were persecuted so much in their own country had to be incited by this barbarian Scotch-Englishman in the twentieth century, to wage war on the Roman Catholics of Ulster in Ireland, mind you, for religion's sake, and like John Morley, he calls himself a philosopher. I would not like to have learned mine in that school, for greed and gain of this world, especially to live upon the toil of others.

I cannot understand these English. Today in Canada, the graft and craft of these royal English is unbearable. A Princess Mary is getting married, and the Free Press of Winnipeg, one of these royal supporters, is publishing over the length and breadth of the land—tenth of first month—that every

woman will have to subscribe less or more from and to a certain amount for a presentation to their Royal Highness, while the people are walking the streets with red flags, in starvation and hunger, with returned soldiers in their ranks. Oh, my, isn't this a grand and glorious flag, the Union Jack, with their Christian Bible and their crown. This love is amelioration not seasoned with restraint to direct and guide it, and flattery, combined with flitting, demoralizes him. Astrologers view the stars, and conjurers like Lloyd George, Viscount Grey, and Balfour, work miracles. Time reveals all things; good deeds last long.

The conjurer shifts his cards till he is euchred. England has made her last shift; the nations of the earth have watched the lady; Griffith and Collins have broken the last link that bindeth Ireland to England. By their deception to Ireland they have united the race against England and themselves by their treachery, the world over. There is just a line or band between catalepsy and a fakirism; the one is vehemently, ardently erratic, the other fearlessly ambarasses with a solace of articulation that is apparent, clear, but stings with despising and scorn when capitulated.

I have looked over the records of pregeneracy of the being race, and backward as that span of time is, his devisations, save for few philosophers and scientists, and investigators have viewed the panorama from afar in their own minds, and in some respects have opened out the space and utilized them, but apart from these few great illuminators, I fail to see any advancement that is worth notice, but what the dugout man had a good idea. What they have advanced in is artificial knowledge of phraseology, demonstration in confusing words and sentences that their meanings cannot be properly understood by the people, and sometimes have to conjure out a sentiment themselves, but in any form of devisiation and construction without the philosopher and scientist, they are like the bees on their old homesteads, and education has brought many boys to think about their condition, by reading of the successes of others in their achievements, proceeding them in life.

Then again we have the great natural thinker and actor, that all technical schools could not improve on. He investigates all things, his eye perceives. Then again we have in high places of the state, amongst all races, men with barbarous, savage blood in their veins, and as far up in this technical phraseology, skill of deception as the philosopher is in, seeing, and scientist in utilizing his genius. I have seen these educated savages in power and authority worse than

the bandit, the burglar or pirate. These savages, like Austin Chamberlain, Lord Curzon and Arthur Balfour, with Edward Carson, those wretches in the twentieth century are as cruel as in Nero's day. They are all autocracy and autocrat, absolute power and rulers, with the one junction and decision, with a desire for jurisdiction of all legal power. They are captions, cavilling, petulant. They are contemn to despise and scorn at their humble brother by their side, desiring praise and applause in return for their arrogance. They think they have the prerogative of a parent to govern and direct us and our offspring, and in their moments of excitement, they go back to their crawls of exaggeration and contempt against all reason that characterized their forefathers from the crawls and dugout of their pregeneracy and their technical knowledge of phraseology they learn in their colleges like a song of rhyme that was forgotten and they fall to the lowest filth of pronunciation to solecisms incorrect, incongruous insinuations.

The British House of Parliament today, apart from their filth and dirt, are a bunch of Rosicrucians, a sect of alchemists or would-be visionary philosophers, make a great pretension to the science of their art in phraseology. Then their hypnotized followers clamorously call out "That is a great speech, a great effort," with the public press at the square and round table proclaiming at the heading of their issue about this speech. This is an extraordinary piece of mental power shown in this great oration, leading to newer and greater original trains of thought, in our political history. He is a coming man; he will be Premier yet.

This is the whole knowledge of the power and might of this British nation. There is no secret about it. It is a blustering, hoboing bomb of nation, deceiving the nations of the earth by her political manipulating treaties that should be wiped off the slate as soon as made. The nations of the earth should be combined against her because of her treachery and deception. I have watched her acts and deeds with the nations of the earth, this last forty years. She never won a war without bribing other nations to help her, as she is doing today with the Pope and King George with Griffith and Collins for the Pope to deceive Irishmen and bring them and their country under English rule.

Griffith and Lloyd George are Welshmen, and Collins is a rotten tool, doing the Pope's work in Ireland, and since the German War the whole cry of Englishmen in Canada and Australia has got our money, and mind you, these same Englishmen in America—I want you to understand when I say Englishmen I mean Welshmen, Scotchmen and North of Ire-

land, they are all British-Englishmen, no matter what they say. They scoff and mock, at your flag, and say, "We belong to the British Empire." While they were sending millions of your American dollars over to Britain and the North of Ireland that should have been in circulation in the United States. I am glad you stopped their immigration. I would open it to Bolsheviks before I would let any in your country, no matter what you think about them. I know they are America's enemies, and why this English race cannot see the light I cannot make out, because I believe I know myself. All animation of the animal life from man being, to the so-called lower animals, and the germatic microbes of all animation, lives and exists on its own digestings. We all inhale from that material matter from which we digest; we inhale the air we breathe; we inhale the food we eat; from the same matter we digest upon earth, from the matter that all animals digest upon the earth and from the air in space we breath into we inhale in return these decomposed bodies of ours in evolving from the womb to the tomb of all mankind, and all animals and all animations are inhaling and digesting, and like this planet itself, eats, drinks and lives upon its own substances it has digested.

The rotten trunk of the tree that became decomposed, dissolves in degenerating like our own and all animal bodies, that feeds and nourishes the seeds that fall from their own trunks, and all they, upon this earth, that move and have their being, both man and beast and the ant in the mole hill, the bee in his homestead, the spider in his woven cabin, all go to the one place, all have college, all weave their nets, set their traps, and fly from or kill their enemies. In this decomposition we all assimilate in this dust of matter in and upon the earth to which we belong. In the midst of this digesting and inhaling, there is matter in and of the shape of vapor wooed up with the amorous embrace of the sun, to this space around us in the phenomena that forms itself by the circulation of the earth, into clouds or solids, that break with the concussion of electricity and come down to the earth again in matter of rain or snow. And the gases, however scientifically explained, are matter.

Therefore we and all things are porous, and no matter how hard the substance it is dissolvable, therefore porous. It comes down upon the earth and filters through these digestings of which, in time, and the animal race inhale again, through filtration and porous process; that matter like a liquid, goes over the face of the earth and through it, forming itself into crevices, streams and rivulets of great torrents of matter into the sea, that unites the link of the fishes of that sea

with the animal race of man and all kinds of animation.

This is evolution and perpetual motion; this is the spirit and soul of man. Now as to evolution of mankind ascending, I see for his evolution or rather elevation, for himself, has been in my opinion, a degenerating process both for his race and the so-called lower animals, for his own sustenance and providence. He has not alone been a degenerate of the so-called lower animals race, but a continual exterminator of them. Here is the heaven and hell for man and beast and all the animal race. I see wretched man working his horse in the plow or some farm implement all week; and on Sunday, when he should be resting after walking twenty or twenty-five miles a day on heavy, sticky, plowed ground hauling two hundred weight after him. After this hitched up on a Sunday in a buggy-cart, driven eight or ten miles to a church to listen to an old, stupid, orthodox minister or sky-pilot tell them, and frighten them about a great heaven and hell, they are sitting, half-sleeping in the church, resting themselves while that grafter kept lecturing, and the poor horse hungry and weak, tied up to a post, thinking of the journey home, no thought of feeding him and giving him ease, but how much work they can get out of him before they sell or shoot him.

Man's civilization, apart from the philosopher and scientist, is degeneracy and extermination in the extreme. Again, in the cities and towns I see the poor dog harnessed to a sleigh, not of necessity, but for the lazy enjoyment to haul young men and boys around the streets of Winnipeg, in Canada,—one little dog hardly able to pull the empty sleigh after him, and kicking them if they did not do it. I like to see them help man in the dangers of the lakes and bush, but to overload them and kick them, as I have seen them do, is more than I can bear, like the Red Indian on the lakes and in the bush, if this is man's civilization in my time, it is the beginning of the end and without a thought of any but themselves, they have commenced to degenerate and exterminate themselves; the capitalist, working men and women long hours with small wages; high rents; over-taxation; insufficient food; and in a great many places, no sanitary accommodation; cold houses without heating appliances, with comforts for their children, rising out of bed in the morning, in many countries, especially in Great Britain and Ireland, on the bare earth to stand on with their bare feet; and in the towns and cities, tiles laid down on the earth with insect and germs coming up from under the loose tiles, that create fevers of many kinds; and these little children, running around their mothers on these stone cold

tiles in the morning, new out of bed, that their little bodies warmed the night before, when it was damp and cold, that rushed them to their graves with consumption and other diseases.

Then the Professors tell us we need sanatoriums to cook these diseases, by them and their profession, for the employment of nurses and doctors, a staff of administration, but no action, to be kept up with taxation of the toiling sufferers, but no aim at prevention, which is the only cure.

Then again the capitalists in the manufactories, with his ingredients of adulteration with chemicals to satisfy the palate, has nullified the germs and saturated the whole animated system with a gradual decomposition to annihilation. The government today has degenerated their own race with all diseases and immoral construction. The heaven for man, beast and all nature, is a comfortable home with plenty to eat, of good, pure food, and drink; short hours to work and never over-worked; with time for amusement, and with your friends and associates, to enjoy life. All animals should be considered and treated in accordance with ourselves. This I consider to be the heaven of man and beast, and any other is blasphemy—Daniel Mooney.

There is a confaberation in this world today, constructed by kings and popes, with their nets drawn around the people in the shape of orthodox creeds or sects and schisms, with missionaries that are fit and willing to understand some other language as well as their own, to go out as a lot of Chaldean stargazers to manipulate meaning and construe the people that are innocent, from their true and pure virtues, protected by a wall of tariffs from the taxation of the people for to support these boobs and hoboes, who are the forerunners to spy out the land and its glories for these pestilent germs of microbes, endowed with power and authority in the name of a constitutional state, dictated and carried out to the real satisfaction of the kings and popes. This is what they call free and religious liberty, and they are associated with black and bloody, confiscating, supplanting, bribery secret societies, such as Freemasonry, Orangeism of the blackest dye, that in one of Mr. Gladstone's terms of office for the so-called state of Great Britain, he made a motion and proposition to inquire into the workings of these Orders, but his proposition was ruled out on the fact that the king was associated with them and appreciated their wild, demagogue annihilationism.

These established churches are a curse among all mankind. My desire is to decipher, unravel and investigate, designate and point out the evil from the good that they may know whom he connives with, for the pale

horse of pestilence and swords of tongues is in the midst of us. On the streets and in our houses we are pestered with beggars for these sects and schisms. The Salvation Army, and all sects, if not directly are indirectly begging. These boobs follow us to the lumber camps, the mining camps, yea, to the cowboy on the prairie, the fisherman on the river and sea shore, are pestered with these hoboes of so-called missionaries, for a living without work, and if an honest man or woman was to come to the door of one of them, or ask for a cent to get something to eat, they would send the policeman after you, as a dangerous vagrant that would not work; run them into the police station, and send them to hard labor in a penitentiary for a few months.

They tell us these missionary beggars, from the king and pope, of established churches and a licensed privilege from the state, to beg for themselves first, to keep big halls and places of worship without paying the tax to the state, that these poor people they are begging of have to pay the tax for them—and to keep such a staff of these Christian beggars around the state, when they pay for their own upkeep, running around in the fresh air, for the good of their health, I fail to see where the charity and self-sacrifice comes in for the benefit of man and woman-kind.

And we are no further ahead for it today, save for the change of fashion of dress and houses and gardens that look that new by the change of scene, like a man that feels young when he is old; they are like the Indians with their beads and needlework, their evolution and elevation is all artificial. They cannot get beyond this. Titian tried, with all the art of hand and his brush; Michael Angelo, in all his hand and chisel sculpture, with his brain power, could not out-distance it.

My definition of an infidel is not a skeptic but a man that skips over the bad and takes the good; that is an infed man. Webster says, to please his orthodoxy, he is a skeptic. Infidelity, I say, is want of faith in anything I have not proved to be a fact. Politicians are conjurers with and about facts. I saw an example of it in Dublin with Lloyd George's henchman, Arthur Griffith, and the Pope's delegate, Collins—a country with no resources, buys and sells what it manufactures, so it is that country manufactures its politics like England, and buys and sells and deceives the nations of the earth by these political agents they have manufactured in Downing Street, London, where Lloyd George said they had and would keep the machine for manufacturing these politics, that he and his wizardom, have deceived the world with.

You will see there is no liberty in the manufacturing of these policies, they call politics in Downing Street in London. It is true the people have a vote allotted to them by a franchise, to elect their representatives to their parliament, but there is care taken, in that old advisors of the crown are still there to advise the new cabinet now elected, which still leaves people directly non-represented in their parliament. It is worked by a kind of Arkwright machine with a lever to throw her out of or into gear, at will, by the miracle worker. It is just a sleight-of-hand trick worked by the thought and performed by hand, of the conjuring of the wizards. Well may the great Erskine have said: "Other liberties are held under governments, but the liberty of opinion keeps governments themselves in due subjection to their duties. This has produced the martyrdom of truth in every age, and the world has only been purged from ignorance with the innocent blood of those who have enlightened it."

No wonder Milton said: "Give me liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely, according to conscience, above all liberties," and Euripides said: "This is true liberty—when freeborn men, having to advise the public, may speak free." King Edward and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyle, and his brother, Sir Colin Campbell, with their offspring, were the sires and dams that destroyed the morals of the British Empire; to the full satisfaction of the immorality of that British Empire: they are answerable and accountable for the fall of the British Empire.

From I first perceived their wickedness I had an antipathetic dislike for them. The whole lot of these royal Campbells were anticosmetic destroying or impairing beauty of both man and woman. They were amalgam and mixture to allure, to entice, with the greatest audacity and effrontery. There is no peculiarity about their genealogy. They are a clan of cavaliers worse than the Kaffir race on the African sands, with no constraint for retraction but always with a desire for collusion and connivance. Their physiognomy is vulture-like, with a turned-down nose. By their filth and lustful passions, they transferred their matter to me, and by their power made me a captive whose liberty is restrained. Their sacrilege does not stop at any meaning of appreciated things. As Moore said: "The tail of the serpent drags over them all." And these female Campbells—or will I call them camels—but I don't like to lower or defame or deface the poor beast—and compare them to demons, devils—that are emblazoned with the serpent's fangs: these Scottish clans and chiefs that aspire

to all power and authority wherever they migrate to—they are like the Jews—I believe they elected the first kings—and as the Jews were barbarous and savage in sacrificing their own flesh for victories over their so-called enemies, in the form of offering upon the altars their son to be slain and their daughters to be slaughtered, that they might possess the land of others by these barbarous sacrifices to some unknown God, that neither hears nor sees.

When I look at these Scotchmen and listen to these Bible fakes, of superstition, I perceive their throat choked up with a camouflage Doric they call their mother tongue spewing out in a prologue plotting of philandering phrasing tongue of oratory like a London fog, that is cold and blinding poison gas. I saw them in New Zealand with their Freemasonry, using their English brother to their advantage by their Past Master craft, giving signs and symbols, by grips and motions of the muscles. Then he bespattered him, at the Englishman's expense, from a flagon of the real Scotch Mountain Dew, that elevates him till he hollers out at the top of his voice. He would kill those of another nationality or cast that differed from his own—while Scotty sneaked away with a smile on his face, saying to himself, "I have fixed him now."

No wonder my own Scotch mother-in-law said to me: "Curse the Irish, for the Scotch are cursed long ago." They are here in Canada, heralding themselves through the public press as farmers, professors of agriculture, botany, and real physicians to allay and abate all epidemics from the mosquito to the tape worm, the cutworm, the grasshopper, and the microbe germs yet unborn can be treated by them, all for the benefit and elevation of mankind. The old Scotch cleric from the pulpit praises them because his son is a doctor or a lawyer, and when they steal, they pay the revolving pressman a few dollars to illuminate them.

Oh, but evolution is slow. No wonder the philosopher asks: Is man's emancipation to come by evolution or revolution? I say it will come by nature's laws, and that at all times, is revolution. Evolution everywhere is blocked and impeded by the capitalist class. The grand and beautiful evolution that I see will come from the shot and shell of the toiler against the thrones of syndicates, of capitalists, like the earthquake shocks and avalanches that sweeps before it cities and towns and multitudes of people of men and women, without an hour's suffering of hunger or distress. The cyclones and storms that sweep from the face of the earth, hoes and entombs people, without a moment's notice to escape from its wrath, and without thought

of suffering pain from the burdens and toils of tomorrow, from the cursed oppressor. This natural emancipation is the only delivery of mankind from injustices to that of humanization, which is the highest elevation that all the being race can attain.

I say revolution, by cutting down the tyrant and oppressor by shot and shell, is the most humane of all emancipation. I know the Christian will cry out, "it is brutal;" but what is this brute? A kind and defenceless animal that has suffered and injured at your hand, by carrying your heavy burdens meekly and humbly with a pat on the back, but little to eat. This is the dangerous brute you trained to obey, by beating with threats of starvation till driven to fear, a fear that should be ignored by all sane men and women that have any sense, that all flesh must pass away and change its position and place. This natural, materialistic chain of nature's revolution comes and goes, while man listens to these silly tales told by the theologians about a resurrection day and another world. He is damned around, with heart and soul in darkness like a prisoner within the prison walls, with the sky above him and darkness around him. He can not behold nor enjoy the light.

There is less suffering mentally and physically in revolution, elevation, emancipation, than in long-suffering, waiting, doubting evolution. It reminds me of when I was a boy in the summer time taking our bath in the river. I stood on the bank watching the boys go into the stream; some of them would wade in to the knee and turn and run out shivering; others would duck down and afraid to leave the shore. I thought to myself, it is better to jump in and swim out from the shore and not stand there with all the breezes blowing on me. So it is in revolution.

Just a few lines of my opinions on the vaporation of the oric acids substances in their mulchy mucus, slimy fluid forms. These substances of the oric marl earth, from the growth of the plant of flower, they germinate from the root to the kernel on the top of the grain, and after the rain their ascension in vaporation rises from the mulch at the root and evaporates right up the stalk to the clouds, which draws with it, these oric substances, in slimy form, that stick or ferment on the stock and kernel of the grain. If the ore is in iron, or whatever color that ore may be, the plant and seed will be affected by that fertilizer, marl, that lies underneath the plant, of whatever color that ore may be.

Some weird tales have been told by travellers who have just returned to this country

from distant parts, and one of these travellers tells us, a ship was sailing in the Arctic regions and passed through great stretches of blood red sea. The same thing happened to a steamer near Lagos, off the west coast of Africa. Scientists have explained this marvel by the presence of millions of minute marine animals of red tinge which, as I believe, is the cause of the marl, earth's oric substances they exist upon, that lies underneath the water bed of that part of the sea, which causes the color in all kinds of animation, under the earth's surface or beneath the sea bed, and the only way to change this color, of any oric acid, mulchy, slimy fluid is by killing the germatic ore substances of this fluid that encircles and permeates the root and stocks of these plants that spring from the soil of such oric beds, by a fertilizing process of chemical ingredients put in the soil to hold this oric, mulchy, slimy fluid in subjection, while in vaporation.

One important thing I notice that causes these colors of germatic substances to come down in clouds of rain and snow as I view the fumes and smoke of vapor going up into space, as some would think, for to generate, but often by the revolt of the electricity in the clouds, they come down in rain and snow, with very little generating in them. This is the cause of these oric colors coming back in their mother form without a proper generating, and you must understand that no generating will kill animation. It will reform, but as I have said, you can change its color and its effects. I have seen the snow on the ground turning black as the smoke that went up from the furnace chimney top; and alive with animation in the spring of the year. These are but a few of the curiosities of nature.

Another is the yellow snow which has been discovered on the Alps, and due, it is believed, to the dust or ashes from the recent Etna eruption many hundreds of miles away. So as I have said, it is the bed that underlies the productions that gives it its color from the womb to the tomb of any animation. All these productions of colors that fall from the clouds upon the earth have arisen in vapor from some part of the earth where that oric substance was the bed of its color, although driven by the winds of velocity from the earth, soaring to other parts of the earth where you see it fall and makes you wonder because you have no biology to lead you onward to geology, and if this vaporation lies long enough in solids before it is broken up in revolution of electricity into what we call radium, certainly it is generated and changes its color, and also its effect upon all vegetable nature and animation of all kinds.

In 1819, ink black rain fell for many hours in New York, and this has happened once or twice in Great Britain, so you will see the vapor did not get time to generate, which caused the fumes and smoke to come down in black matter. Red rain has also fallen on the occasion in Ireland; hail of deep, red color fell for a considerable time; the color of the hail left a very definite stain on the fingers if a pellet was squeezed, so that you will see this vaporated red cloud had evaporated from a red, oric substance, and not time to generate itself, driven from its source by the wind, landed at its base on this Irish occasion, in its mulchy, mattery form; its reddish, oric source, with air filtration nor time to generate, was the cause, and these Canadian professors fooling the farmers about preventing the rust on the wheat. The farmers must have a chemical, fertilizing manure to kill the mulch growth that lies underneath the marl soil. If this fails, there is no cure for the drifting clouds with their oric germs that are not filtrated nor generated long enough in space, that are liable anywhere, at intervals of time (My humble opinion—an Irishman—Daniel Mooney.)

It is now I will relate to you a story of the past, where I have spent my youthful days in that dirty town, Belfast. When riding on their street cars, and closed up very fast, with stink and smell your nose would swell, in every wind and blast; to see them from their spinning mills, with oil and grease contrast, with clocks and bugs upon their rugs, in every street you pass. They will tell you of their factories, how great and large, and vast, and with praises long would make a song, of their boat yards in Belfast. Their nooks are brick and mortar, and their beds are straw and chaff, for the roughers and the hackless, to lie down there and gasp; the posse and dirt is awful, with no scientific craft; this is the Ulster-Orangemen and their dirty town, Belfast. If a chance you have to visit this town, you'll say, alas, it is worse than any blizzard in a storm has going past; with shot and shell going buzzing, he is a wizard sure that lasts; to see emancipation in that cursed town Belfast. You hear the curfew crying, and the streets a rolling mass, while a few amongst them sighing, and wishing for the last, to view their pagan system, at their Custom House and square, on a Sunday's fascinating, and will cause you for to stare. You will hear their Bible thumpers, with a real fanatic glare, heralding Doctor Hanna, and old Cain, I do declare. There are their old apostles that are held in high renown, that are always celebrated in this dirty Belfast town. And then their great vacation, on July the twelfth around, with

their flags in demonstration, and old Shambo looking down to the Boyne where he was drowned, near that dirty Belfast town. Their drums, the dead would waken, and the martyrs, with a frown, would curse the great elation of this dirty, Belfast hounds. And when the struggles ended and Ireland handed down her presidential banner—the harp without the crown—then Belfast dirt is ended and no more she'll act the clown. (Daniel Mooney—Essay on the wickedness of Belfast Orangemen).

At different times and different stages, this I have found amongst the pages, that life is but to work for wages, from childhood days to the oldest ages, then we bid farewell to all the sages.—Daniel Mooney.

What the Irish Republic requires to do—the first thing is to define their boundary line, between the Ulster-British Orange rebels, and on no condition arrange with them any kind of tariff conditions, but on the contrary, ignore them and have no dealing with them. If you do, the British assisting this so-called Ulster Government, will and would run you out of existence. Just consider for a few minutes, the idea of a section of your country, wanting to arrange commercial affairs to trade with a people they detest and hate, that has struggled for hundreds of years to get free from their yoke and bondage.

The Republic must stop them at the boundary line and make that a terminus point for all their transportation by sea or land. Get men that are fit to arbitrate, from the United States, to valueate their stock and lines, and take them over from your boundary line and work them for the benefit of your republic. That done, possess and control your own fleet of coasting and merchant-shipping, both on deep seas and canals, and on no condition, contribute any revenue to the upkeep of a British Navy, but construct and possess your own; to be manned by your own Republican service men that you can trust to protect your transfer of commodities and all shipping interests. On no account, I say have any dealings with this so-called Ulster, North of Ireland council or government. It is the whole deviation of the British Government, to manipulate and exploit you, to get as much out of you as when you were in their cursed Union.

Buy in the cheapest market, sell in the dearest. Never tie yourselves in the bonds of Imperialism. You were deceived and confiscated there long enough. Erect and equip your own cotton and woolen mills and erect your sugar factories, tobacco factories, chemical mineral works, your own leather in-

dustry, your refrigerators, packing and canning, preserving industries of all kinds of fruits and products of your land. Under British Rule you were buying too much in and from the British markets; produce more within yourselves and seek markets abroad. Sell in the dearest markets, buy in the cheapest. Remember the words of Churchill. "The British give you your freedom because you were agnostic." I presume you are like myself, natural, and above all things, be clean and neat in all your packing and shipping of all your products, and travel and investigate in all countries, to find out the latest and best inventions of equipments for packing and shipments of all kinds of commodities. This is the Menu that palliates the taste, and courts the eye of perception to an odor and sense of perfection. Yours truly, Daniel Mooney.

In my time, I feel strange about the opinions of men and their acts and deeds. Perhaps I may be excused for assuming to enter into the criticisms of such scientists that have scanned the so-called heavens with their great magnetometeran instrument for measuring these magnetic elements, but they will surely excuse me for these remarks, when they read of a man last year, in the midst of his fanatic imagination of superstition, throwing signals to the moon, in his electric, subtle power, to thrill in display of power and color, in the hope of assurance of some isolated traveller in the moon might take notice of him, and mind you, the royal elected Free Press of Winnipeg was humorously delighted about such an idea, O, my, what stargazers.

When I was young, I remember well, I used to watch the volunteers at ball practice at the targets of 500 and 1,000 yards. They had to use their calculations on and about the effect of volition flight of shot and the velocity of the wind, and the variation of the ground they shot over, and distances, if it was hollow like a valley or a vale, or level, they raised or lowered the elevation of their gun to suit the amount of suction of the range the shot had to cross, but I believe they knew nothing of the vaporating and contracting power of the sun, nor the effect of a strong vaporation, nor a weak one, nor allowed anything for its contracting powers like the wind. I thought there might have been a few good shots observed it, but the majority did not, because they never thought to investigate and find out by experience and practice. So with the wind, they had to calculate in horizontal and perpendicular forms, the allowance in velocity slow or fast, whether the wind would carry the shot from its aim, so as at time of test they might get accurate elevation to the object on the target.

I would like to know if the gunman has proved in his practice at the targets, if the sun on a clear day, does not variate from a dull, cloudy day in its contraction force upon the gun and gravitation, horizontal and perpendicular flights. This brings me to a point I want to know something about. I do know the astronomers can trace the vapor till it forms into solids by the wind, driven from the velocity of the earth's revolution, but I never read from any astronomers that the earth lowers or rises in space, which I believe it does, and I do not alone think but believe that this earth both lowers and rises to and from the sun. I believe these astronomers will have to get off this axis business of revolution.

I believe all these planets ascend and descend in space, and also horizontally, soaring, but it would take a better mathematician than I to calculate the time and distance the earth rises and lowers to and from the sun. This is where, I believe, the astronomers err. He may calculate on the revolving and movements of other planets, while he has not calculated as I think, to try and ascertain the possibility of his own planet's movements in and through this great phenomena. All planets, being as they are, I believe, similar to our own, it is as I said, inhaling and digesting all the time, like ourselves, and naturally, is elastic. It expands and draws into its porous system again and moves, as we do, through space on this planet and I believe, generates, just the same, as well, and revolves around the sun like other planets. That, I believe, the astronomers have not taken into consideration. The reason is, I believe, the astronomers failed to comprehend the rotation of the planets, as Confucius, the Chinese, said, the greatest as I think of all philosophers, about himself when he was asked his opinion of another world, he said: "Why ask me, a man who knows so little about the world he is in."

So I think, if the astronomers would try and find out more about this planet's movements they would surely come nearer to ascertain the movements of other planets. The earth has, in some places, digested billions of tons from one part to another that inhaled it again, through both evolution and revolution, and by its generating, has part of this matter been vaporated into space and come back here again, but not possibly back exactly, to the same place on the earth where it generated and vaporated from, so that all matter comes back again to the earth that left it and loses nothing in weight, nor gains anything. Yet this evolution the earth is in, with its generating processes, there is a diversification of weight on and in the earth that will change its form in space of time, under the sun as it balances, and as time goes on, seas get filled up with matter, and other seas will appear

and mountains and hills disappear, and as I think, the weight of this centrifugal planet that is still in motion, revolving round the sun and held by the sun, lies, at what I call, the bottom of our planet, though looking at it from another planet, it might seem the top, in space, and of course, we live around this planet, and other planets around us move and have their being in the phenomena, but by the processes I see in the evolution and revolution on this planet, through time, I have no doubt we will also turn a little in space, and to equalize the balance of revolution, we will have a wrack but not a flood—just a balancing formation which will take place mildly, because the waters will go over the earth in the form of seas, and water is so heavy, a mineral will balance this centrifugal machine of this planet of ours.

I have no doubt but there will be a bit of ducking going on at that, but it will not be like the ark, they will not all be drowned; they will need no doves nor carrying pigeons on that job. On some parts of the earth there will be plenty left for imagination, and they will always have men like Columbus and Peary to go forth again, and still keep their rotation in space, which is natural latitudinarianism within the phenomena, and with change like this, the seas roll over the lower parts of the earth and hence the so-called floods; the animal race, including men, go down under it and all records go down and perish under it. In that place, then those that remain start to explore again so as to investigate the planets within the phenomena, without the knowledge of the variation of latitude or longitude or horizontal or perpendicular soaring of our own planet is still an uncertainty, no matter how powerful the glass may be you investigate with, because all these natural planets are still travelling through space as our own, in variation, sometimes that near to each other that the astronomers themselves thought of a collision, and sometimes far apart from each other.

I never looked through one of these glasses; they, I believe, are a great invention of science and guided Galileo to ascertain that the earth revolved around the sun, but the quickness of the hand deceives the eyes; do these varying distances deceive both the glass and the eye, and these varying distances between the sun and the planets deceives both the glass and the eye, and these varying distances between the sun and the planets deceives both glass and eye. I have said you must know the velocity of flight and its variation in its latitude, its horizontal, perpendicular flights, ascending, descending. The winds that blow have that variation so much in evolution and revolution that are not properly ascertained around us, and then to calculate

on a glass that you know not what magnetism will affect it in long distances.

My opinion of moderation in reply to a lecture in the Strand theatre, Winnipeg, Canada. Mr. Chairman,—If this gentleman believes in evolution apart from revolution, he is not a natural philosopher. This planet on which we dwell, as well as other planets, moves through space and revolves round the sun. Our planet moves about a thousand miles an hour round the sun, and they have not ascertained how fast the other planets revolve round the sun. Believing in this revolving round the sun, it ascends and descends to and from the sun, and so will other planets just the same according to as they inhale and digest. These planets are beings because they live and vary in their motions.

Though we travel round the sun every twenty-four hours, our latitude in and through space varies, and other planets as well, both in longitude and perpendicular flights of motion. I have great respect for astronomers, but this is my belief: Astronomers never can ascertain the variations correctly of flight of these planets through space, because the planet from where they take their observations of other planets is moving in space, as well as those they are trying to observe, so that no mathematician, however great, a calculator, with these variations before him and around him, can never ascertain no matter how magnifying and powerful his glass is. We have storms, we have cyclones, blizzards and tornadoes, caused by the inhaling and digestings by the revolving revolutions of these planets through space. Earthquakes and shocks, these are revolutions in the called heavens and earth in the midst of space, that sweep both sea and land, and in their devastation sink thousands of ships and men, swept thousands of houses over the earth, buried in the ruins men, women, children and beasts. Earthquakes opened up and swallowed cities and towns, and thousands of lives of all kinds of men and beast.

These are revolutions in generating processes, and without revolution our generating process would stagnate, because if revolution stopped we would become that unmoderate there would be no ignition for energy. Moderation is a fixity of providing; if it is slow and solitary there is no energy of force to invigorate it to generate any thought of action. You must come near the exhaust point, so that moderation cannot invigorate without energy of force. The moderated stream in life, thought and action, will grow muddy and stagnate. In this force of materialistic must exist the energy of ignition. There is no supernatural beingism about it. If we keep on a modified scale of production, we must admit

that production is insufficient to keep pace with the demands made upon it. If you want to spin a thread three ply into one thread, the sixty-fourth part of an inch thick, you will have to put on a pinion wheel with sixty-four teeth in revolution to spin that thread, and so on, the fraction has to be increased or decreased according to the fibre you spin, or the quality demanded. Your energy of force in revolution must be in variation to do so,—the same in physics, the same in economics, the same in politics, and even classics so variate.

Some astronomers refer us to the gravitation of these planets, that they are held in subjection partially by their own revolutions as well as by the sun, and I believe it, when I see an aeroplane rising from the ground by its mechanical energy of ignition, the wind from its propellor in motion, if you were standing near by, when arising from the ground, would lift you off your feet. He said if this planet lost its gravity from the other planets, it would fall on the sun, but I think it may be possible for planets to bump against one another in the midst of this great phenomena without losing their gravitation, as all revolutions begin at some place and spread over other parts through time, as evolution proceeds whether ascending or descending.

Capitalists and manufacturers can see to apply these methods in production of commodities; why can they not see it and apply it with energy the same in producing healthy, physical bodies in the being race, whether man, woman or beast, yea, the fowls of the air; not hard to work, more time for amusements and recreation, better and purer food to eat, better clothes to wear; better and more comfortable houses to live in; and the greatest energy of all in providing for and protecting these animals that help to provide for all mankind. I want to see all these animals fed and sheltered and housed from the cold and frosty winds, on the prairie plains, from these strawstacks savagery, for the horse, and cow, and dog, it is too cruel for me to look upon, and to the beast it is degeneracy and extermination. In the woods hauling logs, down and up grades, that is frightful for humans to look upon; going down an ice road with a load about ten tons, with nothing but a neckyoke on a pole to hold it back from running over the two poor horses that are trying to hold it back till they reach the foot of the hill, till their legs get weak and down they go. The driver throws the lines from him to save himself; the sleigh with the logs runs over the poor horses and breaks their legs and mangles their bodies; where there could be machines placed at the top of the hill, with cables to lower them down. They insure the horses when they get them, and they do not care whether they are killed

or not; and no government to intercede for the poor beast nor show mercy. This is where I am working in North America, Canada.

They have got so accustomed to extermination of the so-called lower animals and beautiful birds that by their greed for gain, they have commenced to exterminate the babes in their mother's womb and sister's womb—and we are the mechanics that work the machines. If we break down so will the machine. If our energy is not preserved and regenerated, the demand on the source we come from shall be exhausted and unfit for ignition. No matter how fast it comes, it will be unfit energy; the whole fabric will become protoplasm.

What is man's ideals, to board up means for days and years that he nor his children will never see? Has he no balance of reason, I ask, in his cranium, at all? Has the insane miser taken hold of him, or is he living in a state of hypothesis, of the old supposition, and in doubt about his own shadow? And he shall change and pass away, and his near and dear ones shall follow after, and he shall take nothing with him. Think on Confucius, the Chinese philosopher—riches and honor acquired by injustices are to me but floating clouds. The man who in view of gain, thinks of righteousness, who in view of danger forgets life, and who remembers an old agreement however far back it extends, recompenses injury with justice, and kindness with kindness,—this does away with the necessity of prophets, apostles and impostures. There sermon on a mountain or hills, by any miracle worker, however clever, or so ever high the pinnacle he stood on, can equal these words of truth and righteousness before ever you knew about the mountain or sermon on it.

Let no man deceive you. You must be just, you must be honest, you must be righteous; that is the only law, it is the law of nature. Don't go about telling the people to believe in Christ, and believe in God to get clear of this. A creed is the ignorant past bullying the enlightened present. Since the murder of Hypatia in the fifth century, when the polished blade of Greek philosophy was broken by the club of ignorant Catholicism, until today, superstition has detested every effort of reason but there is no particular argument in slander—the glowing thoughts of nature flow, from the verdure they are fed; round streams and pastures here we know, the flowers rise from their bed; though varied in their glow, they are all in nature's tread; stand awhile by nature's stream and view it not in dread, considering first the sunny beams around you that are shed.

You will see that plants have drooping wings, as well as hearts that bleed, the birds among them in the spring, their songs of love have said, and sheltered there beneath their

wing, the young that from them fled. We are plants and flowers and nature all us spread, though live or die, we are in the swing of universal tread; the planets moves within their space, so man must change his verse, as he must change from place to place, to sing his song on earth. These planets move from place to place, in darkness and in dread, till light breaks forth to illuminate the dying and the dead; reaction's morn is surely here, we see it in our tread; the springs that flow to the river's row and from the earth are fed. Life's a throng that march along, no matter what is said; I think it's grand to take a stand upon what I have said; it is my view, I believe it is true as I take my daily bread; the beasts that roam the plains alone where man's visage never shed, he hears the sound which echoes round, from nature he is clad; he stands serene, save for the scene that visage has bespread, though in the snow there is a glow, that nature still has said: Come passion wild, here for my child, come you unto my bed; from the mountain rills to the lowest hills and valleys nature made; there are displays of shining rays, that close out palisades, the rivers plied the rocks beside, and curved them into grade. The fishes played while I have strayed and heard the merry maids; all nature's song in echoes ring and none here are dismayed.

My harp's upstrung, my soul is gone and lies now in the shade; this Jezebel, an imp of hell, of her nature made a trade, to know the mind of the true and kind that never were afraid; yet they knew no more than the blood in gore, they shed with their cavalcade; these seas so grand beside the land and mountains still unmade, will come and go like the frost and snow and renew the old decade. O, youth of child, why do you smile, when danger makes afraid, the dumbest beast will give more peace than some here would you lead; but trust to none that are not born in nature's truest grade, for life's fellorn, if from its torn to lie within the shade. We will pass along and let our song be here what man has made; we will leave the few that from us, drew, and believed what others said. (Looking on life of all nature.—Daniel Mooney).

A Few Lines in Honor of the Country of My Exile—Canada.

You sired sons of Canada, with grit that stout and strong, you have shouldered off your enemies and progressed right along; your onward march is energy, and heart and soul your song. In your prairie plains and valleys I see you all agog; you plowed and cultivated and seeded down your land, till harvest fields elated the eyes and hearts of man,

till everything persuaded me that Canada was grand. When in your sweet hay meadows, the sweat down me has run, amid shining light, a country bright and grand, when sailing o'er an ocean, and drawing nigh to land, your great big mighty rivers and mountains high that stand, in elevated portions beyond the sight of man; your lakes around like oceans, with fowls from many lands, do migrate here in locations like foreigners on your strand; your dells and vales and valleys, though wild, romantic stand, in summer shades are grander than they are in many lands. The fruits they grow in splendor, with 'melioration blends, and Canada is the country for growing fruit like them.

If you were my land of childhood, I would strain here every nerve in praise here of your honor and what you must deserve. Your hardy, sturdy offspring has slain the forest wilds and planted there a homestead for the future coming child. Both night and day we're watching, the animals running wild, and the savage half or Indian, they often did beguile. Yet grew they more fearless and determined still the while, that they would be homestead makers for the future coming child. They tore up trees and bushes, and rutted up the soil, with the sweat there running o'er them, like a pot when on the boil. These men with grit and muscle, they scorned at crime and toil, made Canada here a nation, and not a colonial toy; and their wives were just the same, in the midst of toil and labor, they never thought of pain, and the pioneer, the homesteader, I love his humble name.

I hear him in the bushes, or at the lumber pile; I stop, I listen, I am looking for a trail, to lead me to the little shack, where I might get there a shelter, or perhaps another meal. The dog comes out a-barking, the homesteader he is sure, this is someone going to locate, and he comes out to the door; the traveller he accosts him, without a doubt or fear, is this all bushy country around like what is here; or is it bluffy inward, and any chance of deer; how far, now, have you travelled; you will be hungry now, I fear. Come in and get your dinner, for night is drawing near; we will do our best to help you; sit down and have good cheer. This is the Canadian pioneer, the homesteader and the seer that will locate here in happiness and live for many years.

If life has aught to cherish, it should never be of fear; leave it to the merit that will bring us all good cheer. What is the greatest feeling between pleasure here and pain? One must enjoy the suffering, the other must the shame. When we look here at each other, time and chance the same, it's hardly worth the bother to compare each others' claims,

but hereditary is the father of idolizing train; justice is the motto, it you cannot blame; it is the truest photo that life here can sustain.

Remarks on Things and Times

Look on the ground before us; ourselves are just as porous, with our bodies mouldering o'er it, and beast is just the same; we are decomposed and borious with nothing here to blame; some believe in soaring to great celestial fame, but I believe in roaring of revolution flame; it generates so glorious, it is worthy of a name; O could we be here decourous, to all that is a shame, the planets moving o'er us, do evolute in flame. Some don't blame the soarists within their own domain. I have suffered here laborious, both under stress and pain; calm, serene, decorous, is what revolution blames; when death's own sleep comes o'er us, it is only but a name, in translations dourous that evolution claims; the soul of life is porous, in its germatic range; it circulates glorious, we shouldn't be ashamed; there is no end in form of evolution's chain, though we be here declaring about the right full aim, there are men here forlorn that never see this train.

My Thoughts on and About Evolution and Revolution in Mankind, on This Planet

To educate, to understand and cultivate the life of man, it must here be by nature's plan, to revolute and take a stand against the graft and art of man. When all is done and all is said, between the living and the dead, this strife is for our daily bread; for this both tears and blood are shed, to be laid beneath the fur in bed is better far than live in dread of this great wretched fear.

To the Oppressor of Man and Beast

When us natural men, of all philosophers speak of all we felt and all we saw, when we listen to the teachers, or so-called professors that demonstrate their ideas and ideals before the students that are seeking knowledge, they remind me of Socrates when he went to Athens to hear the wise politicians and their trained professors in all their knowledge and technical skill of their time demonstrated before him. He found out, he said, that he could have written and said it better himself. The poets in my time, in the placing of sentences, seem to me sometimes, to be without a knowledge of their true meaning and with no feelings to express the love in emotion for the charm of beauty in action or deed, and the professors in my time, in teaching and instruction to the people, are now hiding themselves and their ignorance of the subjects they teach by telling their pupils, those that hear them, some mythical idea that they have dis-

covered and they were writing a book about it, and it took them twenty years to write and compile it. This, they said, was for the Free Library to educate the people after they were gone. A very nice harangue, indeed, for a dry student to drink down, after drawing a big remuneration for his services from the country, and people's taxation, as well as the student's contribution to his humble servant.

This is their bluff put as an apology, after twenty years, standing as a stookey, save for the moving around on his pedestal, from the expressions and demonstrations of another man's thoughts. This is their apology for not being able to teach any new thing. I am going to publish a book and the next generation is going to find out the secret,—while his student goes to the world without an art, save for the knowledge he receives afterwards from his fellow practitioner in and through experience. This is my experience, and I find it so much so among Scotchmen and teachers. As Huxley said, they are not slow to recognize the greatness of their countrymen by exalating them and themselves, by all kinds of advertisements: Yes, they try to adorn them like pansies or garden flowers and nothing yet behind them but their pokeydorick and brag. Their devisings are but revisings, and nothing to an end, and after all the great noise, about education. We can't be too lavish in procuring knowledge and wisdom. A good article is never too dear.

The capitalist is economical in providing for the poor and any thing is good enough to teach him. There is no word in the dictionary so easily understood, nor so easily construed. Instead of it meaning real economy in the proper place for proper things, it is used for stealing and annihilation. On the other hand, the capitalist tries to get all he can out of the toilers' energy of sweat and blood, regardless of the food and providence for the ignition of energy, for the production and sustenance of the human machine, far less the sustaining and keeping the machines that are produced and here for the human race. His economics would give you no time for recreation, to read great men's thoughts and deeds. In their devisations and constructions, they would take from you your games of amusements, your evenings of pleasure and joy from their river banks and streams; while they sit on their lawns and play croquet, they deny us the cricket field, the bat, the baseball of which they themselves, enjoy, while they take weeks and months in the hunt field and the fishing streams, to kill the hare, the birds and fish, while they will fine us for trespassing, for watching them sport and play. Is this life? Is this justice? Better to die than live without those joys amongst those you love.

They want you to work for the lowest remuneration, with energy of sweat and blood, like a cruel man with a horse till he dies or he will shoot it when he is unable to work, after he has taken all the sweat and blood out of its constitution, by scanty food and little rest, and feed according to what oats he has got, and not according to the amount of work it had to do, which is equally cruel to both man and beast. I am afraid it will be a long time, as Paul said, before the beasts comes into the glorified or glorification of these gods of mankind. There are a great many of them seeking glorifications to their own souls that deny it to the beast. I think there is no chance for the beast when man and woman are so long kept out of their glorified place of equality and justice, but the poor toiler is compelled to economize. For whom? For the capitalist—not alone degeneracy but extermination of themselves, and no means of energy to take their place. This is how the toiler is compelled to economize, for the capitalist.—The cheapest food to eat, the cheapest clothes to wear, the filthiest and cheapest houses to live in, the cheapest fuel to light and burn—which causes his and her degeneracy till they die on the roadside or in the poorhouse or the jail, and last but not least, the asylum. These are the capitalists, the enemies of the so-called civilized world and the human race.

In the Camp in the Lumber Woods

I will try to contribute a few lines to ease my mind, concerning these capitalists.

This world to me is a wonderland, where oceans, seas and rivers ran; the mountains, hills and vales are fann'd by this revolving aeroplane, while the old camp fire is burning. If on the line or railroad track, stick to the trail, lead to a fact, let us look forward or look back, it is the surest to respect, while the old camp fire is burning. When in the woods I shoulder axe, to smite the tree with bended back; in nature's true dear intellect, while heart and soul are infect and the old camp fire is burning; we roll the logs with circumspect, that in future here may counteract and revolute here to effect the social life while on the track, while the old camp fire is burning. When in the woods and bush awhile, to work with others rank and file, we build here up the lumber pile, the shack, the camp, in every style, in evolution grand and wild, while the old camp fire is burning. When supper's done it is a fact, around the stone to grind our axe, before we lay it on the rack, while the old camp fire is burning, to be ready for the morning sun, to light the path where the work is done, while the old camp fire is burning; and around the fire, both old and young, there tell their tales of the days that are gone; some do dance while others song, to reel the time of

life along, while the old camp fire is burning; while others they do sit and crack, and tell of how they slung their pack, and how they lost or struck a track to the old camp fire was burning; and how they tried to strike a trail, to beg or seek another meal, while in the swamp our strength did fail, while the old camp fire was burning; and how glad to see the smoke that went up from a shack near to the camp, when sad and weary we were bent, to where the old camp fire is burning; o'er the lakes, through bushes wild, with bag on back we fear no guile, save for the Indians running wild, near the old camp fire that's burning; to see the wild birds and the deer, the fox, the coyote drawing near, just with hunger, not with fear, where the camp fire is burning; to hear the echoes and the cries of the timber wolves that are drawing nigh; if hungered, it's from death the fly, near the old camp fire that's burning; at nine o'clock the bull-cook cries, "Lights out." You sleep here, live or die, or I club you where you lie, while the old camp fire is burning.

My experience to and from the Lumber Camp—Daniel Mooney.

Humanizing mankind and womankind must be taken from the study of nature in all its principles as applied by the birds of the air and the tamed ones around us; the bees in the hive, and the females apart from the males; towards their young of the horse kind and cow, and dog, and other wild animals that seem to be unconscious of the principles of their nature and the benevolence of them towards their young or own flesh. The birds and bees and female animals seem to be like civilized-men and women, to be the conscience thinkers and lovers of their own flesh and offspring and adhere to their principles of nature to which they belong.

I notice in particular, three main animals of the beast kind that take no notice of their offspring, that is the horse, the bull and the dog. They do not assist the female to provide, nor protect their young and often shoulder out their offspring and the mothers from the food and drink they should obtain. I have seen men compelling their wives to work in the factories and a sucking babe on their breast in the meal hour, and black tea to drink, bread and marmalade or herring to eat, while their husbands lay about the parks and saloon bars, bumming and eating the food his wife worked for, and oftentimes abused her body, while struggling to support him and his offspring. No wonder we call man a beast. Is he any better?? These are the reasons inhuman men and unconscious men are referred to as a beast, which is correct and true.

When I see the little birds carrying the food to the one on the nest while hatching

the young, and sitting on the young to keep them warm, while the mother flew around to get the fresh air and some exercise, and sits beside her on the nest at night, to protect and watch her, and each in their turn would scrape with their little feet or bill to obtain the worm or the insect to feed them, their young, when they returned to their little nest the young ones opened their mouths, and with their beak or bill dropped the food into their mouths while they were crying for it, and to see the love and desperate affection of the mother of that offspring for her young. Of all these females, the horse dam, the cow, and the dog female, alongside the bird, no man can realize it, but the natural philosopher the zoologist that has watched these animals and their young.

Man without knowledge is worse than the horse or bull or dog, because these males, though they do not protect the young and mother they do not interfere with them or oppress them, and so that you will see it is a mistake to call all men human; man has, to be human, to be humanized and dressed like the statue from the hewer's or sculptor's hands, with a training in culture and refined knowledge. The being has to be trained to understand reason before he can apply it in acts and deeds. Man that does not realize that he and his mother and sisters and children are one and the same flesh, and his so-called neighbor's father, mother, sisters and brother and children are one flesh and must be treated, guided and directed as your own children.

We must love the love of justice and equality. This caste and nationality must be discarded.

Now I come to christianized and civilized mankind. For the love of his beastly passions he makes love to his sister, and he has by his deception, obtained from her, her affections and stolen from her, her virtue, and as Lenine, in his heroine, says, as a budding flower she reached to him her beauty and her virtue was gone, while he, like Absalom, hated her in return and she said to him about her being the budding flower, she cast at his feet and said to him, this is I; I trusted you but you deceived me; tread on it and grind it to powder. My beauty and virtue is gone. Instead of comforting her and helping her to endure the suffering and pain and shame, he should lift and lay her gently, he should help her with the young, it is his own flesh, he should nourish and cherish them and when he sees them grow up before him, in his and her beautiful form, in his own figure, in his athletic performance and developments, and in her own pride she says: He is my son. I raised him, and in pride and love they adore him and her. These are the principles of hu-

man nature. Let us love them and follow after them. Let us toil amongst the flowers we have raised, and the young plants. We can water them with the refreshments of knowledge. We can develop the young plants in all their perfume of virtue, that their perfume of virtue, that their perfumes and odors may take hold of those that follow after.

I want to notify the public, who have the privilege to read this book, no matter what book they read that resembles, this one since 1903, is taken from me, whether written in Ireland, Scotland or England, or the continent of America, or published in any of those countries. It is my thought stolen from me by that Jezebel, Josephine Campbell, a daughter of Sir Colin Campbell, a brother to the Duke of Argyle, that was married to King Edward's sister. She opened my mind and they write from it, by giving me her nature in my gruel, that the echoes of my words go back to her. Mr. Stead called it Spiritualism, but Mr. Huxley gave it its right name, that was and is, the transfer of matter that gets the child.

It was on June 23, 1903, that I began to write this book, County Down, Ireland, and ever since then King Edward's gang, Sir Colin Campbell and the Duke of Argyle's prostitute daughters, added with a lot of Belfast reptiles of Orangemen, Lord Erne, and their lunatic and a lot of the filthiest creatures they could gather together. They transferred their syphilis nature and corrupted me and then they gave it to me, and assimilated this corruption amongst themselves, and these Ulster-Scotch reptiles are even worse than they are so loathful and filthy, and by this assimilation of these Orange reptiles of Belfast they made it sixty per cent. of suction more upon my body and brain.

Since 1903; night and day, in their turn, they had a double shift; kept up to listen to every word I said and every word I wrote, and they kept putting it into British Ulster-Scot book form, by construing it to make the Roman Catholics believe I was denouncing them and saying I said so and so. We read of the devil spewing out of his own mouth. These imps of hell over the earth for a certain time, to torment the people, since Luther was spewed out of Rome there has been a hell of kings and churches over the earth that it will take the greatest revolution the world has ever seen to root them up and out, and the world cannot contend with them without a revolution. These Jezebels sitting singing and playing the piano in the midst of their Babylonians in their Luther churches they call this a Reformation, and from Rome out of darkness into light, but the darkness comprehends them not. Ministers of churches like these sending out missionaries to a people like the

Chinese and Hindus, is an insult to the humblest civilized observer of mankind.

Like Socrates when he went to Athens to hear the wise men, I take a turn to the places of learning once in a time to hear what the wise men have got to say and how they say it, and when I hear them I know it is useless to read what they write, after I hear and see their demonstrations. At this time, I wonder if it is the mass of the people that are getting ahead, or is it the professor that is the faker, unfit to teach, or is it I who has advanced in and through investigations. I know not, but this I do know, I have heard professors of Physics, Economics, Classics, and Politics, and Agricultural Scientists, demonstrating their ideas before me and I came to the conclusion they were worse than myself, and yet of the school-boy type. If I had a dozen of boys or girls I would not let them waste one week of life's time under their teaching. They may mean well, and think they know, but I conceive it not.

Professor Jackson, of Manitoba Agricultural College, in the Strand theatre, on Sunday night, February 26th, 1922, his subject was "Hereditary Pregeneracy," and for thoroughbreds he believed in breeding, both in man and beast producing the best specimen, but I do not believe in connivance or collusion neither in sister nor in cousin, nor even second cousins. I saw enough of it in the more progressive races, of such as the Indians, they have themselves bred out and run out of existence, by deformities of corruption, and imbeciles. It is stagnating, and more so, detestable. I believe a pure nationality of varied environments and conditions of existence, food and customs, I believe are the true progressive elements to elevation in either man or beast. As Robert Ingersoll said: To make a good thoroughbred out of a scrub animal was to feed it well, keep it clean and give it space for exercise; cross it with better stature and physique than its own; then you have the man or beast, always taking into consideration climate, atmosphere, cleanliness, food, bed and recreation. These are the true producers of pregnancy. Hereditary is always cut by custom and assimilation of environments. In some respects it will have the appearance in features and stature, but in design and desire, ~~through custom and environment it will differ in condition and appearance.~~

To my mind, a nationality divided apart in its own nation, by and through environments and conditions, by crossing them, in many respects improves the appearance of the animal. We are the same race and caste, but still a difference in the blood and the blood is the germatic life of all nature of the animal race, and birds, and fishes of the

sea. The feeding itself makes a difference in the blood and how it is kept clean and free to roam at will, to help itself. We never can develop ourselves nor any other animal by departing from nature's laws, but when he comes to tell us about marrying or connivance with half-sisters and brothers, I departed from him. I told him that was going back and prevented real and true generating, which awakened ignition of energy that sets force in action. That kind of inbreeding would run itself out in deformity, if not crossed by another nature of the same caste that is varied in conditions, which makes a change in blood, for blood is the life.

He said hereditary nature comes in lumps, not in the general assimilations of the whole family. There was one gifted here and there among the family, from their fathers and mothers and ancestors, and there was half of our father's and of our mother's blood in our veins, but he did not tell us that our grandfather and grandmother had different blood in their veins, and our father and mother had different blood in their veins, so that our blood was composed of four generations instead of two halves. As Bob Ingersoll said, it is all a matter of development from the scrub in the wilderness to the man in the dug-out through environment. I know it by my own experiences. Necessity is the deviser and construction of development. It is all a matter of development. Then he commenced to tell the story of Jacob, with his rods and stick before the flocks at the watering trough—that conjurer and supplanter, when the flocks were drinking, that this change of scene might change the color of their wool without a change of nature. I do not believe it; I believe in nature being grafted by collusion or connivance of the animals themselves.

In forms of crossbreeds, it does not matter, mankind or the Jersey cow or any other animal, man thinks because he bred that specialty without taking into consideration the varied conditions of existence, that it is the same blood, but I believe it is not. It was beautiful, he thought, how Jacob got so many speckled and spotted ones for his services for his charming Rachel, but he told us that he crossed black animals and white ones, and long and short animals, which I believed, was more feasible, than a conjuring, creative environment by that crafting stick business of that deceitful Jacob. Environments are from cause and effect and they are, so far as man is concerned, creative for necessity, and sometimes compulsory. They are not necessary. Environments, I hold, are creative by man as far as he is concerned, but he never attempted to tell us the quantity, quality, weight or strength of

these natures, or how they acted, nor the purity of these natures or matters, how they acted or reacted in the evolution of the race they belonged to. He never told us of the variations of these matter fluids or germatic substances that enter the womb of pregnancy of the male and female. A strong man with pure nature and his virtue preserved, his morals good, in good condition, free to his environments, without compulsion, is bound to act and generate over the pure, weaker woman, under the same conditions and environments as the strong man. Her nature will absorb and generate over the weak man; her nature will predominate over the man, and any resemblance of hereditary strain will go that way; so it will act with the impure, wasted virtue on the progeny according to the weight of quantity in the womb in a strain to degeneracy just the same as pure, preserved nature acts in evolution ascending for the betterment of the race.

I have no doubt but the strain of resemblance must go with the parent who has got the most or largest quantity of matter fluid in the womb, whether it is male or female, whichever of them has the most matter fluid in the womb, whether it be pure or impure, will cause the strain to go with the most quantity of matter for the germatic generating of the pregnancy, and that strain in resemblance is in both form and stature, both in ugliness and beauty of development, either ascending or descending, but to my mind, cause and effect have nothing particular to be considered about it, because I see where cause has brought on deformity, and on the other hand I see where cause and its environment has improved and developed the race, both of man and beast. To my mind, from resemblance in features hereditary has power over man or beast because of environments. I believe cause and effect are creative, whether we will or not. I do know that both the subjective and objective variates and changes, therefore can not be hereditary, and often the subject mind is compelled to reject its object, so that I see cause and effect, with and through environments, is the rule of the road, whether we like it or not, so that the whole system is like the planet on which we dwell. It is a social variation of natural law, so I believe that how we account for the variation in size of the family in mankind as well as the so-called lower animals, whether it is the male or the female that has the matter of fluid in the cell of womb, the quantity and strength of that matter of fluid, which is nature's germatic substance, will absorb the lesser matter and generate it.

On the other hand, the strong nature may and is liable, through the principles of na-

ture, without care they exhaust their nature, and when in collusion or connivance, where pregnancy takes place, though they are bigger and stronger, there is a smaller quantity of matter fluid in the womb, than of the smallest parent. Then again, it may be the smallest parent has preserved their nature and morals and accumulated more matter of fluid for the cell of the womb at the time of their cohesion; hence, the resemblance without the knowledge of the variations in parental life are hard to distinguish in the family, of what they call hereditary life. There is often little people in married life who produce big children because they preserved their virtue and protected their morals; that their matter fluid went to the womb, larger and stronger and purer than the bigger ones, who were run dry by exhaustion, and when exhausted become weak as well. Their nature, when preserved, is stronger, it is keener and more vigorous for generating and absorbing the other fluid, but I never believed like some of the professors, that good little nature was as strong and vigorous as a good big nature from a big person, with a large quantity of a strong and pure nature. I believe it is the most quantity of nature in the womb that predominates and absorbs the lesser quantity, and whether it is ascending or descending, in generating, the strain of resemblance goes with the most quantity of matter fluid that is pure and vigorous in the womb.

No more do I believe in a small potato having the same nutriment as a big potato has, for the germatic sustenance and food for the bulb or young potato, the more matter, the more germ to originate the energy of force to action, although I have seen big potatoes from small seed. But then again that is creative because of the environment of the soil, the condition and position of the soil, where the potato is planted, more nurture. Then again take women that are confined to hard work, long hours and weariness, impure food and little food. This is like the soil that nourishes the potato, of different purity and strength to nourish the matter in the womb of the progeny. With this chemical degeneracy through the fluid system, it has a tendency to go back to degeneracy, and worse, to deformity. As I have said, the largest quantity in the womb from either sex, by collusion for progeny, the strain of form and stature will go that way, but an impure, weak, degenerating one of a dwarfish deterioration diminishes,—no clean and comfortable place to sleep in, which is a great factor in evolution ascending, and next to food, the most important. Then freedom of recreation, which many being slaves, are debarred from it.

Without these natural blessings, the development of both man and beast is impossible. Animals, confined to barn, ground, with little to eat and little water to drink, they become dry and withered and then they become barren and run out. That is where the white race is today, with no chosen place of their own to lie down to rest and sleep, become degenerated and go back to the scrub or crawls from whence he came, so does man go back to the crawls from whence he came, to his wild state. As Ingersoll said, to produce a thoroughbred you must feed them well, clothe or shelter them well, give them clean, comfortable places to sleep in and rest in, if not at liberty to roam at will, to choose for themselves the place of comfort and of joy by the flowing streams and rippling brooks, with shady groves and pastures green, wash and brush and comb them well, and keep them clean; give them plenty to eat and drink, of good and pure, clean good, dry warm beds to lie down on, and soft to ease their bones on, talk to them, pat them, teach them not to fear, which fear makes them nervous, erratic and dangerous. The same with mankind.

Then choose from amongst them, the well developed, the grand in stature, the beautiful, the kind, pair them, breed off them; like the birds on the wing that have the knowledge to choose their own. (Daniel Mooney). Teach grown children how and the way to choose their own husbands and their own wives; the pure, the beautifully developed, the generous and the kind and the true and faithful; consider the instinct and reason of the dog in faithfulness and love for his master, and when trained and taught, he will degenerate no more than we will do. In moral character, we all have got a great deal to know about ourselves, and the more we know about ourselves we will know the more about all nature. We must go deep into investigation and research to know our evolution. Then we shall see there is not much strange about our social system. We shall know how disease originated; how to abate these diseases, by knowing the food, the microbe germ lives upon, and what he likes best. Perhaps we could divert to another kind of food than he might better like than ours, or our flesh, and if we can divert him another way from man and beast, we will be a little benefactor to our nature.

All sects, as well as sexiology, and the smallest insects, choose their own food, and less or more depends the one upon the other, like ourselves for part of its existence, some times and places for the good of mankind, and sometimes epidemic and disease equally, so with other animals and birds, that the germatic insect microbes become so numerous. Like nations in wars and other extermina-

tions they become revolutionary, and at times of change, exterminate themselves. Man exterminates in many ways, and so does the insect microbe.

When from the bloody war they come, when shell and shot and gas was done, save for the noise they made in fun, about what the heroes they had done in France and Flanders glorious sun, while the toilers they were working, at Vimy Ridge they played bridge, drank rum and talked of shirking; till shot and shell around them fell, and awoke them from their lurking, when the three weeks they're back to the rear, they went to talk their bunkum, where the army south of Generals both enrolled them in their functions; young Christians too were not a few of their associations, joined in the band with heart and hand, to play the harlots' wation. From every tribe and every land, to uphold the British nation, from the London cop to the Glasgow slop, all in consideration, to go over the top and drive the lot of the Germans from their station.

Life's toleration's a measure that few here reckon to scan, but to me here it's just a great pleasure, for to know the deviations of man; Life's stream in its course here runs ever, no matter how some would demand a change here that I would think clever, the dross filtration of man, but confusion is most supervisive, it extorts and diffuses its plans, to a crowd near oblivion that gathered in thoughts of confusion that span, and unbridge all the joys and the pleasures, to the wisdom and knowledge of man. How can I here now think of sorrow, while sympathy still in the van, for those that continually bother the greatest and noblest men. When life is in danger of horror that affects here the greatest of men, hope is a pale horse to ride on, it deceives here the greatest of friends; it's a thought that I never will bide on, it is certain, I proved it to rend; it is equally so if relied on, to your nearest and dearest of friends. There is one thing that's true, when the cry's on, the truth you never can blend, with a lie to construe when its tread on, that will lead to a beautiful end. Facts are the things that're relied on, they're a method of proof that extends; truth is the facts that we stand by, there is nothing can equal that friend; love variates and depends on the emotions to awaken its charm, but truth's what the bosom depends on, that keeps it from any alarm.

(An Elegy on Civilized Thoughts and Actions—by Daniel Mooney, County Down, Ireland, where all my friends belong.)

Hon. S. R. Srinivasa Sarthia, speaking at a dinner given at Delhi, in his honor, he declar-

ed a section of the American press was functioning in a wrong channel regarding India's connection with Great Britain. He stressed the urgent need of unofficial visitors touring the United States, to proclaim that according to the best opinion in India, that country was determined to remain within the British Commonwealth, but I believe these American people are like the Canadians, they are not much concerned about them and their British Commonwealth, but they are more concerned about the principle, if the Hindoo would stop at home and stay within this British Commonwealth, as they are satisfied with Slavery, on their one meal a day, as their countryman said in the Strand theatre, Winnipeg, Mr. Woodey, their great Hindoo orator in 1922, but he voiced the opinion that India soon will attain the same status as the Dominion. I do not believe in unofficial visitors voicing the opinion of any country. On the contrary, we want the opinion of officialdom, but we Canadians object to him and Esau, his countryman, coming over here, by the assistance of princes and dukes of British capitalists, exporting to our shores, their surplus of exploited labor, because of your slavery under your so-called British Commonwealth. We can do without you very well now. We are like your exploiters, we are beginning to get a little Conservative now, as well as your princes and exploiters, that are lavished with banquets and entertained at the people's expense.

They are not satisfied with exploiting them in India but they want to send them here to exploit them in this country in our Labor market for our existence, to undersell us, for the benefit of their dupes. I guess this is the British Commonwealth they want to get after. Give them their freedom and let them provide for themselves. Their learned Mr. Woodey himself, though he was pleading for their emancipation, tried to drive in the thin edge of the wedge to get his exported emigrants to exploit us in this country, Canada. You will notice how this Ishmaelite Prince or Esau, Duke, is so desirous of educating the people of America by unofficial visitors to their country. It would look too barefaced for the British Indian official, to the capitalist class, to expose their designs of deception before the working classes of our country. Therefore, this Indian Prince, from the Washington confab, divests himself before his countrymen, of his conjuring ideas, that they are happy and contented under this Commonwealth of Great Britain.

If this Cecil Rhodes' dream to consolidate the British Empire by exploiting one colony to benefit the other, by underselling each other in the Labor market for an existence, and doing it so cowardly, by advertising immigration, Canada and Australia have suffer-

ed by it. Far better to leave these colonies alone, and if anyone thinks he can do better there, and has the money, let him try it; but stop these advertisements of propaganda, to deceive and rob them of what they worked hard for. These poor, deluded people there is no man would like to see these Asiatics doing well better than I do, but the only feasible way for the well being of any nation or people is for them to be free to work out their salvation in their own native land, without interference from any nation. It is abhorrent for any nation to dictate to another, thousands of miles away, or surrounded by any sea.

Mr. Woodey said,—and not only Home Rule and the right of equal status of Indians in the Empire, it was, he said, desirable to remove the disabilities they suffer in the Dominion, and to give them equal rights of citizenship to caste or race. I have objection to any caste or race coming here to compete with us in our labor market, for an existence, because of his countrymen's capitalists and British capitalists' exploiters. This is evolution descending and physical degeneracy. Immigrant citizenship is nothing more nor less than exploitation on the people in the land of their adoption, and more so, on the natives of the soil. It is all to produce wealth, and there should be no propaganda or compulsion in it, nor about it. Man should be left to the freedom of his own will, and it has a physical, immoral tendency to degenerate our own race. It is in the midst of us today by the effects of immoral acts of connivance and customs that are degenerating our race.

As I said before, these pale horses are becoming piebald and spotted here before their time, by the Chinese, especially by accepting lower wages that create physical, immoral existence, the effect of which has a tendency to degenerate our own race. These are defects of the foreigner that are, and will ruin our race. These Asiatics send all the wealth, like the Italians, back to their own land, and leaves nothing to nourish the land of their adoption, which they bled so long. The British and American capitalist has lost nothing by this transfer of exploiting labor, but the British and American workman has lost it all; woe be to the toilers! They have no contention place, and nothing to come, because the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindoo; capitalists are all mostly British or American capitalists, and as Rhodes founded this Empire, capitalism, by a sacred trust fund for immigration exploitation of one race to another, from colony to colony, or one country to another country, wherever the capitalist demanded, but all the remedy I can see to put against this Rhodes' plan is a Secret Society like Rhodes' secret funds, to combat these wicked Finns.

This Balfour, and his cousin, Lord Cecil, are the leaders of the brigands of nations of this so-called League. They have no consideration for their nationality, nor kith nor kin, but their capitalist friends, no matter what is the color of him or her. Now, you will note, this Indian or Hindoo is a paid official of the British Government in India, that has returned from the Washington Conference, back to his native country, and he is that well pleased with his position and his tour to the land of Jacob that he almost forgot he was an Ishmaelite and forgot, in his royal capacity that Jacob had ever supplanted him; and mind, he was so much pleased with his officialdom and his ability that he preferred to exploit it among the poor Ishmaelites of Delhi, and to show his technical knowledge and his book learned skill of all he felt and all he saw at this Washington confab or League of Nations, he divested himself of these ideas and advised them that no officials, but unofficials of his countrymen should go to America and tell the people how loyal they were to the British Commonwealth, while Ghandi was in prison for rebellion against British rule. So you will see this Hindoo conjurer how he could deceive these Ishmaelites of his own country to get them to believe they were not slaves, and it would look well in the eyes of this free American people to hear him proclaim it.

I suppose he wants those American people to believe their investments are secure amongst these Hindoo consolidated slaves, under the protection of these British capitalists and exploiters in his dear country. He wants the ordinary Hindoo to fire the rockets of peace and contentment, while an Insurrection was rising over Ghandi in jail. The Americans know, and I know as well as Sastri, the conditions of India or any other country under exploitation. He can't change its coat, though Jacob changed his skin. The inheritor can perceive, like Dickens so he advises the people that know nothing, to tell the story to the American people, about how happy they are in India, on one meal a day, under British rule. We Irish had a dose of it and it palliated not very well, until they took to the gun, then it had a different flavor. He likes it that well, this Imperialism, that he wants to possess the British colonies for the consolidation of Asiatics. Roahed's is a dream, and Balfour's secret society funds work wonders, but Senator Read and Robinson caught the fox and his skin has become quite cheap in the fur markets of the world today, and the nations and the people will soon be stopped gazing at them.

After all, in his rhetoric, he voiced the opinion in the belief that India would soon receive Dominion status. O, my, this Imperial-

ism. Let the people free to govern themselves, and also let all manual laborers stop in their own country. The merchants and business men have means, but the laborer is always a glut on the market. Everyone can go where he likes that has the money, but propaganda exploiting immigration must be stopped. It causes strikes by the reduction of wages and disorganizes trade and commerce, roots up stability, unconsolidates the organized production, and in many respects, the whole commercial system. Just think of it, this Sastri, said he was going to Australia, New Zealand, and Canada this summer.

Mr. Sastri said he would devote himself to pleading the cause of the Hindoo Indians settled in these dominions; he said he hoped to help to educate the electorate in these countries, with a view to assisting their Premiers to carry legislation giving effect to the resolution which the Imperial Conference passed last year. Under the resolution of the Imperial Conference referred to by Mr. Sastri, it was agreed that in view of the equal status of Indians in the Empire, it was desirable to remove the disability they suffer in the Dominions and to give them equal rights of citizenship; South Africa alone dissented from this. I say, let those Asiatics banish from their country these British capitalists that are exploiting them from their country, for them to exploit us in our Labor markets in these countries. Let him stop at home, like Ghandi and advise his own people to elect their own constitution, and keep their subjects at home.

We are over-populated at the present time and this Imperialism is degenerating the Dominions in more ways than one. This church and state is the capitalist's system; they are inseparable—that enslaves and rules people of these so-called civilized and Christianized that I am ashamed to be reckoned amongst them, when I look at this abominable race that are taught sayings and doings of this man, Jesus Christ. His comedians act at the well of Samaria; His dramatic scene on the Mount, His tragic anguish and suffering in the garden of Gethsemane, and last, His tragic death on Calvary, His friends forsaking Him, His nearest and dearest denying Him; and they weep at the thoughts of His wounds. Those very same kind of people in Belfast are taught by their ministers to shoot down little children and their mothers and fathers in their houses, at dead of night, sometimes asleep in their beds, because they would not consent to honor or worship King Edward and King George of Britain, and Christ said, Thou shalt worship the Lord, thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve. This is the church and state in Belfast, Ireland. Honor the King, but if you honor your own ideal they will kill you, and when they shoot down women and

children like their soldiers in France, they pray to some God to have mercy upon them. when they go to their Happy Hunting Ground or their gods, among the stars, in oblivion. They are at this day, a plague to the English speaking race, and as the Hindoo told them in Winnipeg, it is the getting hold of these religious beliefs that destroys the people.

They can properly use these ignorant bigots that know nothing; we could not control them; while and when their leading Orange papers were commenting and commending the Orangemen for how they shot down and busted those Irish O the glorious, British civilization, they never teach anything about emancipation or change in Belfast to these barbarians, but an Ulster-Scotch man you can never change, because they are the sons and daughters of Cromwell and King William; they were supposed to be the most cruel barbarians and fearless of the old Britons, so if hereditary is anything to be proud of, those that have mingled with them can look back with honor to the barbarous race of their forefathers they belong to, but no education would ever civilize them nor change them, unless you got them when babes, and separated them from their racial environments. But this training of church and state is the desire to exploit the people. It is the end in view, and the determination of them is for the preachers to preach obedience to the masters for they are part shareholders with them in their dishonest schemes of manipulation, both directly and indirectly. With fear and trembling you must obey them for they are the salt of the earth.

This is the doctrine of church and state and the will of God, for the powers that be are of God, but when the people of America took their guns and drove King George and his capitalist exploiters from out of their country, this was the will of God also. But where did the obedience come in? But the church and state says, God moves in a mysterious way; it could not be for disobedience God drove them out of America, but just a change of God's opinion, by looking on at these thieves and robbers. But still the church and state goes on, looking for obedience, no matter, change or not in the opinion of God; we must still tremble for the two masters—church and state. But allow me to tell you, this Great War has made the church and state fear and tremble, and the church and state shall be cut off from the nations of the earth, and they shall exploit the toilers of men no more. The people shall be the state, and the scarlet whore shall rule no longer amongst the nations of earth. Flame and fire of revolution shall take hold of her and burn her out.

Now I believe as Ingersoll believes, that I cannot sin against an infinite being because I know nothing about it. I cannot see it, I cannot feel its substance; I cannot hear its voice apart from nature, therefore I will receive no revelations from any power nor authority however great; I may burn for it but I care not. I don't believe that spirits can burn, in word or writing, without investigation and reasonable consideration to prove the fact. I will not believe; as I have said, I can sin against my brother, sister or neighbor because I can injure them; there can be no sin where there is no injury, neither can a finite being commit an infinite sin. No more can I believe he can commit infinite good; he is material, anything more cometh of this is of chance, without cause or effect.

The old church at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakespeare's home, is adorned with pictures of hell and the lake. One of the pictures represents Resurrection morn. People are getting out of their graves and devils catching hold of their heels. In one place there is a huge brass monster and devils are driving scores of lost souls into his mouth. Mind you, one devil is not enough, but devils, we don't know how many, over hot fires hang cauldrons with fifty or sixty people in each and devils are poking the fires. People are hung up on hooks, by their tongues, and devils are lashing them up. In the right hand corner are some of the saved, with grins on their faces, stretching from ear to ear, they seem to say, "Aha! Didn't I tell you?"

Now in closing these few lines, I just want to draw your attention to the fact, how could these English, Scotch and Welsh be expected to be civilized, far less humanized, with all these degradations of monstrosity of their pregeneracy demonstrated before their eyes continually. A people that would look upon such things in the twentieth century, must have a tendency to barbarism. Such pictures of horror and cowardice should be burned. Give me the beautiful.

A few remarks about the industries of part of Ulster.

I will take Antrim, Down, Derry, Armagh, Tyrone, Monaghan—six counties, linen bleaching, dyeing and spinning and weaving, and a few cotton and shipbuilding, and engineering industries cover the six counties, also some brewing and distilling, and about a couple of tobacco factories. Now, all these industries have been fostered and built up with a revenue subsidy from the south and west at the expense of these poor laboring peasants of that part of Ireland. No wonder the British government officials burned their constitutional books of state, and all their literature concerning the governing of Ireland. Before

the war, the women were working for \$2.50 a week, and some for half of that,—that magnificent sum of \$2.50 a week, without a boot to their feet nor hat to their head, nor a decent bed to lie down on, and when one of the manufacturers bought an Orange banner for his Orange Lodge, William Quartes Ewart, Crumlin Road, Belfast, rather than give his workers 12 cents a week of a rise, that would come to a few thousand a year, I knew these frenzied creatures knew no better. It was like the Hudson's Bay Company making the Indians drunk before they stole their furs from them. Then these loyal slaves would dance round the banner and cheer, "God Save the King," and "Hurrah for Billy," that crossed the Boyne, and they are the same slaves, as ignorant today as they were in 1874, when I was serving my time to the hackle and gill-making in that city, beside Mr. William Stead, a cousin to him that his statue is on Thames embankment.

They are a people isolated, inventing their slang of low repute, and proud to express what little they know all at once, and some never do recognize their feebleness and shortcomings, blind to conception, but always superstitious and barbarous, and more so and worse since the war. When travelling, keep aloof from them, and always when touring there, never make free with them; ask a policeman for information. I lived there—and their banner, when it got old, he bought them another one that they could dance around every twelve months, and the poor Arabs would stand and gaze at that rag held up in the air by two or three lunatics, while the crowd gathered round and expressed themselves about marauder King Billy. Isn't he nice? It is a good picture of our conquering king. Then the shouts and whoops of the barbarians is deafening; Hip, Hip, Hurrah! for Billy.

I have seen a Zulu and the Africander from the sandy deserts, with his clappers and his tomahawk, but the Ulster Orangeman and women of the Ulster-Scotch beats them all. They call their leaders the Athenians of the Athenians of the North, and no doubt, if there ever was a round or square-headed Greek, he is to be found amongst the Ulster-Scots in Belfast. For my part, I am satisfied, like Socrates, when he went among the wise men in Athens, to see them and hear them; I don't want to see them nor hear them any more. May wisdom fail if they escape, from deserving, cruel fate.

Chicago Herald and Examiner, March 24, 1922, call Treaty, a British plan to regain the United States—Alliance aimed at carrying out world's conquest dream, by Philip Francis, Washington, March 23rd.

Forty years ago Cecil Rhodes wrote down the program of British Imperialism which is being followed out by Balfour, aided by Hughes and Root, and every other senator who casts his vote in favor of the treaty of alliance. In the first will of Rhodes dated September 19, 1877, he provided an enormous trust fund which he directed to be used as follows: To and for the establishment, promotion and development of a secret society, the true aim of which and object whereof shall be the extension of British rule throughout the world; the perfecting of a system of immigration from the United Kingdom, by and of colonization by British subjects of all lands where the means of a livelihood are obtainable by energy, labor and enterprise, and especially the occupation by British subjects of the entire continent of Africa, the Holy land, the Valley of the Euphrates, the Island of Cyprus, and Canada; the whole of South America; the Islands of the Pacific not heretofore possessed by Great Britain; the whole of the Malay Archipelago; the seaboard of China and Japan; the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire; the inauguration of a system of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament which may tend to weld together the disjointed parts of the Empire, or members disjointed to the Empire. And finally, the foundation of so great a power as to hereafter render war impossible, and promote the best interest of humanity for the British people.

Carrying out this program, forty-five years is a short period in the history of nations, yet see how far the persistent skill, cunning, blandishment and armed aggression of British diplomacy already carried this Imperialistic program toward completion. The entire continent of Africa is not yet under British rule, but nearly all of it is, and the minor portions held by the French, Italians and Portuguese are under the guns of England and can be seized at any time she chooses. The Holy land, the Valley of the Euphrates, Constantinople, the Islands of the Pacific that were then Germany's, these have all been seized by fraud or force, since Rhodes wrote the program of British Imperialism. The inauguration of a system of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament, which may tend to weld together the disjointed members of the Empire, has been accomplished under the more effective form of the Imperial Council of British premiers.

All has gone as Rhodes planned his Imperial dream of power and domination. At work here in the United States, and here in the capital of the Republic, all the skill, cunning and pressure of British diplomacy are now being brought to bear upon the achieve-

ments of the one all-important part of this program of universal dominion—the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire—for that is exactly what every senator will vote for who votes for this Treaty of Alliance with England. This Alliance is the first long step towards Rhodes' dream of the ultimate recovery of the United States as an integral part of the British Empire. The next step will need less caution; they will come in the form of a proposed Anglo-American Union of United States of English speaking peoples, or in some other high sounding title with which to camouflage the surrender of our sovereignty into the hands of an Imperial Council. The enormous triumph of British diplomacy will be in persuading our government and people to take this first step. Once our people have become habituated to this thought of an Anglo-American Alliance, it will be easy to habituate them to the thought of an Anglo-American Union, which will mean the accomplishment of the dream of Rhodes. And to-day we shall see whether there are enough clear-thinking, upstanding and truly patriotic men in the senate of the United States to save the Republic from this trap.

Responsibility great—it is a tremendous responsibility which rests upon each man as he casts his vote; a weighty responsibility to the present good and welfare of his native land; a far weightier responsibility to the future safety, power, liberty and sovereignty of the nation which our fathers conceived and brought forth upon the continent they had torn from that very British Empire, to which some of their degenerate descendants would now return it. We shall know in a few hours, whether we too, after more than a hundred years of noble independence and splendid sovereignty are going to join the crowd of suppliants and dependents, who bend the knee before that sceptre or god of Mammon, which Rhodes, in vision, saw stretched across the wide world from the banks of the Thames. But I believe the best we can say about Rhodes, he is dead and I believe all his dream is dead with him.

In the twentieth century, to go back to a Caesar and his council of Pharaohs and Pateses of exploiters and murderers, is too much for my consideration. I believe instead of this Imperial Council of Premiers preventing wars through it and by it, they would—which is far worse—create rebellion and revolution, in that council would be the strong and weak colony or nation, and when trouble arose the strong would oppress the weak, and when that Council would take a vote from and by the British President, it would be his phraseology that would dictate to them of how they should vote; and by that

selfishness of the British race to always provide for self first. This is what the British call manliness or honest men, and this Council would almost all be descendants of the British race, and with their prejudice of race hatred, ambition in trade and commercial affairs, to my mind, would be a bad place to look for justice.

It is not to stop wars that I consider, it is to assimilate and distribute justice. I do not see any use for an Imperial Council; their services would be a mythical blind to deceive and rob other nations; and then, as to their own interest, it would be prejudice and jealousy with no agreement, but fears and doubt through compulsory obedience, which would never solve the problems the people wanted. We had a sample of this in Australia over the race question; that Premier voted against the wishes of the people, but for the majority of the government he belonged to, and if it is antagonistic to the British, he will be turned down; it is Caesardom. Imperialism, and the whole of the scheme is simply an exploiting crusade and oppressing neutral nations for to keep themselves afloat, and a creator of rebellions and revolutions amongst themselves, and when a colony disagreed with the Council's decision, as the Boer War, this Great Imperial would float armies into that colony or nation, from all parts of the world, to conquer them. This is what your Imperialists want. Britain is a nation of manufacturers that cannot support her present population, and these deceived Councillors give all the information to her at these meetings or assemblies, she requires, so that she can put her finger on whatever she demands, or she will threaten them of the decision of the Council—very nice freedom! It suits the British; the pirates have to live; it is their last resource, but doing it this way, through their Council, leaves them impervious from attack, and immigration anyway, is slavery.

All is chance on their art, but I have no doubt, on the Council's part, their premiers, and for the love of producing wealth, they will toast the immigrant and heroes to those that give their lives to chance, but the only cure America has that I can see, is to keep these British immigrants out of their country, and the first place they will have to begin at or with is Canada—a great head tax from Canada into the United States. These British immigrants are not all poor men, nor are they immigrant workingmen, but the British sharks that hate the name of the American Republic, and after they have a year or two of training in Toronto and Winnipeg and Vancouver, they have learned a little of business men from the States. After they think they are fit to camouflage the Americans, they pass over to the other side, telling them they

are true Republicans, and then teach the people in Canada to buy everything from Britain, and always give a preference for everything made in England. Instead of them going like men and women immigrants or migrators from England and Scotland and Wales and Ulster-Scots, they sneak over to Canada and Australia, and then leave those countries for America, saying they did not come from Great Britain.

In this country Canada, the Protestant ministers and newspaper men from Great Britain, yea, and the Canadians themselves that you Americans have fed both by your loans, to their trusts and their government. These same Britishers have spread broadcast over the land of Canada, these American's defamation, and to have no dealings with them, but buy all in Great Britain; and in their churches and schools, these ministers and teachers sent over, mind you, from England and Scotland and Wales and Belfast to interchange, a year in Britain and a year in exchange. What for? To teach the Canadian children and people to hate the Americans, and teach old British spite about the American War for Independence and liberty.

I have worked on the farms in Canada with British Canadians, after the German War, who were in the States when the war was on. He was by the name of Lang and he told me he made eighteen hundred in Idaho; and in the meal hours he would praise the British king and curse the American people where he took their money from. There is no hatred with me against the nationality that are honest and just, that interfere with no man's people nor country, but this is some of the results of the Rhodes' dream put into practice. If I was at the head of affairs in America I would give no preference to British, for I would have nothing to do with Canadians that under the eyes of their parliament and by consent of it and agreement with this Imperial Council, to teach such propaganda against these honorable and trustworthy American people; and then to suit the occasion, when they are wanting a loan or a privilege, they tell their press to publish these cutthroat articles of such, we live in good terms with our neighbors across the Line. I am living in here for twelve years, and if a real American had seen and heard these British Canadians as much as I have, he would never cross the Line nor let them cross to the American side.

I am 62 years old, and for fifty I have been travelling and now I am telling all I felt and all I saw, and I warn you American people, that the most dangerous immigrant or migrator to be found in deception, and proselytizer against your country, secretly, in their British clubs,—you have dangerous Orangemen that worship the British king and toast dawn

with the Republic, but these Canadians beats them. A man's enemy are within his own house. I myself, that writes this book, see the cause and effects of these deceivings, abominable, so-called Treaty or Pact. The women of America have got a vote and few, like in Britain, know how to use it; the theologians and clerics, by their churches, have taken hold of them, and they have doped them about the horrors of war, while some of themselves were amongst the rank and file, in the trenches, shooting down their so-called enemies, and they tell us we will have the millennium of peace and happiness, but that is what never will be while disturbers of the peace like them, is amongst us.

As I told you, the Imperial Council has them employed on the United States; it was proved in the City of New York and Brooklyn that a gang of Englishmen, a Bishop of the English church, and head Bishop that is in the Rhodes' dream,—look at the power Britain is wielding in the biggest city of the United States; in this Pact of League of Nations, but it is the strong to rule the weak and extort and oppress them instead of assimilation of their taxations amongst them. But of course the costs have to be paid in any Pact, however limited, but these women know little about the book these clerics teach them out of. Before they would crowd the White House at Washington, with signed petitions against wars, they knew more about Divorce courts and elopements and dopping the simple ones, as the clerics, I am sure the old sky pilot will be proud of this name, cleric. It will elevate him to think this means far-seeing and clear-headedness. O, my, he will feel proud. If they had known anything they would never have signed such a petition, because they were unbelievers like the head of the British Council, Balfour. If they had been believers, they would have remembered that man that said, "There shall be wars and rumors of wars but the end is not yet." But of course, they were like Balfour, a Doukabor, and they all got up and run, thinking it was the last day. So you will see the clear headed clerics themselves forgot Christ's word, or else, they were like Balfour, an unbeliever. If these woman and men like Balfour don't be taken in by constitutional laws, including these clear-headed sky pilots, they will bring the millennium, not to one nation, but to many nations.

This man Balfour, with his dupe, Mrs. Pankhurst, in London, accomplished the League of Nations and the overthrow of mankind. We have examples of it today in the Law courts of the United States of America; in cases where life is at stake, women acting as a jury, listening to the evidence and the counsel, breaking down and weeping, without

a thought of justice or the consideration of justice. If it is a man is being tried about some act concerning a woman, if it is any kind of an assault case, they never consider the man but the woman; the justice in punishment is never considered and they never think for a moment that they had a father, a brother or a son, as well as mother, sister and daughter, just their own sex, no justice. Now, married, reasonable men on a jury never think of the sex, nor even the counsel's address, but he reasons with facts of evidence and considers the justice of punishment to be meted out to him or her.

If nature loves itself, all right, it will never from itself take flight; when man and wife is grafted then, there's blossoms sweet on every stem, and if contrition serves delight, they will never leave each other's sight; when the buds are springing forth, protect them from the winds of force, and mind that trunk from which they came springing forth amidst drooping rain; nourish it with tender care that other fruits may flourish there. Then all these blossoms like a shower shall surround you in your dying hour, and every effort from their power is wisdom's soothing balm, adore; and when the bud's within the womb, nourish that plant at morn and noon, that all the flowers around perfume, and verdure grandly; there resume; this mother plant is bud and flower; from it springs forth all light and power, within this lovely, humble bower, there is not so sweet in every hour, as to remember we are blooming flowers, though we pass away like fleeting showers, to the destiny of man. The past is with us, the present is here; this is our real life's hemisphere, and the by-gones I never fear; I have been true to all that's dear, and when I depart let none infer that life to me has been more drear than any noble man, you are just a flower beside me, dear, that's blooming bright and grand; there is nothing else beside you dear, to rejoice the heart of man, and when our lives do wither here, we will both be on the wane; we only roam and rove dear, in thoughts our actions span, our flowers around are blown, dear, like chaff before the fans; from me and you they're strewn, dear, to many a distant land; their seeds take root and grow, dear, where few can understand, but in all the castes of man, dear, each nation takes its stand. But let none be moulded to your will, but the natives of your land; of all others I have had good cheer; it's just the race I ran, and if the pace was fast I steered, it surely has been properly geared to run the race I ran; from youth, a bud, I sprang, my dear, and here became a man; the lillies and frolics of our years are but a caravan; the doubts and fears of youth and years I now can understand,

when age has bent without consent, the hoary head of man; with youth and smiles I did beguile the fairest in the land; but I never budged without a grudge, in deception's wicked plan. To be man and wife is just the life of nature's truest span; there love is sure and nature's pure, and virtues are so grand, that life is fine like blossom prime, and river streams that ran.

(An Elegy to Man and Wife and Children, and analogous, to all nature that is pure. Daniel Mooney, County Down, Ireland, Banbridge.)

(It also shows these lines are concerning our lives and upbringing of our children as plants and flowers in a garden around us; our love for them and ourselves, examples shown towards nourishing them and ourselves in love and joy, and our separation and departure from them on earth; our love never dies: nature revolves; life as well as death is transition from one stage to another.—Daniel Mooney.)

Sensations, emotions that rise and fall, if it has been a pleasure it is not worth recall; some like to have it wretched and all, and when they obtain it, they stumble and fall, it's just like a song, a dance or a ball; when the game it is over, it vanishes all; then like the wane or the waif on the wall; it only lasts for a moment, it's nothing at all; it's worse than the end door of Jezebel's soul; it's sensational craft of the wizard of old; the effect of cause here is worse than them all; with a still running stream and no echo to call the past to the future, that does stand to us all; covered with virtue, that pleasure I call. Let our sense and our reason, these emotions all haul to a place of oblivion and bury them all.

A few lines to our passions of the flesh.—Daniel Mooney)

No man can be both a Socialist and a Christian.

It must be either the Socialist or the Christian religious principle that is supreme, for the attempt to couple them equally betrays charlatanism or lack of thought. There is therefore no need for a specifically anti-religious test, so surely does the acceptance of Socialism lead to the exclusion of the supernatural that the Socialist has little need for such terms as atheist, freethinker, or even materialist, for the word Socialist rightly understood, implies one who, on all such questions, takes his stand on positive science, explaining all things by purely natural causes, Socialism being not merely a politic, economic creed, but also an integral part of a consistent world philosophy. Carl Marx said it superseded landlordism and chattelism and feudalism, and when capitalism

exhausted itself, there was nothing to take the place but Communism. But I see the scientific economist has only to make a shift on the board and divert capital from one system to another by a method of garbing it in the form of a new dress or name, of a Limited Company, with Preferred Shares, paid up, included with as many transparent shares as they can command, that they know will disappear like a shadow, or they can make disappear at their will, through the manipulations of their confiscated plans.

This means, as far as the little transference shareholder is concerned, he has no liabilities to claim from, nor consolidated stock, nor receipt to fall back on for a security for his investments. He is at the mercy of the preferred, limited few shareholders. This is one diversion of capitalisation in a new garb.

But now I come to another-dressed animal of the capitalist system, and the last decorated one, I think, in my time, which seems to me the worst leper of all the capitalist system, and that is the co-operative system. This co-operation is similar to preferred shareholders in the Limited Companies. One might have 600 shares, and another 1,000 shares invested, so that even if the 600 shareholder had the advantage in purchase for his household, I will say about 6 per cent. in purchase, while the 1000 shareholder purchases nothing, with 4 per cent. of dividend for the year, the only difference between the two would be the dollars in purchase, which would not come to very much in the supply of even a big household in the year, so the man with the big investment is fed on the little investor's investment and purchases, because he produces nothing by purchase and is a hanger-on investor, still with a tendency to capitalism, and this purchase benefit is not a benefit because they could purchase the same article in many business stores cheaper and better.

Under this system of co-operation you are still creating capitalism; apart from equal investment of principle and equal purchase of the shareholders, the returns are creating capitalism. The masters in producing, through their co-operation with their workmen in wages' investments are equally unjust and coercive. Today in England, by reason of their big population confined within such a small territory, to maintain this capitalistic system, had to divert to co-operation, not alone the production of commodities but in the transference, yea, and in the consumption of them of their commodities, and they selected one of their own race, the slimiest, slickest serpent since Cobden's day, Arthur Balfour, and sent him to Washington, him and his cousin, Lord Cecil, but Balfour was the demonstrator and Cecil the adviser, and they sent him there to form a co-operation of a

League of Nations, to capitalize and exploit the nations of the earth.

Then again, they say they have a Welshman they call Lloyd George. I know he is one of the greatest liars and construers of fact, a conjurer with the truth and of the truth, that leaves him today in Genoa, performing the hat trick in and on Italy; put the final touch and curbing bit on poor Russia, to pay Czars' debts, while he starved them through war to misery's brink with his Allies, Japan and France, that now have forsaken him. He collects around him a co-operation of deformity to perform miracles of capitalism to exploit the poor Russians' country and to fool the nations of the world. In the English Houses of Parliament they were moving votes of no confidence in him, and the men that moved these votes were his greatest supporters and admirers. I see him again in Downing street with that malefactor Churchill, and his barbarian friend, Austin Chamberlain, forming a pact with Ireland, after his day, conjuring with one of his own countrymen, Arthur Griffith, and Mr. Barton, and an Irishman by the name of Michael Collins, but I never liked these archangels. I see him, after his day of conjuring was over with these English-Irishmen, return to his great advisers, Balfour, Asquith, Gray and many others, to hear the results of the day's proceedings and to get advice of how to perform tomorrow.

I see him again when and after he performed the trick, and sent the document over to Dublin, in Mr. Collins' pocket to be discussed by the then Republic Irish government, after he had discussed in secret in Downing street orders to the Irish pact, to discuss the document in Dublin with open doors so that the Unionists would get in and applaud the so-called Free Staters when they were speaking so as to affect the voting when the time would come, and so it did. So Lloyd George, the wizard, succeeded again, but as time rolled on, I could see the death of those that lead the Irish pact, and as the Paris paper said, the secret was kept by the blood of Collins and the death of Griffith, with this tragedy lying before this wizard, Lloyd George's eyes. I see him like Napoleon in Canatalina, with his arms folded, looking over the waters of the Thames as he looked over the sea, from his exile. I could see him from one of those windows in Downing street, watching the police and soldiers on guard, protecting him, when daring to go out to his vehicle on the street. I could see him crouch like a fox or hare whom hound and horn pursue. I can see him in meditation and dread survey the past. I can hear him throb for the deeds that he has done and wish he ne'er was born. I could see them at the election wondering if he would be

—stopped or shot. At Dundee they were waiting for the coyote Winston Churchill.

I have no respect for these churches nor hills—they are often barren and empty—in his first co-operation I could see his capitalism, in his first performance in this so-called Britishment Parliament on the Old Age Pension Bill. That was where I first saw his capitalist, co-operative movement against Labor. He moved and carried a system of co-operation between masters and the Trades Unions, in cohesion with the state itself, of Great Britain, so that it would fall heavier on the working man, not on the master,—just a bit of his nonconformist establishments—so that any pension the Old Aged received, they provided it for themselves. Lloyd George manipulated a system of investing these funds that were beneficial for the capitalist class, and as I said at the time, the Trades Unionist had no brain power or they would never have co-operated with the government to entangle their interest with them, because I knew capitalists' interests would always intervene.

In parliament, capitalists and Labor are always antagonistic to each other. There is no coalition there. Where there is coalition, sooner or later there will be revolt amongst them, which has and always will be a dreadful calamity,—Variation in conditions of sciences, products, productions, transference, and even the variation in the process of consumption. Man, in evil, his desire is beyond his excess, and exhausts and stagnates himself, and is vain; he compromises all for himself and his. To me the race is degenerated; few there are that are wise. This social solar region and planet on which we dwell is controlled by variated movement and action, of variations of cause and effect, and if anyone should ask me the meaning of cause, I should tell him variated movements were the cause. The harmony in different sounds of music's charm disagree to our ear. In demonstration of all such, our feelings vary even in expression of the one and same thought. The thrills of emotion feel and throb in different gleams. The only universality which can be entertained to my mind, amongst all mankind is by reason in interchange, in consideration of the justice, in equality in our dealings with all mankind, but to be united or universal in or upon things unknown, like supernaturalism, is an impossibility. What we do see demonstrated and proved before our eyes, we can agree that such a thing is a fact, but we might disagree about its qualified use or perfection in material things.

So to my mind, universal qualifications of mankind are a total failure, material or supernatural; while it is impossible in small communities, it is far more so in nations of various conditions and meanings of different lan-

guages. No reasonable man buys an article without examination, and to be a real Universalist, you must know all, as well as think all and believe all the same things, and act all and feel all the same way, which is to my mind, a cruel rude dream of British Imperialism. In our Republic, eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, vigilance, not by someone else but by each of us; fellow citizens, without your vigilance and your action, two-thirds of the Senate will next Friday pledge us and our sons, and our sons' sons, to the maintenance of the waning of the imperialism of Britain, and the reinforcement of the waxing imperialism of Japan. The four Power Treaty has been officially proclaimed in Japan as the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, with the United States of America added.

Oh citizens, make no mistake as to what Japan means by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and this four Power Treaty, announced as its lineal descendant and acceptable substitute. Japan, a feudal nation, in fact, till 1867; a feudal nation in spirit today; its war trained people held like a mailed fist in the tense arm of its military leaders. Japan in 1897, received the books that record the accomplishments of the Western World. These books it casts aside, save three. From one it learns the technique and the machinery of modern war. In the second it reads the story of Alexander with his Macedonian phalanx conquering the East; in the third it reads of a tiny island in the North Sea grown so great an empire that its morning drum beats, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circle the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England. Alexander—England—Japan.

First, the method of Alexander is attempted in 1894. China is attacked, over-run, subjugated, and Japan, in the Peace of Shimonosiki, exhorts the cession of Liao, Yung Peninsula and the fortress of Port Arthur. Alexander now has both feet firmly planted on the Asiatic main lands between the signing and ratification of the Peace of Shimonoski. Russia, France and Germany intervene and force Japan to give back Liao-Yung and Port Arthur. Thus Japan learns that the day and the way of Alexander are gone. It learns the slow but sure way of England, to proceed by alliance with those so strong that none shall gainsay your spoils of war.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance of 1902, made by Japan to assure the fruit of its next victory, made by Britain in its attempt to prevent this dangerous, new imperialism from falling on Britain's Eastern possessions in the inevitable British clash with Russia, then descending like impending doom on India, and already on the Afghan frontier. Now, mark well, what Japan and England, by a harmless

alliance, guaranteeing the peace of the far East; by their fruits ye shall know them,—not by the babblings of their poor dupes on the Senate floor, at Washington. Read the harmless peace preserving terms of the original Anglo-Japanese Alliance of January 30, 1902. The Government of Great Britain and Japan, actuated solely by a desire to maintain the status quo and general peace in the extreme East, and being moreover especially interested in maintaining the territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the Empire of Korea, hereby agree:

Article 1. The high contracting parties, having mutually recognized the independence of China and Korea, declare themselves entirely uninfluenced by having any aggressive tendencies in either country.

Could anything be more peaceable than that? It outdoes the peaceableness of the Four Power Treaty that we are to join. Then, citizens, when the opportunity for conquest comes, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is unmasked as a pact to guarantee the fruits of conquest. Japan, in 1904, induced Korea to join it in war with Russia by the solemn guarantees of Korea's integrity and independence. When the war was done Japan coveted the territory of its Korean ally. Russia agreed; England agreed, and on August 12, 1905,—three days after the Russian and Japanese plenipotentiaries had met at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, England consented to modification of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, so that it reads: Japan possessing paramount political, military and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes the right of Japan to take such measures in Korea as it may deem proper. Read, Citizens, read again—by their fruits, not their professions, ye shall know them.

Where is the velvet glove that stroked the head of trusting Korea? It seized the mace to dash her brains out. And, citizens, mark well, read carefully—a president of the United States and his secretary, Elihu Root, are seduced to consummate the devilish deed, secretly violate a solemn, American treaty with Korea, and to deliver her over to the Japanese butchers. Yet with all this done, China still stood safe under the shielding arm of the benevolent Anglo-Japanese Treaty. Its clause guaranteeing her independence was unpeeled.

Then, in 1914, Britain called Japan to join it in destroying Britain's commercial rival, just as the power of Britain's military rival had been broken by Japan ten years before. This time the price was China. At that very time, the ally of both Britain and Japan. Britain secretly promised Japan, Shantung, authorized Japan to add thirty million more slaves to the seventeen millions of Korea.

Again an American president was called upon to validate the treachery. This time, Wilson at Versailles. It is fresh in every mind how he agreed and how he nearly made delivery. Citizens, isn't it enough? You must think with your own minds. It is your last resort. Your press is hushed; your pulpit and your public men are bullied by false propaganda of peace, where there is no peace. On Friday they will bind you to protect the Pacific possessions of Britain and Japan against the "aggression" which those unscrupulous powers know too well how to provide.

The documents of history tell you what their innocuously worded alliance mean. We have just been an "associate" in one such alliance; we've just won one Anglo-Japanese War at a cost of 100,000 young American lives and twenty-six thousands of millions of treasure. We were told to go and fight for the high ideals of liberty and democracy. When all was done, we found our lives and treasures spent for the territorial expansion of the three Imperialisms that now invite us into a fresh alliance,—the Four Power Treaty. The infinitude of space between the fourteen points and the Treaty of Versailles measures the difference between what we thought we fought for and what we really fought for.

Citizens, do you want more of this? Read and ponder. See into what traps these imperialisms lure our statesmen, even when we are in no way bound to them. What will become of us when our young men and our resources are mortgaged to the imperialisms by a treaty which, as their records show, means the protection of their aggressions—no amendments or reservations can make the treaty for us. Whatever the gilding, it is a binding chain, it is the business of diplomacy, which the imperialisms have, and we have not. To translate into concrete action and benevolent language of treaties. Citizens our business is at home. Japan calls on us, for she has learned that the alliance is better than the way of Alexander. Britain, in the afternoon of her Imperialism glory calls upon our men, calls on all we have, like Joshua, to uphold the setting sun one little hour longer, or more, but citizens, not a handful of sleepy senators at Washington—they are there to represent you. Instead, they propose, next Friday, to sign the mortgage of your future. If you still think, citizens, if you still care for your country, help save it now; wire your senators and show them the indignation to which they will return if they come back home, from binding our sons to draw the chariots of the oppressors of the earth.

(Thursday, San Francisco Examiner, Editorial page, March 23, 1923.)

Truth—Justice

I, Daniel Mooney, consider this article a wiser patriotic advice of a man that loves his country, or the land of his adoption, to the people that in the excitement and fear of war, were deluded on one hand by pulpit orators, and economic paid and advised manipulators of the British and Japan pact,—the sole dread of any country, from the elevated settlers, especially the descendants of those you fought and conquered. A man's foes are within his own house, and as I have said, in my experience through life, by working and conversing amongst the people of all countries, I have been in, the only ones I ever heard speak and feel disrespectfully of the American people and towards them, are and were the British, and there are none of them so deceitful or to be dreaded as the Scotch and Welsh. While the English still have the impression, that country, America, belonged to them and openly when any discussion arises about America, he will say, "we will take America yet," and his whole end in view is to get a large population in Canada, and then with his English, Scotch and Welsh descendants and degenerates, with the Rhodes secret service fund, to organize a secret society in America, that is to cause dissension amongst the American people. Then England, with her Allies, would attack America on one side, and the British-Canadian on the other side, so that when they would have the American people divided in a rebellion or revolution, then Britain and her allies would try to retake America. I have heard them in their houses, on the farms and in their saloon bars, express all these designs and desires, and while the Scotch pretend to hate the English in America and wink the eye to his English countrymen, he is the basest in deceiving the American people, and the Britishers still keep telling the Americans that Irishmen are dangerous in America, because they know America is the Irish man's home of his exile, and the day Britain goes to war with America, Ireland will be her greatest enemy in the field against Britain, both in America, Canada, and in her glorious home, the Old Country.

Britain, in every part of the world where her flag flies, has created slavery and ignorance. She need not accuse Rome of making the darkness and superstitions. She laughed at the poor Irish and said they were priest-ridden, while she was their ruler, and never moved her little finger to deliver them from the craft, because she was always in league with the Pope for to hold the creatures in slavery. In all her Free Libraries, throughout her rule, she would not allow a Socialist book nor an infidel's philosophy to lie on the shelf for distribution. The Hindoos, and all the large populations in her so-called empire,

with the exception of her princes that can go to other countries and get educated, they are all in this state of darkness, and yet they want to heathenize America and other countries, and with their Christian religions, of Christ's miracles and superstitions in this, twentieth century, they have nearly accomplished the duping of the whole race of mankind. And as the Jews' God was deficient for them, they invited another two and grafted in the Holy Ghost and Christ Jesus, so that three is not sufficient; they have arrived at the Tower of Babel and are confused about how to create some new god or gods.

This British Empire has bribed, confiscated, stolen and annihilated nations and peoples, and yet their grafters of doping clerics say the great God with three heads is still able and willing to pilot them through this great storm. They were so foolish, as to get off their course and run into themselves, they were so busy desiring and designing plans to pillage and plunder other people and nations that I believe they forgot they were revolving round the sun, and that they themselves, were the centre of gravity. Just in this year, 1923, this Imperial foreign secretary, Mr. Curzon, in his negotiations with Turkey, after the Greco war about territory, administrations in Turkey, he thought these Turks knew nothing, after them paying for and receiving just as good an education as Europe or America could give, yet with all that, he wanted to place a judge in that man's territory at Constantinople, to administer English law to aliens, or foreigners, that might happen to respond to the law in Turkey, but he would not receive any kind of authority like that in London, so that you will see this Imperial Government wants no wisdom nor knowledge from any nation. She has got it all, and mind you, if this League of Nations had been successful, it would have been presided over by a Britisher. They think, as I said before, they are the centre of gravity, and a contracting power as well as a reacting power, and Balfour's magnifying power held the weak-headed senators fast for a long time, but Reed separated the thread Balfour had woven, one by one, and showed the senate the fibre he had woven in his imagination, to deceive these great American people, then rob him of his shuttle. That Balfour clattered so well before the senate till his thread broke and left his League of Nations a naked scorpion, and the American people were rescued and delivered from this dreadful pestilence of annihilation that haunted their beloved land and country. And last but not least, this editor's demonstration of advice that saved their blessed country from its fall.

Now, to insure your country's safety, prohibit immigration of any kind of British subjects into your country, from any part of her dominions, because I know a Canadian-Britisher is the equal of the greatest English and Scotch deceivers, fair to your face and behind your back would dagger you. Immigrants from any part of Europe, but Great Britain, are safe, but your enemy is a British subject, no matter what part he comes from out of Great Britain, or what way he comes into your country, from Canada, Australia, or any other part; he is your enemy, and above all things, your countrymen, when seeking election for your state, or any office in your country's service, be sure and find out his pregeneracy, whether they were English or Scotch or Welsh. These are born in your country, but still in communication with your ancestors. These are the dangers in your senate, in your state governments, and especially, ambassadors and consuls. As Ingersoll says, their nationality plays with their philosophy and cannot be trusted. The deceitful plays his cards this way. He is very honest where there is little at stake, but let him get into a good position, and then he will let you know how to work the cards. Like Secretary Hughes, of State, a British-Welshman, a leader in and for the country he wanted to overthrow and bring her into subjection not alone to a League of Nations, but into subjection to a British King and Imperialism. I am old and getting ready to depart; mark my words—I have warned you. I have noted the card in my passage by the way. No matter how good the American-born, find out his pregeneracy's nationality. If they are British, give him no trusted job of the state. Remember your forefather's struggles and suffering to get free. Would you go back again to serfdom and the slave? Let no clerics nor theologians deceive you. It is for a slung's living they preach, until the light is shown to ignorant men by the fire of infidel forces, ignition and illumination, then we can trust without a look back to superstition to guide our servants of the state; until man forsakes the idea of miracles and miracle workers he can not be trusted.

If I were Rockefeller, I would not trust a Christian in any important position for one year, simply because he believes he will get forgiven in the next world, for the wickedness he has done in this, by some supernatural power, but I would employ the man that believes he will suffer for the wrongs he has done in this world. Then we would have no Harding, no Root nor Hughes deceiving their country because they suffer for it in this life. We would soften the Harding and burn the Root and chip and hew the Hughes into a nice form and statue that would know

no guile (Daniel Mooney, Banbridge, County Down, Ireland).

As the editor said, we must read the true history of the past when we see what their forefathers have done, and them being so fond of teaching their children these facts, it compels us to think and reason and consider well what to do, and we are bound to conclude we cannot trust them. Why, if you were wrecked and tossed on an island where there was nothing but pirates, and go to their camp or hiding place, from the moment they see you till they have you, they will quizz you and watch you and never trust you till you have risked your life for them and with them. How do you trust these Britishers? In positions of trust in the States, that are born Americans, because all other nationalities, no matter where from—barring the Anglo-Saxon race—have no desire whatever of becoming imperialists in no sense of the word, of re-conquering or coveting other people's property. All nationalities are good Republicans but the Britishers and the Ulster-Scot Orangemen in the North of Ireland, the most hateful and most wicked against the United States, and the most cunning and deceitful of the whole race, the most barbarous and cruel of the cursed race.

There is one thing I notice in this life, the church and state or Legislature, to hold the people in subjection to their power and will, when they see a young man, strenuous and vigorous in his investigation of the acts and deeds of men, certain it is they know they will be found out and are afraid of the world knowing their scandalous sagacity and the proceedings of their confab. The priests and ministers will say to him, "never mind investigating these things, they are of no use to you; try and make something; you are just wasting your time; go; and learn a trade. These things are not for you to think about, they are far too high for you. They are just and only for the clergy and lawyers and doctors to consider and think about and find out; it is not for a boy like you to know. This is how they draw the attention of the youth from his grand and noble ideals that in future will invigorate the race that comes after him and encourage their research and choice of procedure. This draws, or rather steals from the youth, the expectation of his honest, pure and noble ideals that have made this world grand in thought and action. Thus the conqueror retains his manipulating powers, which are his ideals to exploit both body and soul of men, and the reason any scientist whatever pretends to believe in any Christian religion is because he had not time to reason and think about it, and him being brought up so by his parents in such belief, and having been so interested in his own invention, he

had no time to consider whether his father's teaching and upbringing in religion and creed was right or wrong, and not to belittle their father's opinion or his father's opinion, he said nothing about it as it mattered nothing to him, as he respected his father.

No matter about the upbringing in any creed or church, for this reason and by this reason and no other, hence the church claims the scientist philosophy and all, and if he did investigate his upbringing by his father, and found out it had not the stability of a sound foundation to rest upon, he would just say to himself, "my father has been taught erroneously, incorrect falsehoods and error. I will say nothing about it through fear of offending the church and accusing my father of ignorance or want of thought in his time." Being weak in fear, he says nothing and the church then simply says, he is a true Christian, while at the same time, he is a convinced infidel. But the worst of all is the construing of these boys in their youth, by getting his mind centred on some object of religion or creed that will divert him to the attention of their many points of law laid down in their creeds of exploitations. They know and fear he will investigate and find out their spiritual creeds and formulas were the exploitations of conjuring fakirs, to live on mankind.

He finds out that shadows and forms cannot be worshipped by material nature and humility. Their divine is divided and can neither be unified nor universal. If it is a ghost, it is also a shadow, outside material substance and feelings, with no coherence in material, human nature because if it is, it is a creative devil. When I see the heathen, barbarous savage in man, I abhor that snaky serpent as part of a universal supernatural being. (Daniel Mooney). I find it equally so with the young man in entering the Legislature, when he is keen and vigorous in perceiving and analyzing true and sure investigation, which bewilder the old Parliamentarian. These old fakirs, like our fathers see that the knowledge of theirs has gone and vanished, and with the young perceiver, a brighter, truer light takes its place, and to fight and hobble around a while longer, he considers and devises a plan for his own safety. He makes a proposition in pretending to honor by gratitude, his antagonist and rival, by proposing him to and for some minor position, with a little remuneration to occupy his mind for a time, in the hope of blinding his eyes for a time concerning him, so that he might escape the onslaught and exposition of deceit, at the hands of a young, enlightened Plato, but the moment his perception takes hold of him and his schemes of shelving him, he waits his time for the exposition of the old conjurer's trick, then to the ground

he hurled the naked deformity of the conjurer and the old, honored sage, a crude spectacle to a gazing world. Such is the end of ambition and corruption.

Liberty—a word, without which all other words are vain; whoever has an opinion of his own, and honestly expresses it, will be guilty of heresy; heresy is what the minority believe. I may state here that I differ about the definition of this word heresy. I hold it to be a person who believes in hearsay, and not a person who thinks and investigates and analyzes for his own proof, and if the church describes such a person as a heretic, I certainly defend him and all men who honestly think for themselves, that are capable of doing so. This word was born of the hatred, arrogance and cruelty of those who love their enemies and who, when smitten on one cheek, turns the other. This word, was born of intellectual slavery in the feudal ages of thought. It was an epithet used in the place of argument, from the commencement of the Christian era; every act has been exhausted, and every conceivable punishment inflicted to enforce all people to hold the same religious opinions. This effort was born of the idea that a certain belief was necessary to the salvation of the soul. Christ taught, and the church still teaches, that unbelief is the blackest of crimes. God is supposed to hate with an infinite and implacable hatred every heretic upon earth, and the heretics who have died are supposed, at this moment, to be suffering the agonies of the damned. The church persecutes the living and her God burns the dead. It is claimed that God wrote a book called the Bible, and it is generally admitted that this book is somewhat difficult to understand. As long as the church had all the copies of this book, and the people were not allowed to read it, there was comparatively little heresy in the world, but when it was printed and read, people began honestly to differ as to its meaning. A few were independent and brave enough to give the world their real thoughts, and as now, the church for the extermination of these men, used all her power by keeping back in the dark and sending forth her ignorant dupes, to persecute and shed blood.

Of this very Christian church, with all its variations in beliefs, both Protestant and Catholic, in the midst of their jealousies and hatred towards one another, lying in wait to kill one another, yet Protestant and Catholic vie with one another in the work of enslaving the human mind. For ages they were rivals in the infamous effort to rid the earth of honest people, and they are busy today at extermination of just men. They have infested every country, every city, town, ham-

let and family; they appeal to the worst passions of the being's heart. They have sowed the seeds of discord and hatred in every land; brother denounces brother; wives inform against their husbands; mothers accused their children; dungeons are crowded by the innocent; the flesh of the good and true decomposed in the British prisons, rotted in the clasps of the bolts within the cells, guarded by religious and national bigots of warders or keepers. The dungeons and the flames devoured the heroic and the brave, and in the name of the most merciful God, his children were exterminated with famine, sword and fire.

Over the wild waves of remorseless slaughter, rose and fell the banner, "Victory and Jesus Christ." For sixteen hundred years, the robes of the church were red with innocent blood, and from 1903 till today, in Belfast, and the North of Ireland has suffered the savage hands. Children, men and women suffered the guillotine, the dagger and the fiery furnace before ever the rebellion started, while Britons kept singing, "Britons never shall be slaves,"—and the British Government smiling at their Christian frenzied criminals, and later Lloyd George, Churchill and Chamberlain directed and guided by Balfour, Asquith, Grey and Company, starved and annihilated 30 million peasants of Russia, and hip, hip, hurraed, after sending military escorts as a guard of honor, with dead Irish martyrs, to their native land from Brixton prison, to make the nations of the earth believe they were human, after adding insult to insult to those they martyred in their British prison, and their only dread was that the truth would be known, and in all this they were still trusting in their Christ Jesus, and their ministers were paid to preach sermons and publish them in American papers, to make them believe they were great friends to deceive them, to get them into the League of Nations or their Imperial confab.

They went further to deceive the American people by saying the reason the Geneva Conference was not a success was because it was not opened with prayer, to make the Americans believe they were so honest and faithful that the Washington Conference would be a success, because it was opened with prayer. Well, their churches' prayers did not succeed in deceiving the American people to bring them under British rule and authority, and that is what it means, the League of Nations, and would have upset all Washington's wishes, and that was, to not alienate themselves to or with any nations of any kind for fear it would bring them into wars and expenditure, to establish no religion for fear of causing diversions among the people, and to elect a president only one term for fear

it would become kingism. I am sorry that they have broken that wish,—that is more of the British-American work that has sneaked in amongst your great people, and I hope you will rescind it.

The ingenuity of this British, Christian nation exhausted itself in devising punishment severe enough to be inflicted upon other Christians who honestly and sincerely differed with them upon any point whatever, and generally, indirectly if possible, to shield their honor in the eyes of other people and nations.

Give any orthodox church the power and today they would punish any Freethinker or infidel with whip and chain and fire. As long as a church deems a certain belief essential to salvation, or slavery for their living, just so long it will kill and burn if it had the power. Why should the church pity a man whom her God hates? Why should she show mercy to a kind and noble infidel whom her God will burn in eternal fire? Why should a Christian be better than his God? It is impossible for the imagination to conceive of a greater atrocity than has been perpetrated by the church. Let me tell you and let it be remembered that all churches have persecuted heretics or infidels to the extent of their power. Every nerve in the human body capable of pain, has been sought out and touched by the church. Toleration has increased only when and where the power of the church has diminished. From Augustine until now, the spirit of the Christian has remained the same. There has been the same intolerance, the same undying hatred of all who think for themselves, the same determination to crush out of the human brain all knowledge inconsistent with the ignorant creed; every church pretends that it has a revelation from God, and that this revelation must be given to the people through the church, that the church acts through its priests, and that ordinary mortals must be content with a revelation—not from God—but from the church. Had the people submitted to this preposterous claims, of course there could have been but one church, and that church never could have advanced in thought, investigation, nor in action being barred from reason and consideration, only within yourself, with no power nor authority to demonstrate it to the others, left the poor thinking people both in fear and dread of this authority and power of the church, which makes them both serfs and slaves.

The church might retrograde because it is not necessary to think or investigate in order to forget, without free thought and liberty to demonstrate it we never could make any progress. The subjective mind would get careless of or about the object and have nothing to consider and reject. This is the custom that nullifies, and leaves us simple, crawling

creatures without change. We must change our food; we must change our clothes, and as Shakespeare says, damn him that does not change. The highest type of orthodox Christian does not forget, neither does he learn; he neither advances nor recedes. He is a living fossil, imbedded in that rock called faith. He makes no effort to better his conditions, because all his strength is exhausted in keeping other people from improving theirs. He is real, universal; his supreme desire is of his heart, to force all others to adopt his creed, and in order to accomplish this object, he denounces all kinds of Freethinking as a crime, and this crime he calls 'Heresy.' But I always was convinced that heresy or heretics is a person who believes in hearsay without investigation or consideration of or about facts to substantiate his beliefs or arguments of facts.

And this is what we get in return for our investigations and considerations, placed on that pedestal of reason, when the Christian had the power. Heresy instead of Freethinker, was the most terrible and formidable of words, and this is our reward. It meant confiscation, exile, imprisonment, torture and death. Just think of it! All this suffering for the discovery of the truth and proving a fact before the eyes of the ignorant and superstitious. In the old days, the cross and rack were inseparable companions. Across the open Bible lay the sword and fagot. Not content with burning such heretics or Freethinkers that were alive, they even tried the dead, in order that the church might rob their wives and children. The property of all heretics or Freethinkers was confiscated and on this account they charged the dead with being heretical—indicted, as it were, their dust, to the end that the church might clutch the bread of orphans.

The world then was at the mercy of ignorant priests whose eyes feasted upon the agonies they inflicted, but today is worse. When these priests and ministers are behind the scenes and their dupes of ignorant men in the form of Secret Societies, at the corner of every highway and are waiting to assassinate and plunder, all guided and directed by the church, while their ministers in serenity, lies back and laughs at how well they are working this murderous machine, acting, as they pretend to believe, under the command of God, stimulated by the hating of men who think for themselves.

A good Christian was obliged to believe: 1st—That in the sacrament was the real body and blood of Jesus Christ; 2nd—That the body and blood of Jesus Christ was in the bread, and the blood and body of Jesus Christ was in the wine; 3rd—That priests should not marry; 4th—That vows of chastity were of

perpetual obligation; 5th—That private masses ought to be continued; 6th—That auricular confession to a priest must be maintained. This creed was made by law, in order that all men might know just what to believe by simply reading the statute. The church hated to see the people wearing out their brains in thinking upon these subjects. It was thought far better that a creed should be made by parliament so that whatever might be lacking in evidence might be made up in force.

The punishment for denying the first article was death by fire; for the denial of any other article, imprisonment, and for the second offence death. Your attention is called to these six articles established during the reign of Henry VIII. and by the Church of England simply because not one of these articles is believed by the church today. If the law then made by the church could be enforced now, every Episcopalian would be burned at the stake. Similar laws were passed in most Christian countries, as all orthodox churches firmly believed that mankind could be legislated into heaven. According to the creed of every church, slavery leads to heaven, liberty leads to hell. It was claimed that God had founded the church and that to deny the authority was to be a traitor to God, and consequently, an ally of the devil. To torture and destroy one of the soldiers of Satan was a duty no good Christian cared to neglect. Nothing can be sweeter than to earn the gratitude of God by killing your enemies. Such a mingling of profit and revenge, of heaven for yourself and damnation for those you dislike, is a temptation that your ordinary Christian never resists. According to the theologians, God, the Father of us all, wrote a letter to his children. The children have always differed somewhat as to the meaning of that letter. In consequence of these honest differences, these brothers began to cut each others' throats. In every land where this letter from God has been read, the children to whom and for whom it was written, have been filled with hatred and malice. They have imprisoned and murdered each other in the name of God, and the wives and children of each other, in the name of God, every possible crime has been committed, every conceivable outrage has been perpetrated; brave men, tender and loving women, beautiful girls, prattling babes, have been exterminated in the name of Jesus Christ. For more than fifty generations the church has carried the black flag. Her vengeance has been measured only by her power.

During all the years of infamy, no heretic or infidel has ever been forgiven. It is an unforgiving sin against this letter of introduction by revelation to this great Jehovah

of the Christian church. With the heart of a fiend she has hated; with the clutch of avarice she has grasped; with the jaws of a dragon she has devoured; pitiless as famine, merciless as fire, with the conscience of a serpent—such is the history of the Church of God. Nature never suggested that mankind should slay each other for a difference of opinion concerning the baptism of infants. These crimes have been produced by religions, filled with all that is illogical, cruel and hideous. These religions were produced from the most part, by ignorance, tyranny and hypocrisy, under the impression that the infinite ruler and creator of the universe had commanded the destruction of heretics or infidels. The church perpetrated all these crimes. Then the church will say she is not responsible for her bad followers.

Who knows whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another? Does not Mr. Ingersoll know as much about that great, unanswered question as the recognized representatives of the creeds? If not, why not? Is there any secret knowledge that is not accessible to men of Mr. Ingersoll's intellect? It may be that death gives all there is of worth to life, that is, ushers us into a new life which is the culmination and fruition of this life. Who knows? And who knows more and better than you, Mr. Editor, or I, or Mr. Ingersoll, except those who have passed the gates of death. Are there any of arguments or philosophies or revelations or facts of science not accessible to Mr. Ingersoll that are known to a priest, or a doctor of divinity?

In all departments of human thought, except religion, actual facts, discoveries and established principles only are relied upon. Why should this not be the rule in religious investigations? It is true all men may and must speculate beyond the regions of actual explorations and survey. Discoveries, or the germs thereof, are first found in the imagination. Imagination is the pioneer corpse of the mind. The creed makers and upholders have a right and it is laudable to speculate. It is all right to use the imagination and build theories upon assumed facts, but it is not proper to claim actual knowledge and infallible law and hard facts, when there is nothing but speculation and guesswork. Mr. Ingersoll has directed his wit at the assumption of the clergy. This is the head and front of his offending. He has stopped at the line which separates, so far as known, the known from the unknowable; while the clergy have pretended to know as well what is beyond that line as they do what is this side of it, and sometimes, even better. It is to this assumption that Mr. Ingersoll directs his terrible battery. He has many times

said that it would be no more wonderful for man to live hereafter than to live now; but who knows that he actually does live hereafter. Do the clergy? All men know that D.D. does not stand for any more intellectually or spiritually, than A.B. or LL.D., not an iota. This age is peculiar. It has thought more profoundly on the great problems of life and death than any preceding age. Perhaps if our thinkers have made no new discoveries of positive truth, they have found out negatively that they do not know many things that have been taught as verities. They deal in negatives because that which is not known to be true is positively asserted in the bulk of creeds.

There is discernible in all this negative thought, progress towards a higher, a broader positivism. Why should mankind be able, in an early unenlightened age, to reach a finality on the profound problems of religion, when ignorance was equally profound on most of the common questions of this world and this life? Why should religion come by unnatural processes, across lots, and in a lump, to ignorant men, when geography, geology, chemistry, astronomy, political economy, social science, physiology, architecture, and all branches of human thought and correct conduct come by slow degrees and in a natural way to wisest men at first, by the profoundest research? These questions are being widely considered by the common people, both in the churches and outside the church, and the Ingersolls and the subjects of the creed expounders are getting nearer together every day and ancient positivism is crumbling rapidly to pieces, and new and profounder and more rational theories are taking its place.

It was there that they hanged him, when his body came down, surrounded by Britons and her Orange bloodhounds. He knew this was the doom that patriots know, so back to the mountain went General Munroe; though he not defeated, but winter, I trow, was hard on the army of General Munroe. Oppressed hard with hunger, in the frost and the snow, he drew nearer to town, young General Munroe. Up round the hillside of Purdy's Burn Glenn, where the wolf and the fox there once found their den; he lay there in wonder how the battle would go, with none to reinforce young General Munroe; but at last was surrounded and bludgeoned, you know, on the road to the Liss and the Burn I do trow; and around the church steeple they perched like the crows to hang in the morning young General Munroe. With the light of the present I see in aglow, is the patriot's grasp on the future, I know. When Ireland has passed from her grief and her woe, and her sunburst

is shown of her sons in a row, not the least nor the last will be General Munroe.

(A few lines in honor of an Irish-Scotch-Highlander, fighting for Ireland's freedom in the North of Ireland).

There is one thing I noticed in particular in the proceedings of these Christian religions that I thought were very detrimental to the creatures in subjection to those dogmas and creeds of different sects. In the midst of their deepest thought about how to improve their condition, throughout the whole week, to learn some trade or invest a little capital in some business, or shift your position to some other place as you thought best; through the minister's visits and quizzings he gets to know all the desires and intentions of the people. In consequence, he loses no time in arranging a sermon for the occasion, and on Sunday when they go to church, he has his text thought out for the occasion and he commences to take no thought of tomorrow—let the morrow take thought of the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Consider the lilies of the valley, they toil not, neither do they spin. Yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature? He says again, —neither take thought of what ye shall eat nor of what ye shall drink, nor yet upon what ye shall put on, for your Heavenly Father knoweth you have need of all these things before that you ask Him.

If he is a father, why does he not give them when he knows they need them. He is like the minister and priest, he knows how to fool them. This lecture or sermon of his diverted these poor creatures away from their desires and designs, of bettering their conditions in the part of their evolution in this life, so that they might be a benefit to these clerics and priests by contribution to their upkeep a little while longer, and the poor creatures, by investigating and finding out what is best for themselves, are confused and construed away from the right path of their sure betterment in this world, by believing what a man told them without proving it. This kind of man is a sure heretic, without investigating and finding out and proving by his own works and actions, whether he should pursue his own trail he blazes out for himself, or follow the skidding footsteps directed by another. These clerics and priests have misguided and misdirected many a good intentioned man and held them in bondage to this cursed hope through their so-called faith. They will tell you faith and hope is the substance of things not seen and the evidence of things to come. I believe in geology myself, but if I do, it is from the evidence of biology which is a substance in itself, and an evidence without

faith. I never could see substance in faith, because faith itself is unstable. It loses and gains, it has its variations like all nature.

Man has his ambition to rise to the height of element in admiration of his position in this world and while it is a good moral ambition, it should be encouraged and fostered, but to be fog and stupify the mind with a blind or dead theory, is a dreadful procedure, to annihilate the future state of the being. If we are not happy ourselves, cannot we refrain from making other people miserable, yea, and destitute. How any man can impress upon another, to pursue a course he himself has not found out is correct and sure that he will not stumble, especially in a course that effects the destiny of his future state.

Even on the face of this planet on which we dwell, there is a line, or what they call the equator, which is in a great circle dividing the earth. When we reach that line, we know nothing about it till we see it and feel it. Then we see and feel the variations. We are over the line; we see and feel the change of the conditions in the other side which we knew nothing about till we got there. We heard and read about the scenes predicted by travellers, but when we got there, we do not find as predicted by the variations and conditions in our own experience. Everything was true till we got up to the line, but when we got to the other side, the circle, we found to our surprise, it was still the unknown and the unexplorable, and truth is justice. When it variates there is no union nor universalism beyond the equator, yea, nor the solar system; all is oblivion in and through variations.—Daniel Mooney—which means light.

Now, I come to the Rhodes' and Balfour's dream, of a colonial, Imperial Union of dependencies, and then greater and higher altitude, soaring the plural phenomena of the solar system, to a union of a League of Nations, which, as I said before, in the absence of truth, there is no justice and cannot be any union of hearts. We had this Balfour's Union in Ireland, in Africa, where Cecil Rhodes dreamed of confiscation upon the dependencies, India, Egypt, and many other inferior colonies are dependencies, which is the proper name for the League of Nations or colonies. Dependencies—for that is what Balfour and Rhodes wanted, to depend on this League of Nations and council of colonies, to sustain and upkeep their dear old England a little while longer, and the deviations and schemes they invent to accomplish their end or profit, is amazing in itself. In Ireland, if you do not submit to Balfour's coercion and martial law, you will be shot down, and the Britisher will say

"Shoot him down." In India, Africa, Egypt, all the same. Out of hell there is no redemption from under the club of the Briton.

Arthur Balfour has been listening to J. Gadsiz, the Indian Botanist, and with his X-ray glass, he is peering into the sprays of Marconi in hopes that he might send a message to Mars or Jupiter and other planets, such as the Moon, in hopes that they will become universal and join the Union of his League of Nations. He will never stop at the line till he is laid under it. It is a great pity of presumptuous dreamers like Balfour because they waken up out of their sleep, a raving nightmare, and are liable to fall over a precipice and their country on top of them. They are a terrible guide in the adversity and overthrow of desolate nations. These British ministers or clerics that have got sneaked and located in the United States, cities and towns, in their pulpits and platforms in lecture halls, in the United States by preaching their doctrine of British history and British doings and sayings amongst these simple American people—not simple in culture and education, but simple in the conjuring, wicked acts and deeds of these deceiving clerical ministers of British that are amongst them, that their whole aim, as well as Balfour's, is the overthrow of that great, just and true American Republic, for British rule and Imperialism. It is the means in her own colonies, of the many oppressing the few. If one colony refused to come into subjection, at her expense they would compel her, and if unable, the other colonies have to bear the expense of the rebellion, which is still war. Then, the League of Nations would be like a lot of bums standing at a saloon bar, hanging on to the one who was the most able to pay.

Freedom without compact is justice court-ning truth. It is a union; it is an affable generosity and respect—but a nation, like a man in the race for life when unfit to compete; seeks a handicap to keep still in the race, makes him a disgust to the fit competitor, and a scorn to the onlookers' eyes that watches the race of life, and says he should be in his own class, along with Spain and the degenerate, and not be spoiling this field of competition in seeking a League of Nations to protect him and pay his bill. I have a great aversion to him and all hangers-on who have squandered their strength in youth, by bullying the weak, and when their old age comes, seeking relief of those they oppressed. This is Balfourism. How did he detect the soft spot in you American people? As I have said, I believe it is and was through these British-American ministers and clergymen that have and are deceiving your great Republic, and a lot more of your capitalists like

Lord Mayor Hyland's wife, of New York, making a tour to London, England, getting banquetted and entertained by Imperialism, till she lost her head and scarcely knew her way back to the Republic of the United States, and when she got back she lost no time in telling them about the kindness of these Imperialists, that they had forgotten all the spite and hatred and massacres of murder of seven long years of war, to try and conquer and rule the great American people a little while longer. These degenerated women have worked upon the feelings of their husbands, that Mayor Hyland of New York, on March 17th, 1923, wanted to head a Free State demonstration in favor of England for Ireland—that under that Free State Pact, England was still drawing fifty per cent. of a revenue from the Irish people—but after Mrs. Hyland's Imperial treatment in London and return to her land of promise, Mayor Hyland burst forth in praise of the Free State Pact by England, and would raise riots on the streets of New York on St. Patrick's Day, for the honor of England, and confiscating Free Stateism—all because his wife became mean and degenerate, by emerging from the bath of embalming of Imperialism. He thought it was his duty to baptize on St. Patrick's Day a mass of these Irishmen in this Imperialism his wife brought back from London, like a bunch of shamrocks from St. Patrick's grave.

Oh, my, no wonder poor America suffers at the hands of such degenerating, would-be Americans. A League of Nations, in the first place is a stopper and a clog upon the wheels of progress. It would nullify the instinct, inert and dull the action of men and nations. There would be no innovation of any new thing nor innovator of any new ideas, almost a real stop in progress of genuine invention. What for? To enable a debauched nation to recover itself at the expense of millions of people and nation's wealth. How well this Cecil Rhodes, and his friend Balfour planned this hors de combat to rob and plunder the nations of the earth with their colonial, Imperial council, and finally, a League of Nations lead by aiding and abetting by these British-American clerics and Britisher immigrants, that are the greatest and unnoticeable danger, towards the overthrow and destruction of the great American Republic. No wonder these British clerics go beyond the line in proclaiming the destinies of man in another world, when they exert themselves so well to destroy his happiness in this one—tell us about hell and heaven—men that are blind even to their own condition, to have the audacity to try to explain the solar system of man, far less the solar system of the universal phenomenon. They are like a lot of

innocents just beginning to grow in intellect. To me they are nauseous, loathsome.

What is the use of clerics telling people about their creeds and religion, that they should know no supernatural being had anything to do with them or about them. They should know by this time, that inspiration has and had nothing to do with the making of creed and religion that came from the English church. If he was then the man who was inspired, to create the English church must have been wrong, when General Booth came out from it and started the Salvation Army, Swedenborg was inspired and he went mad; Calvin was inspired and he was a murderer, he hounded poor Costella to his grave because he would not believe in his inspiration; and so on. Will you ever cease telling us about another world of heaven and hell, and you know so little about this world you are in? Your intelligence and enlightenment are just in accordance with the ignorant you teach. If these people you teach were given to thought and investigation, you would soon have empty churches and advertisements in your daily press for teachers of an elementary education and a higher classic of scientific research of the philosophy and progress of our times. This heaven and hell is a dust bin in this side of the line of mathematics, and beyond it, is the unknown. Why keep conjuring about miracles, of frauds and fakirs of two thousand years ago? We have lion tamers, snake charmers and all kinds of reptiles, performers, since Moses' day, that give them great, good and true commandments; that God was good and could not sin; but this Commander, Moses, was like all other soldiers, he was a murderer. As Mr. Ford said, I say, all soldiers are murderers. Then we follow your progress for four thousand years to the time this man Christ changed your program, or rather, you changed the program in His name, because I notice by seeing and reading, you do all things in His name, and He gave you a Sermon on a Mount, and as you say, He cursed and blessed a great lot of different classes of people—not a bad beginning for the founder of His church—Christianity.

You have obeyed him and exemplified him in all these respects, by cursing and blessing those you hate and those you love, but as you proceeded along with these prayers, of blessing and cursing, I noticed you began to doubt whether he paid any attention to these prayers or not, because in this Lord's Prayer, according to your account, Christ doubted this Heavenly Father himself, because, "Forgive us" he said, "as we forgive them that trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from all evil." Now this great and omnipotent God that loved His son, as

any loving father would do, praying to Him for not to lead Him or His church into temptation, but deliver Him and them from all evil. Now, these clear-headed clerics say they are always right, and yet they doubt this great God. If all was His kingdom, His power and His glory, why does he lead His children into temptation? Then to get out of a predicament, they say, He left us the freedom of our own will. If He did, why would He punish us for using our own will? These British clerics denounced Mr. Lenine, of Russia, for ridding out of his country those cursed Imperialists, but Mr. Lenine saw his mistakes. His mistakes were these: He was too late in exterminating these cursed religionists family from his country, to liberate forever more his countrymen from serfdom and slavery. Any little mistakes he did make he soon rectified them, but these Christian clerics have taken six thousand years to try to make a Bible, and have not seen their mistakes, and it has taken two thousand years to try to make a testament, and they cannot complete it, and have not seen their mistakes, but Mr. Lenine saw his and was able to rectify them, and did it.

Now, as this League of Nations has for its advocates, the Christian church; it is to separate the people more than to unite them; quite a lot of these ministers, for a name, divested themselves of their holy garb and grasped the gun to shoot down fellow creatures, like themselves, and returned to their pulpits and addressed their congregation by this great command, Thou shalt not kill. Then, to deceive America and hand her over to the serfdom of England or Britain, they demonstrated the horrors of war, with Balfour at their head, with his polished phrases about his foreign diplomacy, that these American people had no conception of. He and his League of Nations remind me of a Tax collector; he went among them with his programme of conscription, wanting to know how much they would be willing to pay, that he might know how much to demand. Let me tell him his demand upon the resources of America, in both the life blood and wealth of money or any other currency, to pay her bellicose belligerence of expense of a British pirate intruder upon other nations, at the settling up of accounts, the moneyed man has to pay. In return, on a paper sheet is written "I owe you." Like the bum of the saloon bar, they want you as poor as themselves and as mean as themselves. Opposition is the life of trade; without it, there is no competition nor development of the intellectual mind, to elevate the social productive system of progress; to curb or bit a nation from providing for its own protection is like taking the hands from a man to keep him from defending himself and from providing for himself.

This League of Nations sought out and desired by British Imperialism, through Balfourism, is the most cruel, interloping and intermeddling ever seen through the intuitively instructed mind. It is founded and constructed upon a deleterious, poisonous confab, and by them they want to demoralize the weak nations and to exhaust their poor existence by a deluge of deceptive illusions, like Root's deluge of poetry upon the simple, impulsive mind that has no perception nor conception of the power and art of elocutionist, with great eloquence of passionate verse that is impulsive to the quick, that those who do not understand their emotion, shiver and quake. Eminence is a great, lofty pedestal of those especially, who plead for Imperialism, like Mr. Root, and alien-degenerated Hughes that wants to put on an embargo of prohibition upon every port of production because of its emancipation and liberation from the League of Nations.

Queer times are these, at John Bull's fall, because the nations of the earth will not endow him with power to authorize the command of oceans, seas and lands; he will only allow them so many ships, so many factories, so many guns, so much ammunition, no new inventions in munitions, of war to defend themselves, in or on air, land or sea. We must go back to the flint gun, or the bow and arrow, to suit a fallen nation because of its debauch and immoral wickedness. This League of Nations is a one power affair, and not only trying to drive back other nations to a lull of darkness and despair, but stupefying her own resources by binding and laying up the genius and resources of others, that this imperial power, selfish and regardless of others, has been a curse since the war, and was before, in dealing with her so-called colonies, of her blood of her own, leaves her in the eyes of the world, incapable of taking any part inside a League of Nations or outside of one. They are degenerated in physique by their immoral strain. France in its worst days, never descended so low in mental brain power as Britain has. Now at this present hour, June 20, 1923, you talk about a Union or a League of Nations; neither the British people nor the British Parliament could unite today on one thought. There is no union in nature without variation. The planets in the solar system move in motion within the bounds of their location and have their varied existence through their movements, their inhaling and digesting, their seasons and change of feeling, as we have in and on this planet. There cannot be a universal feeling at one and the same time; neither can it be in all men or all nations at one and the same time.

I admit there is a flicker or a glimmer in parts of all nations and so there is among

men, but they are not all unified with that glorious illumination of mental intelligence, which you call universalism of and with a League of Nations. All nations, as well as all planets, are located in different positions around the sun, like nations, owing to their different positions or locations, their conditions of existence change or vary, the one from the other, so that our thoughts in one nation for their existence are quite opposite the ones from the others, and let me tell you that all men's thoughts and deviations are for the sustaining and existence of man. All science, invention, constructing, consolidating are for the preservation of mankind, and with ambition to possess, and jealous of a rival, divided nations never can think of union, far less universalism.

What I think about universalism is this: A poor, non-producing nation like Britain, with no resources of her own, but contracting out for other nations, by her manufacturing other nations' products, makes her a sub-contractor to other producing nations that are unable to fill their orders themselves, by lack of labor or shortness of machinery to supply the demand. A nation like this of Great Britain will always be paying interlopers and fakirs for crying, and by books and the public press, for a Union of Nations, or the great, big, all universalism, and mind you, they have educated their ignorant classes pretty much on this basis. In their government of Ireland, of the taxation of that island, they give a subsidy to all the big British manufacturers, to employ British workmen in Belfast as a garrison town, to exploit the Irish and exile them to the labor markets of the world, and Balfour, being such an expert at this game, and having such perfect training in Ireland, they thought he was competent enough, and had experience enough to befool the American Senate at Washington to join their British Imperial League of Nations.

I never read of a man yet proclaiming, or desiring to proclaim, a union with other nations. His nationality always spoiled his philosophy. I had seen a little experience of these weak fakirs when they were unable to support themselves, in the Trades Union ranks, creeping along with delegates like Balfour, to the big financial union to try to get allied. The plain way of speaking about Britain and a League of Nations,—she is down and out and wants to recuperate, but she is too old and frail, and as the ignorant Belfast man is taught to say about the Irish subsidies—it was to help a fellow out—but I am glad the American Senate saw the British fakir Balfour and sent him to London to be fettered and decorated with Knights of Garters and a deluge of pagan memorial decorations, sent

up to the House of Lords to condone his fakir's tricks, but now he rolls on the wool-sack, like Richard waiting for Richmond, with groans and laments. If this Balfour and Cecil Rhodes would leave the people and nations alone, to work out their salvation themselves, without coercion, then they would understand they were free, but I suppose these poor men have got their philosophy from the most grotesque savage up to Heckle, by which they account for all phenomena of nature they may have observed. From that they may have got their ideas of right and wrong. Now, where there are no rights there can be no duties, so I fail to see his right to form a League of Nations of and for coercion, but since his Coercion Bill of 1874 in Ireland he has got coercion on the brain, and so he wants a League of Nations to help him out, but he can have no duties there because he has no right there. Let us always remember that only as a man becomes free it is by his freedom that he can by any possibility become good or great.

Every savage has had his philosophy, and by it accounted for everything he observed, and he had an idea of controlling power. One said, "There is a being who presides over our world, and who will destroy us unless we do right." Others had many of these beings but they were invariably like themselves. The most fruitful imagination cannot make more than a man, though it may make infinite powers and attributes out of the powers and attributes of man. You cannot build a God unless you start with a human being, and Mr. Balfour is not a human being. During my experience of seeing and reading his actions and deeds this 49 years, convinces me he was savage-born. The savage said, when there was a storm, "Somebody is angry." When lightning leaped from the lurid cloud, he thought "What have I been doing?" and when he could not think of any wrong he had been doing, he tried to think of some wrong his neighbors had been doing. I think as Darwin thought, that man has come up from the lowest orders of evolution and may not have come up very far at that. Still, I believe in the midst of all the loathfulness of man, we are progressing slowly as a whole unit, but in small sections, in leaps and bounds. But speaking of man's early philosophy, his morality was founded first on self defence, and Mr. Balfour has chosen that good part, self defence. When gathered together in tribes, he held that the Infinite Being would hold the tribe responsible for the actions of any individual who had angered Him. So would Mr. Balfour in his League of Nations hold the pact responsible, physically and financially, for the expense of one rebel refusing to pay the costs of his rebellion. Then Mr. Balfour's clerics

say. "It is God's will." Now, I do not say there is no God, but what I do say, like many others before me, I do not know whether there is a God or not. As Ingersoll says, the only difference between me and the theologian is that I am honest. There may or there may not be an Infinite Being, but I do not know it and until I do, I cannot conceive of any obedience I owe to any unknown being.

Fear drops on its knees and believes; it is only courage that can think. It was the idea that man's actions could do something outside of any effect his mechanical works might have to change the order of nature that he might commit some offence to bring on an earthquake, but he cannot do it; you can't be bad enough to cause an earthquake, neither can you be good enough to stop one.

Out of that wretched doctrine and infinite mistake that man's belief could have any effect upon your nature, grew all these Inquisitions—racks and collars of torture—and all the blood that was ever shed by religious persecution. This is why these frenzied religious writers have in their heads, the idea of universalism of thought and actions. Like Cardinal Newman and Ethics—he said they were foreign to England and she could never adopt them. He wants universalism as well as Balfour, but let me tell him, I am an Irishman and cannot adopt them, and if there was a God Almighty, which I know not whether there is or not—could adopt ethics to satisfy mankind. It would be coercion to do so.

I see some men praying for cold, some praying for heat, some to be delivered from death, some for death, some for riches, some for honor and position,—where could any universalism of any kind exist? As I have said, there are no two men alike or equal in all things; there are variations, and as long as men vary in desire and actions, I fail to see equality, far less universalism. It is an impossibility without coercion, which would be a curse in serfdom for the being race. The planets on which we dwell are free to roam at will because although we revolve in space around the sun, like other planets, we vary in longitude and perpendicular soaring to and from the sun. Let me tell you, I believe space is boundless and past finding out. Man, with all his discovering genius and art, is yet but an insect or microbe. (Daniel Mooney).

We can give every man his rights and justice and liberty to soar to equality, but we cannot place him there if unfit to obtain it. In Europe today part of the country is divided between kings and priests, they hold or held that he got his power from the unknown,—so did the priests. They could not nor cannot say they got it from the people; the people would deny it; the unknown could not deny it, and thus the altar and the throne stand

side by side, where republicanism is unknown. Now, there is a party in this country, America and I, one of that party. The object is to give every man, woman and child the rights they are entitled to. Now every one of us has the right, and the same right, to labor and to have the product of our labor. I have a right to think, and further more, to express my thoughts, because expression is the reward of my intellectual labor, and yet in the United States, there are states where men of my ideas would not be allowed to testify in a Court of Justice; is that right? There are states in this country where, if the law had been enforced, I would be sent to the penitentiary for lecturing. All such laws were enacted by barbarians and our country will not be free until they are wiped from the statute books of every state.

Does an Infinite Being want to be protected by a State Legislature? If the Bible is inspired, does the author of it need to be supported by the laws to command respect? Think of a law to govern taste; think of a law to govern mind, of any question whatever. Think of the way in which they supported the Bible. They have terrorized the old with laws, and captured the dear, little, innocent children and poisoned their minds with their false stories until they have reached the age of manhood, till they have been afraid to think for themselves. But there has been a reaction of late years in the United States; the country has begun to be prosperous and they do not think much of religion. It is only when hard times come they turn their attention towards it. That shows and proves it was born of slavery. There are people in America, but they are born of Britons, who say they are getting too irreligious, too scientific. Now, is it not a fact that they are happier today than at any period of their history? And they have reaped the rewards of Ingersoll's advocating and predictions. Their women stand side by side as man's equal, in justice and reward. They live in a great country, though perhaps they don't know it, but if they lived in any other country for awhile, they will soon find it out. See then what these people have got by looking to the affairs of the world. But the ministers and priests want you to look at another world that profits you nothing, but occupies your mind about blind oblivion.

The Bible cannot stand today without support of the civil power. No religion ever flourished except by the sword and the support of it, and no religions like these could have been established except by brute force. At one time we thought a great lot of clergymen, but now we have got to thinking they are not of as much importance as a man that has invented something. The church, seeing

this, has made up its mind that it is necessary to do something, and so got up a plan to be acknowledged by law. I do not believe Jesus Christ is the ruler of nations. If He is the ruler of one. He is the ruler of all. Why does He not then rule one as well as another? If you give Him credit for the good things of one, you must denounce Him for the tyranny and despotism of others. The revealed Word of God is not the standing of civil justice in this country; the Bible is not the standard of right and wrong or of decency in this country. You cannot put God in the constitution because if you do there would be no room for the people. Whatever you put in the constitution you must enforce by the sword, and you cannot go to war with any man for not believing in your God; God has no business there and any man who is in favor of putting Him there is an enemy to the interests of the American institutions. Now for the purpose of preventing the name of God being put into the constitution, there is another little party which has been started, and these are its doctrines.

We want an absolute divorce between church and state; we demand that church property should not be exempt from taxation. If you are going to exempt anything, exempt the homesteads of the poor—don't exempt a rich corporation and make men pay taxes to support a religion in which they do not believe. But they say churches do good; I don't believe they do. Do you see such a wonderful difference between a member of a church, and the men who do not believe in it? Do church members pay their debts any better than any others? Do they treat their families any better? Did you hear of any man coming into a town broke, and inquire where the deacon of a Presbyterian church lived? Has not the church opposed every science from the first ray of light until now? Did not they damn into eternal flames the man who discovered the world was round? Did not they damn in to eternal flames the man who discovered the movements of the earth in its orbit. Did not they persecute the astronomers? Did not they even try to put down life insurance by saying it was sinful to bet on the time God has given you to live? Science built the academy, superstition the inquisition; science constructed the telescope, religion the rack; science made us happy here and says, if there is another life we will all stand on equal chance there. Religion made us miserable here and says a large majority will be eternally miserable there. Should we therefore exempt from taxation for any good it has done?

The next thing we ask is a perfect divorce between church and school. We say every school should be secular because it is just to

everybody. If I were an Israelite, I would not be taxed to have my children taught that his ancestors had murdered a Supreme Being. Let us teach not the doctrines of the past but the discoveries of the present, not the five points of Calvinism, but geology and geography. Education is the lever to raise mankind, and superstition is the enemy of intelligence.

As I sit here alone beside the lake shore, my heart it turns back to the past days of yore; when I sported and played with the boys in a ring and gathered the flowers for the maidens to bring to the home of the cot or cabin within, though on Sunday they said it was a great sin. I hear the great echo of nature in spring, by the song birds in foliage and all other things; the wild deer and wolf and bear often stray around these lone lakes when in search of their prey, while within my log cabin I listen and say, "I lie here in peace and don't need to pray." Away from the bustle of hunger and strife, there is a home in the bushes for both man and wife; some poets lamented of solitude's grace and scorned at the sages that smiled in her face; he thought it was horrid to lean on her arm, and prayed for a noiseful embrace of this charm, but the home in the wildwood for me,—and this place will scorn at the show of life's hustle and teach. I can hear both the sound of sweet music and speech, from the woods to the shore on the sand of the beach, but society's friendship of what he calls love is born of deception and murders the dove. Look at the suffering, think of the pain, the destitute wandering in sorrow and shame; we all see the victims, but who is to blame? This is life's great bustle or hustle that came like a war raging o'er us, leaves nothing but slain. Oh, man, you are wretched; from whence have you came without the perception of wisdom to claim; then you and yourself have devised with your brain; it's you and no other, none other to blame. To live in the hustling throng of a crowd, is not my intention I ever have vowed. They are eating and drinking, the pleasures of life in aeroplane circles and motor car vice; they are trying to reach their element sky, while I in the calm of the wilderness, lie. Oh, man, the creator of pleasure and pain, must enjoy the both and leave nothing to blame; some things that do happen, in justice they came, yet insanity chatters and says it's shame. Let them have their circles in masquerade hall, but I like a circle in wood, bush and all. There is pleasure in harmonies, echoes and sound, it's a language in speech if you could it expound; the feelings, emotions, to me are the same as of a friend speaking to me on the prairie plain. I love its

embracings, I enfold in its charms; in its wildest emotions I don't feel alarmed.

What are the amusements in city or town? But the wild birds and animals you have gathered round, from their home in the bush to enlighten your town; you can hop, stop and jump, run, sport and play, but the home in the bush is the home when you may. There's the beaver and mink, and the otter with skill; for fun in the water you can have your fill. The wild deer and wolf, with the fox and bear could show you some stunts with their throws in the air. There is the marten, the weasel and squirrel, that will show you some wit you will need for your will; the old lumberjack that looks almost tame, while eating our dinner, partakes of the same. There is the woodpecker, of the bush he's the cream; he is chopping all day his living to gain; there's the lumber wood-chicken that's bigger than hen, when hatching their young are wiser than men.

(Daniel Mooney—When watching camp in the lumber woods).

The first great infidel was Giordhna Bruno; he was born in the year of grace 1550, he was a Dominican friar, Catholic, and afterwards he changed his mind; the reason he changed was because he had a mind; he was a lover of nature, and said to the poor hermits in their caves, to the poor monks in their monasteries, to the poor nuns in their cells,—“Come out in the glad fields; come and breathe the fresh, free air; come and enjoy all the beauty there is in this world. There is no God can be made happier by your being miserable. There is no God who delights to see upon the human face, tears of pain, of grief, of agony; come out and enjoy all there is of human life; enjoy progress, enjoy thought, enjoy being somebody and belonging to yourself.” He revolted at the idea of transubstantiation. He revolted at the idea that the eternal God could be in a wafer; he revolted at the idea that you could make a Trinity out of dough, bake God in an oven as you would a biscuit. I should think he should revolt; the idea those who when smitten on one cheek, turn the other, threatened to kill this man.

He fled from his native land and was a vagabond in nearly every nation of Europe. He declared he fought, not what the people believed but what they pretended to believe, and as Mr. Ingersoll said, so do I say; that is the business I am fighting—what the people pretend to believe. I am simply saying what other people think. We have passed midnight in the history of this world. Bruno was driven from his native country because he taught the rotation of the earth. You can see what a dangerous man he must have been in a well-regulated monarchy. You see he found

a fact, and a fact has the same effect upon religion that dynamite has upon a Russian Czar. A fellow with a new fact was suspected and arrested, and they always thought they could destroy it, by burning him, but they never did and never can. All the fires of martyrdom never destroyed one truth; all the churches of the world have never made one lie true. Germany and France would not tolerate Bruno, but it was because he was ahead of them and they were jealous of his genius, through their Heckel, with all his biology of 350 years after him, has not equalled him in real, sound genuine thought. To my mind he solved the problem of what we are all investigating—that God is in all nature that seems dead or alive in the whole universal system; when we have found out by him and Galileo, the rotation of this planet, we know that all other planets move and have their rotation being the same as this one, no matter how far apart or separated the one from the other. According to the Christian system, this world was the centre of everything. The stars were made out of what little God happened to have left when he got the world finished. God lived up in the sky, and they said this earth must rest upon something; and finally, science passed its hand clear under the earth, and there was nothing; it was self-existent in infinite space.

I always thought there could be no such thing as axis in connection with the earth, where perpetual motion existed; when I read it I was convinced that man came up very slowly from a dark state. Then the church began to say—they did not say the world was flat, not so awful flat, it was kind of rounding. According to the ancient Christians, God lived from all eternity, and never worked but six days in all his life, and then had the impudence to tell us to be industrious.

I heard of a man going to California over the plains and he had a great deal to say, and finally he fell into conversation with a Forty-niner, and the latter said to the clergyman; "Do you believe that God made the world in six days?" "Yes, I do." They were then going along the Humboldt! says he, "Don't you think He could have put in another day to advantage right around here?"

Bruno went to England and delivered lectures at Oxford; he found there was nothing taught there but superstition. Then they told him they did not want him any more. He went back to Italy where there was a kind of fascination that drew him back to the very door of the inquisition; he was arrested for teaching that there were other worlds, and that stars are suns around which revolve other planets. He was in prison for six years. During those six years, Galileo was teaching ma-

thematics—six years in a dungeon—and then he was tried, denounced by the Inquisition, excommunicated, condemned by brute force, pushed upon his knees while he received the benediction of the church, and on February 16, 1600, he was burned at the stake. This is his doctrine and so it is mine. (Daniel Mooney).

That matter and force have existed from eternity, and this force lives in all things, even in such as appear not to live, in the rock as much as in the man; that matter is the mother of forms and the grace of forms; that matter and force together constitute God. Matter in the womb is the mother of forms; matter on the seashore, I have seen the fish in solid, concrete form polished by the waves against the rocks and in the rock, with a graceful appearance,—to prove that Bruno was and is right; he was a Pantheist, that is to say, he was an atheist; he had the courage to die for what he believed to be right. Ingersoll said, "The murder of Bruno will never, in his judgment, be completely and perfectly revenged until from the city of Rome shall be swept every vestige of priests and pope; until from the shapeless ruin of St. Peter's, the crumbled Vatican and the fallen cross of Rome, rises a monument sacred to the philosopher, the benefactor and the martyr, Bruno."

Voltaire was born in 1694. When he was born, the natural was about the only thing that the church did not believe in. Monks sold amulets, and the priests cured in the name of the church. The worship of the devil was actually established, which today is the religion of the church of China; they say God is good, he won't bother you. Joss is the one, they offer him gifts and try to soften his heart; so in the Middle Ages the poor people tried to see if they could not get a short cut and trade directly with the devil, instead of going around about through the church. In these days witnesses were cross-examined with instruments of torture. Voltaire did more for human liberty than any other man. He cut off from the earth the vermin of incult. With the perception of ingenuity, intuitively controlled mind, he appealed to the common-sense of mankind. He held up the great contradictions of the sacred Scriptures in a way that no man once having read them, could forget, or read to him about them and forget. For one, I thank Voltaire for the liberty I am enjoying this very moment. The chastisements of Voltaire and Lenine for the God of the future will forever be a torchlight to be carried in the hearts and souls of men. They banished kings from their thrones, and scattered in fragments the Pope's delegates, to the ends of the earth, or over and around its

circle, in fear and dread. These are the heroes of the Emancipation Day.

How small a man a priest looked when he pointed his finger at him; how contemptible a king? Towards the last of May, 1772, it was whispered in Paris that Voltaire was dying; he expired with the most perfect tranquillity. There has been, and will be of all us infidels, constructed more shameful lies about the death of this great and wonderful man, compared with all of his calumniators, living or dead, they were but dust and vermin. From his throne at the foot of the Alps, he pointed his finger of scorn at every hypocrite in Europe; he was the pioneer of his century and the forerunner of Lenine, who chased from his country the tyrants of priests and kings and broke the prison bars and the dungeon doors and set the prisoners free. Voltaire's torch never slumbered nor abated but is still marching on in the hearts and souls of men.

Benedict Spinoza, a Jew, born at Amsterdam in 1632, studied theology and asked the rabbis too many questions and talked too much about what he called reason, and finally he was excommunicated from the synagogue and became an outcast at the age of twenty-four, without friends, cursed, anathematized, bearing upon his forehead the mark of Cain because he undertook to solve the problems of the universe. To him the universe was one; the infinite embraced the all; that all was the proposition of Spinoza; are so luminous as the stars, and his demonstrations, each one of them, is a Gibraltar behind which logic sit laughing at all the sophistries of theological thought. In every relation of life he was just, true, gentle, patient, loving, affectionate. He died in 1677.

In his life of 44 years he had climbed to the very highest Alpine of human thought; he was a great and splendid man, an intellectual hero. One of the benefactors, one of the titans of our race, and I believe, like Bruno, that animated soul in this universal system; at times contrasting what they call inspiration, at other times, cool, or what they call detracting but still the animation of contracting force is working within ourselves as matter and force, as well as all other things on the planet and in it. So it is working in the whole social, universal system. The God is the animated God; here is the judgment, here is the eternity. We are in evolution all the time and revolution part of the time, one time hot in aspirations, and another time cool to rest and console, to investigate and mature, then the volcano or revolution of change. (I must conclude. These are my thoughts and feelings and my feelings while travelling, an exile from my native land. Daniel Mooney, born in the Parish of Tulleyhignen, Banbridge, County Down, Ireland. I finished this

on the 25th of June, in the Shevlin & Clark lumber camp, No. 10, in Ontario, Canada, 1923.)

Slowly and gradually, beautifully, these truths are dawning upon mankind. From Copernicus we learned that this earth is only a grain of sand on the infinite shore of the universe; that everywhere we are surrounded by shining worlds vastly greater than our own, all moving and existing in accordance with law. True, the earth began to grow small but man began to grow great. The moment the fact was established that other worlds are governed by law, it was only natural to conclude that our little world was also under its dominion. The old theological method of accounting for physical phenomena by the pleasure and displeasure of the Deity was, by the intellectual, abandoned. They found that disease, death, life, thought, heat, cold, the seasons, the winds, the dreams of man, the instincts of animals—in short—that all physical and mental phenomena are governed by law, absolute, eternal and inexorable.

Let it be understood by the term Law is meant, the same invariable relations of succession and resemblance predicted of all facts springing from like conditions. Law is a fact, not a cause; it is a fact that like conditions produce like results. This fact is law. When we say that the universe is governed by law we mean that this fact called law is incapable of change, that it has been and forever will be the same inexorable, immutable fact, inseparable from all phenomena. Law, in this sense, was not enacted or made; it could not have been otherwise than as it is. That which necessarily exists has no creator. Only a few years ago, this earth was considered the real centre of the universe. All the stars were supposed to revolve around this insignificant atom.

The German mind, more than other, has done away with this piece of egotism. Purbach and Mullarus, in the 15th century, contributed most to the advancement of astronomy in their day. To the latter, the world is indebted for the introduction of decimal fractions which completed our arithmetical notation and formed the second of the steps by which, in modern times, the science of numbers has been so greatly improved; and yet, both of these men believed in the most childish absurdities, at least in enough of them to die without their orthodoxy having ever been suspected. Next came the great Copernicus and he stands at the head of the heroic thinkers of his time who had the courage and the mental strength to break the chain of prejudice, custom and authority, and to establish truth on the basis of experience, observation and reason. He re-

moved the earth, so to speak, from the centre of the universe and ascribed to it twofold motion, and demonstrated the true position which it occupies in the solar system. At his bidding the earth began to revolve; at the command of his genius, it commenced its grand flight amid the eternal constellations around the sun. I think Mr. Ingersoll's lecture here, especially that part of honor he has done and demonstrated in praise of Copernicus, did not practically find out the soaring conditions of the earth. He knew that the sun was a connecting link in connection with its revolutions, whether on axis or not, and as Mr. Ingersoll says in this very lecture, that one fact leads to another fact to make up the chain of investigation or complete the machine, without the biology of the Hindoo to Copernicus, Copernicus might not have dreamed of this constellation flight around the sun; neither would Galileo without the knowledge of Copernicus' experience have invented his glasses, to ascertain the true flights of this planet around the sun, and all this solar system that so illuminated the world of mankind.

Life is too short to know the force and strength of the intellectual mind of man. For my part, with and like the heathen philosopher, I can only say time and me against any two. Without Bruno, Voltaire and Galileo we would have been having a slow march (Daniel Mooney). He says for fifty years Copernicus' discoveries were disregarded. All at once, by the exertions of Galileo, they were kindled into a grand conflagration as to consume the philosophy of Aristotle, alarm the hierarchy of Rome, and to threaten the existence of every opinion not founded upon experience, observation and reason. The earth was no longer considered a universe governed by the caprices of some revengeful deity who had made the stars out of what he had left after completing the world, and had stuck them in the sky simply to adorn the night. I have said this much concerning astronomy because it was the first, splendid step forward, the first sublime blow that shattered the lance and shivered the shield of superstition; the first real help that man received from heaven because it was the great lever placed below the altar of a false religion; the first revelation of the infinite to man; the first authoritative declaration that the universe is governed by law; the first science that gave the lie direct to the cosmogony of barbarism and because it is the sublimest victory that the reason has achieved. In speaking of astronomy I have confined myself to the discoveries made since the revival of learning.

Long ago on the banks of the Ganges, ages before Copernicus lived, Aryabhata

taught that the earth is a sphere and revolves on its own axis. This, however, does not detract from the glory of the great German. The discovery of the Hindu had been lost in the midnight of Europe, in the age of faith, and Copernicus was as much a discoverer as though Aryabhata had never lived. In this short address there is no time to speak of other sciences and to point out the particular evidence furnished by each to establish the dominion of law, nor to more than mention the name of Descartes, the first who undertook to give an explanation of the celestial motions, or who found the vast and philosophic conception of reducing all the phenomena of the universe to the same law of Montaigne, one of the heroes of common sense; of Galvin, whose experiments gave the telegraph to the world; of Voltaire, who contributed more than any other of the sons of men to the destruction of religious intolerance; of August Comte, whose genius erected to itself a monument that still touches the stars; of Gutenberg, Watt, Stephenson, Arkwright, all soldiers of science in the grand army of the dead kings.

The glory of science is that it is freeing the soul, breaking the mental manacles, getting the brain out of bondage, giving courage to thought, filling the world with mercy, justice and joy. Science found agriculture plowing with a stick, reaping with a sickle, commerce at the mercy of the waves and the inconstant winds—a world without books, without schools, man denying the authority of reason, employing his ingenuity in the manufacture of instruments of torture, in building inquisitions and cathedrals; it found the land filled with malicious monks, with persecuting Protestants, and the burners of man. It found a world full of fear, ignorance upon its knees, credulity the greatest virtue, women treated like beasts of burden, cruelty the only means of reformation. It found the world at the mercy of disease and famine; men trying to read their facts in the stars and to tell their fortune by signs and wonders; generals thinking to conquer their enemies by making the sign of the cross or by telling a rosary. It found all history full of petty and ridiculous falsehoods, and the Almighty was supposed to spend most of his time turning sticks into snakes, drowning boys for swimming on Sunday, and killing little children for the purpose of converting their parents. It found the earth filled with slaves, and tyrants, the people in all countries down trodden, half naked, half starved, without reason in the world. Such was the conditions of mankind when the morning of science dawned upon its grain and before he had heard the sublime declaration that the universe is governed by law.

For the change that has taken place we are indebted solely to science, the only lever capable of raising mankind. Abject faith is barbarism; reason is civilization; to obey is slavish; to act from sense of obligation perceived by the reason, is noble; ignorance worships mystery; reason explains it, the one grovels, the other soars. No wonder that fable is the enemy of knowledge. A man with a false diamond shuns the society of lapidaries and it is upon this principle that superstition abhors science. In all ages, the people have honored those who dishonored them. They have worshipped their destroyers; they have canonized the most gigantic liars and buried the greatest thieves in marble and gold. Under the loftiest monuments sleeps the dust of murder. Imposture has ~~always~~ worn a crown. The world is beginning to change because the people are beginning to think. To think is to advance. Everywhere the great minds are investigating the creeds and the superstitions of men, the phenomena of nature and the laws of things. At the head of this great army of investigators stood Humboldt, the serene leader of an intellectual host, a king by the suffrage of science and the divine right of genius. And today we are not honoring ~~some~~ butcher called a soldier, some wily politician called a statesman, some robber called a king, nor some malicious metaphysician called a saint. We are honoring the grand Humboldt, whose victories were all achieved in the arena of thought, who destroyed prejudice, ignorance and error—a man; who added to the knowledge, the wealth and the happiness of all mankind. His life was pure, his aim lofty, his learning varied and profound and his achievements vast. We honor him because he has ennobled our race, because he has contributed as much as any man living or dead, to the real prosperity of the world. We honor him because he honored us, because he left a legacy of glory to every human being. For these reasons he is honored throughout the world. Millions are doing homage to his genius at this moment, and millions are pronouncing his name with reverence and recounting what he accomplished.

We associate the name of Humboldt with oceans, continents, mountains and volcanoes, with the great palms, the wide deserts, the snowcapped craters of the Andes, with primeval forest and European capitals, with wildernesses and universities, with savages and savants, with the lonely rivers of unpeopled wastes, with peaks and pampas and steppes and cliffs and crags, with the progress of the world, with every science known to man and with every star glittering in the immensity of space. Humboldt adopted none of the soul shrinking creeds of his day, wasted none of his time in the stupidities, inanities and con-

tradition of theological metaphysics. He did not endeavor to harmonize the astronomy and geology of a barbarous people with the science of the nineteenth century. Never for one moment did he abandon the sublime standard of truth; he investigated, he studied, he thought, he separated the gold from the dross in the crucible of his grand brain. He was never found on his knees before the altar of superstition. He stood erect by the grand, tranquil column of reason; he was an admirer, a lover, an adorer of nature, and at the age of 90, bowed by the weight of nearly a century, covered with the insignia of honor, loved by a nation, respected by the world, with kings for his servants, he laid his weary head upon her bosom, upon the bosom of the universal mother, and with her loving arms around him sank into the slumber called death.

History added another name to the starry scroll of the immortals. The world is his monument. Upon the eternal granite of her hills, he inscribed his name, and there upon everlasting stone his genius wrote this, the sublimest of truths. The universe is governed by law. This is a true bit of respect paid to a great and brave scientist and explorer—Alexander von Humboldt, and I think Germany's forerunner of thought and investigator. He was the pioneer of advanced thought and investigator of all German scientific soldiers, and this tribute is given to him by a man of extraordinary, mental power, an analyzer of thought, in natural and physical investigation, a man that admires the true demonstration of man's investigations and his beliefs in and about them.

Robert J. Ingersoll, in my belief, has in himself, been the most bloodless emancipator and revolutionist in the hearts and souls and thoughts of those who have had privilege, and the pleasure of hearing and reading his lectures. Even if you differed about his opinions, if you have or had a perceptive mind and intelligence, you cannot help but admire him; allow him to be human and put away bias from your mind, you will find yourself illuminated in a glow of brightness, by the inhalations of every truth that you cannot gainsay; he is a pile of food in varied test, that wherever you partake of him, he will surely palliate and invigorate you; he is a living tonic. (Daniel Mooney).

Pulsive motion in man and women, as well as plants and flowers, and all animals, should be thoroughly investigated. The heat and cold in their moderated actions of feelings soaring in their admiration of flight in thought, the cause of these variations in thought, the cause of attraction of the subjective mind, of its desire, and also the lull and coldness of the rejective mind toward

what it does not desire. The physicians have ascertained the high and low pulse beats of man and beast from their normal, physical condition, but this pulsive thought of the brain he has not discovered. When I am warmed up in a thought of investigation and have discovered as I believe a real true fact, and feel assured that my design is accomplished in reality, I feel enthusiasm and admiration that emphasizes the feelings with illumination, to express at which time, I believe is the real and true name of what they term or call inspiration, change of condition, the environment of new surroundings, with sufficient to exist upon—all goes to applaud the hero of investigation and design.

The porous ground on which we tread, that inhales and digests, gushes forth at times in gurgling streams of music's strain, like songs that's yet, unsung, and in this variation even of genius, not alone in one cast of nationality, but it variates and travels among different casts or nationalities. I do know that there are exiles scattered here and there over the earth, like myself, of some one caste, that now and then can be traced by cohabitation or marriage, that have produced a genius, but they cannot trace them to spring from a genius, by hereditary pregeneracy. Yet some nationalities claim the perceptibility of their race as is the case with Michael Angelo, the sculptor and painter of Italy; and Marconi, the heliograph inventor of Italy. Both these genius' mothers were Irish, and a great many people believe the Irish are a preceptive race, and although these two mothers conceived these two geniuses, yet there is no trace of any hereditary greatness about them. Time and chance happened to them all; as far as hereditary has got to do with them, they are all variated. There are men tied up in this world, with no fault of their own, that if free would shine like the ruby, while the useless brain is privileged, pampered, garbed and adorned with a galvanized polish of phraseology in their so-called technical knowledge in their seminaries of theological dope that is washed off in their first bath of demonstration before their audience. There is a stupor of old Presbyterianism, Methodism and a conglomeration of Episcopalianism, nude and deformed stands the would-be genius.

Then again as to the inheritance of virtues, to my mind they are past finding out, because we cannot go back to the origin of the pregeneracy far enough to prove it, and if we could we would be lost in complications of variation and without real, true biology we cannot proceed, but by speculation and doubt to reach any destiny whatsoever. If I trace back to my pregeneracy of my ancestors, I find my great grandparents, to begin with them, had two different bloods each in their veins, which

means four in the children. They married and each one of them has two different bloods, and so on goes variation, which makes it impossible to trace hereditary to either genius or virtue. There might be a possibility of reaching such an idea by inbreeding, but I do not like it; it runs out by exhausting itself in rank loathfulness. I think I have well said or sung, hereditary has no mother but mother nature, and from the earth and atmosphere it springs. Naturally or unnaturally, we can trace hereditary to place and position, but that is man's creative and not nature. To trace back the hereditary descent of genius is like looking for diamonds among sandy pebbles, and yet in the twentieth century, we have the farcical demonstration of collegian professors about these very dusty, mystic things, that it is impossible to reach a certain conclusion. You have to give me the feelings, the seeings, the hearings, the desires, the designs, and actions, yea, and the smellings, of the beautiful genius of nature's sons that have sprung forth from the rich and cultivated ground of nature's polished forms in wisdom's shroud. Yes, these sons of nature are like perfumes of the choicest garden of flowers. Their fragrance sprays like the light of the rising morning sun, in their variated positions and conditions. It is absurd to try to point your finger at their origin or pregeneracy. They are nature's sons, lulled on her bosom, embalmed in her breath, refreshed with her gurgling springs, listening to the musical sounds of hustling winds, fed by the fruit of her breasts from every plant, tree and flower, and blest by the creatures at his hand.

How long, I wonder, will be the time when all creeds and sects and schisms shall be banished from the earth; when man shall know his natural parents, his master and his friend. Then he shall reverence and honor with joy and without fear or dread. This will be the millennium and end of strife. But we move slowly towards it. The greatest enemies to freedom today are the professors and clerics of the Christian churches; from pulpit and hall platform, in dread of losing their lazy, loathful positions, they try to befool and befog every audience that comes before them, about another world, of a heaven, and the danger and doubt to get to this oblixyon of a hell, of all the pangs and suffering they are to endure if they violate this creed or neglect this so-called salvation, all the tortures of fire and brimstone are to be brought upon them. Men and women, with no means of knowledge, stand in dread and awe of fear, like the Chinese calculating on their beads, so are the poor, ignorant creatures praying to an unknown God, bowing on mud and stone in a symbol of prayer that's never heard. Spain Italy, France, and last but not least, my na-

tive country, as Confucius said about his, if you let supernaturalism get a foothold in your country, the result will be a dreadful calamity, and I warn my country in Ireland, to have no dealings with those who pretend to have dealings with the supernatural. I sit in a hall and listen to these men, beside a mass of ignorant people, and how well these conjurers know that their audience are ignorant, and just in proportion to their ignorance does he take advantage of it. If there is a heretic or hypocrite, dissembler from truth, it is a priest and minister, for their own ends and living upon others. To my mind there is nothing so cruel and wicked as to make a people believe you are doing something for them when you are working for your own interest and your friend. What puzzles me is how hard it is to get the people to understand. There is no hope apart from getting the child away from these parents' environments and surroundings; regeneration and renovating of the whole system is the only hope of rescue from darkness in these benighted countries of old superstition and dogmas of formulas that profit them nothing and keeps you slaves and vagrants, running to and fro upon the earth, without a place to rest your foot or body on.

When I see the people so stupid, I say to myself, no wonder Mr. John Morley, a member of the British House of Lords, said, "I am afraid it is going to be the survival of the fittest, and that means, when the weak falls, the strong shall run over him, with no one to lift him up nor help him." Will you allow such a state of things to come about in this advanced age of the twentieth century? But Britishers are capable of doing anything in the line of going backwards. They run faster in a retreat than in an advance forward; they say they take time to consider and do things practical but life is made up of time, and Britain by making break waters to stop the flowing tide of time, has squandered it, and other nations have benefited by their dallying and their squanderings. It is an old adage.

While I think, the other fellow acts; perception is sweet at all times. Britain considered India when Burke told them to act; Britain considered Ireland after Gladstone told them they had come to the parting of the ways. They considered Egypt till they had to leave it, and they considered Turkey till the Pasha told them to get out of here—a grand review of British consideration. While others acted and reformed the path to emancipation, she considered a League of Nations to protect her in her declining years. While others acted and cut her adrift on the Asiatic Coast, with her friend or half-brother Esau—Japan—to consider the geographical position of the

German Islands they confiscated during or after the European War.

Alone in the pine wood when the gray dawn is breaking, there's no horn nor hunter to be heard on the hill; here I do wander as I did in my childhood, beside my log cabin where the waters are still; where the wolf often ponders and stands there in wonder, if this was a place his belly could fill. But I'm lost in the grand array, when I see the wild bears at play, all around by the place I stay at the foot of the hill. I sit down and think and say, life has a silver spray for those with a will.

I think here of my former days, when life was a frenzied craze and no ground to till, but as I see the shining rays, upon the sky that is ablaze with variating rills, this calls me back to former days when youth and joy with me did play, with boys around the mill; when day is spent and night has lent her curtain to enthrill, the life of man to understand, while I sit on the sill. (Daniel Mooney—Around the log cabin watching the camps in the summer time, at Shelvin & Clark's, Randers, Ontario, Canada, 1923).

O, how can he, in music's strain, his heart fill with devotion, when he has not within his brain, the thrill of music's portion. Life is like a running train, that stops without a notion, while we're here we can't refrain from entering into negotiations; sometimes, I know, man thinks in vain about some real extortion, that he might here the world all gain, but works his own abortion; but life is not a silly dream to be taken in diversion, that sometimes wrecks another train and causes great aversion; but I myself here can't refrain to enter in aggression; you need not think that I'm to blame for making this confession, for to separate the weeds from grain, I would join them in the threshing.

Of all the failures of which we have any history or knowledge, the missionary effort is the most conspicuous. The whole question has been decided here in our own country, America, and conclusively settled. We have nearly exterminated the Indian but we have converted none.—Since the days of John Eliot to the execution of the last Modoc, not one Indian has been the subject of irresistible grace or particular redemption. The few red men who roam the western wilderness have no thought or care concerning the five points of Calvin. They are utterly oblivious to the great and vital truths contained in the Thirty-nine Articles, the Saybrook Platform, and the resolutions of the Evangelical Alliance. No Indian has ever scalped another one on account of his religious belief. This, of itself, shows conclusively that the Missionaries have

had no effect. How can you expect to convert a heathen who has a religion of their own, who has plenty of Gods and Bibles and prophets of her own, and Christs; and who has a religious literature far grander than your own?

Can we hope, with the story of Daniel in the Lion's den to rival the stupendous miracles of India? Is there anything in your Bible as lofty and loving as the prayer of the Buddhist? Compare your confession of faith with the following: "Never will I seek nor receive private, individual salvation, never enter into final peace alone, but forever and ever more and everywhere will I live and strive for the universal redemption of every creature throughout all worlds until all are delivered. Never will I leave the world of sin, sorrow and struggle, but will remain where I am."

Think of sending an average Presbyterian to convert a man who daily offers this tender, this infinitely generous and incomparable prayer. Think of reading the 109th Psalm to a heathen who has a Bible of his own in which is found this passage: "Blessed is that man and beloved of all the gods, who is afraid of no man, and beloved of all the gods, who is afraid of no man and of whom no man is afraid." Why should you read even the New Testament to a Hindoo, when his own Christna has said: "If a man strike thee, and in striking drop his staff, pick it up and hand it to him again." Why send a Presbyterian to a Sufa who says, "Better one moment of silent contemplation and inward love than seventy thousand years of outward worship. Who so would carelessly tread one worm that crawls on earth, that heartless one is darkly alienate from God, but he that loving, embraceth all things in his love, to live with him, God bursts all bounds above, below." Why should you endeavor to thrust your cruel, heartless theology upon him who prays this prayer: "O God, show pity towards the wicked, for on the good thou hast already bestowed thy mercy by having created them virtuous." Compare this prayer with the curses and cruelties of the Old Testament, with the infamies commanded and approved by the Being whom we are taught to worship as a God.

But what shall I say more for time would fail me to tell of Sabellianism, of a model trinity and the eternal procession of the Holy Ghost.

Now, while I believe this solar system is governed by law, that is, the laws of nature, but I am inclined to believe a little in that man long ago on the banks of the Ganges, ages before any European astronomer came forth, leaving out his axis, this Hindu, Aryabhatta, believed the sun revolved around the earth. How would it do to divide the differ-

ence, that is to say, the one revolves around the other in their rotation of latitude in space. Now, if it is a fact that this earth revolves around the sun every twenty-four hours at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, how can the astronomer tell exactly how fast this planet revolves around the sun, by looking at the sun. While it is possible for the sun to be travelling as fast as this earth, around us or our planet, how is he to make his calculations; while he is soaring through space the sun is soaring through space at, I will suppose, the same rate of speed, and other planets equally as well travelling through space.

When I see the variation in our own planets it is natural to think there is variation in flight that will cause this variation in temperature in and amongst the solar system. It is like a ship at sea; she is on her course in her latitude, though that latitude has great bounds to sail or soar through, in her horizontal or perpendicular flight. It seems to me we are following after the sun in the same circuit, but like two trains, the one a long way ahead of the other, and like night and day lose sight of one another through and in their natural course. I am obliged to think that the sun soars around us. The sun is going over us on this side, while we go over the sun on the other side. So I think at least, the sun is soaring around us and we follow after, soaring around the sun. I cannot conceive how any mathematician, however powerful his glasses, can know how fast this planet is travelling around the sun by looking at the sun, which is perhaps travelling as fast as his own planet. He can see her travelling ahead of him, but he does not know how far that train is ahead of him till he gets to her, and in two or three hours you see her again and you ascertain whether you are travelling faster or slower, but you have caught up on her, so I think there is no astronomer can tell yet whether the sun, as well as the earth, revolves around the other. I will take the natural course, and that is, revolve around each other.

Ingersoll's five Gospels—Good living, cheerfulness, intelligence, justice and liberty. Universal gravitation or mathematics—Mullerus, a German, in the fifteenth century, introduced decimal fractions which completed our arithmetical notations.

At different times and different stages, this I have found amongst the pages, it's all a life of work for wages, but now I'm old and with the sages, and in a fold where fools are raging, and commonsense is contagious; I would sooner die than be outrageous, to gain in the world, and be a paganist.

No one is so accursed by fate, no one so utterly desolate, but some heart, though un-

known, responds unto his own; responds as if with unseen wings; and angel touched its quivering strings and whispers, in its song, where hast thou stayed so long? Longfellow.

A man that lectures or demonstrates without a sense of feeling, is inhuman and mentally deformed, a stubborn, natural mitigator. He is an ambition amalgam mixture of vanity's construction, with an ignorance of his fallibility. He thinks himself supreme in penal opium. He is a bedraggled, dirt smearer and a hateful bespatterer of insults that will retaliate to himself and the unfortunate people or nation he pleads for.

Reason of itself, is an assembly of beauty; it flaunts the flag from whence its first breeze blows. Humbleness and generosity are the surest sign to follow. They are guiding posts on your passage by the way and those that follow after you will meet them with a smile, and when the course of life is run and the line or tape is reached, you will vanish from the scene with triumph and a cheer of appreciation, from all those that saw and heard. Let not a word fall from your lips without knowing the effects of its progress to its destination. With it goes the honor and respect not alone of yourself, but your nation, which is more important. Let no whirlwind of politics nor discontent, divert you from the true course of procedure. Investigate, think, study and pursue onwards and upwards, and this upwards means a sense to better existence among all mankind, not studying economics for yourself, but justly for all. Man that considers himself alone is alone, and the harmony of life and joy disalienates him. A public man in his public life, speaking at all times on public affairs, should at all times be as careful as if he was settling a dispute between two of his children, without prejudice or respect, but with a sense of justice. In my day and time I have seen very little, but men servers and eye servers, very few from a sense of respect, of justice to other nationalities but their own. Justice cannot injure; it is soothing in itself; it scorns at mercy and recedes from pity; it is just.

As a gleam from a quiver, catch a glimpse of the eye, it's then you must sever as you're passing by; you must weigh in the balance from a mote to a fly, and prove what is just without ever a sigh. There is not such a pleasure to me when I'm dry as to drink from a spring that is purer than I. Some think they are clever, I can't tell you why; perhaps its their knowledge was dearer to buy; but in all this great wisdom that's around me I try; it's on the school of experience that I must rely. I have heard the great masters of art here reply, to educate people about things

that are high; but to me they're hawks and vultures that cry, that frighten their prey before that they die. There is nothing flyer nor worse to devise, than a man to proclaim he is a supernize, for to claim supernatural is a fakir's device; he is always uplifting his eyes, while his hand's in your pocket, your purse for to size; this is the wisdom of the world and the wise.

As you will see, I have written about this supernatural, physical idea and the animation of matter fluids by transferring its effects upon the being race. Of course, I know I will be attacked for demonstrating such ideas as a fool and frenzied creature, while they, themselves, are ignorant of the fact that dissemination or natural dispersing of seeds is animating nature's senses, sensuous—susceptible to influence through the senses. By my experience for thirty years I have made a study of animation transferring effects by these fluids of nature. Through this Jezebel, Sir Colin Campbell's daughter, transferred her disseminating matter fluid to me in 1894, to get my grandmother's money—Mary Rorke—She offered my young brother Jonathan, £1000, to marry her—and her a divorced prostitute woman, from Robert Scott, the shipbuilder, Greenock, Scotland. I told him to have nothing to do with her and the lot of the Campbells attacked me by their transfer of matter of fluid seminal; well as the knower said, some would fall to prove some. I am one of these.

As I have told you, when you have received this fluid matter of seed, it assimilates through your blood and the germatic system becomes animated with these germs of matter fluids of nature's seeds, of those that give you their fluid seed, and whatever they see you see; whatever you hear they hear; if they are venomous they will make you feel the same. Bob Fitzsimmons, the pugilist, was assimilated the same as he had a broken nose after the Jack O'Brien fight in 1903-04 in Broadway hall, in Belfast. The papers stated that fight was in Sydney, New South Wales, but it was in Belfast. The reason I speak of this is to prove my theory. I could hear him and all those around him that would speak; if he heard them I heard them, no matter what country they were in, and when he was venomous against me, I could feel that scar on his nose creeping over my nose, and feel the wound or scar actually creeping over my nose. This shows you the power of force the transfer of matter seed has on the germatic system of the being.

I have also proved the farcical fakir's idea of Spiritualism a fraud and an ignorant superstition of true, natural animation, and I am proud of one man in Canada, and that man is Professor Allen, of Manitoba College.

He said it would be better for Professor Lodge and Conan Doyle, to stop in England, where they were marauding the villages and towns, teaching their blasphemies. He emphasized my appreciation and respect.

While I have part of another person's blood in my veins I will never have peace; when they dream I repeat it in my sleep after them, and you can feel their fear of dread as if walking out of light into darkness. You can feel their calmness and their snakish sting in venom, in sensuous, susceptible influence, through the senses. I have proved by these senses calling to this woman while I stand at a window, in a separated room in the hospital, by centering my mind on her and saying to myself; come here. Her natural dispersion of sensation which was within me suscepated the weaker influence of me and complied.

I want to put a stop to this Spiritualism. I think there is nothing elevates a man's mind better than discovering a new fact. I love Bruno, he started me to think. Voltaire was a hero, but Bruno was not only the discoverer of matter form but he discovered the animation in them, which was the beauty of his own form. Now then, wherein lies the grand secret is this,—when two persons have assimilated their blood, the one that transferred to the other, dies, but still liveth, because his blood is in the veins of the one that liveth, and germs that in the grave if not cremated, will still hearken back unto his blood and reflect in dreams and in sounds, like moles and ants in their hives. If you have the ear to hear these echoes, stand or sit beside one of those transferers of nature's fluids and you will hear that murmur in their voice that you will think you hear the dead come back from the grave, just like hearing the gurgling streams that are flowing by in their natural sounds. If you only knew how many practise these abominations, especially those you have been well acquainted with, that had passed to the grave and were not cremated, at the last hours of their lives. This has been practised to get them to make their will in their favor, and the echo still follows those assimilated that are alive because the germs of their own blood in the grave still reflect, as Goldsmith says, "Back to the place from whence it came." I think and believe the only penalty for such crime is capital punishment. It is causing thousands to commit suicide.

I do know two women that are married and had families; both of them went to night school with me when I was eleven years of age, and when I was destroyed by his royal Duke of Argyle and his brother's daughters, for them to get money from us, both they and Carson's Orangemen or reptiles joined in this Babylonian propaganda that has cost a lot of lives in the north of Ireland.

Well, to demonstrate this fake Spiritualism Lodge and Conan Doyle are paid officials of the Campbells, out of Mary Rorke's—my grandmother—ten million pounds that King Edward and the old Duke of Argyle took from us and you will notice there is no Duke of Argyle, in the House of Lords since 1904. How is it and why is it? Well, now, this influence of this dispersion of natural seeds is like this,—if the features and form I know or a photo placed before me, and I center my mind on it, they will see me because of this transmission of animation and assimilation that is in my blood. There is magnetism, less or more, in all matter, and it is electricity centred in its illuminating flashes, and also two magnets, that means two nature's dispersion at one object, will hold it and control it. Standing on the street, looking at people passing by, those that have their fluid or blood mixed with mine, see what I see, when they are centred on me. It is like Marconi's sprays from magnet to magnet, and both these girls that I knew had now raised families and were getting old, and the result was when I thought of them, those Campbells saw them also, because their blood was mixed with mine, and you could make forms and shapes at them, pretending to shoot them or to stop them. These people not knowing nor having any experience of this sensuous susceptibility influence, becomes fearful and suspicious of everybody around them, and as Professor Allen says, think they are hypnotized, and when I made inquiries about these women, I found both died suddenly, and I made it a point to see one of their husbands and he told me his wife before she died, complained to him that she had a very great pain in her head and wondered where Daniel Mooney was today, or what he was doing, and then she died. So I was convinced that it was me thinking on her, and these royal Campbells that had power over me, to a certain extent, were working on her also, and the poor woman could not stand it, so that I have satisfied myself of the cause of this so-called Spiritualism.

They can put before your eyes all kinds of pictures and forms. The reason it did not affect me was because I had a good perception of the magnetism of natural matter. As Bruno said, matter was the mother of forms, the moulder and facer of forms; animation sprung from adulteration of natures assimilation of any kind, and animation has its varied grades in strength and beauty; it has its youth and its manhood, so it falls; nature in all its forms generates, degenerates and regenerate; there is no end to this planet, but there is and will be to the deviations upon it. They too will have their change. All hills of difficulty must be brought low and the

crooked paths of man's deceit must be made straight. Rightness and truth must be the pathway of the ensign of justice. I say again as Confucius said, beware of those who pretend to have dealings with the supernatural. In some places, it has got a foothold in these countries and I can see the dreadful calamity; man professing he can forgive or absolve sins for man, through Christ Jesus that was man. Put not your trust in man nor the Son of Man that shall become as grass and die, as I; the righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart, and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away, he shall enter into peace; they shall rest in their beds each one walking in his righteousness, but draw near hither, ye sons of sorcerers, the seed of the adulterer and the whore, against whom do you sport yourselves? Against whom make ye a wide mouth and draw out the tongue? Are ye not children of transgression, a seed of falsehood, enflaming yourselves with idols under every green tree, slaying the children in the valley under the cliffs of the rocks, behind the doors also, and the posts has thou set up thy remembrance, for thou hast discovered thyself to another than me and are gone up. Thou hast enlarged thy bed and made thee a covenant with them. Thou lovest their bed where thou sawest it and thou wentest to the king with ointment and didst increase thy perfumes, and didst send thy messengers far off, and didst debase thyself even unto hell, but the wicked is like a troubled sea, when it cannot rest whose waters cast up mire and dirt.

But today in Britain, 1923, they are worshipping Mammon. A mass of prostitute women running after a princess that was getting married. While other nations were working and struggling to pay their debts, and poor Russia, an invalid recovering from starvation, after such a persecution of Lloyd George's government, through all this suffering, by reason of the war, yet we have Britain demonstrating in a great pagan show of loyalty to a king and his constitution, while the rest of Europe was dispensing with such encumbrances and useless expenditure of the descent of despots, and one of them had the audacity—the Duke of Devonshire—to tell these pioneers of Canada to go and work, and rubbed his hands and said, I just think I am at it,—and he never worked in all his life. But we are humorous and do not review to revise and probe any fakirs' concoctions, but the plebians are a wave to meet when the human tide of thought runs high. When trying to face such a wave, the ship of state generally goes under.

But time flies, and mine is short; degeneracy is rampant; divorce transfer of matter

and inbred spiritualism is the hellograph and the radio telephone of the day. Fathers cohabit with their daughters, mothers with their sons, and sisters and brothers; connivance is the order of the day; the cause of divorce lies here. The same animated nature has the same sensation and the same feelings, the senimation, dispersion of nature's fluids, among any race of people in itself is magnetism. Brothers and sisters pregeneracy through their offspring, following in the course of themselves, in a few generations would become so that they would all hear and feel each other, just the same as we feel their sensations now and hear them through this transfer of matter fluid, from one person to another. Why do these professors not prove this, or are connivers to this abominable practice, which is before their eyes every day, especially the royal families of Europe. Let us all be just and truthful. To prove these facts you have Professor Huxley, Mr. Stead, least of all, myself, Daniel Mooney, a humble, manual laborer.

America today is collaborating, a mass of confusion, deplorable degenerates from every sect and nation, of journalists, speculators from every part of the world diffusing and confusing the real and true American-born to tear a great nation asunder for empire and international ends. We need the Washington and the Penns, Paines, Ingersolls, back again, and a Voltaire to put an end to European clerics and newspapermen that have invaded America to try and break her up in fragments for Empire's sake. These illuminated clerical journalists of America should be deported at once, especially those Britishers. All their editorials are wolves in sheep's clothing. They have deported Trades Unionists and Labor men that at heart and soul were loyal and true to the Stars and Stripes. I Daniel Mooney, warn you Americans today, in the year 1923, to beware of these clerical Britishers and journalists that are British-born, that have settled in your glorious country. As Ingersoll said, their nationality spoils their philosophy which, as you know, are the true principles of human knowledge and human nature.

If I had the power today, I would tax the public press because it is a private monopoly, and the decentralization of the working classes; I never read of a blackmailing case, nor of slander in any law courts but was brought about by this so-called Free Press. How are we to constrain prejudice or restrain it, and stop this culmination which in many cases the press has propagated, and holding its position by a cry of the so-called free speech. But when poor men speak freely, the Mr. Free Press pounces upon him in their insults for capitalist interests, and their own,

because they knew the poor man had no means to defend himself. It looks grand from an editorial critic's point of view. This criticism is worse than a thousand speeches from any platform because it is one man's opinion forced upon the whole arena, and perverting those who did not see nor feel.

Free speech does not affect the working man only when the so-called Free Press bullies him down, it is a free press scandalizing those that do not contribute much to it, but after his speech, and very often before it, that enters his office and slips him a donation, he flaunts his criticisms with a fair win in favor of his great oration, but always holding a little in hand for the other fellow's donation, for off a fence, freedom to conjure, to minimize and to capitalize, but I would pass a law to have no half reports of any man's speeches, but all or nothing. I would have no dating back of copies nor constructions, but facts, published without any supposition—the whole truth and nothing but the truth. This is the law I would lay down for all newspaper journalism. Daniel Mooney.

This rumor business in the press causes many a calamity to both rich and poor, waiting in suspense and dread, both on the Stock Exchange and in many homes, of what is about to take place. It is as bad as this so-called Spiritualism of the Aristotle transfer of matter fluid. I propose that all bodies be cremated one week after death. These cemeteries are a putrifying mass of corruption, with the germinating hives of animalism coming and going, mixing in assimilation among themselves. When that food is done, they scatter to other substance of earth's matter. We can hear the ding and noise of a beehive and in their longing for food, they look back again to the friends and relations from whence they came, that affect those in dreams and thoughts of their near and dear ones that are gone, and sometimes hear their mumuring as a gurgling stream. This is not an oration demonstrating before a comedy, nor a dream, but is a demonstration before a tragedy, and I warn gentlemen that read these thoughts demonstrated here by me to prevent and avoid such tragedies; prevent the transfer of fluid matter to any person and prevent father and daughter, and mother and sons, sisters and brothers; connivance, in this filthy lewdness, and you will have accomplished a deed of emancipation in the being race that never yet has been dreamt of by mankind. Keep the males and females of all families apart, only in public. Punish the fathers and mothers, by Act of Parliament, for committing lewdness with their children. This is the secret to almost all divorce cases. It is because they have the experience of the sensation of their own animation, and when

they get married, to alienated bloods, they have not the same sensation of warmth in their connivance or communications with each other, therefore, they divorce and go back to their own friend's blood which is the same as their own, and the passion which is the same as their own, satisfies them better. There is nothing strange about it, it is natural philosophy. To know and understand this theory is to be a naturalist. I have watched it from the lowest animals up to mankind, and the birds. There is no man, I am sure, as sick as I. Listen to these different so-called Professors giving lectures on and about different subjects. Their demonstrations were so obnoxious and absurd, always as I think, believing that there was no conception nor perception in the audience—technical phraseology of a supposed, newly deviation that they supposed a great articulation on their part, but I have always had great aversion to self, attraction. I always loved a true fact. It needed nothing but solicitation and a little prudence. I don't want to be the salutation student who pronounces the salutatory oration, but I want to be the investigator of the oration, and to give the results of that investigation in an analysis of unbiased thought, which needs no prelude.

Not a lonesome hour I think is spent in man's great whole evasion if he has meditated right upon the situation; the past and present to indite is all consideration; the world may think this is a blight, but it's my own participation; if facts are proved to be a light, it must be man's suration to guide him through the darkest night to true emancipation; What is this world to me but strife, against this in usurpation; the man who don't defend the right has got but poor relations; but why are we to quarrel and fight about the stress of nations, when no one here can tell the flight of our own real destination; the shiny bungs of every sect, of every tribe and nation do meet us on the railway track, of every railway station. The rummy guns of "Dry's" and "Wet's" have formed a great coalition; we will need old Noah and his flood to form the arbitration. Then when they're underneath the mud, they will need no inspiration, tho' shot and shell comes down in thuds, they will still have reparation, and to camouflage, put on the hood of this cursed League of Nations. But when they meet to sign the scroll, in their great orations, it is then they will see the smudge is light to burn their federation. The Empire gang of manipulators will have great consideration, to hide their schemes of counterfeits, to confiscate the nations, Von Vons, with duplicates and conjuring differentiations will swell the ranks with all their pranks among this League of Nations. By

honor bright now show the light, how Britain planned her machinations, by Cecil Rhodes colonial abodes to outvote all the nations.

(The thought of Daniel Mooney's opinion in 1923).

Just a few lines about the change that will take place on this earth in and through evolution that leads to what I term revolution, which I believe has and will take place again.

I am certain when I look back to the past by geology, that man was very far advanced in and on some parts of the earth, as well as those who were wandering in lone darkness after the flood. Advancement after revolution is in accordance with what knowledge was preserved from it. By excavations in the earth and the seas have been filled up with matter, that was and is continually running into the sea. From all rivers, this in itself, causes the seas to run or flow over the earth, to balance herself and the earth may cant or turn a little in and through the balancing without man noticing it, and if the astronomers did notice it, there might be no time to report till they would be under water, and if so, the report would be of no use for all would be under at that part of the earth with no one nor nowhere to preserve his knowledge, so that I maintain instead of hiding this scientific research, it should be known all over the world, for there are so many different seas, we do not know the real geographical position of the earth, its high parts and low parts—where these seas are liable to overflow from one part of the earth to the other—after the flood, whatever part of the earth would be preserved, this knowledge would be preserved also and it would help those that remain that were not drowned, to proceed in exploration again the unknown seas that had filled up and overflowed the earth in other parts.

There was never a flood from the clouds in rain nor never will be; that is stupid superstition and ignorant supposition. After revolution this cause of slow evolution upon the earth by mankind is in accordance with the casts of the people and knowledge preserved after the revolution or evolution, whichever you like to call it. No man knoweth that day nor that hour. There shall be no fire and brimstone in that day. Water can not burn, and there are two-thirds of it upon the earth. At that time when the waters run over the earth, it will be a sleeping bath to those it will overtake, and that will be many. There shall be no need to pray, that your flight shall not be in the winter for there shall be no escape from that death. Flying onto the hilltop or housetop will not save you from that death and let him that is thither come not down for,

he cannot escape the flood that will make desolate the habitations of man and beast.

There is no such a place as hell in or on this planet which can burn forever. All volcanoes have to come to an end and will come to an end. Hell is within man's self; when he dies it dies with him unless he has left his cursed matter with some others. We shall have a new land and new seas but the earth bideth forever. That fantic on the Island of Patmos had a confused dream about a new heaven and a new earth. Any planet moving through boundless space under natural laws, can neither add nor diminish, in time nor in substance. It is a perpetual existence in all this animation of which this planet is, and all that is upon it and in it, is evolution, revolution and devolution. It is the same in our own bodies and we cannot get beyond it. All things are given to change, which is varying through and in the whole universe. Let us learn to know ourselves and we shall understand the whole universal system. This longing for a heaven to live forever is the prejudice of birth, for those that have enjoyed the good things of this life, but to me that never knew the hospitality of the friendship of generosity, longs for the chaos of oblivion, where sensation ceases and the voice is heard no more.

When I survey the past and think over some of the British history, I cannot help quoting the words of Ingersoll. The past rises up before me like a dream, when I read of Sir Walter Raleigh, a Devonshire man of England, who was Chief Secretary for Ireland in Queen Elizabeth's reign, this great and noble man and benefactor of the human race, because he discovered the potato and introduced it into Ireland, and improved its culture, which makes it today the chief staple food of that country, and not that country alone, but almost the civilized world, yet when Queen Elizabeth wanted to have immortal communication with him, he refused, and she said to him, "If you are afraid to climb you are afraid to fall," and she commanded his head to be taken off, and there was one word of awe at that horrid act of Queen Elizabeth's diabolical deed; and the Secretary that took his place in Ireland, she got the head taken off him also, because he did not come to England from Ireland at the appointed time she commanded him, or sent her the ring she gave him.

But as I proceed along the line to 1882, when Sir Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were assassinated in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, Ireland, because they were administering and carrying out the authority of a Coercion Act, initiated indirectly or directly by Arthur Balfour, then or one time, a Minister of the

British Government, concerning Irish affairs—that Act was to imprison and to hang all those that did not comply with all its demands mind you, on suspicion, guilty or not guilty, and these peasants combined together to resist such treatment by physical force, if need be, which I believe was right on their part, under such conditions, to get out of bondage from under these coercion acts, because their subordination to the British Government was more than they could bear, and when this tragedy, that was tensively, actually desirable, took place, there was not a journalist newspaper, over the length and breadth of this so-called British Empire, and their so-called statesmen in their Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, were up in awe and horror about these two great British statesmen. The Lords came down from their heaven like Orpheus and Eurydice meeting at the gates of hell, and hell was in tears and lamentations for once in the history of this so-called great British Empire, and having so many great statesmen; but how they wept for these two that had the courage to swirl to and fro, the Irish peasants' great speeches of deploring, and threats from the inaugurated equilibriums of the deformity of mental debauch.

All was harmony and symphony, or a blend of glorification, and in my own hearing in 1903, in Belfast, when King Edward, and his host of Orange supporters murdered the rich and poor Irish peasants, and when the bill posters put up on the hurdings, the awful tragedies of King Edward, and the Royal Campbells and the Orange fraternity, they were taken by the Chief Detective and beheaded. Well might Plato say, "Do you not know, if you do not sell your conscience, you will be imprisoned or put to death," and when the member for Kechly, in Yorkshire, asked in Parliament, "Has this House no power over King Edward?" Campbell Bannerman, Premier 1903-04, said, "no, the King could do what he liked;" not one word of awe, not one word of lament, but kill the Irish bastards—that was the password expression.

This is the glorious Great Britain, that stand for this free and religious liberty, but to travel through that unhappy country in the South and Northwest and observe these peasants as you pass along, at their daily toil in the bogs or moss—even the women with babes sitting by their side on the grassy, mossy banks of the mudhole, while those with short petticoats wheeled the mud up out of the mudhole, to be baked or moulded into turf on the bank, to be dried for fuel instead of coal. These poor slaves in bondage to and under British rule, their husbands and brothers, sisters, and sons, all toiling like the Egyptians of old under their British task-

masters—their landlords and landlords' agents, and in the bleak and dreary fall and winter, to see them on the hillside with the spade and shovel in their sleeved waistcoats, and a single calico shirt with corduroy trousers, wornout knees and elbows, no underclothes to shield them from the cold and biting winds on the naked mountainside, with wornout shoes and water and mud bulging out and in on their naked feet—the hills of Donegal and the mountainsides of Connemara, you will see the peasant with their creels on their backs, carrying up the manure for their potato plots, they have no ass, the hills are too high to climb that cart nor wagon cannot go up. It is easy to go to Killarney and see these beautiful lakes, but in your tour, don't forget to stop awhile and gaze and look at the suffering humanity on their mountainsides, toiling, struggling to get in their potato crop for next year, and if it fails, the wild berries and seaweed in some cases, is the only refuge from starvation. At night to rest, no home but the mud cabin and the cold, earthy ground for a floor, and a thatched roof of straw with sticks for a covering—the bed, a pallet of straw in the corner, and if it rains through the night, rise and shift your pallet to another corner, put basins and pails under the drops to keep it from running underneath your pallet of straw. This is the slavery of Ireland under this so-called great British rule; this all in part view of the beautiful scenery of Ireland.—(Daniel Mooney).

Phil Shagan, the motion picture director who murdered the famous Connie Twiller, before his electrocution, he detested priests and ministers, and had no use for doctors—he was a fascinating man, and all the officials of the jail liked him, but a strange thing about him, he did not care the least thing about death. So the warder got a psychologist to speak to him. He told him that when he was an actor, he played in Julius Caesar twice, the first time as Brutus, and the second as Caesar, and just as he did the assassin scene well, so he did the death scene well. He said, "It is just a part and I'll satisfy all present when in the chair." The great chained silence of the prison night was emphasized now by the tramp of an armed guard on the walk outside. Over any prison gate could be printed the words, "a bit of our human best in chains."—There, just that restless feeling of a lion in a cage. "Well," he said, "what do you think of me?" I think he said candidly, "you are a remarkable actor." "Why?" said Shagan. "Because the fear of death is strong in us, and because no man can endure the scorn of mankind." "Yes," he said, "but only hell is here." He put a hand on his breast and said, "a hell nothing can heal, and my fear of death is only one fear, that there may

be no death." His voice deepened and trembled. "I may have to meet her in heaven and weep before her, kneeling at her feet." He now got on his knees like a child and put his head on my lap. "You see, I am only a poor, miserable soul doomed—doomed forever—I have fooled them all—but if I die without some other human being hearing my story, I shall shriek aloud like a child, when they fasten me in the chair." This was only humanity, remorse not a belief in anything; it was in his judgment and feeling between right and wrong and he expressed it because as we listen to what he says, as he goes along, he proves this fact.

After this he said to that friend, "you have no need to be troubled over me," he said—"Don't be—let me have my fling. I suppose a man in his position has that privilege." I tried to reassure him. "You are kind," he said, "and I am glad you are with me; you can't drink my cup for me, but you can, perhaps, make it less bitter. In dreams, he said, we are all alike, but the criminal, like the genius, puts his dreams into action, only the actions differ. You might have written a play on murder as Shakespeare did, instead of committing murder." Then he looked at me, "What is this thing, death?" he asked; "what is it, just outside the door there, do you know or guess?" "No" I said, "I don't know." He pointed to the barred window and I rose and looked "There's a star up there" he said, "I think it is Betelgeuse. Did you read about Betelgeuse in the papers? It's a star in Orion. Do you think the destiny of human beings is worth considering or worrying over? Betelgeuse, they say, if it were as near us as the sun would cover and fill the whole sky. It is 27 million times the bulk of the sun. It is so far off the light takes 150 years to reach us. I think of the heavens this way; imagine clouds five miles up, and far below the clouds, a spark flying in the wind and some dust grains blowing with the spark. The clouds are the milky way, the universe of stars; the spark and dust grains are our sun and its planet. One of the dust grains is the earth. Lost, isn't it, and here are you and I, and we are full of trouble. I'm what is called a murderer. I put out the light in one of us tiny midgets, so now they are going to put out my light. I have written in praise of some of Shakespeare's sayings and writings, but after all, I must judge him out of his own mouth; he was a man of many parts; he wrote the tragedies and murder plays, for the illusionist to perform or perpetrate them. He designed the plot, and the weak-minded illusionist performed the act of murder, which I believe, equalizes the guilt. I can't see the difference between the designer and the executor of the

plot. The designer sets the trap and the illusionist steps into it and suffers for the both.

"Shakespeare has wielded his spear in many ways. When he wasn't shaking it at flesh and blood, he was shaking it in it. The designation of any evil is the sure road to destruction for those that follow after them. I watched Barrie Sullivan in Richard III. tragedies, and in sword work in that act he seemed to me to be that way deluded; he thought he was Richard himself and became dangerous towards the other swordsman that was acting with him. I believe that in and through these illusions in these tragedies, one way or the other, twenty per cent. of the actors commit suicide or murder, through designs, by illusions, in weakness, while performing these designs. So ends the life of Phil Shagan. He dies a fool like Othello, a knave like Falstaffe, a dupe like Anthony, a lover like Romeo, a prince like Hamlet. It all remains with you—forward—the rest is silence." (So ends the life of all, no matter what, even of us all, who commit no crime against the committer of crime. Daniel Mooney.)

I have said that religion is a duty to be realized by every being of mankind, towards his fellow creatures and the Supreme Power that is in all of us, and Supreme Power is that force and matter originated into animation, and that animation inhales and digests food, and the desire for that ushered forth in thoughts that direct the acts and deeds of man, and that food generates and engenders all the animation within us that awakens all the sensual vibrates within us that responds to what they call conscience or soul. This is what I call and mean the Supreme Power which is within us. It is also that animated force we feel and see in all things. It is like the rich ground and the poor ground. Some of us in some places have more power and force of this animation than others. It is an engendered feeling of universal force that is in all nature, and few there be that know and feel and realize it. To realize and apply this human nature, it is a science as well as a feeling and a duty of man to man; that is what it is. It is the highest science of all. It excludes the theory of Christian Science which is selfish and sectional. It embraces all that contributes to the happiness of mankind. All other sciences are as nothing compared to it; it is humanity, condensed, pure and refined. Orthodox humanity is the fumes and gas and vapor from this human condensation that form into clouds of darkness, that vanish and disappear in the midst of evolution and eruptions.

We will not go back to the barbarian superstitions of a selfish, Jewish history and orthodox creed or church, of that which rots,

the darkness of the night is past. We are in the noonday, they are in the darkness to this very hour, and this science of humanity, owing to it being the greatest of sciences, is no easy science to administrate and to realize the time and place to assimilate it to mankind because it is displeasing to the bigoted, prejudiced, orthodox churches of today that are persecuting the body and frightening and pursuing the so-called soul beyond the reigns of time. Jew or Gentile, Judaism is still the betrayer and annihilator of the body and degenerator of the emancipator of mankind. I do not want to look back to a dead Messiah, nor do I want to become a pillar of salt, but I do want to deliver man's sensual body and conscience from the prisons and dungeons of superstition and darkness, that he may have the freedom and liberty to be true to the principles of his nature and the benevolent exercises of them towards others.

Truth and justice are the only things will pay any percentage on its outlay. Truth and justice is the only thing in which the height of extravagance is the last degree of economy. Joy is wealth and you have it there. Love will fail, but truth and justice will never dishonor. Truth and justice is the legal tender to fearlessness and you need not be rich to enjoy happiness. Truth makes you fearless and any God, if there is one, must be just, and any form of superstition that destroys justice is infamous. Nothing should destroy happiness.

These Christians made a great fuss about Ingersoll's speech where he said, "hope hears a voice," but he made it very plain in another speech where he explained years before his brother died, in a lecture entitled "The Ghosts," which has since been published. He used the following words: "The idea of immortality which like a sea, ebbs and flows in the human heart, beating against the sands and rocks of time and fate, was not born to any book, nor to any creed, nor to any religion. It was born of human affections and will continue to ebb and flow beneath the mists and clouds of doubt and darkness as long as love kisses the lips of death."

This is what Robert G. Ingersoll's opinion was in his explanation about hearing the rustle of a wing or the voice of affection echo back from the unknown: "And they would have me to believe that this was a conviction on his part about a heaven and a hell. It is quite the opposite. It is the voice of animation longing and desiring to follow after that which is before;" and he might have added, so with the love of prejudice and birth long to follow after the good things in this world and hope for the same in the next, in and through this ebb and flow of affections, materialistic change beneath the mists and clouds of their

darkest doubts, for the pleasures they have enjoyed in this world, and how they do ebb and flow and long for these palatable kisses in another world, and their only creed is, live forever, O, King, and I will, like you, live, but such as I that have the knowledge of immortality's animation within me, as all nature has, neither ebbs nor flows for any world, but says, "Where thou art, there shall I be also." All affection are engendered. I think when a man does not remember when he did not exist and if when he dies, that is the end, he shall not know it because the thing he will know, is that he was alive, and if nothing is left, nothing will be left to know that he is dead, so that so far as man is concerned, he is immortal, that is to say, he nor I cannot recollect when we did not exist, and there never will be a time when I will remember that I do not exist, so I am immortal, and so are you all. Animation and evolution have no end. It changes, it has youth, it has manhood and its fall and regenerates again.

It may be so with the whole solar system, we cannot tell; no creed nor no dogmas, no church; raise up your children to be just, honest and true, with liberty and freedom this world to go through. He that made the Commandments broke them, yea, even when he made those commandments have to be obeyed, and obedience without reason or consideration is serfdom and slavery. Therefore, to know the truth is knowledge and to use it is wisdom. (Daniel Mooney).

A few observations I have taken from Plato and Socrates. Before I proceed any further, I do not intend to criticize such an esteemed personage as Plato, that some say it took the world 2,000 years to absorb his knowledge. Let that be as it may, I hope you will excuse me for having my humble opinion of such a great man. He says then, it seems, virtue is a sort of health and beauty and good habit of the soul, and vice the disease and deformity the soul. Do not then honorable pursuits and infinity of the soul. Do not then honorable pursuits lead to the acquisition of virtue, but dishonorable ones to that of vice. What is war and sedition? The one is domestic and akin, the other foreign and strange. When hatred is among ourselves, it is called sedition; when it respects others or foreigners it is called war, but the man who readily inclines to taste of every piece of learning and with pleasure enters on the study of it and is satiated with it, this man we shall with justice, call a philosopher. "Shall we not" he said, "that which these instructors and sophists, super add by action, not being able to persuade by speech, or do you not know that they punish with disgrace and fines and prison and death the man whom they cannot persuade."

I know this extremely well; as Plato said, that there is none knows better than I because I have suffered it all but death. It did not take me 2,000 years to find that out. Under British rule in Ireland. No wonder, he said, what other sophist then, or what private reasoning do you imagine capable of drawing opposite to these to overpower them, and he said, beside, great folly even to attempt it for there neither is nor was nor ever can be a different method of attaining virtue. Besides this education by these sophists, I mean a human method, friend, for a divine one I keep out of the question, for you must know well that what ever temper is preserved and becomes such as it ought to be in such a constitution of politics, you will not say amiss when you say that a divine interposition hath preserved it. But further now, besides these things you must likewise be of this opinion, of what you will say, but I say those have their opinions stolen away who are persuaded to change their opinion, and those who forget them, in the one case they are imperceptible, taken away by time, and in the other by reasoning. "Do you now understand in any measure" Plato said; and thus I say, have their opinions forced from them whom grief or agony obliges to change them, and those, I imagine, you will say, are beguiled out of their opinions who change them, being bewitched by pleasure or seduced by fear, being afraid of something. It seems, said he, that everything beguiles which deceives us. That then which I was just now mentioning must be sought for.

Who are the best guardians of this opinion? That which is to be done which is best for the state, and they must observe immediately from their childhood, setting before them such pieces of work in which they may most readily forget such a principle and be deluded; and he who is mindful and hard to be deluded is to be chosen; and he who is otherwise is to be rejected. Is it not so? Plato said; and we must appoint them trials of labors and of pains, in which we must observe the same things. Right, said he; must we not, said I, appoint them a third contest, that of the mountebank kind, and observe them as those do who, when they lead on young horses against noises and tumults, observe whether they are frightened, so must they whilst young, be lead into dreadful things, and again be thrown into pleasures, trying them more than gold in the fire. Whether one is hard to be beguiled with mountebank tricks, and appeared composed, amidst all being a good individual enthusiasm, guardian of himself, and of that music which he learned, showing himself in all these things to be in just measure and harmony, being of such kind as this, he would truly be of the greatest advantage both to himself and the state, and the man who in childhood, in youth and in manhood has been thus tried, and has come out pure, is to be appointed governor and guardian of the state, and honors are to be paid him whilst alive, and when dead he should receive

the highest rewards of public funeral and other memorials.

Would our guardians not be better prepared to guard us, as to the greatest part of the care, if they were really well educated; but they are so, at least, replied he; and I said, that is not proper to be confidently affirmed, friend Glacio, but that is proper which we are now saying, that they ought to have good education—whatever it is—if they are to have what is of the greatest consequence towards rendering them mild, both among themselves and towards those who are guarded by them. Besides then, this education, anyone of understanding would say that their houses and all their other substances, ought to be so contrived as not to hinder their guardians from being the very best of men; and not stir them up to injure the other citizens, and that to do one's own affairs, and not to be premeditated, is justice. You see then, said I, that we justly conjectured of late, that temperance resembles a kind of harmony. This power, then, by which everyone in the city performs his own office is co-rival, it seems, for perfection of the city along with its wisdom, temperance and fortitude. Plato—Temperance and courage, which is reason and fortitude blended with truth, is the forerunner to justice, which is the pioneer of progress in all evolution upwards for the good of the human race, because not as fortitude and wisdom, which reside each of them in a certain part, the one of them making the city wise and the other courageous. Not after this manner doth it render the city temperate, but naturally diffused through the whole, connecting the weakest and those in the middle, all in one symphony, either as to wisdom, if you will, in strength, or in substance, or in any other of those things, so that most justly may we say that this concord is temperance—a symphony of that which is naturally the worse, and the better part. With reference to this, which of them ought to govern in the city and in the individual? There are some species of desires, and the most conspicuous are to thirst and to hunger. Is not the one the desire of drinking, and the other of eating? Yes. Is it then, as considered as thirst, a desire in the soul of something further than of drink. It is according to the nature of the thirst?

Doth not then the restraining of principle arise from reason when it ariseth, but those which push and drive forwards proceed from passions and diseases. Stroking his breast, his heart, he thus reproved Homer. We must then remember likewise that each one of us will be just and do his work; when he doth his affairs within himself, we must carefully remember it. Is it not then proper that the rational part should govern as it is wise and hath the care of the whole soul, and that the irascible part should be obedient and an auxiliary of the other. Shall not then the mixture, as we observed, of music and exercise make these two harmonious, raising and nourishing the one with worthy reasonings and learning, and unbending the other, sooth-

ing-and sweetening it by harmony and measure, and I imagine that we call one brave when, through all the pains and pleasures of life, the irascible part preserves the opinions dictated by reason concerning what is terrible and what is not; and we call him wise, from that small will which governs in him, and dictates these things, having in it the knowledge of what is advantageous for each one and for the whole community of the three themselves, that each of these private hirelings, that these men sophists and deem the rivals of their art; teaching no other things but those maxims of the vulgar, which they approve when they are assembled together, and call it wisdom.

As if one had learned what were the passions and desires of a great and strong animal he was nourishing, how one must treat it, how teach it, and at what season it is most fierce or most mild, and from what causes, and the sounds which on those several occasions it was wont to utter; and at what sounds uttered by another animal, the animal is rendered both mild and savage; and having learned all these things by association with the animals, and by spending considerable time with the animal, should call this wisdom and as if he had established an art, should set about the teaching of it. Whilst yet with reference to these opinions and desires he knows not in reality what is handsome or base or good or ill or just, but should pronounce all these according to the opinion of the great animal, calling these things good in which it is delighted, and that evil with which it was vexed, and should have no other measure as to those things, and should call these things which proceed from necessity of nature, handsome and just, but the nature of necessity and good. How much they differ in reality, he hath never discovered himself, nor is able to show another whilst he is such a one.

Does it not truly appear to you an absurd teacher? But I believe, no matter what Plato analogies may be in comparing these analyses of a wild animal and with a man's experience with it, the animal tamer is not a teacher in methods apart from the wild animal. He confines himself to his art and experience and I think he could give a better demonstration on and about the nature and beauty of that animal than Plato could himself, and more than that, it takes a natural philosopher to know by his experience, like a wild animal tamer, to show, as he says, in a just measure the good points and the bad ones in the animal, and there are only two points in him—the good and the bad—whether they be beauty of form or action or strength of the animal. Plato knew a lot, but he was like many before and after him, he didn't know it all. We can make analogies and inferences to many things but it will never make a white a black. He said in another place that the poor were vulgar and ignorant and I admit it, but whose fault is it or was it? It was the king's and it is the kings and their capitalist friends that is the cause of all this and that ignorance that

Plato was so fond of keeping in existence and of appreciating king rule; and you, Plato, wanted those that guarded your state to be well educated, but they were to be the privileged few.

You also believed in the young men being trained in war; you said you would like them to taste the blood like the bloodhound, that they might be fierce in fight. You said a lot about a divine power, but you wanted to use the sword and spear, but I notice you slacked your hand on the wheel of manipulating facts and truths, when you said, "For as to my genius it is not worth maintaining, for certainly it hath happened heretofore to but few others, or to none at all, and even of these few, now such as are tasting and have tasted, how sweet and happy the acquisition of philosophy is and have with all sufficiently seen the madness of the multitude; and how none of them, to speak in the general, doth anything salutary in the affairs of cities, and that there is no ally with whom one might go to the assistance of the just and be safe. That is the truest word you ever said—but that he is a man falling among wild beasts, being neither willing to join in injustice, nor able being but one, to oppose the whole savage crew, but ere he can serve the city or his friends, is destroyed and is unprofitable both to himself and others, reasoning on all these things, lying quiet, and minding his own affairs, as in an attempt when earth and sea are driven by winds, entering under roof, beholding others overwhelmed in injustice, he is satisfied if he shall himself anyhow, pass his life here pure from injustice and unholy deeds, and make his exit hence in good hopes, cheerful and composed, and he shall make his exit, said he, having done nothing of the smallest matters.

The idea of the good is the highest learning, which idea, when justice and the other virtues as a model, they become really useful and advantageous. Our sight,—I imagine that of all the organs, of sense, it partaketh most of the image of the sun, and the power which it hath it doth not possess as dispensed and flowing from hence, is not the sun, which indeed is not sight itself, yet as it is the cause of it, sun, by sight itself, imagine then, said I, that this is what I was calling the offspring of good, which the good generates analogous to itself, and that is what this is in the intellectual world. With respect to intelligence, the same is the sun in the visible things. You know that eyes, said I, when they are no longer directed towards an object or objects, whose colors are shown upon by the light of day, but by that faint one of the night, grow dim and appear almost blind, as if they had in them perfect sight. But I imagine when they turn to objects which the sun illuminates they see clearly, and in those very eyes there appears now to be sight.

Understand then in the manner, the cause to be so with reference to the soul, this is what I call the sensual generatives of the whole being. What Plato calls soul, and others call conscience—when it shall finally

adhere to that which is truth and real being, enlighten, then it understands and knows it and appears to have intelligence, but when it adheres to that which is blended with darkness, which is generated and which perisheth, so that you will see here, Plato says and believes, whether he hides it or not, in application of the soul—that generative perisheth, which means body, and his soul for all these sensuality of our animated beings are generated. But he goes on and says, "It fancieth and guesseth, taketh up and layeth down its opinions and resembleth no one. Now, one without intelligence, Plato seems to think that all senses should never change, and to my mind, he seems to have forgotten about the generated variations.

He spoke of the difference of good and necessary good, and then he condemns the taking up and laying down of sensual desires and designs. He never for a moment gives a thought to the great problem that our whole generating existence is made up of variations, and he makes an effort to separate the senses and work them a part from the whole, allotting each a certain work to perform, but when I look at a machine working, if one of those parts break, virtue is stopped, as well as evil, so that all the senses must be fed from the fuel of necessity, and necessity has subjective mind, as well as an objective mind, and I do not wonder at the change of opinion in the lifting up and laying down, when we have rejective mind, but I really believe that Plato was a great philosopher and he has drawn the designs and deeds out of man. You have comprehended, said I, most sufficiently and conceive now that corresponding to my four sections, there are these four faculties in the soul: Intelligence; answering to the highest; demonstration to the second, and assign opinion to the third; and to the last, imagination, and range the objects accordingly, that as their objects participate of truth, so reckon that they participate of perspicuity, to go through all things speedily, I advance more slowly.

Do you agree then, said I, that above all the other pieces of learning, we place the art of reasoning as the top stone, and that no other piece of learning can be properly set above it, but that every piece of learning is now finished; and is this not one prudent care, that they meddle not with reasoning whilst they are young, for you have not forgot that the youth, when they first meddle with reasoning in the often amusements, whilst they use them oft in a way of contradiction imitating those who are refuters. They themselves refute others, delighting, like whelps, in dragging and tearing to pieces in their reasonings, those always who are near them and after they confuted many, and been themselves confuted by many, do they not powerfully and speedily come to hold none of the opinions they held formerly, and by these means, they themselves and the whole of philosophy are scandalized to others. When a drone is in a bee cell, it is the disease of the swarm. In like manner such a one, when a

drone is in his house, it is the disease of the city, and shall not the soul too, which is tyrannized over, least of all, do what it shall incline. To speak in the general of the whole soul, but hurried violently by some stinging passions, shall be full of tumult and inconsistency.

And shall we suppose the philosopher, said I, to deem other pleasure as nothing in comparison with that, knowing the truth; how it is and that whilst he is always employed in learning something of this kind, he is not very remote from pleasure, but that he calls the other pleasure truly necessary, as wanting nothing of the others, but where there is necessity for it. By what are we to judge of whatever is to be rightly judged of—is it not experience, by prudence, and by reason, or hath anyone a better criterion than these? Consider now of the three men, who is the most experienced, is all the pleasures? Whether do you imagine that avaricious man in learning truth itself, what it is, is more experienced in the pleasure arising from knowledge, than the philosopher is in that arising from making money? There is, he said, a great difference, for the philosopher, beginning from his childhood, must of necessity, taste the other pleasures. But it is to know real beings; and how sweet this pleasure is. The lucrative man hath no necessity of tasting, or of becoming experienced in, but rather, when he uses earnest endeavors, it is no easy matter. The philosopher, then said, I, far surpasseth the lucrative man, at least in experience of both the pleasures; but what with reference to the ambitious man, is he more experienced in the pleasures arising from honor than the philosopher is in that arising from knowledge?

Honor, he said, attends all of them. If they do obtain each of them what they aim at, for the rich man is honored of many, and so is the brave and the wise; so as to that of honor. What sort of pleasure it is; all of them have the experience, but in the contemplation of being itself, what pleasure there is, it is impossible for any other but the philosopher, to have tasted. On the account of experience then, said I, he, of all men judgeth the best by far, and if by honor and victory and bravery, must it not be as the ambitious and contentious man determined, it is evident, but since it is by experience and prudence and reason, of necessity, said he, what the philosopher and the philologist commands must be the most true. Of the three pleasures then, that is the most pleasant which belongs to that part of the soul by which we learn most and in whomsoever of us this part governs, his life is the most pleasant. How can it, said he, be otherwise, man being the sovereign commander, commands his own life.

Do you not remember, said I, the speeches of the sick diseased, which they utter in their sickness, how that nothing is more pleasant than health, but that it escaped their notice before they became sick, that it was the most pleasant; and when anyone ceaseth, said I, to

feel joy, this tranquillity from pleasure will be painful. And is not ignorance and folly an emptiness in the habit of soul? Food is necessary for the body, and intelligence is food for the mind; and is not that which is most remote from law and order likewise most remote from reason; but if man enslaveth the most honorable and pure part of himself to the most unhallowed and the most polluted part, without any pity, is he not wretched, and taketh a gift of gold to his far more dreadful ruin than Euripyle did when she received the necklace for her husband's life. And are not arrogance and morseness blamed when the lion and the serpentine disposition increase and stretches beyond measure. Those who are dim sighted perceive many things sooner than those who see more clearly.

To deliberate, said I, on the event and as on a throw of the dice, to regulate his affairs according to what casts up, in whatever way reason shall declare to be best, and not as children when they fall, to lie still and waste the time in crying, but always to accustom the soul to apply in the speediest manner, to heal and rectify what was fallen and sick, dismissing lamentation. One would thus, said he, behave in the best manner in every condition, and that the best part is willing to follow this which is rational. And shall not we say that the part which leadeth to the remembrance of the affection, and to waitings, and is insatiably given to these, irrational and idle, and a friend to cowardice, we shall do as those who have been in love when they deem their love unprofitable, though it is a violence on them. They however, desist that bawling bitch which at her mistress barks—he's great in empty eloquence of fools—on trifles still they plod because they are poor.

What then, said I, is there not something which renders the soul evil? Certainly, replied he, all these things which we have now mentioned, injustice, intemperance, cowardice, ignorance, the practice and performance of these four things which we have now mentioned, and adhering to them, and possessing them, men and women are reduced to a non-existence. It is true. (Daniel Mooney). Conscience to my mind, is the feeling of animation's desires, whether afflicted or consoled; it springs from effects from within us, that are engendered through us by experience in and through our sustenance and preservation of our being. It is the sensual effects of variation which is the cause that ushers forth in desires of which we call thoughts, that design and direct the acts and deeds of men.

All animals are endowed with similar functions of desires for their sustenance and preservation of their bodies. It is the sensual effects of variation which is the cause. It is born of no spirit but a natural animation of desire which ushers forth in thoughts. Hope and affection is a clinging and departing visage. You cannot claim it as thine own. It is a magnetism of service; it is a supposition, perception of things that are and will be, beyond which we cannot reach nor behold. This

conscience is not a spirit, it is a natural animation's desire and beyond it we cannot go, in and through evolution and revolution, amongst the planets of this universal system, there is a magnetic force of attraction and contraction that creates animation, and that animation feeds and awakened creates energy, and energy controlled by the sensual animation that has awakened within us, rushes forth the thoughts of right and wrong, that sets this material matter of ours into actions of desires and reasonings of deeds for the sustenance and pleasures and joys of its own self.

Hope, by itself, is an ideal desire of affection, with a supposition without perception, about things and a place we cannot behold or attain. Reason is an analysis of the acts and deeds of men and all nature and few there be that know its true and real meanings, save from their own interesting point of view.

I do believe in leaving all things, better than we found them, for those that follow after us, but after all, what is this so-called knowledge. I know it is supposed to help man in his sustenance and providence, but the wildest animals have their own modes and desires and designs to sustain and provide for them. Save for the scientist's discovery and inventions to help and provide for man, the rest of the school is talk and phraseology, composed of would-be theories of suppositions, with puzzling and cute visor or masks of disguising words of phraseology, with a laugh and expression of appropriate ability and appreciation at how the ignorant do not understand vaporous, crafty, cunning phraseology.

Instead of being benevolent and humble, I am now going to pen my thoughts in rhyme, of man's duty to man and himself.

To judge man right at every time and every act he foisted, it's then you'll see him in his prime, no matter what's accosted; no matter what he tries in rhyme, his worth will be adjusted, his thoughts in life of how to climb the ladder he had trusted, is now a wreck upon the ground where he himself lies busted. I see myself going up and down, in a balance is not trusty, but why should I here cringe or frown, when I know the scales are rusty; and if man's brain is polished fine, to judge the beam not musty, I think a flashing light will shine to keep him from being dusky; that the balance may be true and kind, then none will be disgusty; although I have been in many climes and saw both faint and lusty, I put prejudice from before my mind, for fear I would feel husky. When balance to our judgment comes we sweep aside all dusty, then justice like a quiver runs, through all our heart and must do. But where's the use of being sublimé in a life we cannot trust to? Man has here but a time to stay, and that he has got and must do, and when we are gone beyond life's time, there will be nothing left to undo, unless these words, I leave in rhyme, that some will try to construe. (Composed and written by Daniel Mooney, Banbridge, County Down, Ire-

land, 1923, in Camp 10, Shevlin & Clark, Flanders, North Ontario, Canada.)

I now view the future with awe. It is tentatively, actually, actually desirable concerning that great and free country, the United States of America. When I survey the past actions of these astute British politicians, since the War of Independence, when Britain lost all her claim to royalties in that great country, she has used all her equilibrium in financing surpluses into subsidies for colonization schemes, in the United States, for the benefit of British trade and commerce. She has equipped a system of extension of her trade, under the American flag, to exploit them in the midst of their own selves. Cecil Rhodes' dream and his five million pounds or \$25,000,000, are busy at work, with these British naturalized subjects. They are to get into the public press, and all literature establishments, into the pulpits in the churches, lawyers and doctors, magistrates and demonstrators of all the arts persuasion can utilize for the interest of British manufactured goods, and even go as far as to put up on their sign boards, "Made in England." The scandal of this British plot, with this American official statesman, Dougherty and Lord Perry, Sir James Currie and McGuire, to purchase the raw minerals, of America and the Southern Republic so that they could put up Tariffs of Protection against American manufactured goods, whilst in Britain they had no raw mineral material production worth mentioning, yet with the co-operation with Spain and Holland, they entered into the Southern Republics the same as the United States, to exploit them. I need not mention all the astute contrivances of these British sophists who have formed a network of ravenous tinted currant to exterminate a great, a free country. As Mrs. Snowdon said about Bolsheviks. These are no ignorant people, but men about to exterminate and exploit a great people.

In the lumber camps in Ontario, where the most of the men are North Britons, I was in charge of the wash house in one of the camps, and a Scotch Briton came in to wash. He and I began to discuss the conditions of the times concerning the war; he was the name of Warden and he told me he was at the school in Edinburgh that King Edward was at, and seemed to think he had accomplished something by being at a school King Edward was at, and after we talked awhile he said we should have America the same as Canada, and I said to him, "Do you not think you have persecuted and starved and exiled and murdered enough, and confiscated the property and homes of some of your British Empire, already, without coming back here again to destroy a good and free country?" The whole danger of the American Republic is these naturalized subjects. Their aim is to get into positions in the city and towns and villages of the country, and use their influence of assimilation in favor always of British interests, and use, in British literature and bunk tradition of British history, that is always clam-

oring for the greatness of her people, their honesty, and their great feats of bravery, with justice and truth,—which is all blasphemy and bluff.

As I said before—and I want you to realize it—the whole danger of your country is these British naturalized subjects. They have a scout division of trade and commercial detectives running from London to all the large towns in the States, and with their British agents, do a great amount of destruction to American trade and commerce. They float over from Canada to the States with whatever amount the British Secret Service fund allows them, not to utilise it for the benefit of the American nation—no, but to invest it and speculate with it for the sole interest of their dear, beloved Motherland, Great Britain. And where they are in authority in the city, they advance loans to their naturalized subjects for British interests, and all these British fraternal societies assemble and confab and plan for the British interest; and they get wed, for the money's sake, to these flappers of society that their fathers made off the American people, and transfer it to their British tranquil shores for their happy return, till the flapper gets sick of her new surroundings, then she will return with divorce, or divorce in her own land, but the British pimp has got the spoil. As Mr. Stead, said, "You American women must be the filth and dirt of your country when you marry the debauched and imbeciles of Britain, for a visionary scene of an old castle, but it shows that your patriotism is without principle, therefore your judgments are the prejudice of birth."

But I think the American people should pass a law that these people should not get leave to transfer a large sum of money as a fortune when they get married, that was accumulated by the blood and sweat of a nation. The Kaiser of Germany, objected to the same thing, when Miss Krupp, was going to take her fortune that was left her by her father, out of the country. It was the Krupp gunmakers that produced that money, out of their hard work of blood and sweat. These creatures, for a coveted title of a Lord, that deforms and defaces the name of man.

I never could have believed the intensified hatred of Britishers towards Americans unless I was convinced as I am, by hearing and seeing their actions where Americans are concerned. But, O, they are kind to those British-Canadians, about 500,000 of themselves, and seven million Russians, Pollocks, Germans, French Belgians, Irish, Austrians, Roumanians, Ukrainians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Swiss, Icelanders, Dutch, Galitians—These are all in serfdom, as the Americans were before the War of Independence, and these 500,000, by the public press, by ministers in churches, Labor Unions on platforms, Salvation Army men and women, on the steeet, Christian associations, lawyers, doctors, co-operative men, professors, school teachers of old British history, sending them over to England to learn the art of Anglicizing the foreigners in

Canada—commercial travellers, merchantmen, all lecturing and demonstrating the greatness of England, how to honor and obey, and if not directly, indirectly,—they all join in on the injustices of Americans; and if a colored man in the States committed a crime on a white woman, that was worthy of death, the British papers in Canada would publish a long article, that they were not brutal but human, and one of the British papers in Winnipeg—the Free Press reported that there was a dance in the city and there were colored men there, and that one girl stopped the other about a man, so you will see these human white Christians are fond of the black man. How would it do to shift Alabama or Louisiana over to Manitoba where they are so fond of Sambo?

Now you will see that these 500,000 British cosmopolitans are training these serfdom foreigners to be good, true British Canadians, and the new arrival Britisher, to learn how to exploit the Americans when they cross the line; they delude the American business men to come over to Canada to let them know how they do business in America, so as to get a key to exploitation for Mr. Britisher when he is going to locate. Now you will see these 500,000 are running Canada. They appoint all the positions to well-trained Britishers, and of course, the ministers in their sermons, recommend, and the public press gives a long account of their qualifications and ability, so he passes on to the place of honor. The pulpit and the public press are highly esteemed. Old professors from a wolf dog to the pioneer, all telling what they are going to demonstrate, but you never see anything but a camera like the muzzle of a gun and him pointing at you, only you know it is harmless attitude. You would think he was going to shoot you. This discovery, he will tell you, was an invention he was working at to stop the dew from coming down from the heavens, and the vapor from going up. This, he tells them, is going to be the means of stopping rust from coming on the wheat.

These British fogies are many and they tell you in some kind of phraseology that their technical schools are far ahead of our experienced natural course; and of course, the poor foreigner, although he may be better educated in his own language, cannot compromise in the English language, so he sits in amazement while this Britisher has satisfied himself that he has performed the feat, and the poor slave of an immigrant and traveller, going along Main street, will see posted up the great prospects of the unknown wealth of the West, exhibiting a few minerals and wheat and grasses that they selected from the best that they could find. The unwary traveller goes prospecting, but he is not long till he feels his money gone to the shipping and railway companies, and him with a few dollars, in despair of where to go, and no place to stay. These are the British delusions in Canada.

Many a poor naturalized Canadian and Americanized foreigner has been deceived and

lost their all in this Canadian Northwest, all with the beautiful song, "The Unknown Wealth." Why not these British capitalists invest their money in the speculation of this unknown wealth. No, they are too old in experience at that game. In 1923, the C.P. Railway President, Mr. Beatty, in a speech in London, England, with the President of the Bank of England in the chair to camouflage the American people by trying to make them believe that he would not borrow money of England to draw them into a Trust, he said, "We borrow money of America and will continue to borrow money." Now who is the lenders of this American money? He said they had 50 shareholders in England and 21 in Canada and 20 in America. He said they had 15,000 miles of railroads, 10,000 in Canada, and 5,000 controlled in America. Now, at this present time it is a paying proposition, but in twenty years hence it will be a sinking proposition, to warn you Americans in and about these investments, because as Sir Nevend Clifford said, Canada had borrowed more than she was worth. When one of the heads of this Canadian government makes that statement in the Alexandra hotel, Winnipeg—which is one of the C. P. Railway's greatest hotels—now then this great railway company has been and is still making a big interest on its investments. Why does this company not invest its interest like Mr. Ford's American company, instead of drawing their interest and sending it to England and borrowing money from America to extend their lines and make their improvements.

These corporations of America are beguiled by these naturalized Britishers in America but they will take good care they will not invest in that proposition themselves. These lumber woods will not last longer at the rate they are going, between fires and rot,—I think 20 years will give Ontario a good shake and replanting would take 100 years for another cut on this rock and swamp; therefore the saw mills will be closed down and an isolated farm here and there. Your pulp and paper mills would close down and your far-away timber would be too expensive for to get out both in British Columbia and Ontario. Your underground minerals are vanishing and they too, will be too expensive to extricate from their place of residence to a place of consumption, why that in fact your large investment in any respect in Canada will be a total loss. These British conjurers got their fingers burnt in their Grand Trunk investments, and their whole motto is to take it out of the United States. Since you got your independence, they have been taking their royalties out of you by that cunning borrowing system. They have got into you now two billion and a half and they know you are afraid of them not paying (and to hang you on their peg, they still keep borrowing more, and science is advancing that fast that it is disaster to make big investments, in fact, in any part of Canada. My adage is, "He that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, and he that goes a lending goes a spending."

You Americans are just throwing your money away when you lend it to British subjects of any kind. Britain makes it appear she leaves Canada to her own affairs; she does with a watchful eye. In 1923, British Columbia sold \$6 million dollars worth of lumber and Britain had to get the one-third in royalties, the other third to the Provincial government, and the other to the Federal government. Do you know what royalties mean when you lend so much money to Canada? If you did, you would know what power Britain had in Canada. For every bear skin she gets 40 cents, gray fox, \$1.50, and red fox, \$1.00, and so on for beaver, otter and all saleable hides of wild animals; and so much a ton for all minerals coming from underneath the ground. This is royalties. If Americans knew this, they should also know the money they have lent Canada—and Canada paying this to Britain in royalties—that they never will get their interest fully paid up to the amount of their investment, far less their principal back. England says to Canada, "Borrow from America, we need all the royalties." The only way for America is to say to Great Britain: "Pay us our money or we will stop your royalties till we are paid."

Harding said the two countries got on well and other nations are jealous of us. I do not know any nation could be jealous with America concerning Canada. As far as I see America is and has been, throwing away her money in Canada. Harding was the president, visited Canada and he poisoned himself. Balfour bewitched him on the League of Nations; at Washington. Going to Canada, his Secretary and his friend ran over a precipice and killed themselves, and he proceeded further, and he left \$700,000, and his wife was hard up, and their government gave her \$7,000, a year, poor creature, and England always lives on faith, hope, and charity. I hope you will trust me and be charitable and lend me. And Harding said there was not a gun on the boundary, but if I had power in America, I would put guns of tariff from one end of the boundary to the other, and I would not let a Britisher cross the line. They come over to Canada and they say, "I want into the States." But I can tell Americans that every naturalized Britisher is an enemy of the United States. It would be far better for the States when she is taking immigrants to take them from republics and none at all from the British Isles.

There is not a coast town in the boundary line but what a population of these North Britons, which is the worst conjuring, naturalized subjects any nation could have allied to them. You will tell me I am wrong, that they are an economical, good, thrifty people. Did you ever know one of them to go into the yoke and work himself up on his own means? No, they will tell you, "I came to this country with only a dollar and I succeeded." How did he succeed? On the speculation of some other man's money and brains. Yes, they are economical drones with no experience, but listening to the theory of others and in nice phraseology demonstrating these theories be-

fore other men that they actually thought this brain power belonged to them, instead of it being an extorted sample from the power of some other brain. Then they are lent the money and they succeed, but like the Jew, the man that lent the money also lent his brains, and they had both the money and the experience that he did not work for, but by watching and hearing, he extorted it all from him. This is what they call the wisdom of economics and the wise, industrious.

Well might Plato say, "Let each man mind his own business and do it within himself." This is how these British-Canadians get the loan off you just, honest, industrious Americans, money that they never intend paying back. These so-called economics of these 500,000 drones of British Canadians, they have a selected gang of the great art of sophist reasoning, travelling all over Canada and the States, persuading Americans about the great, unknown, hidden treasures of wealth undiscovered in Canada, to extort from them money and means, to explore and investigate these supposed unknown resources, that no living being will ever see brought forth—lawyers, doctors, commercial men, newspaper journalists and engineers and would-be scientists and professors, as I have said, of all classes, to use the most scientific methods of deluding the unwary into these traps of investment.

I was amused, but with pity, at listening to a man in a restaurant on Main street, Winnipeg. He had listened to these gold prospectors in North Manitoba. After working hard for years, he and his brother, he told me, after hearing these plausible demonstrations of these sophist exploiters, he was persuaded to invest all he had, \$7,000, and his brother \$10,000,—all they had after toiling hard for years in Canada, two Canadian carpenters, he said they were, and he told me they gathered up this capital of investments, making the investors believe they had so many thousand dollars in the company, but it turned out the company had no investments themselves but the public's money; the mine quartz ran out or nearly so, and they failed; this man was shedding tears because he had lost what he intended to keep him in his old age. So you will see these gangs of manipulators and sophists how they deceive the people, so that this gang of British exploiters gets hold of the public's money and pay themselves for speculating the public's money out of the public's money.

Now, where these British prospectors are at work, the first thing they do is to appoint the working salaries of management of the company, and they arrange it so—let their undertaking fail or not—they themselves, will lose nothing, and they have kept themselves in a remunerative situation, let the public investors starve or die, and this is what they call the art of demonstration, persuading you and your money into these things, and if their prospect or scheme succeeds, they cut out the small shareholder—this is British technical knowledge—this unknown wealth,

what is it? An unknown horse is a dangerous one to ride on; he is uncertainty in itself and is often the cause of disaster.

A man, or body of men, who invests anything without perception, is unwise, and a nation that loans money or wealth to another nation without the security of the receipt and return of these loans is leading that nation to bankruptcy, revolution and ructions, America is a great country, and from its cultivated soil and brain it has developed and cultured the offspring of many nations. It has refined the appearance and imbued the assumptions with a desire to loftiness. It has adorned them with a gait and attitude of gracefulness that is not to be seen in any other country of today, with that sunny, affable smile like the verdure of their native-land; it is a balmy odor of human nature, that has its source from the highest ambition of truth and reason, that flaunts itself in the breeze of admiration, like their own sunny banner of their national pride—the Stars and Stripes.

I warn you people, you great and free people, to beware and have nothing to do with this so-called one race and one tongue, the British race. It is a deceptive to get control of you and your country. I am an old man today, at the age of 63, approaching the elected span, but what good would it do me to engender hatred or spite towards any nation or people. It is for me to reveal the history and experience of the past, and as I have suffered in the flesh for defending the truth, I know that my experience will bear testimony to that; my theory is true. You Americans, like the Russians, would be better to adopt a new language and get rid of those deceitful Finns, the British. "We are the one people, the one race," is a camouflage to draw you away from watching him. My forefathers, the Irish, and the French fought side by side for America's freedom, and when the British-Americans wanted to give up, the Irish and the French said no, we will live and die for freedom,—and hence the victory of Bunker Hill and Val-Forge. This is true history. Don't let them convince you that the American-British fought with heart and hand, for they did not. Their brothers murdered your wives and children till their blood ran warm on their earthen floors. Around your coast, of every village and town, and if you heard the threats and vows of what they would do to these American bastards, as I have done you would have no dupes like Harding, cooked by Balfour, to deceive you with their League of Nations, with every nation to subscribe \$35,000. It was as bad as the British pimps and hoboes in Winnipeg wanting honest men to join the Manitoba unemployed association, and mind you, everything to be discussed in the British language. It is as bad, such a proposition, as Curzon with the Turks, when he wanted English judges to administer Turkish law for the English, in Turkey. Just think of this coercion by this Great Britain."

Why, if there were any League of Nations to settle any disputes of any kind, in any country where the defender was accused, the

grievance should be discussed in that language where the defender was accused, and the president should be elected from a vote of the House apart from the prosecutor and defendant, and he should always be able to understand both languages under discussion, about the grievances. But to my mind, this League, this conjured up scheme, is simple coercion. It is no just proposition where an empire indirectly holds and controls a lot of colonies and each colony, when it came to a vote, voted in the interest of the empire. Indirectly then, if there were nine colonies, when it came to a vote, each colony like the empire then would have votes, and whether it was one colony's interest or not that voted for the interest of the other, it was still in the interest of the empire, therefore are British coercion votes thrown against one single nation. Do these single nations know that this is one of Arthur Balfour's Coercion Acts? He has been practising at this business on Ireland, since 1874, well nigh half a century—and even at this Coalition Union, other strong powers would see the change in their trade and commerce and would also come to see the leaning force of these Imperialists towards other powers in and through their voting for their own interest and empire power, though they would try to guide and hide their policy by saying very little in the discussions and debates.

Sooner or later the effects of their actions would be felt and seen and it would be a withdrawal from any more of that confab's manipulating coercions of compilations of Cecil Rhodes' dream and his secret service compact. My advice to these great American industrious people is to adhere to their first and great President Washington, who warned of the future, which is too often hid by these British-Americans. Appoint a president only once for fear it would become kingism; establish nor adopt any church for fear it would divide the people; enter into no alliance with any nation for fear it would draw us into wars and expenditure. These are the desires of the founder of your great institution. Nobly uphold them and guard them honorably, for he was a noble and honorable man.

You have got the Dutch Baldwins in Philadelphia, calling themselves Americans, one Premier of Britain, and guarding British interest, at home and abroad, and many others, but as Bob Ingersoll said, 'One world at a time, one man at a time, one nation at a time.' A man's enemy is within his own house. If he is living for England, he cannot live for America, either he must hate the one or love the other. If I am the means of drawing the attention of Americans to the danger of their own interest, I will be very glad. I could not but think and consider about the British retired Ambassador from Washington, when he arrived in London, he started to illustrate the importance of his benevolent services. He was about to apply. He said, "I am going to be the unofficial guardian of the American people over here." Didn't that sound melodious in the ears of an uninspired

American. I knew some of them were not guarded, when they were robbed and murdered in Glasgow, and no paid official guarded them. How kind it looks to read about this guardianship in the papers, but Americans, always have your passports with you from your own country. It is the safest for your friends financially, no matter about this flourish of these men's decoy. He may look after some naturalized British-American but I, for one, would not like to trust to him unofficialdom in any part of Britain.

They also got Senator Lodge, another enemy of his country to help them by his denunciation of the Russians, so that the British would have a chance to get into Russia first to exploit the mineral resources of that country. That was Mr. Lodge's ends, making way for British friends in Russia. His pre-generacy plays with his philosophy but the Bolsheviks saw the move, when I told the Russian peasants what this dog was, so Mr. Britain would get no permit into their resources, only under certain conditions. You Americans should protect yourselves and have a law concerning the amalgamation of British and American Companies. As I have told you before, a man's foes are those within his own house. You forgot what the Chinese statesman said in your own country, that from the day the British landed in Hong Kong, they were the cause of every revolution in China. If you keep on with this mix-up with Britain you will fetch revolution to your own door. Let every nation control its own capital and look after its own interest within itself.

Believe the traveller that sees and feels and hears. There are a few philosophers in England, but as Plato said, they being few, cannot interfere in the part of justice, because they are not able to fight the whole crew of those that are against justice. Plato speaks of lifting up and laying down our principles. I read a speech of an Irish leader at the anniversary of another Irish leader—that was John Dillon, at Wexford, on the 7th March, 1924. That man was a Councillor at the bar and his last speech—his last great speech—and I think he never equalled it since nor before—it was in reply to Sir Edward Carson, on the policy of the British Government in Ireland, and a plea for Home Rule. He was a real nationalist, and for separation. He spoke for two hours and a half and his analysis was sound, his reasonings powerful and mellow and his comparisons grasping and reaching; he never villified nor defamed; he spoke with virility and manhood, with virtue and moral good. He visionized the past and showed them the vital consequence of his vision. He theorized the future and showed them the fundamental principles of justice he was getting old but he vibrated high above the assembly's gratitude. He soared in grandeur, in compromising facts and with criticisms that were temperate and far-reaching and secure. He had accessible and diligent power of demonstration, scarce realized his antagonist, but in an enthusiastic sense of importance of

the honorable gentleman's assumptions to function as an authority on the legislating principles of emancipation.

At the finish, he was aglow and humor of altitude and admiration. But Plato comes in, and he sold his conscience for to save the flesh, but the pain is in the sensational mind for the Pope and the King, he became an Imperialist—so dies Antonio, a dupe. This is the end of John Dillon.

A death to me is a sure friend, and why should I here bother, the rich have pleasures, but they'll end, we are just but one another. My whole life time here was to tend and help, but not to bother, and every effort to that end, of this, I'm going to father. And when I'm gone, I'll need no friends for to around me gather; when in the tomb I'll know no gloom, thou the grass may grow like heather; the sun will shine on another's prime, as it did when I went thither, so let us pass here through life's time, in dark or stormy weather, be sure again the sun will shine, as flesh doth grow the father's, we may get shackled here in crime for some that don't know whether the salt did come from out the brine, that savors altogether, but let us all be sure to find the pasture for our wethers, and there the dames are sure to find a shelter from bad weather. In travelling o'er our native clime, perhaps we'll meet another has seen as much within his time and never yet got tethered. I have seen men here within my time, both mock and jostle others, but when in mediations's clime, to change it they would rather. The best adage is for to wade this brook or stream that mothers, the rivers flow that to the ocean go and evaporate together into clouds above that give us love, in cool and calm like weather.

Then let us smile on every child that has a human father, and when we are done and life's race run, the prize will be to neither, for as we come we will surely go to follow one another.—Daniel Mooney, September 8, 1923.

I was watching camp in North Ontario, for Shevlin & Clark; at Camp 11, in the Flanders district. This camp was on one side of the lake and the place where they were cutting was on the other side of the lake and there was no road there to where they were cutting, just a trail across from the portage, and I never was in that limit before and had no compass and I thought I would go with the dog for a hunt and see the cutting they were going to do in the winter over from the Camp on the other side from me, and no trail owing to it being a new cut, and the tote road being on the other side of the lake from the camp, but I stayed too long in the bush and no tote road but a small trail; I could not find it till night and I lost it. These sophists of the royalty kept at me till I lost my way. I could not see any marks of man or beast to guide me, and it began to get dark and with no compass to guide me back to the lake where I saw the camp. There being five or six lakes all round me I struck the wrong lake and wandered out of my latitude and me going for a walk I had nothing on me but my

overalls and underwear and very few matches. I wandered for three days round these lakes and could not find the camp, although I could hear the teamsters hollering at their horses in another camp but could not cross the portage without a boat, the water was that high. So I thought I would go East as the country looked to be without bush, and when I got there, I found to my surprise, the open country was all burned bush with the roughest stones and limbs of cedar to go through and over. I saw then my Eastern journey was useless and I turned back West. I could hear the lumbermen making roads out north from me, with the sounds of the dynamite shots going off, but I could not get near them without a boat as they were a long distance from me on the other side of the lake.

Five days were gone now without food and very little sleep. I arranged then in my mind to go direct west as I remembered one of Moore's melodies, where he said, "As the traveller oft looks back at eve when eastward darkly going, to gaze upon that light they leave so faint behind them glowing." Sometimes around a lake I would get a stony path better than through the swamp or over hollows or holes through the bush, and no axe, and the portages between the lakes are flowing, I sometimes was over the waist in water getting over, and when over having to come back again, going the wrong road, and I would have to go to the shore of the lake to see the sun to know what direction I was going; the bush, where the sun was east you would think was west in the midst of that thick bush of high pinewood, so I had to go often outside to the lake to find my latitude, and often when I would fall into the water going over the portages, I would lie awhile and hold the branch of a tree until I felt my legs getting easy with the muddy, swampy water, like a poultice, they being bare and scarred and swollen, and once in a while I would holler, "A man lost in the bush." But it was a voice to nature, the animals, birds and the bees and lakes and trees, no human to hear the voice of the wanderer, always looking out for a canoe or an Indian; but there was none to be found; or a wood ranger, because this is a Government Reserve and there are no Indians allowed to locate there, but I did not know that till I came out of the wood, and when I would be in the greatest difficulty, these cursed royal Campbells of the Duke of Argyle and Sir Colin Campbell's daughter and their dupes Fitzsimmons, a brother of Bob, the pugilist, and his friend, Lord Earn's Orange wretches. The most wicked of them is all assimilated with this transfer of matter that no civilized race could tolerate, but this barbarous, Orange Ulster Scotch. They are the filthiest the royal family could place in Belfast or any other barbarous community.

When I was in the water putting my burning clothes out, they were wishing I was drowned, and when lying in meditation, they were wishing I was burned to death, and every stumble was a desirable wish for some dis-

aster to befall me. They control and command about a hundred wretches with that cursed corruption of assimilation of an animation. They kept at me for 10 days for fear of this book I am writing, thinking I would commit suicide in the woods. They would say "This is the way," and "That is the way" till they would keep me wandering till I would fall. There was not a thought of another world, nor a dread of fear. My only fear was that I would not get this book printed. One dark night, and it was raining very fast and the rain kept putting out my fire and there was some animal that came close to me, and the little dog kept barking at it and running back and forwards towards it, and I hollered at it to get out of there, but it went away very slowly, it was that dark I could see nothing but the fire, and I did not know what it was. That was on Sunday, and it was the seventh day hunger for me and the dog, but I was not hungry but getting tired with the climbing up and down, and the falls were frequent.

One morning I rose, or wakened up and tried to rise but I fell down again. Then a thought struck me, I would lie down and wait for death. After I lay for a while, I thought it would be too long for death to come and I got up and went on again. I said to myself, "I will go until I fall." Westward I heard the woodsmen blasting rock, and I knew not far away, so I rounded a little lake and struck a skidding trail. I followed it up the hill and at the top, to my surprise, I came to a tote road with fresh tracks of both horse and wagon. I looked up and down the road; I stopped and paused and said to myself, "I will turn to the right hand." The dog beat it along the track and in half a mile. I reached the men that were making roads and blasting rock near the lake I was steering for, and there was a Frenchman making the dinner. Frank was his first name, and frankly he gave me to eat, but I told him to give me just a little evaporated milk and a little tea in a cup. I drank about a glass of it, just warm, and the dog the same, just drank a little milk and tea, and the foreman, an American from Wisconsin—Roy Moffatt, took me by the arm and helped me to the camp. When I went into the camp a Russian Bolshevik gave me a good drink of whiskey which made me sleep, and in the morning a little soup and some light bread or cake,—a little more every day for nine days, until I ate well. They were all very kind in the camp. In the wood at night the little dog slept between my feet and between my shoulders and I was very glad of that little heat in the midst of my suffering, but it was three weeks before my legs got healed.

When in the woods I had thirty-three dollars in a purse in my pocket and it never got wet while in the lake; I had it carefully laid by in my pocket that was not burnt, with a note telling my name, and the circumstances of my death, if found. I had no concern about death at any time; it was just a desire that my writing would be preserved for the

benefit of mankind. In daytime I had not much meditation but at night, many thoughts crossed my mind, but always a hell of confusion followed after them, by this Orange royal Aristotle of nature's matter. If my blood had been free from this corruption of these filthy, rotten Campbells at the worst, this starvation romance would have been a palatial carnival and a joy at its worst.—

When lying back in the serene calm of the night beneath the wavering pines, with the hustle of the winds and the mocking wild birds' song, the squirrels, the chatter, and the wolves do howl or cry the whole night long; the wild geese squatting o'er the lake, the beaver's plunge is long, he's toiling hard till the morning break, you never hear his song; the night owls scream will you elate, it sounds both loud and long, the woodcock picks with his beak is louder than a thong; the night is still save the falling leaves, the ripple on the streams, while nature's voice is the choice beneath the moonlight's gleam; the mournful call is heard by all; within this lonely place when in my prime I would think by times, about this forest rare, but I now lie and without a sigh I all these things embrace.

What is fortitude and luck? It's a coward's plan, to run amuck; the simple and the noble pluck, that stands right up like man, when they the wheel of fortune turn, the reel goes round to fill the prin, but when the web of luck was woven, the prin was emptied like a bobbin, and man's fortitude was driven to empty luck that looks for heaven, when all is riven and has no trust; it was his and also mine, and so it must, although they leave it standing crying, it's only just. Fortitude is, on you go, reckless of right or wrong you know; and luck is but an accident in the variations' throw; courage without conscience is an awful blow, to him that doth deliver it, as well as where it go; luck's astride of fortitude; it rides it to and fro; it has no bounds nor latitude, it's where every man do row. I see them in the jumbling ring, like men at dice they throw, waiting for the ball to stop, and wish for it, you know: "Poor men with wives and children, they all do have their go

This is, the fool's fortitude, with luck he'll never know, save for their poor inheritance they see from them will go. Luck to me is perishing, no matter where I go, the fool may think it, cherishing, but time will to him show, the wins are almost valueless, as they come they all must go, but fortitude is tireless, it's anxious for to know; when they spin their yarns and weave their webs from the fibre that doth grow, and weaves the cloth till it's worn rags, it's then they'll surely know, that luck was but a shady path of doubts and fears to go, and courage rushes to that path, on pleasures bent, you know, and when returning back at last, here's all he has got to show, is troubles springing from the past, of sorrows, grief and woe.

Let no man here be cast adrift on fortitude o'erflow, for his luckless rider he won't miss, they will both right over go. This for-

itude of luck and race is quite a thing, I throw; let us not here now be disgraced with fortunes won, or no; let us be honest, for justice chase, them all like drifts of snow.

March 23, 1922—Thursday—San Francisco Examiner. — Editorial page — by Doctor Charles Fleischer (Copyright, 1922).

This is a man of foresight and perception; he can see through the haze afar off. He says: "Surely you will enjoy the memory of the tea party you attended in Boston Harbor a century and half ago. Perhaps then, you will be pleased to accept an invitation to another party today. This time you are asked to make a big excursion to far-away India. The spirit journey will involve no expense beyond an outlay of intelligence, sympathy, and such spending always means having and giving and gaining." When the American colonists, disguised as Indians, spoiled a cargo of good tea by spilling overboard, they not only took liberties with the cheering, non-intoxicated drink known to Merry England, but they made a picturesque protest against the principles of taxation without representation.

At this safe distance of time and space we can see the jest of the situation, but the Boston tea party was no joke in those colonial days. Indeed, it was another of the unmistakable signs of the oncoming throes of revolution, just as surely as is the burning of cotton now in India. It is not fair to say, to fact, that England learns no lesson. On the contrary she has learned much since the achievement of American independence, hence the United Kingdom, which is a federation of practically sovereign states—and he might have added, they want this federation to rule a League of Nations.

And now they have included Ireland in their federation of states with a governor-general to rule over them from England, at Ireland's expense, remunerative and other ways, the same as Canada, and any federal government or authority over the people, without being elected by the people and for the people, is serfdom and slavery, and in both Canada and Ireland, there are privy councils the people have no power over.

These privileged councils are partly elected or selected by the crown, are unconstitutional, and therefore, no government for the people, or by the people. It is freakdom and exploitation. The press, the pulpit and these privileged silver service men of place use their influence over the poor and oppressed subjects, that submit with an ignorant fear and dread such an authority.

You must understand, under the Imperial Government there is no colonial freedom,—he goes on—except that they have included Ireland, but which was after much bloody and fateful reluctance on the part of England, is attaining the status of an association. But I say this is not correct, for while there is a privy councillor or senate, none elected by the people, there is no government for the people. As I said before, it is serfdom, fear and dread, and the pact themselves are in

doubts and fear. Such is Ireland and Canada, and well may they be in dread and fear, and since the king's envoy, Russell, made his invitation to the head of that inquisition in Rome for King George to help him to hold Ireland in his grasp, I do not know the price his government paid for this assistance but I do know that some of the Irish that were great Nationalists before the revolutions in the old parliament, are now recanted by the authority of the Pope, to be true blue Imperialists.

"And for this Imperial, frustrated government, Cosgrave and his cabinet executed and imprisoned more than the British Government did themselves, and especially Irish-American patriots. This is true British Popish Imperialism." John Dillon, one of the old Irish Nationalists, and he said himself, one of the astutes, and "I appreciate his ability as a learned analyzer and orator, but his creed played with his philosophy, and as Plato said, 'his conscience was stolen away from him by the king and the Pope's persuasion'; and he said, 'Egypt, whose sovereignty also is about to be recognized at London, and India, which looms on the international horizon, huge and menacing.' Many believe that this black cloud portends the storm which is to bring the destruction of disruption to the British Empire. But Britannia, which so long has ruled the waves, may know how to bow to the blase also and thus may manage to ride the storm in safety, even if her ship of state is saved, be sure that it can only be through lightening of the load by further abandonment of cargo. England can save herself only by allowing practically self-government in India." Here are the truest words this man has said, they must give India full control of their country's weal.

He goes on and says, "England has deadened India's culture and killed her industry. She has exploited India's resources for the enrichment of England and the spoliation and impoverishment of India. She has encouraged the traffic of opium and liquors, and has denied India's thirst for education. She has forced upon India the blight of a foreign civilization, with militarism and famine as the cruel symbol of England's despotism; and now the patient worm has turned. India has not become avowedly Christian, but she is practically the militant pacifism of Jesus under the fairly hypnotic leadership of the Mahatma Gandhi. Lately they built huge bonfires of their clothes made of cotton manufactured in England, and the people of India are bringing out the old spindles to make their own cotton cloth. All this may sound impractical, and probably it is, but so was the spilling of the tea in Boston Harbor, and yet that seemingly so insignificant act was followed pretty promptly by the incident at Concord Bridge and the firing of the shot heard round the world, indeed shaking, indeed all the commands and bombardment of the recent war, were world-shaking reverberations of that shot fired by the colonial farmers, and Russia is another, and

China another, and India still another. By the light of those bonfires of British cotton we can look into the hearts of those hundreds of millions of Hindoos and Chinese and Russians all yearning to breathe free. That lurid scene in far-off India blends with the grey-green of Boston Harbor and illumines anew the meaning of the earlier incident in New England. Essentially, they both have exactly the same significance, they are episodes of the same human drama, the awakening of man.

"Self-direction and self-fulfilment are the inalienable right and the inevitable destiny of all human beings. They can no more be successfully denied to the real India by modern Britain than they could be kept a century and half ago from the America which Columbus thought to be the fabled India of his day. I am glad today to know that there are true Americans awake to a sense of their country's freedom."

I have written of some of those things that are important to your country's weal, but we cannot too often mind, or remind the slumbering spirits of your great country that would awake only to see their country in bondage, that the patriots' forefathers suffered so much to free. Let no man nor men entice you into alliances with any nation that will embroil and entangle you with bloodshed and exploitations and expenditures. The San Francisco editorial is a grand survey of one of the most cunning, deceiving, exploiting nations on the face of the earth, by all the art of persuasion and manipulating conjuring at Washington. Balfour hypnotized the unpatriotic part of the senate with his Americanized countrymen—Hughes, Lodge, Elihu Root. These are but the pregeneracy of those who wanted to give up the war of independence and retreat with their country. The British, in France, in the German war, they wanted to retreat from their positions before their friends, the Saxons, Germans, Prussians, when Foch said, "No, we will stop them here, before the American soldiers landed at the front."

This is a good warning to a great people, and no other but a great patriot and lover of his country could reverbrate such an echo and melodious sound. It has a thrill in every strain, and America's sons, I hope, will take up the chore with acknowledge and wisdom, and not alone proclaim it, but teach it in every American home. After all it is not surprising to me when I recall the lives of great and good men, when I go back to Edmund Burke's day and imagine I hear his voice in the days when I read of Ghandi, he pleading and suffering in prison for the emancipation of his countrymen, Burke's eloquence and pitiful strains on behalf of the Hindus, showing the famine and miserable suffering of these human creatures that concerns us today, echoes in my ears, and though he approached this suffering humanity's conditions gently, he was accused of treachery and disloyalty, yea, cast into grief himself by the death of his son, and these accusations,

shortened his days for the scorn of ignorance is hard to bear. Yet the seed he had sown had taken root in Gladstone's heart, yet he too, like Burke, had to advance gently, but the seeds that Burke had sown grew the fibre that Gladstone wove his great emancipation bill of free education and compulsory education that we see wearing the cloth from the seed sown and the fibre woven into emancipation's great forms for the children of men.

His enfranchisement of the toiler, with care and caution, they approached them all with that knowledge but not with fear that their conscience would be stolen or imprisoned or taken away, and as Plato said, "to do things speedily, they advanced slowly." Burke perceived and Gladstone designed and built upwards and onwards.

This Canada, by British manipulation, has devised all kinds of means to exploit these foreign slaves. First, the Prohibition Bill that robbed them; now, the fallacy of reducing Federal representation in their House of Parliament by one-third, and Progressives as well as Conservatives agree with a plea to economy, of saving a few hundred thousand dollars. That is nothing in comparison with the defects of its railway. It is a scheme to disfranchise a great part of the population's representation in that House that their cunning deviations shall not be known by demonstration. They will not be so exposed as if there were sufficient numbers there to criticize their actions and deeds. This is British policy, as she always tries how it will work in Canada before she enforces it in the British Islands. Canada is the British forerunner to all exploitations, both to America and Great Britain. They are supposed to be the confidential stepchild of the British Empire and these 500,000 placed officials with their artful British friends at Ottawa, can finance the world with illusions, that it would take inalienable spirit like Mohammed's to stand against it. They want to inanimate their parliament with stupidity; they want too, incapable and narrow and incapacitate and disable the franchise system of English speaking people, because the democracy are in part ruling.

Their motto is to disfranchise their representation. You plebians beware; my time is short, it is all I can do to warn you, and I must say I have no sympathy for this European immigrant slaves who come out here after knowing they were deceived by this British Canadian Government, advertising 60 cents an hour in Great Britain and Europe, and when arriving in Canada, paying 30 cents an hour. These men could write home and tell the people not to come. No, they are like Humboldt, in a visional trance on the heights that are snowclad, of Chimborazo, looking on the valley below, with its vines and rich fruits, to descend upon the bowery of their world's contentment, but instead of a fruitful valley, below is a desolate waste, rocks and lakes and wild swamps, icebound regions and snow. The Northwest is a wilderness, desolate, that no human beings can cultivate. I

can vindicate all this by my fifteen years' experience, human man here, for six months of the year, is impracticable. Believe me, this Canada is no Venus, nor Goddess of Love, neither is it utilitarian or for any standard of virtue. It is a benumbing, stupifying, beleagued jumble of all nationalities; to live on the prairie in winter time—city or country—I can tell you the wind and frost is carnivorous. In fact, to me this country is inviolable, incapable of living.

This country is living and has lived not on resources of itself but on the exploitation of other people's resources, by illusions through demonstrations of pulpit orations, editorial enthusiasms of infusings which delude and deceive the unwary mind that plods along their rock and weary road. This contraption will surely come to the end of its gravitations and their bearings will surely give way and their ship will strike the rock, no matter when or how the lead is cast; down she goes, with all her resources. This is the end of the British ship and all her crew, with her manipulating and great undating and chosen few. The way of the wicked is hard.

When I see how slow emancipation does come, I feel unpliant and listless to the attention even of my own friends. I see the way and the barrier that blocks it, but alone, I am weak to propose or remove it. I am getting old and weary. My friends are taken away and I am now indifferent, but sometimes there arises before my eyes a vision that the stumbling block is removed and that mankind in freedom and liberty, is marching on. My intense feelings I withhold and keep it from being provoked from the veriest ignorance of my time, with the usual gait of procedure in conduct, amidst the roughness and enraged individuals that criticize my vaticinations with a glaring vaunt and only for fear would force vehemence, and violence with gratitude for crime, but I find the words always most appropriate to ward against fatalities. I appreciate always available demonstration to the assistance of maintaining the truth and justice. I do like the verification of proof, but I never liked verbosity, but virility, manhood with virtue and moral goodness.

I always like to approach any subject with vigilance and caution. I never liked, and it is essential at all times and through all demonstrations, not to vitiate nor deprave nor spoil, to abuse the ideals of others, but I do like to attack at all times, this sophisticated art of persuasion that is misleading at all times, and worst of all, is received by the unwary with great innovation, like some new thing of importance. When I listen to him trying such a conjuring procedure, to say the least of it, I consider him inapplicable, senseless and unworthy to be heard amongst civilized society. All mythology should be debarred by these theologians from their instructive demonstrations, no matter how minutely hidden its expression. This technical art, called the art of education, should be demonstrated plainly and sensibly without circumlocution of round about explanations, for fear it would be easily

understood. These professors are camouflaging the boys and girls, losing and squandering time over old, dusty history that their grandfathers learned a hundred years ago. They have all departed from devices, exhortations, to teach them all they knew and look for more. What little they do know they preserve a little from year to year, to keep themselves in position and remuneration a little while longer, and then they complain about us writing books out of their school and denouncing the publisher for making money out of them. If the publisher makes money out of our books, it proves to the world that the public prefer the truth to blasphemous lies. (Daniel Mooney).

Cheer for Conservatives—The human mind, on its social side, is conservative. It makes changes in social structure only under pressure. The industrial lessons of the war are already forgotten. On one day, on the Somme, over 20 million shells were fired. To meet such needs, we increased the productive capacity of our iron and steel perhaps 50%. England in one year made as many blankets for the army as formerly she made for the whole population. Such things were done while the ablest part of the population was not only unproductive, but engaged in destruction. England went through over four years of this, and at the same time lent more money to her Allies than she borrowed from them. Therefore, as a nation she did not live on her capital, but on her income, supermanaged by a government that was in earnest. She, to some extent, and other countries much more, taxed the savings of the poor by inflation, instead of the rich by capital levy. It is easier to tax the poor. When we go to war again we shall tax the poor by inflation and refrain from levying on capital, and again we shall show vast productive resources under public control, and as soon as the war is over, begin to holler for efficiency of private control, as shown in the performances of coal, food, and other necessities since they went back into their former freedom.

It is easy to produce what poison gas we need, and no more. It is a threat against civilization to regulate in any way the amount of shoes produced in peace, as Mr. Henderson, of the British Labor Party puts it, in peace times we prefer to correct mistakes in production by the harsh checks of unemployment and distress. Every step ahead in social conscience is received with yells about Socialism, Bolshevism, or the laws of business and human nature. Any reading person knows how alarming have been the ideas of most great men. Here is a bit from Thomas Carlyle:

The widow is gathering nettles for her children's dinner; a perfumed seigneur delicately lounging in the *cil-de-boeuf*, has an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle, and name it "Rent and Law." Certainly if that were translated into more modern times and terms and published we should be told that our ideas would upset business, keep able men from activities, and

generally treated to the farrago of nonsense emitted by the rich whenever any alteration in their privileges and powers is proposed—not always is experience and diplomacy an advantage. There is evil as well as helpful experience.

Americans are told, in Europe, they cannot understand the situation without detailed knowledge. I could tell the Americans that this detailed knowledge is simply to deluge and camouflage the American business men against their own trade and commercial interests. If getting you entangled amongst their embroils makes you poor indeed,—my advice is, do your own business within yourselves and trust to no Alliance. Cursed is he who putteth his trust in man. Remember in that detailed knowledge of Europe you will get your experience, but you will pay dear for it. They will have your trade and your treasure but you will have the detailed knowledge and your experience. I hope you know which of them will bring you the most real and true pleasure. In truth, it is dwelling on details. The classes most saturated with political experience are the most dangerous to peace and progress. It was the most experienced Germans who did much to force the war, and it was the English forced Poland to fight Russia, and not France, indirectly. It was the most experienced Englishmen who took away Germany's shipping and her colonies, and abetted France in maintaining the settlement and led the military election on December, 1918.

Experience is a servant whose value depends upon her master, led by wisdom. By progress and morality, her worth is beyond estimate. Led by diseased habits, she is a weapon of destruction. What the world needs is more new light, reflecting the truth of science, guiding us to better faith, not light turned back towards the destructive superstitions that in practice have been so much stronger than the vision of the Nazarene.

Ex-President Wilson, recently wrote a distinguished European a protest against an opinion publicly expressed by that European. The opinion was that perhaps the work would be most helped by America joining slowly and cautiously into co-operation with other nations rather than all at once. We have already expressed the view that if the Democrats take the view in 1924 they will be hopelessly defeated. Too much water has gone under the bridge for us to revive the issue as it was presented in the election of 1916 and 1920, for better or for worse, and who can tell which. The national decision was made, as long as the Treaty of Versailles stands, and is enforced by France, according to her own single notion. It is absurd to expect America's sweeping participation. If our country accepts more definite responsibility and leadership in calming and guiding the world, but I would remind Mr. Hearst that an American must be very careful in trusting one or two to have whole power in making treaties or revising them, to one or two individuals, when he says himself, America, at the request

of these two Imperial powers, violated a treaty with Korea, their President and Secretary in charge of these affairs, I think it would be very hard for America and other nations, to have men like them, or to be like them, to have anything to do with calming and guiding any nations. They are liable to fall at any time, when trusted with these foreign problems by these expert diplomats, sophists, British conjurers.

He says it will be along the lines on which Senator Borah is now taking command of a section of opinion. He strikes a note or cord when he says it is not in concerning foreign affairs, but the problem is in foreign affairs, whether they will wash their hands of world trend altogether or take part in better direction insofar, and only insofar, as the great powers show themselves willing to drop imperialism, to drop revenge, to drop the attempt to decide right by armies.

On the National Theatre in Prague, in Cheko Slovakia, are written the words, "Narod Sobie"—by the people to themselves in that great theatre some interesting things are going on. New York has seen two Copek plays, one gaily but scathingly satirizing efficiency and war, the other, tearing into the business desire to have obedient workmen—Ruskin—Shakespeare and Schiller are seen alongside of such direct criticisms of modern life. That is what a National Theatre should be,—the select best of the ages and the most interesting contributions of the moment.

Mr. Hearst, you are a great Democrat, and I might go to the length of saying, a great renegade. You talk about bringing peace to Europe, but when I read your commands about Russia, you believe in the progress of Russia, yet believe it was useless to go into Russia with an army not strong enough to subject the peasants of that country because they were loyal to their new government's conditions and their blessed reform from imperialism, which you are now condemning as revengeful, in your imagination of imperialism, and then you go on—to please the Allies—you would make these Russians submit to the conditions of Europe and America, and their and your desire, regardless of the internal desires of the peasant of that country. You tell us to read well. Do you know that self-direction and self-fulfilment are the inalienable right and the inevitable destiny of all human beings? Self-determination can, nor could, no more be denied to Russia by the nations of any combinations of alliance, to its own government, even to its external affairs of its natural transport and importations. From what I see of you, you are a marauder of speculation in all your comments; you are a coercionist. You are or seem to be a patriot, as I have said, and speak to that effect concerning your own country, but as to France and Russia, your pregeneracy nationality plays with your philosophy, and as Hazlett has said, in his second edition of Hypocrisy and Prejudice, "Enmity is the dwarfed, deformed offspring of egotism."

Mr. Hearst, in giving you praise for your seeming patriotism towards America, I must say it would be better for the people and nation to consider your supposition and propositions with great care, sometimes and about some things. You look very disastrous in fact, to all. You are a journalist, and I do know there are too many like you. You are like a ship at sea, without a chart to guide and direct your latitude, you are running into the rocks of disaster, to destroy yourself, and all the load of thought you have aboard to direct and guide. If I had the power in any nation I would surely write out a chart to withhold you journalists within a reasonable latitude and bounds. You have the audacity too, to propose and suppose the most erroneous things, without regard to effects or consequences of them and I am obliged to read and listen to the supposed ability of a few journalist editorials, to guide and direct the business of a great community of, I will say, about two or three hundred thousand of a population, mind you, of commercial business men. They oftentimes dictate to them that this should be done and that should be done, while at the same time they have no trained knowledge, far less any natural experience of how it should or could be done,—a man trying to teach others of how it should be done while he himself, is only entering on the school of experience. Looking at this would-be experience to guide and direct other people and nations is only taking away the brain or amputating the head of thought and reason from these nations that should be let alone to a reasonable consideration of their own affairs. It is high time this Alliance of a few men of nations, for their own interests, in their propaganda, through this so-called public press, are confusing the intelligence and reason of the young, if not, simple nations, from their own domestic and commercial affairs. It is time it was stopped. It is the lion roaring in the forest that he may frighten his prey to obtain it.

You ever prowling nations that are beasts of prey, leave these weaker nations alone to freedom and liberty, to work out their own designs, in their own ways. All the guidance they want is to think and act for themselves without interference from any alliances of predominance. The sole beginning and to the end of man, is self-determination and preservation. Take it from him, he has no defence; let it be the largest or the smallest nation, when the power of consideration and reason is taken away they are nullified both to themselves and no benefit to those that rule over them. This Alliance to direct and guide by what they call experience, it has seen too much, and when it thinks over what it has seen and done, then its feelings are more than it can bear, and as Plato says, then they begin to lift up and lay down, but the poor French and Russians had to lie down too often for this Anglo-Saxon race of nations.

The sooner these editorial journalists' power of propaganda is done away with, the

better. These Christian pulpits' oration of sophisms and lawyers' lectures, professors of all theologian sectarianism abolished and all fraternal, secret societies dissolved and disannulled by reason and common sense. Any society that is not open to all sects is dangerous to the unity of the state and when trouble comes it is surely disastrous. Retaliation is sure to come, and to take the place of these garbage rhetoric of confusion that germinates evil and distress, living upon the honest and intelligent that are weak in numbers and suffer, and because of their honesty, have to suffer with the ignorant and oppressed—instead of this garbage existing, I want to see them replaced with men of thought and investigation, scientists and chemists, to compound and dissolve not alone material things, but the acts and deeds of men, designers and engineering inventions of the latest thoughts. We want men of demonstrations to be able to show how to work and produce from these designs of construction, the material fibre and food we do require. We want the best commercial men of many languages, and affable, kind, and suiting ways. We want the work men to demonstrate their skill and show their art to others in perfection.

I want less technical phraseology and more plain instruction. Thought must be developed, and wherever the workman sees with thought to improve or develop, any machine, it is his duty to make it known to the head of the firm, and the firm should have within itself as it were, a patent office that the workmen could make known his design, if thought worthy. As all our lives are made up of all these things towards sustaining and preservation—these are the teachings most required—living for another world is blinding your eyes to necessity and keeping you from making life better for those that follow after us. If there is a God, He must be good and just, and such as are doing it. The chief end of man is to make men happy and not miserable. Let us not wish nor hope, as I hear men say, but let us work to that end. (Daniel Mooney, June 21, 1924).

King David

It's not the schools of class that rule, nor sages, we hear calling experience dull, because they're full of seeing not at all in, but those that trod the earth abroad and feeling much like Saul in, nearly slain and suffering pain, a life as bitter as gall in, shut in a cave by the greatest knave, this world had ever a stall in, that with a sling got to be king, with his back against the wall-in, and through lust and shame had Uriah slain, and prayed God to save his fall-in; this David, King, or shepherd thing that some loudly bawl-in, that lost his sheep, and a lamb did keep, a hireling to his call-in. This is a train of cultured brain that has seen and felt it all-in, experience true is but for the few who listen to the call-in, that guides, directs and has respects for justice, truth and all them. (Daniel Mooney, August 7, 1924).

Whilst alone by the wild winds, o'er the lofty peaks roam the cloud driven billows, like the waves surging foam, each crest has its awning, above it a dome, beneath it the pinewoods and lakes all alone. Now here while I ponder, by cabin ache 'own all around rove the wild beasts like the monarchs of thrones. I fain would relinguish this wide world alone, and once more hear the echoes of friendship and home. When the winds calm and hushed and all peaceful atoned, out comes the wild beast with a howl and a groan from the jungle or swamp where he oftentimes does roam, with hunger and thirst, at the mouth he does foam; as I gaze there in wonder with a heart like a stone, my voice rolls like thunder in these wild woods alone, but there is no one by me that a hand they might loan to drive back the wild beasts to their lair or their home, but if I had an electric bell or a phone, to civilization my thoughts would be known; whilst here in the swamp and the jungle is shown, the wildest of wilds and the loneliest of lones; yet murmuring brooks and trees that are blown are sowing their seeds like ourselves that are strewn. The wild deer and wolf do oft pass me by, and the bear, like tiger, doth creep very nigh. The wild ducks and geese all alone by the loon, doth sport every night by the light of the moon; the loneliest and wildest from morn until noon, gives me meditation whatever the gloom.

(My experience, watching a lumber camp in North Ontario, 1924, Daniel Mooney.)

I have been cast on many strands and many lands I have seen, I have wandered o'er some desert sands, and around some flowing streams, and now I'm writing with my hand these fundamental themes. It's like nature in my arms but no deluded dream, these are facts that are sure to stand and to honor they will cling. Though many scenes give me alarms, in places I have been, I still resented any harm that evil would me bring; nature's springs are no alarms, they rise and flow and sing, and while virtue here is the greatest charm, let us go with its stream. Emancipation of the mind is letting light be seen, it learns us all to be more kind and forsake these stupid dreams that ponder o'er these things sublime, which superstition flings across our path in every rhyme, like debauchful, loathing kings. I wonder if there is a clime not strewn with angels' wings, where one might rest there for a time, with nature's verdure green and there to lie enshrined at last, no matter what we have been, then blame me not when I contrast the things that I have seen, with the present or the past, it is analyzing keen, then if you think I'm speaking fast, regardless of means, I'm not the first nor yet the last, I'm just among the swains.

(Written in the Lumber Camp near Flanders, North Ontario, Canada, meditations over my travels and past life whilst alone watching camp in the summer in the wilderness or bush or woods. Daniel Mooney, Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, 1924).

Now, just a few remarks about our seven senses, or what they call intellect, in our being race. The reason I speak about it is because in a murder case in the State of Illinois, where two young men killed a young boy—Franks, I think was his name—and a supposed great lawyer by the name of Darragh, that got off Thaw, a murderer, as well as these two young millionaires' sons, when I read his address to the jury before a judge, he said the intellect was a very small part of the man. Now let us examine what this intellect is. Intelligence comes from the survey of desire and without that intellectual survey of desire, man is nothing but a stumbling block to himself and others. I termed it the lever that set the seven senses in motion, and a great French philosopher called it 'The attorney of the soul, or conscience.'

Now, who did that lawyer think was listening to such an absurd statement. If I had been a judge on the Bench, I would certainly have called him down. If this is the conduct and state of the American Bar in reasoning about justice in the law, that country is in a state of degeneracy and that lawyer seemed to be more insane than the two young murderers he was pleading for.

Just a few remarks about the seven senses of mankind, or the sensual parts of his being. I just survey a few of them because I know they are like a machine set in motion by force through ignition of matter that produces energy. The feeling senses look for food of no matter what kind and they also accept and reject its food according to the desire of palliating. The sight is made subject to the feelings of the wandering desire, which is the subjective mind. The feelings also control the objective mind of the sight, and likewise also the rejective mind of sight; of all the arts man can learn to try to master metaphysics aright is to guard and direct the desires and designs of thought and actions, these are the principal arts of all arts. They are also the most complicated of all arts; they are the most essential of our sensual system to understand and know ourselves and all mankind, desires, designs and actions.

Technical knowledge is phraseology of defining things scientifically, but not minutely, but the art of metaphysics is to know how to sustain and preserve, and the most important of all is to try to control, direct and guide these so-called seven senses.

The first I take, is the desire in hunger and thirst to taste and satisfy. The second is to see and behold, to please and solace and comfort, but in this seeing and beholding, there is a desire of feeling, so that this feeling of desire is the lever that sets the machine of these seven senses aworking, which is our sensual system, and when any one of these senses is injured or out of place, our whole body is defective. Our hearing sense is to guide, which brings the feelings into action. It co-operates with the desire and makes us think and act and makes us feel before we do act, and here is where we should be very careful, of falsehoods, of sophists' speeches where

his reasonings will or would deceive your thoughts and betray your feelings because all feelings are affected by what they hear and see, as well as by violence and accident, so that care should be taken to guide our feelings and not throw away justice in pity or mercy, like filthy rags, at every act and deed we see performed or heard was or will be performed.

We must know how and when and why we should distribute our feelings at all times concerning the acts and deeds of men, for or against any of them. This, as I have said, control of feelings is the most important thing in all our lives, both rudimentary and morally. It is a fact that should never be forgotten. (Daniel Mooney).

When I read about the parable of the tares about about this man Christ, about the sowing of seed on rich ground and barren ground, and he is supposed to have said: "I am an austere man, reaping where I sowed not." This infers to me great food for thought. If he reaped where he sowed not he could not have cultivated the ground nor nourished it in any way, but physically drew from those who did, their blood and sweat in toil and labor for his own benefit, like all Jews. These are natural thoughts of mine, but certainly I must examine it. In your supposed spiritual ideas of thought, he went or came as I would do, among a knowledgeable people, and listened to them and watched their acts and deeds and profited by them, but had nothing to tell them of any new thing, but disagreed with their acts and deeds of one towards the other. He gained this knowledge by hearing and seeing. He was reaping where he sowed. Note, that is austere enough of any man, and it is real Judaism,—reaping where he sowed not.

If this man was a benefactor to anyone, he was surely to himself. I have listened to many Socialists in my time, but I always noticed that their Socialism and good fellowship ceased when I ceased to be their benefactor. We all must toil and reap so as to sustain our physical bodies, and these sophists who tell us they toil hard in thought, night and day, for our benefit, with my face to the storm, and win, of retaliation I ask, can it be true of these so-called Socialists, pleading for justice towards mankind, without a thought of remuneration for themselves? Well might Confucius say "The man who in view of gain thinks of rightness, and who in view of danger forgets life, such a man I reckon a complete man. It is nice to be social in life, but, to force your sociability upon those who do not want it is too austere. I think that was what they killed Christ for. And as to sowing of seed on barren ground, knowing any natural way, is unproductive and unbearing. If it is barren and not conceivable, so Christ, I think, was rather late in the day, with his analogies to the barren ground. As Professor Curran says, he was the introduction of a new God, and his initiation into the old order of things had, I suppose confused him.

As he admitted himself, we have many gods and many lords. He was and is of many. He tells us how to separate tares from the wheat, but as I perceive, he was like all the physicians, he prescribed means and ways of treating the disease, but the only simple analogy he made to prevent it, was to keep the Commandments and live. He might have been a pious boy, through some hereditary pregeneracy, but as heredity has so many strange throw-backwards, it is hard for us to get this predominating strain in people. The physiological perception of this mental, intellectual brain, physically or socially, perhaps it is just as well we cannot as I think we cannot traverse the dark regions of pregeneracy and if we could, some of us might not be so proud of the present.

When I read of Mary, Christ's mother, and draw a contrast in the social life of Mary Magdalene, her cousin, that they say seven devils were cast out of her, I do not think that counts much for Christ Jesus himself, being lord of all. This story of man's fall is a terrible myth. Man is the superior animal, but he is animal. He has been proved in hunger's pangs and thirst for food, to be savage enough to cast lots to kill and eat one another. Some beasts would not do it; and he is a coward below many animals. In many respects, man is too honorable a name for him.

I now ask a question about the barren and rich ground. If there are gods, why did they make one part rich and another barren? They surely knew mankind whom they made, would be trying to live upon it and travel o'er it. It would be pleasure for these gods, I suppose, to make these difficulties for the men they love. Then they hand him out salvation, of the assurance of another world, to help and recompense him for all the difficulties he had on this barren soil. As Robert Green Ingersoll said; why did he give one man a bushel of brains and another man a spoonful?

The intellect develops the larger space man travels o'er; the more he sees and feels, develops and enlarges the intellect, to perceive and obtain knowledge: As the variations enlarge the causes become more numerous and greater to contend with, but the intellectual mind develops according to the environment in which we travel through. We almost see the destiny of ourselves but cannot minutely describe them, but the chief end of man, I think, is to teach and demonstrate the knowledge and wisdom he does know. That is letting the light shine, and not hiding it under a bushel, to illuminate the path that leads to the rich ground, and not to be wasting our time wandering o'er the barren lands of superstition and darkness, but cultivating the brain and training it to the necessities required in this life, not wandering beyond the capabilities of perception about things of another world. That is the curse of the generations of time, teaching people to dread and fear the things, or perhaps not things they know not of.

Through all my life I have seen the failure to elevate and evolutionize mankind was and is the direction from the things of this life to a so-called place or world or life unknown. It has been the cause of centralizing the mind and intellect to a dark beyond and proselyzing the hearts and souls of men.

The big question in life is to talk or not to talk; one must do either, and he ought to be able to do either with dignity. What gravels me is talk that means nothing and gets nobody anywhere.

Now, then, just a few words about this Christian teaching. The legislature or parliament of this Christian nation. In its Courts of Justice, lays it down by law that is made for the people, that as a witness giving in the court his evidence, must see and hear with his own eyes and ears the crime committed or they will not listen to them. Now, if I did not see the crime committed, and a friend of mine did, he wrote out what he saw and heard and gave it to me, and said that is all true; I saw and heard it, read that to the judge and jury, and I go to the court, I am called to give evidence, and I proceed to give evidence, that man wrote out for me. Did you see and hear this yourself? I said, no, another man did. The judge says: That evidence will not do, you must tell what you saw and heard yourself, no other man's evidence will do; it is what you saw and heard yourself.

I ask this Christian nation squarely, is it right to tax people for to listen to a church's teaching, while their own laws will not allow nor believe the same teaching in their judicial courts? The minister and priest say it is God's word, and tell us we must believe it. I ask him, did God write that word? He said, no, but God revealed it to man in revelation, either in vision or in dreams, and he wrote it. Now whether it is revealed to you or not, in this Christ and court, they do not believe revelation nor vision nor dreams—no more do I. But why tax us to believe these revealers, or revealers that know nothing about the world, not even this one we are in, while those that make the laws do not believe in the church teaching, and in their courts will not listen to such evidence. I hear them accusing the church for such teaching, but who is to blame? It is your legislators. Mr. Gladstone, made an attempt to free the state from such blasphemies, extorters and hypocritical kings and queens reaped too much benefit out of it, directly and indirectly, by the taxation. So it goes on and these Pharisees are not satisfied alone with establishing remittance, but actually beg sustenance fund,—worse than the old age pension, for to live in leisure and ease the remainder of their days, but poor dupes of men that support them are sure of nothing in life, but death, and to teach us to fear other places such as hell, is hell enough without going to any of them. They are going about teaching dread about other places beyond the grave; it is worse than Nero that cut the bowels out of his mother and murdered his own child. We cannot leave this planet and the heaven and hell is here.

There is neither life nor death beyond the grave, so make the best of what you know. I cannot doubt nor fear. Teach the God of nature to all men. The commands that Moses gave were made by men and we shall have no other strange gods before us, for God is the God of nature. That natural God is in all things; there is nothing beyond natural worlds.

The snakes are here, and we can only get away from these British snakes by always and everywhere keeping separated from them. Cursed is the ground for their sakes. There is pain and sorrow even in the thoughts of their filthy-assimilation. Let us just think of the pure nature and virtue of other lands that are blessed with the separation from British corruption. Just for a moment, listen to the virtuous, soothing strains of a good violinist. His horizontal swings of the bow, his soaring vibrations from his quivering strings, added with his throbbing emotions, worked out by his fingers, replies to his own heart's devotion. His turns and gliding actions of his arms and hands in reply to his feelings demonstrate the soothing effects it has upon the jilting curves of uneven motion that circle lower and ascend the vibrations harmony, that mellow and satisfies the thinking feelings of a mighty throng, and because they are mighty they are fit to reason when they see and feel, likewise do the strains from the emotional feelings of a great orator when he ushers forth the words of truth, where justice claims the honor in a mighty glow. Every sentence is considered and phrased in a soothing and gentle touch of humor and delivered with no sarcastic cast or smile of scorn, but with a feeling of respect and good will to those that mean well, although they are of a shorter sight and less vision than his own. His tongue utters the echoes of his thrill and throb from his beating heart's desire and meek expression, with a comparing gesture of his own surroundings and a visionized view of the future, and like a dream the past rises up before him. He ushers forth the thoughts of his perception, like a flowing stream of energy, not driven by the winds of supposition but directed and guided by the natural compass of evolution that dethrones monarchs and piles and mounds of superstition. His magnetism is not controlled by any slush pond, however gated or barred. It is the peering eye of perception's view into the future. He holds in the distance, by nature's force of energy, the ideals of his first perception that they could be attained by the civilization of mankind, to co-operate in the art and means to cultivate, nourish and train the young saplings of youth in a sense of virtue, to uphold the honor of purity, justice and truth, which guides and directs the path to all that is good and beautiful, and to ascertain the way and means to these ends is to blockade the present day teachings of Christianity. It is heresy and blasphemy in the extreme.

The monarchs of today have an established church, compelling civilization to support

them by taxation that makes creeds and dogmas and teaches all kinds of blasphemies. The Christian church teaches to believe all things written in the new Testament, about Christ, whether Christ said or not, it was and is written that he said such things, but Christ never wrote anything himself, unless on sand, and he is supposed to have said, "A house built upon sand cannot stand." How much less his words, and they say this is the Written Word of Christ, and I must believe it. If I don't they say I will be damned, and I say if I do I will be damned. I have just been reading about professors of Bureaus of Research in New York concerning the ways and means of how to consolidate the troubled nations, as to the just or unjust means of trading in their productions, the ways and how to produce the means to be employed in how to procure the transfer of productions of all commodities to the places of their consumption, and who will reap the benefit of all these transactions, those that lend the means, or those that receive them that were in need of help.

I think I know what British diplomacy means. It means to put all reasonable and just acting men and nations of their balance, which is diplomacy; that they might float and establish their trust companies among other nations, with a good assurance that these trusts would be well protected by these very nations they intend to exploit, and to show you what I think, I do know that this is the best diplomacy the world ever knew to get security for invested trusts, or any other. It is the sure road to the destruction of the nation, or the co-operation that has trusted and protected such investments of diplomacy.

Britain has exploited India and Ireland, and in the land I am living in today, Canada. Britain has exploiting agents borrowing money of the cities and state governments of the United States in the name of Canadian provincial governments and city trusts which they know they can never, nor will pay. If they intended to do so they send it over to Great Britain, the mother of all exploitations, to be invested and bonded again in other nations, and as Mr. Hearst says, "If her interest is not assured in these countries she knows well how to provoke wars, and threaten some nation or city belonging to it, or seaport by bombardment of destruction by her British navy."

Now then, my dear friends, you Americans that are so fond of these British Jews that are exploiting your great and glorious country, I can cite to you some of these British capitalists who are exploiting your country at this present time. The Messrs. Levers of Liverpool, in many parts of the States, are running your soap factories, and the Astors are running your restaurants and hotels. Lord Brassey is getting married to a Lady's niece that lives in London and she owns theatres in New York. From these theatres she has drawn \$500,000 and she is a Britisher,—takes from the American constitution and people that enormous sum and other British-

ers in numerous manufacturing operations in the States that I have not time to mention.

Now some of your clever men will say these British capitalists are good for America, but I see and think, like Mr. Woodie, the Hindoo, I believe in Americans' own capitalists, that whether they marry or die, the money will not be sent nor taken out of America, but stop in the land of its production. These naturalized British Americans have robbed the country and enriched England. They cannot obtain the raw material in England cheap enough to compete in the American markets with their manufactured goods, therefore they go to America and start their industries where they get the cheap raw material, and when their profits accumulate, they deport them to their dear old land, England, which leaves America, poor indeed. In some cases, the profits that are extorted out of the country by these naturalized Britishers are greater than the wages earned by the American workmen that produced this extorted wealth. It is the same in all business carried on in America by the British naturalized subjects from the pulpit to the press, to the stage, the lawyer at the bar, all are manipulated. Since the day you gained your independence, these British hate you, and they also made it a point to get in return from you for these losses as much as they could borrow, with no intention to pay. The whole thoughts of these naturalized British Americans, from the day they land on your shore is to confiscate your wealth from your beautiful country, to these tranquil shores of Old England. Do you not know that when a Britisher lands in the United States of America, from the manual laborer to the artisan and the scientific pursuer of exploitation, his whole theme is, and ideal is, how much can I get back with me to the Old Country. Dear friends Americans, for the sake of what you have done for the exiles of many lands, I warn you, as a real naturalist, to treat these British migrants as casuals. As the great master Plato said, they have learned all the powerful arts of cavelling which is pursue in persisting, and analogy contrasting and thy can, be oppressive and remorsefully painful.

A republic should never accept nor let enter to reside any subject of an empire or kingdom, they are always directly and indirectly dangerous to the state, and still carry their imperialistic notions which are gruesome to a free thinking people, and always has a tendency to predominate, boring and rusty fault finding, and making propositions which are always dangerous to republican rule. No wonder they say, don't take the gold from London to New York. All the profit in and through the manufacturing and transferring of all these commodities, from the ground to the consumer, no matter what part of the world they go to, they are controlled and run directly or indirectly by agents of these capitalized Englishmen, so that if all the productions of wealth derived from your country is taken away from your country to England's good and weal, think of the land

you sow and reap in vain. You toil and labor for these British Americans, to take the profits of your labors over to Old England, to be enjoyed on the race course, the theatre, and the luxuries of beverages, in whiskey bars, brandies and wines, to the grand total sum of four hundred million pounds, according to their own government statements of 1924.

This is what happened after the Great War. The British unemployed were walking the streets of their cities and towns and receiving in pay from their government, as much wages as the American laborers that were working hard every day, that these British naturalized Americans that transfers the wealth of the American nation over to Great Britain, while Lloyd George said they could not beat the Russians with the sword but they could beat them economically, that meant, starve them to death, and you Americans, don't see how these British Americans are beating you economically, and like the Russians you will starve in millions by these naturalized British Americans that are sucking the wealth out of your country before your eyes. No wonder the man Christ said, "eyes you have but you see not and ears you have but hear not," and even your own capitalist is wiled away by these luring jazzes and lords of the manner.

They marry your wealthy daughters that are enjoying the fruits of America's labor, thus they foster a foundation for their exploitation unknown to real American people, and since the day of independence was declared, this is the motto, to possess and control, the entire resources of the United States, and their intermarrying and so-called naturalization of these British in America or alienated contract, has blinded the eyes of the American people to the fact that by these means England has planned her diplomacy, to confiscate and exploit the resources of the United States, under the plausibility that we are the one race which in the first place, is a lie, and we speak the one language, which as they think is the best plan of deception to exploit them. This language fake is a great fraud, it helps deception to exploitation, and by this naturalization, it has given them claim to possess and control through their British agents, not alone the raw minerals of the country in production, but the manufacturing and physical control of the United States as well as financially, that the Americans cannot see because of their naturalization law, and intermarrying of those Britishers into the United States families. As some will say, it is a benefit to both countries for trade and commerce. But, is it a benefit to the United States, to produce all the raw material, and that raw material production manufactured in part and capitalized and controlled by the conjuring, cavelling capitalist, diplomacy, that in the end is taken back to the English banks in England, and your natural resources exhausted, and by that time, like the British, you will have to turn to other countries as Britain had to turn to yours when her tiny mines were exhausted, to exploit yours. Then you, by

that time, will have learned what British diplomacy is and means, and you shall be able to tell them what Goldsmith said in his *Dear Auburn*, around your fires, and humble groups can draw and tell of all you felt and all you saw. Pass a law at once, that no American citizen shall take or send money or means out of the United States, to any other country, that has been produced in the United States, to any other country, from hereditary pregeneracy, or capital investments of any kind, from whatever source obtained, from production or commercial, or otherwise. All must stop in the States where it was attained or produced, and no friend or relative to receive any claim outside the country.

All wealth produced in any country, on no account to be taken out of it, and if travelling in other countries, remittances to be allowed for travel and personal sustenance, but no transference of any capital save for national debt incurred by the State. All private capital must be retained in the country of its production. If friends are in other lands, let them come and live where the money was left them, but let no money leave the land it was left in and produced in, save as I said before, but for national debts.

The tantalization of your Christianity is but to terrify the impurest of vanities, your paganism, feasts and mockers in leniencies, your organized gods and your Christ as a benefactor, that yourselves shed His blood and called Him a malefactor, and now if you could would call Him a benefactor, this God and His Son, with a ghost now you bother, and that Mary, her Son, and of God was the mother, but what will you do if we all get another that will not be a ghost, but an honest old father; you say that He died for our sins and for others; if His father's a ghost, we will soon get another. Fictitious tales we oft do gather, from some that bewail this mother and father, and if I intrude on your Christian brothers, it is to the elude of your holier father that has raised here the broods of all the worlds bother; from your testament frauds yourselves have all tethered, from the way and mode of converting another. Christ's teaching is void, by the way of astrology, that visioned fair and bringeth back knowledge. This Christian dream for some world or other was one of Christ's themes, when left here no other.

It's a strange thing to me that they all want to gather,
In some world beyond, that me never bother.
This life it is real whilst we know no other;
Then why should we fail for to live here like brothers;
To see the beyond it's too far altogether,
To compromise things that float like a feather.
For in life or death here we don't know much either
From whence we did come nor to where we will go neither,
This world that's beyond us is as dark as dull weather.

And when this world began it was all full of bother;

They said darkness and light were both mixed together.

Then if true of the one, so the other.

Man in death or in life he cannot tell whether,
We know not when w're born and when in death, how can we know either,

So in life we are in death and none can tell whither,

We come, and we go to earth, father or mother.

To look back on the past, it is only bother.
And while here we do last, all but good should be smothered.

The man here that teaches a world for to come,

And tells us to relinquish earth's only some.
You will see he's a Quaker and all full of fear.
That you here might equal his wealth and his gear.

He's blinding your eyes to your vision that's true,

His heart it does covet what you have in view;

He's just like the Christian who denounces with stress

The things that he loves and liketh the best

Now I warn all you people, believe me it's true,

Beware of the spiritual crew.

That point to a world that themselves never knew.

They will make you long prayers, and like a curfew,

Point up to the canopy sky that is blue,

They will tell you of Peter and Paul that they knew,

That begged for the church and preached in the pew,

That cured silly people with apron strings
And fed them with fishes like little sardines.

The Miracles—Daniel Mooney.

O, what of dreams the sages taught, and what of all we say, woman is the soul that's lost, I see it every day. She truth avoids and throws a cast of doubt in all men's way, till truth appears and overcasts the sunshine of her day; then sorrows turn upon her breast and she sobs and sighs, away. She thinks in meditation's thought about some she did betray, and quivered in her soul's deep thought, without a word to say.

A disciple asked Confucius, "Master, what is death?" The Chinese sage responded: "I do not know what life is, how can I know what death is, whence we came, we do not know; whither we go, we do not know, nor collectively do we know much about the past called history, nor can we know the future: even accurate and complete perception of the present is beyond our power." Like Confucius it is truly wonderful to be master of oneself. It is the first step in mastering others.

There is a perfect simile in the picture of the massive and noble St. Bernard dog ignor-

ing the snapping and yelping of the little fox terrier. Equally do all great men ignore the inferior qualifications of mankind.

A Few Lines on Youthful Days

When youth at last, its life has past, and down to night has called the weary years we spent in fears about our body's falling, when to the ground it does go down with not a voice at all in, in length of time I spend in rhyme, some things for to recall-in; that rise in cheer when full in gear like the bounding of a ball on and when at last I'll have to pass the corridor or hall-in, to take my place among the race, of all that's great and small-in, there down to rest among the best of life's best nature's fall-in, I'm not inclined to be confined to those that know it all-in, but like the trunk of a green bay tree, that around it moisture crawlin' to culture those comes after me, that I may stand long and tall-in.

Robert Burns

Now, just a few lines about our friend and benefactor, Robert Burns, the Scottish Bard, as to his character and acts and deeds during his short but valuable time amongst his countrymen; and it was short and valuable at his age—37 years. He plowed deep and sang sweet although his trials and bereavements were many.

His endurance were and are admirable and exemplifying to all the thinking, human race of mankind for none but a thinker can realize him and his worth, and all those supposed filthy sayings that are laid to his charge that the uncultured Scotch have enlarged upon, are unjust and expressed in a vulgar ignorant way of admiration.

Burns was naturally educated and like all other philosophers, ahead of his time amongst his class, he scanned the shelves of the poets in perspective view; he visaged afar off and his philosophy, though not travelled by nature's gifts, was beyond his countrymen's time and comprehension, which was the cause of them being so long of realizing his greatness and his worth that his enlightened countrymen of today scorn at the assumptions of insult and scoffs that were cast against him, and by none more so than his own ignorant countrymen.

I do admit some of his writings were rude but I well know the cause of their rudeness and the provocation he had forced on him by this wretched Mary Campbell. But to educate a people is like plowing the wild surface of a field. To cultivate it, you don't know what is underneath till you have turned it over, and to refine and radiate the dross from the crystal to show their sparkling brilliancy.

Burns at his time, being an age when the majority of the people were in superstition and suspicion about truths and facts, and I am sorry to say half of the people are no better today, in my time—which made him to show in his own natural way these simple truths, that his countrymen might realize and understand them.

From within his soul he was educated in nature's laws. His natural philosophy was as far as his experience went, was almost perfect; historic was his thrill and a throb whenever he chimed a note with a pulsating effect. His songs were the echoes of nature's love's perception. He mused and amazed and captivated, he panoramed the far-off lands, in wonder.

His imaginations were an illumination of the glow within him about former things, and this biology of former things led him up to the panorama scenes that echoed around in perception's travel to far-off lands.

Like myself he had trials and weary thoughts but his misgivings were not his own. I am a grandson of William Burns, and at another more suitable time to the occasion, I could have expressed in gratitude and in terms more appropriate to his name. Like myself, he was oppressed by an evil woman, Mary Campbell. I can, in imagination, see his walks in doubts and fears and feel his meditations.

You should be careful of how you judge Burns and any man can read and understand Burns' writings, or what they really mean and the words applied to in his expression of sentiment. The words in some of his songs and elegies such as "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon," where he says "My fond lover stole the rose, but O, she left the thorn with me." This is where he expresses himself in a meaning to be reasoned with of what he means. He says my fond lover stole the rose, but O, she left the thorn with me. The rose was his heart and the thorn she left with him was her nature she gave to him and he drank it. This is the thorn she left in his blood, he could never get rid of till he died—her simon fluid nature from her body to get him to follow her, and in his elegy to the Daisy he makes these remarks:

"Such fate to suffering worth is given, who long with wants and woes have striven, by cunning, pride and cruel driven to misery's brink, till wrenched of every stay but heaven, I ruined sink." And again when he says:

"Why was an independent wish e'er planted in my mind." That was your cunning, Mary Campbell, that ruined him and by her craft knew his mind. All this to control us and get power over us.

This is the thorn the Campbells left in my body in 1894. The Royal Campbells gave their fluid of nature to my wife to give to me and she gave it to me in my porridge, for the Royal Campbells, and I did not know it was she gave it to me for nine years. I thought it was some of the men in the factory put it into my food in the dining hall while working on the night shift where I left my food in Abram Lyle's sugar factory. He was married to the Duke of Argyle's sister, Campbell, but Dr. Graham, of the Royal hospital, Belfast, told me it was she he found out, from the Campbells and it was my wife gave it to me, and he told me, "Your wife must be a bad woman." She had ten children and she preferred the king and the Campbells to her children and

she got them killed for the king and the Campbells for fear they would claim any money. So you will understand she was a loyal subject of the king's and by giving me this nature she opened my mind to enable the king to get my father's money, to know all about my people, and she was the cause of getting some of my people killed.

Her name was Margaret Williams; I married her in Greenock, Scotland, where she belonged to. Her father was Williams of Cheshire, England, and her mother was Margaret Courbithon, Scotland. She was a drunkard and I married her daughter on conditions—if I would find her drinking in saloons with anyone she would no longer be my wife. So I found her at it and she knew I would leave her, so she thought over the money matters—she would have revenge—with these dirty filthy Campbells of the royal family I told them they were paupers on the State in Ireland, living on the people, and they got the Orangemen to kill the children because I told them they were paupers of the State, and the night they killed the children I heard the dogs crying for miles around Belfast. Their anger was vengeance and their wrath was cruel, by the transefer of this nature. Their motto is to suck you after them, to know your mind, to make you think as they think and do what they want you to do and get what they want off you. This is their whole intention.

The cruelty of these Campbells and Burns' "Highland Mary" is just the same—to drive you wherever they like, to think and feel as they feel, and express whatever they want to express, and force from you many things against your will; by sucking your natural feelings, and Robert Burns' "Highland Mary" sucked out of him all the humanity he possessed, expressed in sentiments or song.

This is the way the Royal Campbells tried and did ruin me, Daniel Mooney, and Highland Mary ruined Robert Burns just the same, and I desire and trust you will not lay this immorality and filth of Mary Campbell at the shrine of Robert Burns, Scotland's Bard, with the scoffs and insults of his countrymen about him, that his brother, William Burns, had to leave his country with his friends the Thompsons, and emigrated to the North of Ireland, in the County of Down, and Parish of Macharrally, near Banbridge, where the Reverend Mr. Thompson preached until he was nearly blind, as Presbyterian minister, of that parish. The registering town for births, deaths and marriages for that town and district is Banbridge.

May the light that shines on every clime
For nature's glowing bounty,
Adorn the hillsides of my town
And my native county.

—Daniel Mooney, Flanders, Ontario.
July 6, 1926.

All people must realize for themselves and I am sorry to relate that we have what we call

men presidents superintending the affairs of nations, supposed to know the value and cost of production and distribution and the economic means and ways of doing the same. We have the League of Nations appointing a piano player to be president of Poland, to superintend the commercial affairs of that nation. These are the men who are going to consolidate the world, but poor Poland will pay dear for the musician; it looks like choice, doesn't it.

And I read of Labor Union representatives at this present time from Great Britain visiting the United States of America, in March, 1926—eight of them—and the very first speech they made, they made it with the cunning intention of causing strikes between masters and employees, trying to draw American masters into a snare, by telling the people the Americans had better conditions and better wages than they had in Britain, with the sole intention to get the United States masters to reduce the wages to cause strikes, to disorganize the trade of the United States so that the British manufacturers might capture your trade.

Then they began to pat you on the back by telling you about their honesty and good faith, of intending to pay their debt that was keeping them in the hole. Their whole mission was, if possible, to destroy by causing strikes and reactions with the masters to injure the whole trade of the United States, and commerce of the country.

My advice to you United States people concerning these missions of Labor or Trades Unions visiting your country as spies, to investigate your affairs. Your affairs belong to yourselves—such envoys are a danger to trade and commerce, and your country's welfare; they are indirect exploiters; they are more to be feared than their British rum runners. You must be more alive and perceptive to their intentions; you must reason well about what their intentions are, even from any country, on such mission, and how their ideals would or will affect yours. In the cunning way they proceed, they are germs of inoculation that are to be dreaded in the way they approach you to attain their object in view, by telling the United States masters they were treating their workers top well, with nothing else in view, but to disorganize the trade and commerce of the country.

And then Rabbi's daughters, millionaires of Jewesses, addressing the workers on strike in New York, telling them not to give in to the masters. But these Jew millionaires did not give the strikers any money to keep them out on strike, in their warerooms to help to fight it out with the masters, but she wanted them to fight it out with the masters so that the Hebrew workers would take their places and go in on strike. That was this Rabbi's daughter's motto, and not that she had any sympathy with the strikers but to replace them with her favored race, and she told them not to starve, so I presume she wanted them to plunder or pillage, and still with eye in view for the Hebrew to occupy their places or the

best positions of the strikers when it was over which is exploitation on the strikers' side.

Trace the cause from biology to geology and in perspective scan the mounds of time and realize the future. If you think I err I trust you will excuse me because as the poet said, with our judgments as with our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own. No one can stop us from that belief. It is amazing to me that the United States does not waken up to the dangers of their country's very existence because of the inroads of this British imperialism.

In the midst of your metropolis, New York, are located not only British Commissionaires of trade and commerce to exploit you in the markets of the world, but there are colonial agents of empire builders, all the way from Africa, are located there, and in the Winnipeg Manitoba Free Press, of March, 1926, I read in a glowing speech to the Canadians from that Deputy, of how he had discovered the ways and means to oust the Americans of the United States, from the trade of the world, by favoring the Canadians and the British Colonies in preference to the Americans in the world's markets of exchange of commodities of their goods.

As I have said before, it is a shame and a disgrace for a great nation like the United States to allow their parliaments to be elected to make their laws, by a people that are not American born and bred and nourished by their American idealisms—a people that should be proud of their nationhood above all other nations because of being born into existence by an experienced and trained natural education and a moral culture of the humanized brain, by such men as Washington, Jefferson, Paine, and the great William Penn, that signed the document, the greatest of all documents, the document of Independence,—the heroes of emancipation, which is the real donor of true evolution, the science of all science, and the art of all arts.

True and free religious freedom without king, pope or priest in authority or power; no foreigner or period of time for his citizenship should be recognized for election to either the House of Representatives or the Senate. It is an insult to a true United States American-born and bred nation to have it said, he is not fit to govern himself. Is it a farce government for Britain still to rule, indirectly assisted by all her European friends, with all their native land philosophy and ideals with their prejudices and love for home interests, if not exposed in demonstration speech, is showing by excitement shining in their face from emotional feelings of admiration or prejudice.

My wish is that the power of powers will reveal to them the knowledge and wisdom of trusting none to govern them but their own United States native-born American. The Canadian fakirs of British descent in the shape of ministers of the gospel and newspaper journalists and men of commercial pursuits, and the British women for the interest of Britain and British ideals, even British

lawyers and doctors are at the proselytizing in their lectures for British interests and their own in the halls and theatres, where they are setting forth the interests of Old England and her wares, deceiving the United States people by persuading them to act against their own interest for Britain's sake.

Note the public press of your country, that write long articles of praise for Britain's interest because there are British employed by Americans. They take all the advantage of the Americans they can for Britain and are paid by the British for it. These writers and preachers that have got possession of your public press are destroying or trying to destroy the real interests of your country in setting forth long articles of praise for British goods, and their system and conditions and durability of their goods. Why, the British wherever employed in your country, are systematically exploiting you directly and indirectly. I cannot understand such things to exist among a people that call themselves free. Waken up from your slumber and be men and women. Don't let either men or women mission or commission, trades or labor unions from any country interfere with the laws of constitution or institution from outside the United States. Charity begins at home and don't neglect it. If you do, you will not have much to extend; let no outsiders interfere with making or re-making your laws for home or abroad, laws of trade or commerce, customs tariffs. Use your own discretion for the benefit of your own nation regardless of ties of any kind of friendship.

Even treaties rescind rather than exploit yourselves. I never show tolerance to oppression, nations as well as men, should strike for self-preservation—it is the rule of the road. It is amusing to listen to these British Canadians especially in their criticisms of the acts and deeds of their law administrators, about the way they acquit or convict in their decisions, especially when it affects some immoral creatures that is migrating back and forward to and from Great Britain, to hide or escape their exposure or conviction for some misconduct, like Lady Cathcart and many other desperate flirting undesirables. They have the audacity to condemn the learned and cultured American. In the discussion of their opinions carefully considered, about the balance of justice, of which shoulders or on which shoulders the most weight should be penalized for the offence committed and deeds done.

Here is an extract taken from a Winnipeg newspaper, Manitoba, Canada, a Labor journal I took it from. He says as to the fairness of the Canadian courts towards the members of the working classes, we will quote the statements of a prominent lawyer and this authority calls him a full-fledged Canadian lawyer. In 1922, this is what he said about the character of the composition of the Canadian Law Courts:

"Our criminal courts are absolutely unjust and the sentences given out are loaded against the workers, but harmless for the rich and

their crooked followers, and the laws are expressly made to bring about this result.

"The second reason is that the courts being loaded against the working man, who dares to expose courts of Canada is liable to be sentenced for contempt of court," and, he continued "a judge is not appointed for his knowledge of law, uprightness, nor for his character. He is a capitalistic politician who is put upon the Bench because he has faithfully served the capitalist as a politician. These correct politicians are the ones who are appointed judges, but they do not get their judgeships without paying for them, for the Governor-General only appoints such men as the Premier of Canada suggests.

After considering the party manager and the party treasurer of the reptile funds which is used to corrupt the electors and get their appointments, the Federal politicians appoint the Judges and the Attorney-General appoints the Crown Prosecutor. The Attorney-General tells the prosecuting attorney to push the case or he could have told him to call it off, or if it proceeds, to conviction, he could have told him to have no sentence given.

Article 1081—Canadian Law of the Criminal Code, declares that if the punishment for the offence does not exceed two years the Judge may let the offender go on suspended sentence, and if the offence exceeds two years, the Judge can let the offender go on suspended sentence with the consent of the prosecuting attorney and the Attorney-General could always file a nolle prosequi, which means that he does not wish to prosecute and the accused is discharged without trial.

Now here is the character of the Canadian law and lawmakers and administrators. These are the people that get the Canadians and their correlated newspaper men to stigmatize the ability and qualifications of the intelligence of the United States, to make and administer their own laws. While I do admit there is gross ignorance and neglect in some positions of the United States administration in their law courts, but to be just in accusation of the States, this gross ignorance and neglect in a great part comes from this careless alienated population of the United States which is foreign, and like the British, they have no respect but for their remunerations and positions; and these British and Canadian immigrants that are the hardest to naturalize of all immigrants, owing to them losing power and authority in the United States.

With their prejudices in their gall it is dangerous to trust them in any position of state where the country's honor is at stake. You call them friends but they are devouring wolves. Speaking one language is no guarantee of good friendship—a man's foes are within his own house—and as I have said, the sooner you get rid of these alienated parliaments, the better, and have your United States born and bred, making your laws and administering them. Then, and not till then, will we know you are United States Americans, free under the star spangled banner of liberty.

If you lived in Canada as long as I have done and watch the French and the British carrying on the heats and prejudices of old feuds and war remembrances of spite, nothing but fear and weakness keeps back the strife. Where they are strong, as Mr. Gladstone said, they are tyrannical, and where they are weak they are cunning.

I saw all this British feeling the time of the war, the British in America, are cunning because they are weak. Where these two nations—Britain and France, are strong, they need restraint.

Now, as to Great Britain being a Free Trade country, what is the benefit economically, financially, to the sustenance and maintenance of her population under a bounty fed system, which is worse than protection under the guise of a Free Trade country, feeding her manufacturers at the expense of her working classes by indirect taxation to pay these manufacturers their bounty for the manufacturing of their goods, in addition to the prices they obtain in the markets of the world. This is to compete with the manufacturers' products of other nations that get no bounty from their government but have to manufacture their goods at the world's market valuation, without any assistance.

This is how Britain is underselling the manufacturers of other nations of the world's markets of production, by taxing the working classes, and this bounty that the British working classes are paying them to get work is like Cecil Rhodes' dream of a scheme to colonize the world's vacant spaces and Anglicize them, with the United States as an integral part of the British empire.

But these colonies will get tired of tilling the ground and begin to erect their own factories that will stop these British supplies of bounty-fed commodities to these Oversea colonial dependencies of her great empire, and it will come about by over-population and by conditions inferior to her own that will not help her. Severe cold and excessive heat will degenerate her population in these regions and hasten the uprising of their own manufacturers that will stagnate and demoralize the industries of Great Britain and sectarian feuds will set in amongst the colonies.

The capitalists are crying out at the present time for the Oriental to help them that their British population in the colonies cannot become acclimatized to heat or cold without degenerating, and do their work in the field of toil. And these bounties that the British working population are paying them to get work at a low rate of existence, because if they have on the face of it, as much wages as other nations, they are paying it out in bounty-fed taxation, and their governments blindfold them by telling them they do not pay this bounty-fed taxation, that it comes off the wealthy to keep them in employment.

But Mr. Baldwin and his Conservative government let them see who paid the bounty-fed duties, when he reduced the Income Tax £50,000,000, or \$250,000,000, that had to be paid back to the exchequer from the workers'

income taxation in 1925, and if they did pay the taxation as they say they do, directly and indirectly, take it from the working people's commodities of sustenance, because they run all the corporations and co-operations, directly or indirectly, that the working people, through necessity, are compelled to purchase in or from and by their unjust manipulation and exorbitant prices, would and do pay a bounty to their retailers, far less the manufacturers that makes them wealthy men and millionaires in a few years' time, for to hold her position in the markets of the world.

This certainly may get them employment for a period of time, but no more wages nor better conditions, and if the workers ask for more wages or better conditions, they tell them they will have to close down the factory, always with the same cry, they cannot compete with the markets of the world owing to low wages being paid to the working people in other countries.

And when all conditions of sustenance are considered and taken practically into account, with chemically imported food from her colonies and other countries of dependencies, and ~~impurities surrounding the sustenance~~ they depend upon, they are worse off than many nations and it is manipulated so if they do give them an advance of wages it is deducted from their manufactured commodities of sustaining in such a way that the working people cannot realize or understand it. This may be capitalistic economies but certainly not a fair traders, and notwithstanding all their newspaper propaganda and platform orations, they cannot fool the true and sure investigator.

Why not put a duty on these imported commodities; no, there is not much of them required. So long as we can get the cheap raw material we can make it cheaper ourselves with our bounty fed system and we give a bounty to our manufacturers for articles for exportation because very little of them is purchased at home, and they can undersell other nations of the world to the extent of the bounty they receive and that gets them the trade, and as in a great many cases they have to purchase the raw material from other nations, therefore for fear of these nations raising their prices, of the raw material they sell them, they let their manufactured goods in free, for they are a manufacturing nation with little raw materials.

They do not need to put on duties on imports as long as they can procure the cheap raw material and they blindfold them with this bounty system. They are a manufacturing nation and live on the markets of the world by it and their bounty system, but I believe in all these financial schemes, it is the British working population that are exploited the most. I believe, to a certain state of degeneracy by these economical schemes for world's markets or interchange of commodities by British manufacturers, and they openly proclaim by their imperialism, they can procure these raw materials within their own

coerced colonial empire, and exploit the world with her manufactured merchandise.

She tried to hog up the iron and steel ores of Sweden for cutlery and steelwares by proposing a union between a British Prince and a Swedish Princess, but I think there is enough of raw material outside the British empire and enough of wisdom in other nations that will make her pay dear for her raw material and compete with her and all her coercion schemes of exploitation.

She has kidnapped the world with this League of Nations scheme, interfering with the trade and commerce of any nations which affects its internal system of its own existence, of production and distribution, and even the republic of the United States does not realize its brutality, as a scheme of exploiting fraud whether it was intended so or not, is this League of Nations. It is a British scheme well sought out, when they saw the conclusion of the war and after the war, jumped into action when all the world stood at awe and amazement, with no time for consideration, not ready to act. And from every pulpit, Christian Association, the alienated naturalized British-American theologians pleaded for a League of Nations to protect Britain's future state.

And the American naturalized Britisher, herald of British thought, not American but naturalized alienated employed on almost all United States public press of journalism, printed in the States, they wrote directly and indirectly for the sole interest of Great Britain. This is where you will see the value of a true born United States republican.

Have we lost the trail to civilization ascendencies to the altitude of our admiration? At the present time in 1926 we have in full swing in most of the Christian nations of the world, a competition between the civilized and law-abiding population and the enclosed prison criminals of the country for a sustenance,—jails and penal settlements in some places, and in some cases are fitted out with all appliances of manufacturing the commodities for our sustenance, with modern machinery to compete for the contracts against the law-abiding population of the country, to manufacture the commodities for the sustenance of our population, both criminal and law-abiding and our governments are not ashamed to receive the lowest tenders from these competitions for their criminal population against the civilized and law-abiding citizens of the country, because the criminals can produce cheaper under the conditions of serfdom and slavery.

They get the contracts, while the law-abiding walk the streets to and fro in a state of degeneracy because of unemployment while the criminal undersells them of their labor, not for the benefit of the state but for the benefits of the exploiter by getting and giving contracts to exploit for the benefit of criminal labor. That is degenerating the law-abiding citizens of the state, both directly and indirectly.

The criminal competes with the law-abiding citizens of the state, not alone for his own sustenance but for production of commodities for interchange with other nations, and in some cases if the criminal can produce cheaper than the law-abiding citizen they get the government contract.

Now, doing away with capital punishment, no matter what they say, will increase the criminal population which is undesirable, and also increases the competition of criminal labor with the law-abiding population and opens up the domain for the exploiting contractor.

We all know and admit that the criminal must get work to pay for his keep, but in no case should it come into competition or assimilation with the law-abiding population of the country in the production of their commodities for sustenance or interchange, and the theory of paying convicts, for the sole purpose of supporting their friends or relations, at the freedom of their own good will, dependable or not, is the initiation link of serfdom and slavery between civilization and heathenism, and it has a tendency to encourage penal settlements, which should by all means, be discouraged.

It is an indirect scheme to save the greedy from their just taxation, and when it is competition by monopoly, manufacturers receiving contracts from outside his country to supply the goods to another country and give his contract for cheapness to the government's parliament for great or exploiting graft, instead of giving it to employ the law-abiding citizens of the country.

There are two kinds of evolution, one is ascending and the other is descending, but this kind of business wherever it exists, is certainly evolution descending and degenerating to the whole law-abiding race of the country and depending on their daily toil for an existence, and I know by talking to prisoners that have done time in the penitentiary, they have told me they were slaves outside the prison and they were not sure of their food and clothes nor a place to sleep when they were at liberty, and they were sure of all this in prison, reconciled slaves inside and rebellious ones outside, so there is no such thing as decreasing crime or criminals by doing away with capital punishment.

The scheme is rotten and only advocated by friends of exploiters or alienated to crime themselves, on the road to degradation and the destruction of the nation, and the women they have put into parliament, the exploiters are using them to their advantages. One Miss McPhail, in Ontario, the farmers are using her, but they got her to propose a certain wage for criminals in the prisons, to support their dependents while in prison, to save the mean, greedy farmer from being taxed, with a plea for humanity's sake.

Politics have a wonderful way of quivering since Hella has got into parliament. They never take a thought about the fall of their

nation through degeneracy, and serfdom and slavery is the forerunner to that end.

Penal colonies competing against free labor at home or abroad is the curse of the being-race; it is going back to the crawls and cruel tortures of the barbarian days when man did not get leave to think or act according to his conscience but was driven by force, and men in my time that have risen from slavery to the height of their ambition are the most erroneous in acts and deeds and demonstrations that lead back to the crawls and dugouts of the unperceiving creatures; and in the contracts we have, the officials of the government implicated in graft and exploitations, and in some cases the government themselves cannot keep their hands clean.

But by all means, this population that is still growing that inhabits the jails and penal settlements of the country never should come into competition in any shape or form with the law-abiding population of the country, no matter how they are supported by taxation. Sufficient to feed, clothe and bed and kept clean is enough for any criminal. Recompense enquiry by justice is the only method that will stand the test of time.

Now, as to this Great Britain's imperialism and colonialism especially as to her preference in tariff customs to her colonies, and them in return preferring her productions of commodities to those of the United States and other countries at a low tariff, into the markets of Great Britain and her colonies, while they charge a high tariff if to the United States and other nations. I think this is no statesmanship but a little bit of coercion on Great Britain's part, and I also think she should remember the words of one of her countrymen's sayings that wrote the British essays, Mr. Allison, when he reminded kings and statesmen that retaliation was to be deplored but it could not be stopped.

And to look at these actions today of Great Britain and her colonies it seems to me it will be desirable, not alone for the United States but for other nations in Europe itself, outside this British and colonial pact, to unite and retaliate against this preference of Britain and her colonies and give preference to themselves against this imperial colonialism of Great Britain and her colonies that is trying to oust the United States and other nations from their markets by tariff preference between them and their colonies, while still trying to hold on to the other markets of the world, camouflaging other nations at the same time, by telling them in speeches and harangues of orations, that they were paying their war debt at the rate of half a million dollars a day.

But one time they ignored their just liabilities to pay, like the Germans, what they themselves incurred and were in honor bound to pay.

The United States and other nations outside the British colonial pact should have a League of Preference Tariff of their own to isolate Britain and their colonies from their

markets to keep them from exploiting them. There is always some of these nations can supply the material the others require and they should be preferred to all imperialism by these nations in all tariff duties. She has tried Alexanderism and now she is at Caesarism. But these have all failed and will fail.

Dr. Michael Clark, of Red Deer, at Calgary, on the 7th of April, 1926, told the Canadians to develop the British markets as the best method of bringing the United States up to time and to prefer British goods to American goods; and they made no secret in the League of Nations about the United States of America when they said they met there to promote the welfare and interests of the nations of Europe.

This did not sound so well in the ears of those that had the interest of the United States at heart. This blinded the eyes and stupified the ears of the European nations that they would not notice the British policy of an imperial pact, to give preference in tariffs to her colonies and the colonies to them in return. This is the interest Great Britain has in Europe, and from their platform in this League of Nations they dictated to the nations of the world, not alone about armaments and the peace of the nations, but how they should conduct the domestic affairs of their nations, and their trade and commerce interfering with the most vital and important part of the nations' existence—that is, their production and distribution—and then tying them up by imperial and colonial preferences.

Any nation that has an overflow of any mineral resources that other nations require and cannot produce it themselves, should let no material of that production into their country unless under a heavy custom tariff. It is their receipt and wealth of their country to possess and produce other commodities in return for its value.

Britain, an island in the sea with a manufacturing population, with very little raw material within itself, is ever on the prowl for this raw material, by every means and scheme of exploitation to obtain it from other nations by getting into other nations' territory that she may live by it by connivance and offering bribes. They call this diplomacy of economics, to obtain other nations' material resources, and then for this fraud and graft they want to make you suffer tenfold by preference tariffs to their colonies, and the colonies preferring them in return, and the colonies preferring one another in tariff duties.

You nations outside this imperialism must combine to protect yourselves by giving each other preference in tariff duties in the transference of your commodities, to compete against the British Empire, to support your own population, or you will find yourselves lying at the feet of one of the most tyrannical imperial empires the world has ever known. Act in time. Don't let your sails flap to be driven on the rocks of desolation amongst the pirates that are the breakers-up of trade and commerce and the civilized nations of

the earth.—Daniel Mooney, Flanders, Ontario, Canada, July 21, 1926.

Truth is the light and joy of life. It is stronger than a lion and sweeter than honey. Untruthful man or woman is darkness, desolation and distress and suspicious every hour, with no rest nor peace. Woman is taken in the transgression to defend her name which she cannot when found out. Man can. Man can redeem himself by admitting the truth, but poor woman is afraid to admit the truth. When her name is known to be defamed, her honor of virtue is gone. She says she is braver than man and not afraid to suffer, but to know the truth is knowledge and to use it is wisdom, and I never knew a woman that always told the truth, not even my own mother and there are times when they are brave. I have seen my own mother risk her own life to save her child in a mill pond. She rushed to it in the water to her neck, without a thought of danger or fear. I myself, saved my own half-brother from being drowned in a twelve-foot deep water tank. When he was at the bottom I jumped down and fetched him up, without a thought of danger or fear.

I do know there are some brave women. As Confucius said, "In the midst of danger, forgets life." Women are partially a martyr in life; with all her accustomed suffering in child birth and her regular changes in nature, we can hardly expect them to admit the truth when they commit an error or mistake. But those that practise telling lies cannot live and face the truth. They are looking for a hiding-place and that place is death, and the grave where all secrets are kept and cannot be revealed. So liveth and dieth all cowards of both men and women. None but the just and truthful are honored.

Lord Bryce, the Democratic author of the American Commonwealth, was a British Scotch sophist and a swindler of nations. These democratic Progressives like him were all frauds, economically and politically. In 1912, under Roosevelt, the Progressives of the United States polled six million votes, but four years afterwards the party was in ruin. So is the end of all prospectors of speculation upon the feelings and thoughts of a poor, misguided, unwary people, that are unable to reason, with the problems and possibilities of their time.

It is true that class consciousness was not the inspiring principle of the American Progressives, but one doubts if in that principle there is the seed of life. In a free country there is no wide, far less, wild principle of evolution can be carried into effect for the benefit of mankind, without careful consideration and reasonable design of construction, that will connect the units and tributaries from the source of production to base of consumption, which means the existence and maintenance of the being race. When any part of this machine is dislocated it means revolution of some kind, which all wise men should try to avert. As I have said, when evolution stops or is blocked, eruptions

and sometimes disasters take place, which all true perceivers deplore for mankind's sake.

There is no true or sure advancement made without careful consideration and strict investigation of every step we take forward.

The Canadian Magazine, Vol. LVII. Toronto, March, 1922, and November 5th. "An old time misogynist," by the Honorable William Renwick Riddell.

Women of the present age, and perhaps more particularly those of this continent, are accustomed to respect and deference of their men folks. In many parts of the world the rule is and always has been different, while in some countries this respect is a matter of comparatively modern times, and in most, is confined to those not of the lowest class. In some of the countries of Europe in which woman has not even yet established a right not to be considered an inferior, she was for centuries spoken of by the upper class and educated classes with respect. But there were exceptions.

The monastic side of the church and the universities framed and conducted largely on monastic methods, never in except very rare instances, looked upon women with favour. The brethren in the monastery, the students in the universities, allowed themselves full swing in the expression of their aversion to the fair sex. There is in existence many books of mediaeval and later times, which testify to the lively imagination and wealth of vocabulary of these men. It may not be without interest to give some account of these and a comparatively late volume is selected.

I select a little Latin book of ninety-six pages which was printed in Germany, in the time of Charles I, of England. It is not an unfair sample of the kind of literature referred to, written in a light vein. It is obviously half in fun but whole in earnest and it repeats in a milder and more pleasant form, what had been the burden of previous, solemn objections. The book is called, "Hippolytus Redivivus." After Hippolytus, a votary of the virgin goddess, Artemis, who in Greek story, spurned the proffered love of his stepmother, Phaeara

The story is an unpleasant one even in the hands of Euripides, the human, with his dropping of warm tears. The Latin is not very bad although not Ciceronian, it is well up to the mediaeval standard. After a short permission to print, the anonymous author addresses the reader thus:

"Here, gentle reader, you have depicted (rather poorly indeed) according to our judgment as in a painting, the genius of the female sex. If we have not exhibited it with uncompromising severity according to the truth since it is easy in such a sink of iniquity to overlook some vices, let everybody supply from his own mind those wrongly omitted. We have used a style irregular and little polished, but the disorderly race of women deserve nothing better, nor should anyone think me destitute of humanity in so bitterly demanding open and declared war against woman. Since we are at enmity, and those of them who ac-

cept the truth will no longer displease, however, worthy of vituperation they may at present."

The writer then proceeds of the feminine kind about to be considered. It is necessary in the first place to explain the name and then the properties (or, if you will, the qualities). I may say at once, to prevent man from duly admiring this Pandora, that the name of the first woman promised no good to them, and if unadopted, the ancient Roman method and considered the name as an omen, threatened the whole human race with disaster by her inauspicious and ominous name. He who gave names to the universe was desirous of showing the wickedness of the female sex at the beginning of the world, just as though he had actually used the word itself, for he called the first mother of all by the somewhat invidious but truthful name of Heva, either as much as to say that she would contract the greatest friendship with the serpent,—or what seems more probable, that she herself was of the serpent race, for this word sounded with the 'h' thus, Heva, means nothing else in Syriac, according to Eusebius, who says, "Heva, aspirated, is the female serpent." The Latin name, Mulier, "the author, derives from 'Molliori'—more loose in life."

He thinks it not necessary to discuss the Hebrew name, which means nothing else than oblivion for, as he sagely remarks, an argument from etymology can result only in probability not in certainty. After a description of the name, the proper order is to define the thing itself, although indeed I would rightly be considered crazy if I should seek order in that which is in the highest degree, disorderly. In what I am about to say—I do not know what I shall say, or why—the mind whirls, the pen trembles, conceiving that nothing so bad can be said about woman but worse remains to be said, and this is how he says it:

"Woman fed by Megaera, born of Ysiphone, into whose mouth Alecto dropped milk, is total shipwreck, a tempest in the house, a hindrance to peace, the captivity of life, a daily injury, willing for battle, a costly war, perpetually complaining, frequent passion, domestic punishment, unbridled jealousy, a constant liar, a shameless beggar, a beast on quest, brazen, disquiet, boldly quarrelsome, a made-up face, alluring form, artificial complexion, painted cheeks, tortuous vision, poisoned eyes, wasteful disposition, drooped shoulders, raised bosom, thin flanks, petulant words, fondling and caressing deceit, wheedling speech, stimulated sighs, a serpent of pious breed, of tearful smile, discordant society, faithless companion, a hungry Aetna, secret disgrace, a filthy bed-mate, an outrageous expense, an incalculable yoke, a piece of hell, a sulphur match, mercurial instability, a trouble in the time of peace, a wicked animal, a devouring lioness, a decked-out Scylla, a three-headed cobra, a fire-vomiting Chimera, a terrible Charybdis, a dog of the sea, a glaring harpy, a thirsty hyrda, a Theban sphynx, a noxious breed, the vicar of Satan, the door of hell, the way of iniquity, a

stroke of the serpent, kindled fire, lash of conscience, enemy of friendship, inescapable punishment, tempting of nature, a calamity though longed for, a domestic peril hurtful though delightful, a snake in the bosom, an amatory noose tinder to fire the passions, a necessary evil, a short joy, a long hurt, an eternal contention, woman, the cause of all evil. (I leave out coarser epithets and there are plenty of them").

One rather wonders what the author imagined he had left out for his readers to supply. The remainder of the book consists in great measure of special instances of depravity in woman, illustrated by apt quotations from Greek and Latin authors. I suppose the passages quoted have been well selected, and I, Daniel, can assure the readers of this book by thirty years' contention and experience, from and by the transference of matter fluid from these royal Scotch-Campbells, the Sir Colin Campbell's, and the Duke of Argyle's illegitimate daughters were and are contending with me, and I can assure you there are no more filthy creatures among the being race.

Some of you call this transference of matter Spiritualism or telepathy, but it matters not to me what you call it. I have felt and heard it all through my animated body. I know that those who listen to the words of their desires and their feelings of emotion from their nature in my body, how to agitate my feelings in lustfulness towards them to satisfy their filthy lust and feelings. They would make me yearn and thrill and twist in their desires for and of anticipation in their filthy delusions of their snaky serpent's blood that is in my veins. From them this experience testifies to every act of these serpents that is within these wicked women and men of these royal Orange Campbells that aided and abetted them for their thieving and lustful ends and the mean thief that is in them and their Orange confederates, that is, their henchmen and women may I be pardoned for calling snakes and serpents, men and women, and the mean snake that is in them demonstrates itself in their hearts. That is covetousness, and their tongues is the hand that steals by saying, "Give me this, or the other," and liars is their goddess.

I add, a whore is a deep dick and whosoever falleth therein, is taken by her. She is a delusion and a snare and fraud, a hall markery, in the theatres throwing signs, and coughs and laughs to catch her prey. The way of transgressors is hard and to follow the path of deluding women is the wreck and desolation of all men that do so. These royal Campbell's of Great Britain were the first snakes and dragons to pollute my flesh, and owing to me being open, I did not take particular care about getting doped again, so by that slip I got another woman's nature in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, this time a Jewess, from Odessa, Russia.

I roomed with her and in treating me to some wine she sent up to my room in another house I was stopping in, in November, 1924.

This Jewess' name was Mrs. Annie Balbert or Anderson, her maiden name—me being rooming with her on William avenue, seven years previous, when she was keeping a rooming-house on that street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. I did not think she would give me her nature, she was separated from her husband eight or nine years and she told me her first husband was dead and she had one child by him, a little girl, and she married Mr. Balbert, and had two girls and a boy by him, and she told me he was bad to her first husband's child, and she said to me she told him to go and leave her if he could not live like a man with her and her child, and with me having the experience of the transfer of nature's matter I knew I was nearly as bad as I could be and I did not guard nor expect anyone to give it to me again, and with me having the experience of these royal Campbell's nature in me and hearing them.

When I heard the Jewess' voice a long distance away I knew she had given me her nature, or was standing close by someone that had the transfer of matter in them, so I told her she had given me her nature, and asked her what did she do that on me for?

I do believe, by me telling her about these Campbells talking to me from Belfast, she was that foolish as to think by giving me her nature that she could hear them too without being bothered or troubled in her mind. But she soon saw she had destroyed herself by doing this egotistic act of insanity.

It is strange to me that the moral mothers and sisters in this enlightened age do not demand more books of physical knowledge of exposures and warnings to the young, about these serpent women and men, because there are always men—or should I call them so—in connection with these women that do such things, aiding and abetting them. These tea parties and whist drives and socials of all kinds that draw together all kinds of wives and husbands and the young men and the young women, bad and good, assemble together and connive, that is causing divorces and separation of wives and husbands, not alone from themselves, but divorced from their homes and children and eating the life-blood out of the morality of the nations of the earth that do and practise such things, destroying many good married women and men, and leaving homes desolate to their children, or the transfer of them to the almshouse or orphanage, as some adopted profligate's offspring, to increase the taxation and beg for charity to provide for such degeneracy.

Woman's suffrage is going to cause her suffering. This is the kind of institution that Mrs. Astor talks about giving support to homes of and for the offspring of immorality and degeneracy at these social parties I have spoken of; it is a great time and place for giving one another's wives and husbands this transfer of nature in their wine drinks, to the unsuspecting victims, to torture them for a lifetime, to get them to run after them to satisfy their filthy lusts of the flesh, or to extort money from them. This breaks up the homes

of children and scatters them over the face of the earth, that once loved to be together, and taking the money and means that the wives and children should be enjoying.

The worst of it is, these women and men that get this transfer of nature or matter seemingly do not know the reason they follow after one another, and that suction still holds them till they don't know or find out the cause. They like them, but when they come to know, it is too late, they have been doped, the children are gone and themselves a disgrace in the sight of all honest mankind and dejected profligates they become. Many a beautiful girl has been duped and deluded away by this cursed practice and cast in her lot in life with low, filthy characters, no matter, that they were millionaires, of the filthy lords of the manor.

Honest wives and daughters demand books of investigation and demonstration into the lives of those so-called widowers and orphans in every city and town, and brutes of reckless men that delude women with their nature. This kind of immorality has been cloaked and hedged around, not for the protection of men or women, but for the lustful desires of them that do know both of the flesh, and to extort money and means from the simple and insistent woman and man. These destructions of the moral and decent women, that make a happy, clean fireside for weans and wife, which is the true paths and sublime of human life. As Shakespeare said about the King so I may about the preacher say, concerning this Aristotle abomination,—“This is the worst of treason amongst the people,”—to extort your money and means, and your wife's or husband's affections, and it is so much hedged around by the divinity of my times, for their own dirty, filthy, covetous passions that treason can but keep to what it is.

We never hear the minister preaching against these practices; no, he hedges them, if he does know, he needs them sometimes himself to fire up his corruption. I cannot for the life of me know why the people want to hide these serpents from justice, like King Edward and these Orange Campbells, with their assimilated Orange prostitutes, of Ulster and Belfast.

The nature of man and woman or seman, matter dragged from their bodies, transferred to other persons in their food or drink, mixing before their eyes scenes and pictures of others, and seating before their eyes the dead, as it were, back from the grave, like Jezebel bringing Samuel back from the dead, in imagination, and seating him before Saul in picture form, but Mr. Church, of Rome, by the scientific craft, has managed a scheme of art, to put chemical ingredients into the seman's nature of matter, to nullify the germ of animation so that they will not hear one another. This is what they call Roman Catholic Universalism.

There are two ways of compounding these ingredients,—one is in the wine in a liquid form, and the other, in crusty particle forms, like a woman's changes in nature dried-up,

but all is the assimilation of this nature's fluid compounded by some chemical ingredients in the wine, or the crusty form to be carried about with you and put in your food or drink. This Roman Catholic Universalism lies in this craft of procedure.

The royal Campbells, of Scotland, were wicked and threatening in their designs. They are all of the snake and serpent, coveting, twisting nature, to be dreaded and feared. I could not attempt to define these fanatics more than this writer describes them as mean thieves and cowards, attempting murder. Healas, the serpents of hell, like Service in “His Trail of '98,” when he lost his Jewess in the fire of Dawson City. It would have been well for me if I had lost these Campbells and the Orange reptiles of Belfast, in a fire in some city far remote from any morality, that I might have peace and contentment in my mind today from these crawling, covetous, tongue thieving snakes and serpents.

When silent as the sun goes down on Sunday in the camping ground, I pause and ponder all around, the woodman's cabin floor, when tramps and hoboes come around and enter in the door, to see if work there could be found, or if a meal there would abound in the cookhouse to be sure, some with a pack upon their back, and others with a satchel sack, that old it is mature. Some of their forms, a total wreck, will tell you of the Flanders trek, that me they might immure, but if you them there did dissect, you hustle up their humpy backs and knock them out of gear, with artful, well attempted facts, about capitalists and their own contracts cause myself to sneer. But what of that, upon a track, the road I have to steer, as I'm the rambling, roving hack that bids the world “Good Cheer!” But there are some with haversacks, and brains with little intellect, do pride themselves, I fear. But still I see the living fact, that man's unequal to the tact of how he ought to steer. Our ship of state becomes a wreck, when we neglect this greatest fact, that man has but his sphere; he cannot all this world contract, because before and at his back, dangers ever near, and to compromise a living fact, no gesticulations can effect, the things that's drawing near. So let us have a due respect, to the clearest atmosphere, then we will shoulder all our packs, like the greatest pioneers. Daniel Mooney, April 16, 1925.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you will not infer me a wandering reasoner because of my variations that have taken place about the French in Canada, about certain things and occurrences that have taken place with different peoples and nations. You will see that in my previous records in this book about the French rising in Quebec to try to get possession and power in Canada, to overthrow British rule and authority in that country. After this failure on the part of the French to defeat Britain, it was natural and also necessary for the British to curb them with the bit and bridle, to hold them in subjection to the

British authority, to keep them from further aggression in that country in which Britain was supreme. As you see, I had sympathy with the French in their suffering by being driven back to the rocks and the lakes of that country in Canada.

Invention for existence and sustenance; are they truly beneficial to the majority of mankind? Now, well on in the twentieth century, in the midst of all this scientific knowledge of design and invention of construction that man up to now could devise both materially and physically, I asked myself the question, has it benefitted the race of mankind as a whole?

I see the designs of construction, partly mutilating them that constructed them and partly mutilating the workmen that possess them and work them, but this is not the worst of these supposed benefactors to mankind. What makes me wonder is,—did these scientific inventors mean their designs to benefit mankind or themselves in remuneration for their genius, or for those that had the means to purchase them and the power to use them for monopoly? There is no grade of machinery that I ever saw used in production of any kind but was the equal of an oppressor, if not more than a benefactor, to those that were obliged to earn their living by them. As soon as the manipulator gets possession of them, he commences to erect large warehouses to store his large productions in and his surplus, to hold up for better prices, and still sure of his same markets to sell in, for his distribution of material for consumption.

Then again, who are their consumers but the majority of those that operate these scientifically designed machines. No matter where worked, or what kind of material produced by them, it is the toiler. The master rushes on his machines of production to fill up his store of supply. This done, he either stops some of his machines and pays off his hands, or stops the factory till his stores are nearly empty. Then he calls in his workers again, after perhaps walking about for a month or six weeks, running into debt, but the master's remuneration still goes on banking the fruits of these inventions at the expense of the toiler, and during that idle set, of course the foreman and a privileged few of the workmen, deliver the goods from their well-filled storehouses.

From this scientific machine that is supposed to be the workmen's friend, now then grant that the toiler has not so hard to work at these scientifically designed machines as he did by laborious, manual toil, yet economically he is robbed financially and physically degenerated by his unemployment in oppression. And even if the manual is not so hard minding the machine, yet they make it harder by looking after and minding more machines with particular attention and more brain power employed, which makes it more laborious and oppressive than manual toil, or using the hands more and strength of the body.

If a man or woman minded one machine before the new invented machine came out, and with the new invention had two to mind, what turned out double the amount of work or

stuff, with no more remuneration for their work, who gets the benefit of the machine? In this case, no matter how hard the work or watchfulness and excited care or attention, under the circumstances, who do these scientific machines benefit? Certainly not the toiler, but the master, or these monopolizing creatures.

Then I asked the question, why not adjust the profits made by these machines of this scientific designer of construction, between the toilers and the masters, because the scientist has got his patent for remuneration for his design? Simply because these toilers are the majority of consumers, they are far the most, purchasing class. It is not a question of because I am able to purchase a machine to produce cheaply that I should have the right to monopoly. Neither the purchaser of the machine, nor the producing worker of the machine, has a right to monopoly from the machine, but the profit of production from this scientific source should be rightly adjusted amongst all for the benefit of all—that is, a fair price for production investments and a just remuneration to the toiler for his labors, and an honest price in distribution to the consumers. This is what I call adjustment of production, distribution and consumption.

The scientific is the inventor, but we are the producers and the consumers whether we make, buy or sell. None of us are the benefactors of the machine, whether it be the one or the other, but the scientist, he is the benefactor, if there is one.

After allowing for the wear and tear of the machinery surely there should be some allowance for men's and women's bodies and souls. As Burns said, "The balance is scarcely right adjusted, and not alone in one way is the monopoly carried on, but when masters want to reduce the wages of these toilers they frequently cause a strike of their workmen when they have their stores of supplies filled up ready for their customers. It is more beneficial than suspension of workmen, or short time, by stopping of hands, and machines, and in all kinds of production by these machines, whether raw or finished material, they are monopolizing the one against the other and the consumer, that is always in the majority, is the toiler. That is the greatest purchaser that has to pay the piper whilst the capitalist dances and sings.

This is what I call Miriam's Golden Calf. In the absence of wisdom and knowledge, no wonder Lenine became a fanatic of perception and action.

We have a greater fanatic in criticizing him though he exterminated no one directly, he almost became a fanatic in denouncing him and I would take him to be a British naturalized American subject or an American-born subject to the defects of his own British race. He is all imperialism and not a shred of the Republican Stars and Stripes about him.

"What comes after Lenine?" He says, with his knowledge and enmity, he describes the infamous attempts to crush religion and he condemns the very teachings of one of Am-

erica's greatest sons,—Robert Green Ingersoll of fifty years ago. The Bolshevik is now doing the very things Ingersoll said and taught—that every church should be a schoolhouse and every cathedral a college.

This great capitalist, imperialist authority on the doings of Bolshevism in Russia is very elaborate in denouncing facts and showing in his suppositions to deceive the unwary readers, and a class that know not what religion means, nor what was its origin.

You will ask me, what does religion mean? I say it means the banding together of all the cunning devices to hold in subjection to their will, all ignorant and unthinking men and women, to live upon their labors by getting them to believe in some supernatural being and make them live in fear and dread of Him, that they may easily extort from them their hard earnings. This is the secret of all religions. Well might Confucius say, "I warn you to have nothing to do with those that pretend to have dealings with the supernatural. If you let supernaturalism get a foothold in your country the result will be a dreadful calamity.

January 24th, 1925. Saturday Evening Post He tells how bravely these bishops die for their faith, and suffer in exile, but he did not tell us that was the church's ideal to demonstrate about the great sufferings and bravery of their prelates, to maintain position and power over the people, for their lazy, lustful sustenance and authority in the church. No wonder they wanted me killed and martyred. So do all burglars and pirates and thieves struggle against capitulation and become desperate against life, to destroy it when they see there is no way of escape.

These bishops being executed suffer pain but for a short time, but we toilers are martyrs to death all our lives and in exile and in fear and dread of not getting our daily bread every day, we have to suffer execution at the end by our suffering, wornout bodies, and no one then to publish in the public press the great bravery of our endurings, no, as Paul said, we die daily, unlike the bishops and clerics who die once in a while with a preface of bravado for the cause of lavishable, hereditary church of a lazy sustenance, and he says, perhaps the conspicuous illustrations is at this shrine of the Iberian Virgin at the entrance to Red Square in Moscow, and almost under the shadow of the Kremlin.

This shrine, he says, has been the scene of many historical demonstrations, ranging from the thanksgiving over the defeat of the Poles in the seventeenth century, to the manifestations of joy when Napoleon and his hosts started on their ill-fated return to France.

Kornilov knelt on the eve of his fatal attack upon revolutionary Pétrograd, so that you will see these religious and virgin shrines of worshippers do not know whether there is any God hears them or not. They rejoice when they think this God delivers them from something they think is dangerous to them, and they weep when they think he did not

hear and answer them when their enemies defeat them.

I ask these wretched newspapermen why they publish comment about such a rotten form or forms of any kind of a so-called religious superstitions worship, that profiteth nothing to themselves for their remuneration and the theologian hypocrites. Where is the use of praying before any virgin shrine or image of any supposed god, when you positively do not know there is any god to hear you, or not, far less, to answer your blindfolded supplications of credulity, and in all your praying, whether you are delivered or inhaled, you have to swallow it, god or no god, whether you like it or not.

It shows to me these shrines of places of so-called religious worship, where these deluded all kneel to get the assistance of these religious gods, they are like what Enoch said, "If there are gods it is certain they pay no attention to the affairs of men." Infidelism is the self-preservation and natural law of the being race.

My definition of it is, we are fed from the fruits of the field, which is our physical bodies' sustenance and our mind consciousness or soul is the knowledge we gain through or in our environments by seeing and feeling, which is the infidelism of our souls' wisdom, and I know of no writer who defines the soul so well in my opinion, as the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, where in a toast he says, "Wit's electric flame ne'er, so swiftly passes as when through the frame it shoots from brimming glasses," so that I see the soul is but the magnetism of the electric germatic system or frame, as Moore says, that inhales and digests our thoughts and feelings of desires.

This critic says there was in 1919—76,000 schools and six million pupils, which was over pre-war system which had 62,000 schools. So I think Soviet Russia did not make bad use of these superstitions of sectarian creeds and churches, that they turned into schoolhouses. As Robert Ingersoll said, "Every church should be a schoolhouse and every cathedral a college," and 4,500,000 pupils in 1923 in Russia. He says the schools began to shrink because of the lack of money. He must be a very narrow minded man when he could see no further afield than poor Soviet Russia.

But I could tell him, during the war, far less after it, some of the British Dominions' schools began to shrink. In the city of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, some of the schools had to close till they got loans from the United States of America to pay their teachers, and under these circumstances, I think the Bolsheviks did a very good thing to occupy and use these convents that are always open to those holy fathers of pilgrimage and debauch. And monasteries and churches, that was the very best thing they could have done, that were filled with hangers. I think it was a grand start of reformation after the war with the ravages Britain, Japan and France had made through their country, and while they

thought they were destroying the Bolshevik's ideal, they just opened up the way for the Bolsheviks to use their dens of blasphemy for the benefit of the people, that should be used for education instead of teaching dogmas and creeds of blasphemies that profiteth nothing but degrading the poor, unguided and unenlightened creatures coming out from the crawls of darkness and distress.

It was just fulfilling the teachings of Ingersoll and what he desired to be done. There is no instruction of enlightenment to be gotten in churches. A Bible of superstition, devised and designed by men, revised and multiplied in many things and telling us they are God's Words, and man's mind inspired to write such rhetorics of fables and crafty persuasions of sophists, deviations of imagination that delude and would even stagger the careful reasoner and investigator. These would be prophets or seers rehearsed to you and before you, all the dark superstitions of the past. They are only imposing on the people while they exist and there are so many sects and schisms living by them and on them, that makes them a force unbeatable by any other means but Bolshevism. They could not be too heavily taxed, with no money in circulation in Russia, and all Imperial forces arrayed against them. She showed them and the world what Communism could do with them. They used the public press in every land against them, because they knew Sir Edward Burke admired their favor and assistance in his British House of Parliament orations, blackmailing her and stigmatizing her young, unknown reputation as a new republic.

If it had not been for her today, the workers of the world would be suffering the oppressor's lash. Her actions and deeds did not reach us but her visage on the wall before their eyes frightened and troubled them. May she grow ripe in the maturity of her love to do good and may the seed that springs from her spread their branches far and wide that they may be a shield and a shelter for and to the children of men.

Mr. Balfour, wanting a clean slate wiped for him, had not a word to say about the Bolsheviks after that proclamation when he saw it did not catch on. Surely you cannot blame Mr. Lenine's instigation of refusing to take any step either towards a return of properties or the payment of any indemnities when he gave his life's struggle to destroy such a dynasty, that in the main incurred these debts, if there were any, therefore he could not take part in the rebuilding anything it took him years to destroy.

But to my view, as well as Soviet Russia's, the whole theory was and is to exploit Russia's natural resources of which the nations said she had none, but Sinclair knew different though he was under surveillance. The nations were jealous of one another to get into Russia and be Russia's godfather. I could tell them to keep them out of Russia. I see how Herriot trusted them, without any mistrust, and to exploit her resources, they

knew she could not pay the debt they claimed she owed, by any currency she had in store. Therefore they required currency to pay for production of the material they wanted to get that her resources would or might get into circulation to pay them.

Then the move was made, the first, an open and just one, by a British Labor Premier, Ramsay Macdonald. He recognized the Soviet government by advancing a loan that would have been the means of giving Britain access, indirectly, to those undeveloped mineral resources of that country which would have paid them better in return than bartering about supposed bygone debts that would mean confiscation if they did pay them, because these people were confiscated already by devastation of their country by Britain, Japan and France ravaging their country and starving thirty million of their peasants to death. The British capitalists know how to camouflage the ignorant people that never think to analyze or reason with the problems of what concerns them most and affects them afterwards, the most severely, till the train of excitement approaches and then with no time to think they take a stigmatized jump or leap to one side or the other, not knowing whether it is right or wrong and regardless of disaster. So was the political conditions of the British and their electorate when they turned out of power the Labor government and Premier Ramsay Macdonald, and Herriot took Macdonald's place and benefitted by it for the interest of France. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

There is nothing grills me like those newspaper critics telling us and trying to persuade us to believe their theory of the world's politics, of what party is right and what is wrong. They remind me of bookmakers gambling on a race-course and to take them at their own worth and words when gambling; it is evens on the field with the whole of them.

About Republicans and Democrats, Conservatives and Liberals, Socialists and Communists, and trying an administration of a conglomeration of phraesologies, about the causes and effects of the changes in parliaments, any right thinking man with experience of the classes and masses of the people, that is fit and knows how to reason between the ignorant and the learned in their change of governments, knows how easily, directly, and worse than all, indirectly, these ignorant masses can be persuaded to vote against their own interests. The influence of their masters, and storekeepers of all material kinds that supply their necessities, persuades and deludes them to vote ignorantly against their own interests, and my humble self sees the personality of a man weighing down the balance of a man of knowledge and wisdom because of ignorance and grafting class interests. Qualification and necessity is often thrown aside to make way for confiscation and bad government, and all this is done regardless of the ideal of just and good government, and political groups of minorities get split up, of different sects, that in unity they could be a great force if they could

see the reasonable ideal of that consideration for the welfare of all and their country's weal which is their own sustenance and preservation.

To tell me they read and listen to the wise men of Europe, or any other continent or nation, about what should be the political ideal at any time without variation of ideas, to publish or try to demonstrate in any way, is myth and stagnation to the progress of the true ideal we should be fast approaching. The enlightened classes must be careful of their light being lulled or dimmed by the desire of greed or unjust gain, and the ignorant must be taught the true preservation of mankind, to provide and protect their own sustenance and guard well their own interests by acts and deeds of wisdom and knowledge and wisely extend the hand of humanity towards the weak and feeble; to show kindness to all that are desolate and oppressed, and they must be shown and instructed to understand what is the real ideal that is beneficial for them all to pursue.

There are no two countries alike in the same productions and distributions, neither are there any two alike in the convenience of a geographical or climatic conditions, to supply the demands of each other. They must understand that the national trade and commerce are interwoven with one another and there will always be some nations and peoples who will be able to see farther ahead than others, which will enable them to scientifically design and apply methods of art to accomplish and accommodate their commercial affairs more economically and beneficially for their existence.

We must always take into consideration the convenience of our resources and the amount and value of them, and the most scientific, economical way of production and transportation of them. The trouble is on all sides of politics, there are men elected who do not understand nor realize the requirements and necessities of their country in production and distribution in their commercial affairs, and they are unable to discuss politically or otherwise, these important affairs. And they are unable to address an intelligent audience, far less to instruct and educate an ignorant mass of people that do not know the meaning of economical cost of production and distribution of their country's resources.

He must be educated to know the cause and effect of one nation's production and distribution being more economical and successful than his own. He must analyze all the drawbacks of inconveniences of production and distribution, not alone of his own nation but of other nations, that he might ascertain the place and the requirements of these nations' demands for his own production. There is no man fit to represent any part of a population that does not comprise all these things for to vote economically or otherwise, but the sad thing is, from the investor down to the toiler, there is no concern but for self, regardless of all.

This is the cause of political failure both in production and distribution, economically or otherwise. Each sect is making a strict investigation of their on profit and loss, regardless of the buying and selling of the other sect's productions, of profit and loss, which is the means and cause of their own losses.

When evolution is blocked in any section of production or distribution, politically or economically, the disease of disaster sets in. Evolution, to my mind, is a progress of scientifically productive economy of commercial business, to be kept clean from greed and fraud. This is the political machine for the welfare of the whole nation in view.

There has been and will be while time exists, some nations more prosperous than others, when it takes the light the time of some one hundred and fifty years to reach our planet from one in the Orient, we must expect it will take the knowledge and wisdom some time to travel from one country to another, and especially to these isolated ones that seem to be going farther away from the light, and I am sorry to say, some of the near at hand ones to the light are going back from it. I think he is a lucky mariner indeed, let him be premier or president, that can steer his ship and cargo of state discerned through the breakers of a political world of the nations of the earth, successfully and be a benefactor to his crew. With what light we have obtained, let us be careful with its proceeding illuminations and how and where we may shed its rays that it may not become shady and a confusing illumination to the unperceiving, discerning eye and mind.

Reasonable thought with action is the sure forerunner to success. I do not profess to be a clairvoyant but I venture to testify in this case. These national questions seem to me to be like the struggle between capital and labor. Karl Marx, said there was nothing to take the place of capitalism, but if he was living today he would see co-operation hand in hand in capitalism, but if it was honest and just co-operation, with equal shares of investment, I would agree with it. It is a feasible procedure to an end of equality, but co-operation with workmen and no investment save from the little interest taken from his pay roll or whatever little he can afford to invest weekly or monthly from his pay roll. This kind of co-operation I term equivalence, travelling towards the road of equality, because it is separated from the principle of equal investments but I admit, if honestly intended, it is in evolution scale ascending for the toilers' benefit, and all men are not made equal. We are, as it were, walking beside one another in wisdom and knowledge and physical strength, so there must be a sliding scale of equivalence.

This is the trouble with ethics, in production and distribution of all our productions, and until man knows he has got the brain power to understand about these facts, that there is such a thing as equivalence standing between him and equality, he shall still be reviling about ethics or equality. But the trouble is, there are so many capitalists have

men, more than their equals, doing their business for them, and when it comes to the laborer, the employer protests at once, he is not able to do the same amount of work as the other man, or not equal to the other man. He forgets about his own equality.

In their Houses of Parliament, we have men not equal to other men, yet they hold the position and get the great remuneration the same as the other men that he is not equal to, and gets his work done by the assistance of others, which makes more expense for the state. If not, it is imposing on the man that assists him without remuneration for his assistance, just the same as a manual laborer is imposed on when the man working with him has to help him to do his work and must do it or leave the job. This brain power in our Upper Houses of Parliament, where there is old age and infirmity of brain power, cannot be relied upon as equals to sane sense and reason and is not fit to come under my term of equivalence. That is a medium place apart from equality, but they come to see all the inferiority in the toiler which, I think, is a little too hard, but when they see there is no other path to pursue but just this medium between equivalence and equality amongst themselves and the nations of the earth, then we will need no League of Nations, but we will be nearing the road grade to an equality of justice with peace and good will to all men.

The Government of Canada is appropriating \$30,000, to provide for salaries and expense of a Board of Advisers to the Minister of Finance, whose duties are to inquire into all matters pertaining to the tariff and other forms. The tariff is, without doubt, a factor in the industrial and commercial life of the country and as the resources of a country's production are always liable to variation owing to its raw material exhausting or accumulating, by more minerals being discovered, so must tariffs vary according to the demand and supply of production in raw or refined material. No nation can have a consolidated tariff. It even varies in science, and art of design of construction for production of both refined and raw material. There are some countries with great resources of raw material with no art nor design of machines to manufacture it. There are other countries with all the art of design of machine manufacturing to refine and finish the raw material, but their own country has very little raw material resources, like England, to weigh in the balance the supply and demand and ways and means of their scientific production of finished goods, and transfer or interchange to their base of consumption.

These factories generally belong to those that have to purchase raw material. The brains of any tariff reformer must take into consideration the convenience and expense of the export or import of his transfer of either raw or finished material to balance his transfer of imports or exports, owing to the different grades of production. They should, to be just to all branches concerned, in the industries of the state, these tariff reformers should

analyze all these things with the power of perception away from the scene of prejudice, towards any art or design or interest in the state, private or co-operative.

These tariffs should be regulated for the interest and benefit of all the whole state, regardless of place or position or power. This is the secret of financial diplomacy, and in kinds of production by these machines, whether raw or finished material, they are monopolizing the one against the other, and the consumer that is always in the majority is the toiler, that is the greatest purchaser that has to pay the piper while the capitalist dances and sings unable to assimilate justice and righteousness amongst all. O that their eyes could be opened and their hearts made to feel the emotional thrill of the sense of justice towards their being race.

When they realize that here they have no continual place, they will perhaps remember their duties towards their fellow creatures and think no more of this world's monopoly of manipulation, but of peace and good will to men.

In capitalism, America is very little better and what is worse, they are partially economically the same, which brings about social upheaval of capital which blocks the way in this so-called world's consolidated trade and commerce. The critic on economic and international affairs thinks that France has committed herself to Soviet Russia's recognition through Herriot's emotional socialistic leanings and will find what it is up against in matters of compensation for its immense losses in Russia. Its present physical embarrassments preclude any idea of augmenting its already topheavy foreign debts, especially to the United States. He pretends to lament the United States debt that France owes to that country.

All these American naturalized Britishers make great boasts of would-be loyalists to the American Stars and Stripes, but when they reach Old England's shores, they soon haul down the Stars and Stripes and hoist their old Union Jack. O, my, but they love America, for its hospitality and its freedom to British exploiters that rob the country.

Instinct is the first thought of perception and reason must follow after it. It is the beginning and end of the desire to the sensual analysis of perception. It falters and wavers and falls in its actions and is doubtful till realization convinces it.

We saw some of their loving feelings in England at the time of the war, with their hatred against the American soldiers of both the civilians and the soldiers. Why has any nation the right to object to another nation giving aid to the Bolsheviks, or to any nation that arranges its trade and commerce at its own will.

Is England and her colonies, under the name of a League of Nations, going to get leave to interfere with a social intercourse, or welfare of any nation, the one with the other as they think beneficial to their own interests?

Why impair the freedom of any nations contracting will and power, only in an unjust war? The whole trouble is, when discussing these so-called debts, each nation, with its would-be political economists, is so strenuously confined to his own interests and his co-heirs' interest that he is concerned about, leaves the question to unreasonable consideration economically, which is the forerunner of any commercial pursuits. There is no political question to consider, not even domestic strife. It is simply a balance of justice.

One nation with the other—that can be worked out far better by private statesmen than any League of Nations, where is the weight that keeps the balance from adjusting, or where is the weight that overbalances the scale of justice? Is that weight Russia's inability to produce without a floating currency? Then take that weight off by a reasonable loan to balance the scale, to put in working order the machine of production. Without it there is no feasible operation to get reasonable returns for your generosity, with an honest security that becomes a civilized and human nation of people such as Macdonald, the Labor Premier of Britain, believed in. It may be thought risky by speculators on strict economy lines, but by honest men, apart from the government, save for their protection on their loans, by co-operative principles this can be easily done.

Just look how this man Herriot, the French Premier, approached the Soviet Government with a loan that he may get something in return. In spite of this critic's prediction to injure both France and Soviet Russia, with his imperialism (October, 1924). Herriot knew these nations would be watching and reading his arrangements or reports of them, so he then stipulated to Soviet Russia that these old debts must be recognized, and he knew these other nations would think he meant it, so he said it this way, but you will notice it was not a part of the recognition agreement, it was left to future discussion.

This critic says the invariable alibi for action that the Bols assume when they are pinned down in money matters, I would venture to say that the French Deputies to Russia had an idea of what they were doing. No matter about this great perceiver. If every nation was to lie dormant and not move in agreement to contract, we would never be out of a world war. Herriot got the support of his government to enter into agreement which I think, when they see Macdonald's cards, but instead of the British being wise, as this critic thinks they were, in not entering recognition of the Soviet government, I believe they were unwise and a detriment to their own country and I believe they were blindly led in not entering into an agreement with Soviet Russia as the French have done.

The British gave £100,000,000 to General Wrangel, a Polish leader, to fight and conquer Soviet Russia, and they lost it, and they would not trust the Soviet that given time he could pay. After these Poles tried to confiscate Russia, and they partly did do it by Bri-

tain and her League of Nations and gave it to the Poles in hopes that they would pay them back what they lent from their confiscation. Such is the economical power of a British League of Nations.

No wonder there is Bolshevism! The nations need them, they are a good re-set at times to hold the British nation in check. The British writers will tell you, their country is wedded to the truth but when we look at the acts of Balfour, with Japan and the Korean Treaty, it brings to mind the sayings of one of their own judges in a London Court. Judge Darling, like myself, never was at college in his life. When a witness said to him, "I have been wedded to the truth from my youth," the judge said to him, "yes, but how long have you been a widow?"

So if these British politicians and economists are wedded to the truth, we expect as well when their embarrassments come, they will divorce themselves from the truth. We can see by experience that these Britishers when in the edge of the storm are plotting their course every few minutes. It is not a difficult problem for them to navigate their economical, political ship through these light flashes of lightning from other nations, with such compasses of statesmen with their speed indicators that should take any ship out of disaster.

April, 1925—Illustrated Canadian Forest and Outdoors.

Canada is pre-eminently a forest country. British Columbia makes some tidy publicity from Okanagan apples and grizzleys and goats but she makes her money from her timber. Every third dollar that crosses a counter in Vancouver is a forest dollar. Alberta and Saskatchewan and Manitoba fill their show windows with their rolling acres and ranches, but how many of us know that two-thirds of Alberta is not agricultural and fit only for forest? That two-thirds of Saskatchewan is likewise—and 75 per cent. of Manitoba is tree covered? In Ontario, not a third is of agricultural utility and the remainder has to shoot up timber crops or remain a 'no man's land' forever. In Quebec there are just ten million acres under agriculture out of a total area of 400 million acres, and the relative proportion may never be materially altered.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia to the extent of 70 per cent. each, are made by nature for timber.

The destiny of the whole country is chained to the forest production, and if that fact is ever lost sight of to the point even of an approximate timber famine, it is extremely doubtful if the Dominion could give a prosperous life to as many as four million of her people.

Now for the paradox of paradoxes. Turn over the ledger of our national housekeeping and read a few excerpts under the heading, "Unauthorized Disbursements," or should we call it "Embezzlement Accounts." Here it is in brilliant red. Twenty-two times as much forest burned in British Columbia as has been put to use by all the mills in that province;

80 per cent. of the rich dowry of timber across the top of prairie provinces, goes for the past six years. With the exception of 1924, two million acres, ravaged annually by flame. In all we have swept away by acts largely preventible, 600,000 square miles laid low by the axe.

"It is the way," he says, "of all the human races, to save only what we value." We do not save inexhaustible. Even the forest-loving Germans came to the verge of timber exhaustion before public opinion took hold of it, so you will see this will not be the Fatherland for the immigration of these British and European races.

I must show you as I write down these extracts from this illustrated Canadian Forest and Outdoors, of April, 1925, the ignorance or wickedness of some of these British-Canadians who do not know or deny the true facts of their so-called country, by saying Britain gets nothing from Canada. I do know that from some of Canada's mineral wealth production Britain gets 10 cents to the dollar out of it, in the name of royalties, and they send exploiters to the United States and other countries to preach propaganda about the wealth and resources of Canada, and the great prospects in view for them in that country. But, I ask you readers of the United States, after hearing this report about the wealth and prospects of and in Canada for Americans and other countries, from this Illustrated Canadian Forest and Outdoors, of April, 1925, about the resources and conditions and prospects of any settler's success, in a country where such a diagram is set forth and depicted, of its condition and prospects and probable existence, of its future population, by the writer and investigators.

I am sorry to say we also have reports about the prospects of farm settlements in the United States, advertised in Canada. I ask why is this propaganda allowed to be carried on in either of these countries, to deceive and exploit? Is graft so interwoven that the ship-owner and railway companies have joined with estate agents and hotelkeepers, to get the fares and living expenses while on tour in this investigation, to find out the possibilities of any success in their investments in any of these countries, if they made any?

It is in many cases, the man who has worked hard to get his few dollars that is desirous of speculation and running the risk, with no experience nor foresight to guide him, that these exploiting sharks get hold of, from the ship owners to the railway companies and hotelkeepers, down. I think there should be some law enacted to stop this barefaced graft that has caused distress and hardship to many an honest, hardworking man trying to better his condition in life, and not alone in land grabbing and minerals does these sharks proceed, but many other grades of business of investments equally manoeuvred in. It is sad to experience it.

As I see the people take no thought of the most important things of our philosophy, which is the most beneficial to the people, and

that is the economical side, if we are going to enlarge or extend our constructions, it must be done for convenience and economically beneficial.

Philosophers are not all prophets though they see ahead of their time and as all nature exists in change, I do not think we should make so much ado about this philosophy being so much diversified as nature is variative and no one will dispute that we are natural unless those religious fanatics that tell us about these supernatural gods and their philosophic ideals, that have no theory, that transfer from one planet to another. For my part I cannot look for a theory to any kind of philosophy that I do not understand and cannot control.

Plato says there is no constitution worthy of the philosophic genius, which is therefore turned and altered as a foreign seed sown in an improper soil which degenerates to what is usually produced in that soil. After the same manner, this race, as it hath not at present its proper activity, degenerates to another species but I always believed that the effects of the defects degenerated the species of a race of nature's plants or flowers as well as mankind. We see how the weed affects the plants we desire to grow, so it does affect the children growing up amongst the ignorant and vulgar, and if it degenerates their principles and character, that constitution composed of children, men and woman called a city or nation, is corrupted for the want of genuine philosophers to instruct and guide and eradicate the weed from the growth of the good and pure.

I see in Canada all the traditions of men in and under the one and the same government. —different ideals, different languages,—and no matter whether they understand the language of the country or not, they will stick to their own language and persist in their own method and conditions when and wherever possible. Let them be ever so degrading in the public works they never chastise them, and when you insist on them speaking the language of their adopted country, they shrug their shoulders and say, "me don't savy." It is a national selfishness and caste hatred that no philosopher could convince them that they were wrong or prejudiced. It is worse than instinct. There is nobody so deaf as those that won't hear, nor as blind as those that won't see.

In all this management of affairs, in cities and parliaments of nations, I notice that all these councillors, whether in city or parliament, at election times, take great interest in promoting their previous colleagues relations to these institutions, as I suppose because of their assistance secretly given in their councils, to the interest of their welfare in their previous parliaments, in which all their councils and cabinets are sworn in to keep their secrets. They are afraid of divulging, and as they are proved expert past masters at keeping secrets, they do not want to lose their cohesion and assistance. The honest and straightforward man has always an uphill struggle, and the sophist persuades the ignor-

ant opinion to follow the problematical phraseology of the hour, that these ignorant never had the knowledge nor power of reason to investigate and analyze their actions and deeds of the past, but at one jump admire the plaudits and phraseology of reconstruction devised by the conjurer to catch the ear of the unthinking plebeian.

As there are so many kinds of arts so there will be many kinds of weak minds and opinions concerning them and an ignorant man in the midst of them is overwhelmed and immersed in a fog of stupidity, which causes the crafty grafter to chain them down.

Free education is a grand and enjoyable thing, but when we are compelled to suffer to gain and possess the true facts by compulsory education through our body's degeneracy, it is a gruesome injury in the path of emanicipation. O, but how dull light shines on and in the equilibrium of our unthinkable and unreasonable cranium. The light that does illuminate is so much shaded and construed by the crafty camouflager that the camera of penetration can scarcely scatch the object of our fortitude with admiration. Justice must prevail, the truth must be told and man no more befooled.

Plato says the soul of every individual is divided into three parts in the same manner as the city was divided into three parts. It will, in my opinion, afford a second proof, it is this of the three parts of the soul.

There appears to me to be three pleasures, one peculiar to each one, and the desires and governments are in the same. There is one by which a man learns and another by which he is irascible. The third is so multifiform we are unable to express it by one word peculiar to itself, but it is dominated by that which is greatest and most impetuous in it, for we call it the concupiscent on account of the impetuosity of the desires relative to meat, drink and venereal pleasures and whatever others belong to these, and they called it avaricious likewise because it is by means of wealth most especially that such desires are accomplished.

If then we say that its pleasures and delights are in gain, shall we not best of all reduce it under one head in our discourse so as to express something to ourselves. When we make mention of this part of the soul and call it the covetous and the desires of gain, shall we not term it properly. But what do we not say that the irascible ought wholly to run after superiority, victory and applause; if then we term it the contentious and ambitious, shall it not be accurately expressed? But it is evident to everyone that the part of the soul by which we learn is wholly intent always to know the truth, and as to wealth and glory it careth for these least of all. When we call it then the desire of learning and the philosophic we shall call it according to propensity, and do not these govern in soul, one of them in some, and in others another.

As it happeneth on this account, then we said there were three original species of men;

the philosophic, the ambitious and the avaricious, and that there are three species of pleasures,—one subject to each of these. You know then that if you were to ask these men, each of them apart, which of these lives is the most pleasant, each would most of all commend his own, and the avaricious will say, that in comparison with the pleasure of making gain, that arising from honor, or learning, is of no value, unless one make money by them.

And what says the ambitious? Does he not deem the pleasure arising from making money a sort of burden; and likewise that arising from learning? Unless learning brings him honor, does he not deem it smoke and trifling? And we shall suppose the philosopher to deem the other pleasure as nothing in comparison with that of knowing the truth, how it is, and that whilst he is always employed in learning something of this kind, he is not very remote from pleasure, but that he calls the others' pleasures truly necessary, as wanting nothing of the others, but where there is a necessity for it.

These several lives, and the respective pleasures of each, dispute among themselves, not with reference to living more worthily or more basely, or worse or better, but merely with reference to this, of living more pleasantly or more painfully. How can we know which of them speaks most conformably to truth, but as I feel myself what the philosopher and the philologist say and commend must be the truest for in the contemplation of being itself, what pleasure there is. It is impossible for any other but the philosopher, to have tasted on account of experience he, of all men, judgeth best.

Now as to journalism, and you readers see I have given it previous attention. I have heard both the Conservative and Labor men praise the press for its great services to the public, and thanking their gods for the publishing of free speech, but in my opinion, like Plato, these publications by having too much freedom, have not only caused the publisher, but those that desired them to be published and those that read them to become tyrannical in demonstrating them, and amongst all the evils in these publications thrown broadcast amongst the people, is the editorials of these journalists taking upon themselves the responsibilities through and in their articles, to be the educators of the people.

It is all very well for the like of Sir Edmund Burke to look up to the press galleries in their House of Parliament and proclaim them the third party to the interests of the state, when he wanted himself well published for the great, elegant orations, to be admired for his great effort, to proclaim the right way and means to and for the emancipation of mankind.

In a town of three or four thousand of a population there is one daily press and in every day of that publication, that editor's ideas and ideals are set forth in all things concerning the business and interests of that town. He takes it upon himself to instruct

and guide them in political and economical affairs, commercially and otherwise. He writes a great, would-be forcible article every day with the same strain and force of necessity to the people, and if he thinks he is overdoing himself, or fears he is getting stale, he will procure a great city journalist's copy akin to his own, and set forth the more scientific topics or problems of the time, and how they should proceed, and as Solomon said, "one man in a thousand have I found, but a woman have I not found," so if that number is all there is in that town, to be able to reason with that man's article of instruction to the people, and the rest following after the Editor's instructions and going by his dictates without knowledge or wisdom to analyze and reason with it, isn't that a one man's town?

Now and then he gets a magazine or some other breezy speculator and tries to infuse into them, but the serious thing about these editors is the boys and girls being deluded by him, with no other variation of opinion to help them in their analysis of his ideal or propaganda. In his editorial towards them it throws them isolated when they change places in the state because they saw nothing else and heard nothing else and were taught nothing else.

These editorials are a creed to whoever believes in them and they are paid for writing these articles by the capitalist, and indirectly the manufacturer, the commercial men, the business men, the lawyers, doctors and other agents, but the worst and most cruel of all is the clerics, of all sects and schisms; they preach from their pulpits and lecture in halls and theatres, all kinds of persuasion to and for their own interests, from that Jewish history of supposition and proposition and superstition: The poor, ignorant and unthoughtful people are taken by them to be slaves to command and ordinations and to ensnare the poor innocent children into their Sabbath schools, to bit and hobble them to the creeds of supernaturalism and superstition, which the majority of them know. It is a fraud and farce to get their easy living. Go back to heathen shrines, and go as a traveller or pilgrim, and there you will find the priest or cleric holding out his hand, begging for his pittance. The slothful meanness of the gods, hanging on back and front. Editors, priests and ministers are the lowest profligates and private miscreants on the face of the earth.

I have read articles of editors' criticisms on many kinds of cases, in frauds and embezzlement, in divorce cases, and on capital punishment, and where they were well paid, in many cases they have through this influence, by using forcible criticism and sophistic conjurings of reasoning, when great cases were in progress and jurors analyzing the evidence that were not accustomed to fundamental facts, when reading these criticisms between and in intervals, was and has been the means of jury-men diverting from the true principles of the case and of justice itself, in giving their decision and verdict and causing a turmoil amongst the people themselves, in wrangling

disputes and mistrust of the officials and administrators of the law, and in some cases, in danger of life and even the violation of the law itself.

Their criticisms in divorce cases, sometimes paid for by some of the contending parties, to influence the public on their guilt or innocence, to get sympathy or disrespect, and sometimes exposure, that is degrading to the journalistic world itself, and if poor and financially unable to defend, they have blackmailed and distorted the honorable character and besmeared the true and just principle of the good.

At the present time, they have attacked the Honorable principles of Bishop Brown because of his convictions in holding his opinion about beliefs in what God is and what Christ resembles as man or in man, and one of these critic editors went so far as to say Bishop Brown should not get his sustenance in a country where Christianity is. Just imagine the breadth of mind and charity this editor has. Has he any logic or material he calls supernatural brains, that all these great Christians possess? How would he like if all his editors and missionaries in China, India, Africa and Turkey in Asia were, along with all their commercial men and news agents, to go and get their sustenance amongst their own Christians?

No wonder Hazlett said in his second edition, of prejudice and hypocrisy, that enmity was the dwarfed, deformed offspring of egotism especially when the fool upbraids his utterance and they are those that like to read the criticisms of editorials unknowingly that they are paid to delude and deceive those that are not natural evolutionized beings? Why envy the lawyer? He is in the shade for graft beside an editor, and the wicked, insinuating criticisms and the mean, cowardly fortitude, and crushing, creeping apologetical actions is the lowest, of the lawyer's geology.

They grade those they are going to upbraid and those they are going to degrade. They have a warm heart for the minister; he shears his sheep and gives part of the price of his wool to the editor, to hold his flock in subjection to his will, and to be an honest slave to his master, to obey in all things with fear and trembling. Then the editor criticizes and upbraids the ministers' great sermons, and that the workmen were to ungenerous and unjust towards their masters by demanding more than their labor was worth, while he himself received part of the stipend of the laborer's hard toil, and while they are exposing the wealthy to please the poor, and this is a bad omen and causes the poor to imitate the evil; as long as they get the dimes and dollars they care little for the evolution of morality.

There should be a course and bounds allotted to the editor and compelled to publish the truth, without criticism.

Furthermore, about the danger of these journalists' freedom to instruct and direct men's minds. There are countries where their course of procedure is marked and chartered out for them. It is not right for any

sect or sex to get leave to traverse the country with its propaganda in articulated demonstrations through the public press, to befriend or offend any part of the population or nation, regardless of how far it should proceed.

In some cases their uncalled for publications are painful to endure; insult and rancor of sifted suppositions are many times insinuated regardless of facts. Why not legislate and define a logical course for them to pursue? There is no honest citizen will complain or reject the truth, and any kind of actions or deeds, no matter how well paid for, that debase, it in justice should be severely punished, by the civil law.

I saw in my time, even some of those I at one time took an interest in their sufferings and took part with them to try and relieve or alleviate their position from that state, but I must confess that I have seen some of these ambitious ones of the Labor Party themselves for position's sake, denouncing these editors for not giving full vent to their own oration, which makes the editors rejoice to hear him confess that he has not got justice from him concerning his adversary, the capitalist, and well may the editor rejoice when the capitalist reads the lamentation of the ambitious Labor man. He puts a few more dollars into the till of the editor. But this ambitious Labor man is not so much concerned about the improvement of the laborers' condition as he is about the advancement of his own position, whether remunerated from the Labor ranks, or an advance up to a new position in or near the capitalist's grade. Yours truly, an old Labor man myself—Daniel Mooney.

I always thought a man's acts and deeds were the fortitudes of his career and I think when these acts and deeds are made known through the public press, these editors should leave the reasoning or criticisms to the people themselves. We are not living now in the medieval days. As one gentleman said, to teach a man to be honest, to teach him to understand he is free to think for himself, we have these supposed great men advising us to do away with capital punishment, and in the antipodes, Australia, we have them doing away with capital punishment.

Let us examine the pregeneracy of the people who have done such things. They are exiles, convicts, and those that have escaped justice, from England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and I never yet heard a man pleading for the acts and deeds of a criminal to receive mercy, but was naturally affected and alienated to crime himself. So this is the state of the British colonial mind of, and to degeneracy in their own ideal of humanity, if they have any. Can they show where imprisonment for life, in fear and dread of punishment, is human. I have seen sane men in the asylum, planning how they would kill the doctor if he did not let them out, and I have heard men say that were in prison, if they had got the chance they would have killed the warden.

Now, then they have made it miserable for the lives of these people in prison for life

that actually killed people to get out of life themselves. On the other hand, they are establishing penal factories and workshops for these people to employ them in, for the merchants and capitalists, to give the government these orders or contracts for cheap labor, whilst the trades and labor of civilization are idle, walking the streets or somewhere else of the country, which must be and come to degeneracy through idleness and starvation, while a criminal population is doing the work of the country, in prisons and penitentiaries. That lets intelligence see the knowledge and wisdom of the British Colonial Labor Unions have in the twentieth century. No wonder Keir Hardy and I left their ranks.

There is one thing I greatly object to in the administration of the affairs of the country, especially where there is any financial danger of remuneration to any public servant of trust taken by him or them that bribe him for work or actions done against the just administration of the public services of the people in their governments or councils of administration. To place anyone in charge of the execution of justice to use his judgment to give grants of privileges or liberations from prisons; subject, if they will, to receive bribes for these unjust actions done, there is no public servant should have such power invested in him, but there always should be a Public Board of Inquiry, to reason with his desires and have all the evidence brought before them, if necessary, as juries form their opinion on the evidence set before them, so should they set their opinions before him before he had power to act in such important cases, no matter how great the ability of any man for the position he holds, under the public whom he serves, he should never have power to act independently, neither directly or indirectly, without the opinion of some government officials to consult and investigate the reasons why he wants to act so.

If he is just and honest they will be a help to him instead, as some unjust men think, or say, they are a hindrance to him. The people whom they serve, and pay them for their services, have a right to know the why and wherefore they act against justice or been suspicious of it.

Then we have the most important paid officials of our government, as diplomats in foreign countries, as ambassadors and consuls-generals, and this and here is the place we need the patriots to stand the test of principle. Our ambassador, when feasted and banqueted, can enjoy the social with a smile, and the steel of his conscience sharpened and hardened, that the sophist cannot dare to touch its edge, and that all the sweetmeats and sugar coatings of phraseology will not take hold of him but glide off him like the rain down a good-roofed house. But let him virtually put his task under the Department of Justice, but always let him have quick action in forestalling the counter-manoeuvers of those inquiring, ambitious, foreign Cabinet Ministers that would intrude upon the feelings of a stripling, like a lover in courtship,

that he thought would be intoxicated with his position rather than the responsibilities of his country's weal.

He should always be sober-minded and prudent in affability, generous in expression, and in capability, a doer of genius, free from wines and intoxicant drinks, mild and gentle in a social conversation or debate; never let kindness nor over-courtesy entangle you; hold within you the political powers of your own state; pending your invasion into their vacancies for inquisition to your interest and end in view. Settle nothing without time to reason with it, and always consult your own government of affairs of state, you are negotiating, and ask your government's advice of how to proceed, always letting them know the truth, keeping nothing to yourself or secret from them, that you may retire when your services have come to an end, with honor as a true and faithful servant of state and country.

I would like to know, will ever the people take over the control of their Cabinet or Senate by their government's representatives. This means, to know the secrets kept by their oath that these Cabinets hold, not alone from the people but from the people's representatives in their parliaments. Fraud can be easily carried into certain offices of the Cabinet. It is easy for these men of, or in position, to pay an editor to write an article in certain papers, ridiculing the idea of the public to impeach the character of any honorable gentleman of the Cabinet, to be dishonest.

This looks very plausible to those who have had no experience in the inner circle of the transactions of their country's business. How many know that the people have been taxed for the blunders of their so-called statesmen and mismanagement of the whole country's affairs, at some time or other, and the worst of it is, when they do put their hands on the public money, there are always two or three implicated, or a divide-up amongst the Cabinet, and afraid of the oath the honest man cannot refuse. All these things should be done, I mean the business of the country, without an oath, and this dishonesty is very elastic.

It extends to the bribe in government contracts, and in many more lower and meaner actions of the country's business, and worse than all the grafts and frauds a nation suffers, is, where no oath should be kept. That is the fulfilment of the Ambassador's duties for his country to any country. This violated, is not only the buying and selling of commerce, but leading to expenditure and wars and taxation, which is degenerating physically and mentally.

Many a good honest man has resigned his seat in the Cabinet because afraid of the oath; he could not demonstrate on the acts and deeds of the Cabinet of which he did not approve. To be honest we must be free to act apart from oaths, and as the French were saying, they were going to do away with the oath in the Chamber, the sooner it is done away with in others, the better. All that is requir-

ed is the press excluded, and if I had my will, I would exclude them many times.

An oath is a dread and a fear to do what is right, and a help to exercise and do what is wrong, owing to this darkness of an oath; those that want to see the light are camouflaged and treachery is behind the screen. The Lord said, let there be light and there was light, but the oath and the darkness comprehended it not. The oath is in the wrong place. It should only be taken to tell the truth and to abide by it, when an untruth, to divulge it, as you would do the whole truth. This is what I call justice to all and we should all honor it and respect those that conform to it.

"American Rights and Recognition," by Isaac F. Marcossan, taken from The Saturday Evening Post, January 10, 1925.

It is amusing to me when I read about the dislocated capitalists of American subsidized British Companies, Singer Company, and Nobles, and the British-French Rothschilds. The famous Leslie Urquharts' concession consisting of the properties of the Russ-Asiatic consolidated with the vast chain of gold, silver and copper, platinum and lead mines in Siberia, along with those other Dutch-British shell Royal managers of the Russian oil petroleum wells, Sir Henry Detering the master mind of the British-Dutch group that was working so hard along with Lord Perry of Belfast, and Sir James Maguire and Sir James Currie to confiscate the mineral resources of America itself.

This is what I like to see any foreigner up against when they are trying to confiscate any country's natural resources, by their combines of exploitation investments. They are worse than bank robbers, and we would need Bolsheviks every few years to run through them and dislocate them, and I fail to see how any interest invested in Russia, by foreigners, could be stolen, save from his own speculative risk.

The history of the world convinces me there is nothing in it sure but death. It is all very well to denounce the acts and deeds of Bolsheviks' confiscation, but think of Britain's greatest conjuror, Lord Balfour, that make this starting declaration, that all individuals and nations should wipe the slate clean and stand clear of debt. He knew who was on the right side of the fence financially when he made that declaration. Of course, those that felt the stab shouted out, but they did not keep up the propaganda through their public press as the great imperialists do and did against the Soviet Russia. Of course, when the financial love is broken with any nation or individual, it becomes a whirlwind of hell that would roll you over to find the pocket.

Enmity won't run a nation off the face of the earth but will unite it and make it more vigorous and fearless and determined of itself as a toiler. I thank the Bolsheviks from the bottom of my heart for what they have done, though they did not reach us directly, they reached us indirectly, and their enemies with

fear and dread in these countries come creeping to us.

Before the war, in Canada, we carried our own blankets and soap into the lumber camps and slept on spruce branches for beds, and dare not touch the hay in the stable. It was the same on the railway sections and station work. Since the war, and when the Bolshevik started his work, we got spring beds and mattresses with blankets to lie down and sleep on, and wash-houses and soap to wash ourselves. It was for fear of the Bolshevik coming here we got these things. Good luck to him, and may his evolution still keep going.

Sectarian creeds with their mixed up feuds and race hatred casts are both a natural and a national disease that no doctors of physical knowledge can cure, nor philosophers with any far-seeing compromises or perceptions could heal by any form of evolution or reformation simply because of the desire and teachings of self gain and self interests and self-preservation being the first hope and thought of man.

These teachings help the currant or tide that ebbs and flows in man's heart, to this wretched end of enmity and spite and this light of emancipation is like a rising sun that we pass around its shading rays of illumination, and while in our course we forget the glow and warmth of this illumination till its shining rays return once more and then we recognize the cause or reason of the light of knowledge taking hold on one nation more than another. Then we see one nation remembered the warmth and glow and light of the sun and worked with it, and rested when the dark hours of thought and meditation took hold of him and awoke in his dreams of realization and accomplishment of his enlightened ideas of knowledge and advancement of theory.

When we watch a man doing what we think the impossible, it is then we think of the sayings of S. E. Kaiser who wrote these lines: "I am old, I am bent, I am cheated of all that youth urged me to win. But name me not with the defeated tomorrow again I begin."

Now to conclude and finish this book I have left to the last these few lines which as I think, are the most important for every true American, to consider and reason with, that you may take action in time, to save your great republic from financial ruin, and this action will be concerning your alien laws.

With all your naturalized foreign subjects — and the most dangerous of all, the naturalized alienated subjects are the British, especially with her Canadian exploiting system of crossing your line, and telling of the unknown wealth of their country to your people, to try and extort from them investments of financial enterprise, whilst these very exploiters, with whatever capital they have got, are seeking out sites in the United States, and obtaining naturalized alienated subject's papers, to build factories, and start industries in the United States, where they knew all their in-

vestments were sure and safe for a good return of interest for their investments.

But what is the result, and what becomes of the interests of these investments, drawn from all sources, of the United States productions? All profits incurred by these investments, after paying the workmen for their work done, are drawn from the United States and sent over to Britain, if the naturalized subject is a Britisher, I know this about British invested interest and it is natural for me to presume that all naturalized alienated subjects in America do the same, more or less. This is like the land taken out the crop and leaving no manure to foster or nourish the next crop or growth of the nation, which is your next generation.

Now then you have seven years of some kind of citizenship franchise to become a representative in your Lower House of Parliament and nine years, a naturalized alien subject of the United States, to become a Senator of your Upper House. As I have said before, none of these positions should be trusted to any alien subject of any nation in the United States of America, but to a true-born United States American, and all interest invested and from investments in the United States should be retained for the benefit of the people in the United States of America, and should not be allowed to send the profits of industry to any alien nation outside the United States of America.

I strictly adhere to every nation's own capitalists' investments being in his own country, otherwise he is in greed of gain or exploitation and a danger to the country that protects him and his investments. By looking at the statistic returns of Wills from American investments by alien subjects in and outside the American Republic, restaurants, theatres, music halls, warerooms, factories of many kinds, at their testimonies before death, bequeathing all or part of these interests and personal wealth to their friends in England to enjoy, that was extorted from the work people of America's United States Republic, to a people that had no concern for the Republic nor no natural right to such moneys.

I know you will say "It is very hard to change this state of things and I believe there is no one knows better than I do, the propaganda would be brought into play against this change because of the British theologians working for their own and sons' and daughters' interests amongst the work people in every church and music hall, theatre and picture gallery, you would hear the wail and lamentation for the loss of their adopted child, the United States of America, that had borne them and suffered them so long.

But I would remind them as Daniel Webster did, when these British exploiters in the different States of the Union began to cause dissension by their extortions and exploitations in and throughout the different States of the Union, Webster told them what they would do with these exploiters. This state of things shall be changed and it shall be changed by American-born citizens, and the

House shall not fall at Washington, but it shall be changed from alienized and naturalized subjects to real Republican United States Americans, just as the Act of Union was, it can be and will be proclaimed.

There will be opposition and alien protest but they will have to yield to the true facts, that the United States have raised up three generations under the education and training of a real, true and free United States Republic, and as Mr. Gladstone said about Ireland and England, so will the American people say to their alienized statesmen.

We have come to the parting of the ways. These United States trained and educated true Republicans must guide and direct their own destinies and provide for themselves without hindrance or a faction from any naturalized Americans, and at this time, Britain will use all other nations' influence that have any dealings with the United States, both in propaganda through the public and private press, and especially through all their Christian and other religions, public and private, that it will be better for America to have a senate composed of other nationalities, because of their European opinions of world wide government.

But it is better to get rid of any knowledge out of your country that sucks the wealth out of your country for the benefit of their own national caste. As you see yourselves, your population is growing enormously, and as it grows in numbers, so will your institutions that need to be kept up and supported by your revenues of your own country financially.

Old Age Pensions or Alm houses, penitentiaries and lunatic asylums, which is the degeneracy of your country, caused by this extraction of your country's financial wealth to Great Britain and Europe, from the interest of their investments in your country, that should never be taken out of it, but left for a reset to your future generations.

As I listened to a lecture by a great Hindoo orator from Calcutta in British India in the Strand Theatre, Main street, Winnipeg, a few years after the war, and he said they wanted to live in peace with England and to manage their own affairs in their own way, and he said to these Canadians: "We want our own capitalists in our own country and not foreign capitalists that take away our wealth in their interests from our country and upset our productions and distributions at their will. I do not know," he said, "what you want but this is what we Hindoos want," and the sooner American born subjects that know they have to live and work for their living in the United States of America proclaim their desires for their own capitalists, to be true and real United States Republicans, born on their own American soil, with the love of home, and United States Republicans, born on their own country's greatness under the freedom of the star spangled banner of his own United States Republic of America, free from any alien statesmen or naturalized subjects in

authority or power of any kind, in his country.

I do know the wicked, deceiving politicians will call me a brute, and as they have said, a danger to English rule, but I do know that all those that have told the truth and demanded justice have been blackmailed and stigmatized as renegades and dangerous to their confiscating, manipulating, so-called economical systems.

Where is the use of telling a people they are free when all the force of race or caste and sectarian creed is used to elect that foreign, alien gentleman to the senate of the United States of America's Republic, only elected for the self-interest of himself and the assistance of his national or sectarian creed. When a vote is taken on any bill for their own interests invested in the country or to help the trade and commerce of his foreign pregeneracy, without one thought to protect or promote that country's interests, in which he seeks their suffrage in that Republic of the United States.

Now then, under British rule in Ireland in 1800 under Grattan's Parliament, no Roman Catholic was allowed to sit in that parliament as a representative of the people, no matter how much Roman Catholic investments were at stake in that country, nor what capital these people held, all was at the mercy of this British Government by Mr. Grattan.

Now, after this great British knowledge of parliamentary affairs that she has tried her hand at in all parts of the world, far less in Ireland, that still groans under her cruel hand of exploitation, how could she complain, or any other nation, at the United States excluding from her parliaments these foreign, naturalized subjects, that have always been under British law, voters, but excluded from their parliaments or representation of the people.

This is the law the United States requires at this present time, to protect her country's interests at home and abroad. There will be no cessation of her country's resources or interests exploitation, till all aliens are ceased and stopped from getting into their parliaments to represent the people's suffrage. They are causing the sufferings of the people by helping to exploit them. I ask myself the reason why a president has to be born in the United States of America to be President, and a Senator not. They should all be born as the president, to represent the people in the Senate; so should the House of representatives. Then you know you are Americans, and not a nation of cosmopolitans as you seem to me today, this 17th of April, 1925.

When Moore defined the soul or conscience by terming the dynamo of the brains' illuminator, 'wit's electric flame,' he was then moving the lever that controls the seven senses of our emotional feelings of expression that designs and directs our way. These were no political phrases though he was a poet that used them. They were real philosophic.

This dynamo of the brain has many distributors from its revolving frictions through

our physical system that animate and revive the duller matter within us, and this is only a symbol within ourselves of the magnetic forces of the social system that controls these natural worlds that floats or revolves around our own planet or world we exist in. Why trouble about these supposed supernatural spiritualisms that is oblivion, a supposition scene and a distance from us where we have never been.

Then what is an opinion, in words or rhyme to one who cannot feel, must be surely blind. Hope and affection go with time and when they are gone we cease to climb. They talk of beginnings and time will end, but evolution, revolution and devolution they will find are both foe and friend. I make no intrusion upon others thoughts, I expound my own, they were dearly bought, but to enlighten and exercise, I make allusions as I pass them by, but to humanize an honest mind, thoughts must be strong and very kind. We must believe in what we sing, or the harmony will sorrows bring; an honest heart, a true-born mind, will justice love of any kind, and when my symphony is sung, in their abidings among the young, I trust that something from among them clung, to help them up the ladder's rung, to humanize a youthful strain and welcome back old thought again.—Daniel Mooney.

Written July 1, 1925, at Flanders, Ontario.

Just a few words of advice to you American people, about and concerning this exploiting system of your country by these so-called diplomats or diplomacy—experts of Great Britain and other Europeans.

Diplomacy means deception, of putting your brain power out of balance in all actions concerning your existence economically, financially, commercially and physically, at the end. The Jews used to be the experts at this business, but as the Italians replaced the Irish in doing the dirty work, by sweeping your streets in your cities of America, so have the British replaced the Jews in your country by their conjuring exploitations of their invested interests, by running banks, hotels, restaurants, theatres, shipping syndicates, amalgamated with railway companies, with authority and power to do the same, and where they cannot get into business in your country, with their own countrymen, they plan schemes of co-operation with the American till such time as he can run him out of his business, and then as the Jew says, "this is business." They are building and running many manufacturing industries throughout the length and breadth of the United States, and as I have said before, they send all the profits made from these investments back to old England, Scotland and Wales, nothing left in your country but the paltry wage earned by your exploited workmen.

After all your resources have been worked up and exhausted, and taken away to Britain, the financial wealth of your country, and then again to obtain wealth from you, they get married to your wealthy heiresses to get their

wealth to the old shores of England. I have known them to marry the colored women of the sugar plantations to get their wealth in the West Indies and other parts of the globe. No wonder the Hindoo said to the Canadians, "I don't know what you want in Canada, but we in India want our own capitalists, that the profit and loss shall be our own, and not be exported to any country or people that it does not rightly belong to; to pass laws at once that will exterminate such vermin from your country that are keeping you raking and scraping all the time to get rid of them. Look ahead of the times; think of your progeny that will come after you.

Your resources are not inexhaustible. Every investment in your country should be a re-set for your country and your generations to come. He is a poor captain of a ship of any state that does not look ahead for the breakers that lie in his way to wreck his cargo and cast adrift in a life on the ocean wave. Just think of the late war when Britain was paying her theologians and ministers for preaching to the young men and saying in these words:

"Are you not going to fight for your children's children, and your women?" Then quotes Scripture and says, "O, the horrors of war!" But let me tell these real American women that the greatest war and horror of war are these naturalized British Americans and their investments, drawing their profits from their investment, in America, is impoverishing your own country and exploiting your resources and you do not know nor cannot see because they claim to be Americans.

Do you know that Lord Roberts was born in Gonenore in India, and he was a white man and claimed Waterford, in Ireland? I say, get rid of these naturalized Britishers from your financial investments and deceiving exploitations.

Now, here is a question for all educated, reasonable people to consider and decide impartially, without prejudice, and the question is this: Is it right always and at all times for a majority of a whole nation or country to rule over a minority of wise and cultured, experienced people, in the production and transfer of their own commodities, regardless of conditions of existence and sustenance and the possession of the brain power to control and supervise the interests of that minority, that is an accomplice to sustain and help to provide for the majority?

It is all very well to say that the majority will assimilate justice and adopt the ethical supposition of etiquette, but in subtracting from any addition of strength, physically, mentally, or even financially or economically will never make it better intellectually, which means strength, but contrariwise, reduces its vigorous growth of energy force, which is the life of any nation's production and commerce, and this change over a whole state of enterprise of industries, where political change of influence affects the producers, and transfer of commodities, is the most serious element in the States' existence, and especially of those

progressive minority centers that are working out their own salvation that are affected and disorganized by a sweep of unreasonable thinkers of unstable and fanatic minds, agitated and guided by plausible, sophistic propaganda, erratic and reckless, regardless of the well-being of themselves, or their city or town.

Then again, these changes of political creeds are too often trying to do the impossible by levelling up the prosperities of industries, by enacting legislation to limit or hamper one industry in some city or town to foster and assist some other industry of the state, either by freights or rates or import or export duties, or worse than all, a bounty-fed industry at the expense of the people. This is what they call in Great Britain diplomatic business of their economic politicians, and while they work with these puzzles of trying to make all minds equal as if all men were equal, but as I always hold ethics out of the question when comparing men in anything, and equally so when taking help from you and giving it to the other, is not justice.

It is here the men see these false budget makers' deceiving balance sheet of his year's earnings, evening up his exports and imports duties, freight rates, and this bit of important British diplomacy—indirect Customs Duties—that leaves a leakage in the ship of state, no matter how or where she steers, and this Lord Balfour, the great diplomat, that could fool American presidents and ambassadors by his indirect intrigues; let him be there or not, he devises and directs all foreign policies, whether present or not. He is the one man negotiator of all Britain's economical diplomacy. He has deceived nations and wrecked governments, caused the deaths of presidents and not a few assisting statesmen.

A Few Lines On and About Spiritualism

The pagan heathen chatter amongst their Christian matter, the ignorant for to flatter, to take part in their race. They pray before a statue, adorned with symbol's clatter around them, for to grace; their features, form and stature, this spirit to embrace. They look to sky in satire, with astronomy gaze to admire the solar regions space, but the Arab Ahati did try himself to get a glimpse of the whole chase. He thought the sun was foremost around the earth in faith, but Galileo used the core more to make his glasses trace and around the sun did soar most and give the earth the race.

So materialistic matter, no matter what we face, the spirits only chatter that's forced from its embrace. Awaken'g force is growing and cannot here be leashed nor tied to any throwing of man's invented trash. That force is animation, a growth in matter's self and has got no relation to a ghostly spirit elf. The great dynamic germs of blood is within our brain itself, the electric flash from it does go in thoughts illumed with pelf.

So let us not go to and fro proclaiming spirit's self, that are but the thoughts from the brain that flow from the dynamo germatic

shelf, received and stored from every glow that the eye has seen and quelled. This brain, the human dynamo, in all our body's wealth. How can a supernatural find a place for his own self I have seen the past and present no matter where I be, the gramophone and radio, I can hear but cannot see, but the thoughts from my brain's dynamo I can both hear and see.

Alone in the wildwood where life is a-bustle, where the deer and the wolf and the bear round me hustle, for life to sustain they do gather and muster, while the mocking-birds call and the night owl do flutter, on his prey he does fall and there eat him like butter. The winds roaring high, through the bushes they're going, I oft hear them sigh as the trees they are throwing, while the chipmunk and skunk lie slumbering and snoring and I in my bunk asleep or felloing. This story seems junk, but it's true and adoring to those that don't funk with my theory before them.

They can walk o'er the brook and be sure of the shore, then lone lakes and lone hills with rocks clinging o'er them, with gorges and creeks you are bound to explore them, where your eye in a leap of expansion will soar them. The subject of thought, I believe the first theory that man ever got that is not in deliri, the music of sound which are sentimentalizations for man in his rounds to work out his waytions. If the thought is worked out in all variation, there nature is grouped with its true inclinations, condensed or refined worked-up surmizations, demonstrated to kind man's true indications, are not spouts from the wind that blow agitation that never is kind or any good to a nation.

The music of sounds are notes to be numbered and only resound where thoughts not incumbered; the echoes are sweet where feelings a pleasure but all's indiscreet when not given in measure. It's the same in our actions and deeds from our minds, the echoes of pain or pleasure will find. It is but a confusion of nerve from the brain that makes us consider and reason with pain and it's to remember and not to refrain from the things bringeth pleasure, for that is our gain; variation is always here given to change from this is our maxim of pleasure or pain.—In the woods. Daniel Mooney.

Jennings Bryan, a Democrat

His first great recognition was on the currency question in 1896, in Chicago, at a general conference to select a Democrat nominee for the presidency. He was a great evolutionist then, but in 1925, in his prosecution of a Mr. Scops, a school teacher, for teaching evolution he turned right round and became a theosophist, a doctrine of direct knowledge of God. He reckoned he could tell us something about the next world, but Confucius warned us to have nothing to do with those who pretended to have dealings with the supernatural.

He said, we evolutionists began with time and ended with eternity. I never knew etern-

ity had an end, nor yet do I know that time had a beginning. He said we investigated the past and tried to pry the door of the future. Surely he could not blame us for trying to find out a little when he himself, was in direct communication with God. No wonder he did not like evolution. He wanted all the direct knowledge to himself. He said he wrote, that he had nine questions about Christianity and the Bible to ask Mr. Darrow about this Word of God.

Now, I ask, what is this Word of God, or where, or who does it come from? No man saw this God at any time. One man in a thousand have I found. No wonder Bishop Brown said, "Banish the gods from the sky and the capitalists from the earth." I am not going to worship a god with arms and legs, a punch, with a Mister Nobody.

We all know the Jews wrote these scrolls or books they call the Bible, and who is it that is educated that does not know the blasphemies and untruthfulness of Jews? Moses is said to have worshiped a bull because of his strength, and then believed the wisdom of man in the name of a supernatural. He made rules and commands, which was their first thought of evolution, and appointed captains of hundreds and thousands, and rulers and judges amongst them to hold them in subjection to authority. Well this was the first step from the crawls, of emancipation to evolution to some form of civilization.

These Jews at that time wrote their perceptions of the future and their ideals and desires as well of what they would like to see come to pass concerning their friends and enemies, and naturally, whatever was bothering their minds most when they went to sleep, they dreamed about it and wrote it for a fact. This is what they want us to believe; the whole thing is a dream of nullification like Milton's "Paradise Lost, and Regained." In the twentieth century this is what they want us to believe is the Word of God and inspired.

Now then let us see what this evolution means. In the first place, it means all animated material—I leave ghostly spirits out of the question. I have no direct dealing with any supernatural being that I know. My idea of evolution is all nature is in evolution although we do not see all nature change, it does, and that of it has been in change of itself proves to me, its evolution ascending or descending. We have volcanoes, earthquakes and avalanches, levelling up and tearing down all of which in some places, might mar beauty.

This I would define evolution descending as referring to beauty but where necessity is in sustaining and benefitting mankind a pleasure, I term this evolution ascending, and discovering methods to analyze, compound and dissolve and utilize material matter by science, invention, fluids, gasses and air, the art and knowledge to utilize them for the benefit of mankind.

But Bryan said evolution is taking us back to tooth and claw and there was nothing to teach but how to live. I would think and believe that was part of evolution. Just think

how you relish a good, scientifically well cooked meal, but how can you eat a spoiled dinner, half boiled, burned roasted meats. No wonder Darrod told him he was ignorant. I think he was worse. There was some of the bloodhound or wolf instinct in him, but isn't there a great difference in knowing the arts of production and the transfer of our sustaining commodities for our convenience and existence? - Than teaching creeds that have no power in sustaining the body and soul for they both are one animated matter, and when one dies so dieth the other.

Teaching us how to pray; how to obey, and how to speak and how to bow and salute, will not provide for this body and soul. Bryan's theory of evolution is like the first step to the stage of life from the primitive *nom de plume*. He was an old mean crook to try to achieve honor and respect from the class he so vigorously stigmatized and denounced at the Democrat Conference in Chicago, 1896.

I would like to hear some of these Christian doctors' and surgeons' opinion about this prayer business to heal the disease of the sick without the aid of scientific appliances to the disease. But I could tell Mr. Bryan that evolution brought us out from his tooth and claw and darkness of his superstition and all his punk is a thing of the past. As the heathen philosopher said, "Time and me against any two." Mr. Bryan, is dead and like John Calvin, it is the best thing we can say about him. They should have buried him in Toronto, with the Orangemen.

Christian Missionaries and supernatural diviners must become a thing of the past; nature must take its course. Send out to these heathen lands scientific engineers and artisans, with scientific knowledge to be missionaries to enlighten the people to become able to know good and evil. Their theory of men is practicable and profitable, which I believe to be true evolution. One scientific act of construction to help them to provide for themselves, explained and demonstrated before them would do more good to enlighten and civilize them into a good, sound ideal under their own conditions of existence, with their different climate and atmosphere, to provide for themselves, but the trouble is Britain wants them to provide for her. I can see them at home when they cannot get what they like, like the fox and the grapes, let them go to hell, we will do without them.

Then we come to those scrolls or so-called epistles of those Apostles. I hope you charitable Christians that believe charity suffereth long, is kind and true, will excuse me for intruding upon your Christian feelings, as I think and believe according to those Apostles' own statements about themselves, and their acts and deeds. I do believe they were like the Salvation Army and other sects of Christians, a lot of impostors. But of course, these theologian ministers and priests that live on the craft, will tell you they were natural men endowed with power from the supernatural

God, when they did good, and when they did bad, they had forsaken this God.

It is a great thing, obedience, and these failures in them were just a warning to us about their wicked acts and deeds. It was just their weakness when they trusted to this supernatural God. Here are a few of their acts recorded: Paul holding the clothes of those that stoned Stephen to death and sometime afterwards got converted. It is remarkable how good they become after robbing and killing somebody, but these things are in conformity with the ministers' and priests' doctrine. They will pray for you and give absolution for killing or stealing, but if you renounce their creed, you will be damned forever without mercy. They bless and pray for their soldiers when sending them into war to shoot and kill their Christian brethren, the Germans, and kept clergymen in the field of battle, and Christian Association Women to help them, moral or immoral, to victory.

It is a great honor to be a Christian. Well, it is an old saying, "We will know a man by the company he keeps." We read of Peter, the Pope of Christians, denying his Lord and Master thrice, and when he was asked if he was a disciple of Christ's, said: "No; I never knew the fellow." Well we could not blame him very much.

I read somewhere that it is, "Cursed is he that putteth his trust in man," that shall become as grass and die, as I. These fallible men, mark you, are the ones that have got the virtue and power in the lines of their garment and apron strings, and this vagrant, Peter, is one of his apostles. I think it is 2nd Peter and the 11th chapter and the 11th verse. He says, "Honor all men, honor the king." But the King of the Jews, he denied His Master, Christ Jesus." You do not need to be consistent to be a Christian. Just believe. These are the Jews they follow after to look for virtue from their supposed prophecies and predictions, suppositions and propositions is truly the word of this supposed God, from the writers of the Bible, and you know how much you can believe to be true of supposition and proposition concerning anything.

All through that so-called book, the Bible and Testament, is nothing but a conglomeration of a renification and reconstruction of revisings. There are few scrolls of wise men's writings amongst the so-called book, not inspired, no more than any other good writer's. As the Chinaman, I say, there are lots of good men and lots of bad men. There were good seers and bad ones, but to tell this living particle of dust that their writings were inspired by some supernatural God we know not of is, in my belief, blasphemy. Why follow after the teachings and examples of any man or men that have done bad deeds, no matter how they repent or regret them, and then we have to take it for granted the authority and power from a material body of animation, where all the spirit that we know of dwells. I know by experience what hundreds of millions do not know about ghosts and supernaturalism by the transfer of man's fluid nature from one

body to another, and the worst of it is, those that have got it, when they think of one they saw or know, the visage will stand before them, and if they had weak nerves, you could make them commit suicide, if they did not know. The royalty gave it to me.

Here is one of the greatest dangers the United States ever faced, having judges on the Benches to administer justice with their brains supernaturally doped, wondering in delusion, about another world and drawing analogy and forming conclusions to it, whilst his duties demanded of him consideration for and about the world he was in, drawing inference to this other world of oblivion whilst pretending to be administering justice to animated material things.

How can any educated man that has travelled through this life, over this earth, as Plato says, and tested the things that give the most pain and give the most pleasure, listen to dupes for their easy sustenance, quoting and dictating supernaturalism. This judge in the Scops' case of teaching evolution, with Bryan opposing it, was one of the dupes, telling the Court he felt supernatural while he was trying the case. There is no hope here of any animated material justice while creatures like these are on the Bench of Justice.

They call it God, this animated, magnetic living force, that is in all things, less or more, but the question is and still remains, and will remain. What is this personal God; what is His form or shape? Where is His abode? As Job, one of the heathen Jew philosophers, said, where is the place of His rest? Who can tell the place of His abode? But to me another world is no concern. If there was one it would not trouble me; as Chausou Bryant said in his closing lines of Theolofes: "So live that you will approve your doom." There is no belief here, it is acts and works and deeds. This, I think, should be conclusive for any right-thinking man.

You have no need for creeds and churches nor to believe in them. To show this example to child or man in life is the theory proved by me to do these things. I let you know here and it is my duty to do so, and that all you capitalists and theologians, preachers, ministers and priests, newspaper men, judges and magistrates of the Bench, governors of prisons and government institutions, you are all in part concerning your duties to the state and people that sustain you. You are low and mean and unfit for any established constitutions of civilized society. The capitalists pay you to preach and publish plausible lies and you are low and mean enough to hold out your hand to take in. Your governors of prisons take bribes to liberate high class criminals of graft and frauds. Your lawyers bribe the Ministers of Justice to win their cases for the capitalists. Confiscation and bribery is broadcast over the states of all Christian nations, because their chief doctrine and teaching is the forgiveness of sins, and you know what a man and woman will do if they believe

they get forgiveness for fraud and bribery, stealing and killing.

I say here the teaching of Christianity has destroyed civilization and humanity and you receive the fruit from the hard, honest toilers' wages, and it is bloody sweat of the poor, helpless laborer that the capitalist at his death leaves to these sophistic theologians, that blind the eyes of the poor toilers from the pulpit of his dictation and hypocrisy. But mark you, like the Scotch Carnegie, they never leave a cent to the widows and orphans of these poor toilers, that their husbands and fathers in a state of slavery, sacrificed their lives in doubts and fears of the dangers while making the millions for the cruel confiscator of their rewards.

One in a thousand have I found, and these are the very people in parliament or out of it, directly or indirectly, that keep back all the reforms of emancipation and try to stop the natural flow of true evolution, and the capitalist at his death, leaves one hundred thousand pounds in England for a pension to old ministers because by their preaching to the workers they held as love to their masters' will. Why do working men go to church to listen to them? If they would come into my house after my child, I would roast them at the door with boiling water. The soldier that fought for them, now they are throwing a bone with the hopes of getting a lot more fools to sacrifice their bodies in some future date, but the worthy soldiers are the toilers that make the money for capitalists, not the lazy skunk, of immorality and shame that is afraid to work, but gets dressed up in a King's garb, a menace to the thoroughfare of civilization, but the toilers that lost their lives working for the capitalist and crippled for them, widows and orphans that their fathers and husbands lost their lives toiling for them—no pensions left to them, suffering creatures.

Seeing all this, I ask, how can a working man be a Christian; insanity is his hobby. Why has this got into a man's head, to take from others their just reward, to provide for henchman or hereditary friends. I can tell any of them when they try to stop the evolution of man's just existence, by reduction of wages and strikes that they cause themselves when there is not a demand for their over-production that is lying in their stores of warehouses waiting for advance in prices. When they begin this fraud, devolution sets in, then revolt of that steady stream, which is revolution, breaks out all over where this current of mild evolution was stopped, and then their last resort is a cowardly one.

They cry they will not resort to bloodshed, because they are civilized, and disgrace the nation to save their dirty, loathful, cowardly bodies, but they do not think of the bodies they shoot down to hold their own position, like the Scotch Carnegie, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, that gave millions to ministers over Christendom, to preach the doctrine of serve and obey.

On every page all this prose is composed by Daniel Mooney.

When I am dead I'm dead, I'll care not for the lying nor for those that lie in bed, with their weeping and their sighing, with fears and doubts and dread, while I in peace, am lying. They pray here to their gods, on other world's relying, but you will hear their bearers' treads to graves like where I'm lying; they were sophistic fed, with creeds and all conveyance to the place where they are lead with some around them crying; but what's the use of bluff, of anybody trying to enter into guf, about things that's not relying and cannot get aloft, of either dead or dying, if I could get enough of wisdom, for to prion. I would lift the wretched stuff from out of all defiance, to a place of honest trust, for to purify and fry on, I have seen enough of fuss, by some around me trying to show the way we must, upon their faith rely on, but to me this is disgust. I shall neither weep nor sigh on, the time will come and must when light shall be supplying the just and honest truth; to all who want to buy him, man's so poor and weak, he cannot see the spying of those around him creep, to shade his object nigh him, his mind is seared and bleak, with things he sets his eye on till he walks right in the creek, with no one standing by him. The theologian fake will tell you for a try-on, to be gentle, mild and meek, for that's the way to fly-on, but I hope you'll never meet these Christian crooks and try-ons that I have proved deludes the hearts and souls of true men; so wind your way aloof, for the end is sure to all men.

Allow me to tell you Americans it has been the British policy to have an interest in almost all productions and manufacturings in your country since the day you gained your independence, but by the influence of these interests in your country, they have caused all the upheavals of disruption in strikes and stoppages of factories and workshops, all for the interest and benefit of the British manufacturers, to get your trade and take it from you and then dump down into your country's market their manufactured stuff to supply the wants of your people in your shops and stores, for them to buy if they have any money to buy with.

While walking your streets idle, caused by strikes worked by these British grafters like Carnegie and Pierpont Morgan, whether living or dead, all interest and profit goes home to Great Britain, that has been produced by the toil and sweat of you American people that call yourselves free, all to add and assist the British manufacturers that are still their alienated kin, and friends of production in Great Britain, and not alone destroying and stealing your trade from you, but annihilating your whole commercial intercourse the whole world over, and their so-called Trades Unions of Great Britain, at Genoa, and other League intrigues, are devising ways and means by oration and demonstration, by their way of it for peace and good will to all men.

But there is not a single proposition put forward by them at these meetings but is well grafted and sought out for their own interest and the trade of Great Britain. It is their natural sequence.

It is all very well to laud about great learned lawyers and physicians that go over to big London to represent the alienated British-Americans, and for their assistance, to exploit Americans, adorn them with the honors of a Blackstone, and a dry piece of a Lord Bacon's philosophy, and to help the nerves of a few crazy ones of their alienated friends—from across the pond, they give them a touch of dope.

I must say these editors or proprietors of newspapers have the audacity, or shall I say, the egotism of deformed minds, when they think by setting forth their ideas on almost all subjects concerning the nations' welfare, religions or otherwise, that they are the only receipt of corporation that the nation has got, and to be considered and relied upon. Here is one of their phraseology demonstrations put forth in "The Saturday Evening Post," February 14, 1925. This is as he set it forth:

What concerns us most, he says, is the Soviet educational system. The evil that it teaches since communism and religion are incompatible, the government man prescribing religious teachings in the schools and the reasons set forth in a book entitled on the religious front, emanating from the so-called Fifth Judiciary, dealing with church and religious matters. Among its statements are the following:

Religion is a conglomeration of stupid fables, but he should have said supernatural religion was stupid fable teaching, and it has been in dispute in Britain and Ireland for years this Bible teaching in the schools. The Roman Catholics, and many others that do not believe in these fables and theories of Judaism, that are inventions and nonsense of bourgeois and vulgar writers, for no reason only to hold together a combination of exploiters.

I admit his desire of parents being taken into consideration because of their teachings in their upbringing. Governments have always controlled elementary schools, and if governments control the marriages, there would be less imbeciles and less vagrants and alm-seekers. When any man or woman joins together in wedlock with a pittance to support one or two, regardless of the increase of offspring, with sickness and bereavements to contend with, is mentally unfit as a citizen to take part in manhood and womanhood suffrage of his country, and to help them along in this degeneracy, the ministers and priests assist the capitalist too, by telling the young men and women to get married, to fill up the empty pews in their churches, and to get their master more employees and cheaper labor.

How do you think a man like me is, that never was in a day school in my life, woe be to the would-be's.

Leaving the children to be brought up by their parents does not signify to the fact, to

raise up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it. How many of the masses today know the way, their children should go? Yea, and your forever knowing classes. Any man that can think today, let him look at the confusion of the religious variations of stupification. Hence, as Soviet Russia says and teaches that religion about supernaturalism or how to live here concerning another world, only muddles a childish brain and draws its attention from its own interest in this life and Soviet authorities are obliged to protect them concerning these interests.

I detest all Bible or Testament fables being taught or demonstrated anywhere. The Bible and Testament is composed of fictions and suppositions, with desire of enmities to come upon adversaries and tracing biology from the past, to come in consequence of what has taken place. There are these so-called prophets, surmizings, love and affection for places and people they have never known or seen. Enmity, spite and hatred for what they had lost and coveted and could not obtain. Glory and praise for all the good they possessed, and for what good they believed they saw done.

If the book they call the Bible—which is many men's books or scrolls compiled in one—if it can be realized anyway, as I believe religion, in realization of anything you must know and understand it. Does anybody, as human man, understand it, but as Soviet Russia says about this supposed supernatural Bible, for to worship its writings as supernatural is, to my mind, the only blasphemy I can see or believe about it. No matter how they have tried to radiate or refine it, it is still the acts and deeds and thoughts of men set forth by men and with all the different opinions of men about it.

To be honest, what else can we call it, but a conglomeration of stupid nonsense, of would-be supernaturalism to hold men and women in serfdom. I know the Jews and their dreams of morbid visions, of both day and night, but they are money-changers still. They can consecrate and crucify more than Jesus Christ; and wine is a mocker strong drink is raging; after that they have many visions and bothering dreams, but I warn you of these false astrologists and star-gazers that are always praying and looking up to the sky for a new heaven and a new earth.

Evolution brings these:

Flammarion, the French scientist and philosopher, gives the richness of his physical knowledge in untechnical language, in words that summon the imagination. He constructs pen pictures of other worlds than ours that we may have the value of comparison. He describes Venus and Mars, the latter possibly inhabited by creatures, millions of years ahead of us in their development.

This moving and inspiring scientist ends his book with a sentence that might serve as the quiet challenge of science to much of these theologians' Christian religions. Says M. Flammarion, "Let us not be personal, like infants or the aged who see only their own

room. Let us know how to live in the infinite and in the eternal." His new work dreams of an astronomer, could, without any essential inaccuracy, be styled, "A humanization of astronomy."

This is a book produced in this French Scientist's eighty-first year of his age, at an age where isolated scientific facts had lost all fanciful meanings and were seen only in their warm and present human significance. The point with M. Flammarion was not that we live in a poor little world, but in a vast universe composed of worlds within worlds and flaming suns and revolving planets. Not that this universe so immense, is but an item of larger immensities. The point was in the significance of these facts, to the heart and mind of man or woman. What does it mean as regards our attempts to know or understand this all natural, universal power. In what perspective does it place our aspirations and our efforts towards what we sometimes call righteousness.

A song or an exhortation entitled "The Maxims I Took From Old Dad."

If luck doesn't favor and times they seem bad, some folks they go crazy and others half mad, but for me I'll look jolly and never feel sad; sure these are the maxims I took from the old dad. Let us measure the pleasures and good that we had, alongside the wicked, the crude and the bad, they are but a completion of the things that were clad, to form our affections to the good or the bad; let these be a pleasure or let them be sad, they are only a maxim I took from the old dad. When we think of the pleasures and joys that we had, why should we feel sorrow instead of being glad? If times take a change since the days we were lads, that makes us grow weary with hearts feeling sad, it is then I remember the words of old dad. If luck doesn't favor and times they seem bad, some folks they go crazy and others half mad, but for me I'll look jolly and never feel sad; sure these are the maxims I took from old dad.

When life's journeys over and all things we had, are gone to some other to make joyful or sad, I think when I'm buried, you all will be glad, but remember the maxims I took from old dad. After we come we will go in a slide into the place that old nature has made, and when in oblivion I'll meet with no cad, that conjures up wills about things that we had, for there will be neither the good nor the bad, nothing to give nor for to be had, these are the maxims I took from old dad.

If I had the time and means to write and publish a book, after reading the daily and evenings' news prints and particular magazines of compositions of suppositions and their dastardly propositions devised and planned by their book-learned skill for over fifty years, written in their phraseology, fictionist strains to delude the unwary reader and thinker that tries to investigate the sources that spring up in the midst of us, to help him to arrive at a decision by taking a survey of their designation that might lead him to the

source and design of the future state of things.

After all these experiences of mine, my ideal is to get separated from these entanglements of heresy and blasphemy that I have seen bespattered broadcast in all journalistic printed forms and book fictions, I suppose for the sake of remuneration. That to me meaneth nothing; yea, even in destitution, as Cicero says, the man that writes for the greed of gain or does any kind of work that he thinks will bring him some gain in return for it, while he pretends to be a benefactor to all, he may be cunning but not good; and concerning all these things, if I had to write a book I could do so and I certainly would entitle it, "A Deluge of Delusions," by name.

What is culture? To my mind, it is an understanding of what is due to an honest and just endeavor. No clouds, however dull, can darken the efforts of its inspiration. It illuminates the feelings and ignites an energy of admiration that soars beyond the altitude of the inhuman mind. It is inherent that the inhuman cannot inherit. There is no training however complete, could perfect its preparation for it is an initiation into the fellowship of the compromised feelings of the human mind. It is an illuminated glow of feelings that beholds the righteousness of justice, that lights the path to honor, both far and near, in latitudes of this boundless space in which all nature dwells, without any devastating from those cultured laws that are written in the emotional feelings of his human heart.

Suffering and persecution that is partly a hewer and reviser of man's mind, when he sees he has failed in his wild brute chase to attain the end he had in view, but he can never attain the knowledge of the truth which is wisdom, by listening to the stories of the priests and theologians of my time, telling them they must be born again. I suppose they mean by it, like the mariner at sea, a change in their course of proceeding onwards, but to be a correct and honest being, to my mind, is the only change of theory in all our lives, is by proving all things, and the best of that proof is only got in and from the school of adversity, which is the only experience that teaches and proves to man, whether he is right or wrong, and with this natural experience and time, proves and develops all things. With and knowing these proofs is the only chance of man's fortune.

After making a careful survey and strict examination of the ideals of this Saxon race, to my mind mostly all their intrigues, they are a confab of idiocy, with a forceful origin of ambition, to persuade you to believe in their infallibility, of being just and true, especially the British and German-Saxon races. They think no statement of theirs, however incredible, can fail to command the credulity of their auditor, to assure you of their honesty and truthfulness, and the plausible part of it all is, the British accuse the Germans and the Germans accuse the British,

as if they were not the same kith and kin, and none of them are ever in the least embarrassed by the flagrant exposure of their bad faith. They merely express their anger and surprise that we should not have taken them at their word.

What the American Ambassador, Doctor Page, said about the Germans when he warned the Allies before the confab he might as equally have said about the British. In August, 1917, he said, "There is indeed something very odd about the Germans' mentality." The Christian Science Monitor, Boston, Monday, November 3, 1924, said: "Doctor Page divined it with, or in a flash, when he warned the Allies that these, the most ruthless of peoples, as soon as they found they were losing the war, would appeal to the pity of the world whom they set out to subdue. There is a certain naivete in these German people, but it is a naivete of colossal egotism, in the way they expect to be taken at their word, believing in their own superiority over other races and castes, making them always underestimate the intelligence of those with whom they have to deal.

It was one of those psychological mistakes that helped to win the war for the Allies. But Britain, as well as Germany, always seems to think that no statement of theirs should be called in question like the clerical preachers of my days, telling us not to think but just believe. But these are the days of the sifting of the wheat and we will grade the samples with reason and consideration. Therefore we must think and think well and weigh in the balance of reason, every sentence of demonstrated speech and every act and deed we see performed by the people of all nations.

It seems to me that these so-called Technical schools are seminaries of confusion rather than instruction of education. No plain speech, but phraseology, of quibbling and twisting. This is what we are taxed for to pay and keep these so-called professors, that some of us had rather chosen nature's laws than to be doped with constructions designed by useless intelligence, and quirks, unable to demonstrate any theory.

In my time, young men lose four or five years in colleges working out, or trying to work out, useless problems that in no matter what part of life's adventures he choose to go through, he will find this knowledge of this Technical school to be a bluff and a farce. My boys, my theory is experience, knowing what it is, and why it is, and what it will make for mankind and all his associates. Then you have all the tactics this world can give you, that no fogley can give you from his book learning skill.

The science of chemistry, compounding and dissolving, weights and measures, adding and dividing, surgical performances, know the uses of these and the skill to make and apply them. This is the school to learn in; practise them.

I was just considering the tactics of the elections in Canada in 1925, how they man-

age to convert a majority to the selfish interests of a few. The few want protection to monopolize and exploit and their co-adherents acquiesce, which are those that live by them. Managers, directors, and foremen confab, and along with secret societies and their social clubs, form a solid pack for their interests.

The press is paid enormous sums for publishing long-winded articles and advertising all kinds of conscriptions to join their ranks, warning those that are entitled to pay Income Tax of the dangers of the working classes getting into power too, or that would increase their Income Tax.

I have known them in Manitoba to give false statements of their Income and feast and treat the government officials that were paid to give justice to their country, forgetting the true facts. Instead, he would take the false statements and sign them as correct for twenty-five or fifty dollars, and all these farmers, to avoid this Income Tax would vote protection, although they wanted cheap implements, to avoid their just taxation.

It seems to me, with all their adversity, they are quite able to pay Income Tax and purchase dear implements. The churches spoke the wheel to the extent of old mothers' meetings to pass resolutions for capitalism, and long prayers to oblivion, with closed eyes, for a blessing to descend upon their wretchedness. All this without a thought of the poor toiler that has not the means to sustain his body, far less, a tax for his overplus sustenance. And these creatures that know a little that would like to be rich will tell the toilers, they are not taxed.

Allow me to tell you, the working man is taxed in all his sustenance, in his wages, in his clothes, in his meats and drinks, in his impoverished huts of shelter from the cold and bitter storm without any comfort or enjoyments, even from the work of their own hands. This is the taxation of the toiler.

As Mr. John Morley said, he thought after all it was going to be the survival of the fittest. No wonder he would think so, when working men and women cannot be taught to know and see their own interest. The nature of the being is self-preservation, and to convince them of an existence being superior to self-interests, is, according to nature and should be proceeded in, this is very hard for selfish men and women to understand, we see what we call the lower animals, do, just the same as you highbreds do, directly and indirectly do, that is, shoulder out one another from the green pastures with physical strength or self-brain cunning, and I wonder if this lower animal could demonstrate intelligently to man's mind, which of him or man, is the most intelligent.

This is the secret I have found out, that so long as man thinks he can live outside the harmony of humanity and civilization, is isolated and can do little for himself or any other, therefore communion is right. No matter how selfish men and women would try to divert it, these creatures that seek for com-

munity in some things and denounce communion in others, is a deceiver and a non-descript of the most exporting wretchedness.

Clerical Christians that live by capitalism are the disunifiers of all that is good. If union is good in marriage, why not good in association, to help one another. But your union of clubs does not include all civilized applications, is a class union, a selfish union, certainly isolated from civilization and unworthy of the name union or communion.

Those hereditary creatures that never produce but from exploitations and speculation are amusing in any society. There is no speculation where there is strict investigation; work does the rest. He that will not work neither shall he eat, because he is a drone in the hive living on the toil of others. I am not a reckless radical, given to exploitation. No man likes to lose his all. Why not be just? The man afraid to be just is surely a coward and a danger to his country.

Now, after 65 years experience in various grades of invariable surveys of investigation through life, I have noticed particularly the maladies of the physical diseases that effect the being race of mankind and other animals, whether inhaled from the microbes, germs of a dusty atmosphere of animation or from odors of garbage, rubbish heaps of putrefied corruption, or from the polluted streams and tributaries that gurgle through stagnant matter to the rivers and lakes that flow to the sea, many diseases in this course affect almost animals of all kinds.

Inoculation form the vermin that associate themselves with mankind and other animal races contribute their quota to these deadly diseases.

I have noticed in the North of Ireland and in parts of Scotland there small villages and towns are built on or beside brooks and small rivers and lakes of almost dead water, where cattle and sheep and horses wade and drink from these polluted waters, and in England, that is over-populated, I presume with both animals and mankind, the cattle with foot and mouth diseases sweltering in these partly stagnant waters spread these diseases, and the toilet and urinals adding their deathly stench, and in their course a little farther along the stream, the peasants wash, and in some places drink these deadly poisons without any kind of filtration, and their dirty water from the washing clothes and vegetables are dumped at their door to trickle into the streams of adulteration.

These are the sanitary conditions of rural life that the city people all seek to enjoy and come back to the city affected with the plague and their dry garbage heaps, driven by the wind in the air, full of microbe germs we cannot see with the naked eye, and those that never consider these microbe germs, how they originate or animate or how they inhale them in these country atmospheres, by their breathing and eating and drinking. They think it is clean food and drink yet the germs creep or light upon that food and drink, and the

stench of these dry closets, is perplexing. Their odors are horrible.

And vacation comes round, and without being aware of these conditions in the country, they go there to get the fresh air but the result is they go back to the city smitten by the inhalations or bites of inoculations from these animations. No consideration for the cleanliness of the food or drink, if it only palliated and if the bed looks clean, no consideration for nor about the animation that is on it or around it.

Carelessness and neglect is the cause of many diseases. As I have said in my previous writing, the whole truth is, there are far too many learning how to treat diseases than how to prevent them. These diseases of foot and mouth with the cattle, and tuberculosis, are all created by uncleanness—filthy stabling, filthy, muddy yards for young and old cattle to tread through, and weak and coarse foods, will degenerate the blood and cause animation to come forth.

The only prevention for these diseases is cleanliness—clean pastures free from putrefied substances; water should be particularly clean; wells with concrete round trough, free from polluted streams like a great many in America.

The mineral from fifty to one hundred feet below the ground is the most renovating and notorious. Clean housing and bedding, and especially mangers to eat out of, should be clean and free from all fusty and musty food.

Concrete is bad for cattle to lie upon. It should be grooved so as the urine will run into grooves; and should be planked over with two or three inch planks with a little slope down to the groove, and half way down, half inch holes to take the urine away to the grooved concrete underneath to the group, so that the steers' bedding will be dry. This is my design.

(Daniel Mooney—my father, Charles Mooney, in Ireland, was a stableman). Canada in some places is very bad in all these respects, and England with its over-population in both man and beast, with so many villages and towns, with these dry, dusty, unsanitary conditions or urinals and toilets and other muss bordering on its small rivers and tributaries in the summer time—cattle dirtying the streams with foot and mouth diseases, that a little further on the people drink, without filtration. Dirty pastures, because of the congestion of too many cattle, eating and treading amongst their own muss.

The same with over-populations in city and towns on their small inland rivers, of pollution. The peasantry drink the milk, not knowing the necessity of sterilization, and the population in the large cities and towns for the most part do the same, and eating the flesh of these animals that have inhaled the odors and germs in their blood and flesh of inoculation from these filthy waters and uncleanness, pastures, of an over-population of cattle that tread down and manure upon it which they have to eat amongst the dirt and filth of their own nuisance.

Carelessness and neglect and ignorance of the situation and condition of these problems of those in authority and power, that camouflage other people about their cleanliness and yet write long letters in the public press about their genius and capabilities and of how far they are advanced ahead of the times.

But they can never demonstrate their theory, and when they do attempt to demonstrate, how small they look, these quirks in England cannot fool men that travel and see for themselves. They make great parades at cattle shows and horse Derbys, but when it comes to show good regulations and results from these advertised geniuses, we see the farce.

We find in England, in 1924-1925, these geniuses stopping the fox hunting clubs, the foot and mouth disease was that bad, then they blamed the Irish cattle from the green hills of Mayo and Connemara, for bringing the plague over to infest England. If these cattle had been less congested and more isolated and climatic conditions more complied with, along with sanitary arrangements, there would have been no spread of the plague.

In winter, around the beasts should be warm and clean, with good ventilation above their bodies to keep out rain and snow and to evaporate their breaths outside to prevent perspiration, with no open door for drafts to cause colds or inflammation of the throat or any other parts. Clean surroundings as you feel yourself; I am the herdsman, Daniel Mooney.

Dr. Jeans, astronomer, says matter consisting of negative and positive charges of electricity electrons and protons in equal numbers and when these come into contact the opposite charges are neutralized and annihilated as Dr. Jeans describes, but how does he get the equal numbers in any kind of force and matter of two atoms to meet in concussion without compounding the chemicals which they are, and dissolving them in any kind of evolution or revolution. It won't do to tell us this takes place in the planets without proving it in equal parts of concussion between these atoms, otherwise it is supposition to tell us this takes place in the planets. I fail to see how the opposite charges is annihilated through being neutralized. They always exist, and must go back to the matter or planet to which they belong. To my mind no matter can be destroyed through neutralization, by concussion and force without assimilation taken place and reforming again. It always exists, no matter what shape or form that atom may be in, it doesn't wander in space any more than other atoms that may be set free in neutralized separations, in fumes from man's materializings here that go up in space to become solids in the atmosphere, to generate until it is naturally dissolved by nature, through concussion of these electric forces which is in nature and comes back to our planet again, so will it to the stars, moon or sun or whatever planet it belongs, all goes back to whence it came. I am quite well aware all these revolutions in these planets

the astronomers see will change and altar both the appearance and magnetic forces of these planets, some will get brighter, some duller and their magnetic forces. Through these evolutions and revolutions, will be the means of drawing them closer to other planets and receding from other planets that will be the means of greater heat or cold of this planet as well as being either darker or clear.

Winnipeg Evening Tribune, Friday, August 26th, 1927. Even some well informed Canadians and American business men do not realize the financial interests the United States has acquired in Canada in recent years, in round figures of the \$6,300,000,000 of foreign investments in this country. \$3,600,000,000 has come from the United States as against \$2,000,000,000 from Great Britain. Foreign investments may constitute investments in industry or they may be in the form of mortgages and loans so far as industry is concerned. In 1924 according to figures of the senior British Trade Commissioner in Canada, United States investments in Canada industry were more than three times as great as were the British today. It is likely that the disparity has been further increased. At the present time there are over 700 American plants in Canada, and 900 others which American capital is heavily interested which means that the United States controls directly or is interested in 60 per cent, of our industrial activities. Other sources of investment are not so capable of accurate check, but there is ample evidence that the British investors in Canada are losing ground to the Americans. In 1913 for instance the value of Canadian bonds sold in Britain was \$277,000,000 as compared with only \$51,000,000 in 1926, the situation was completely reversed only \$9,000,000 worth of bonds having been sold to Britain as compared with \$269,000,000 in the United States. So far as industry is concerned many good reasons may be offered to account for the Americans enormous jump over British investment in Canada, the most important of these is the empire preferential tariff which offers a direct incentive to United States manufacturers to erect plants in the country, but in the investment fields the situation, it is true the war has heavily hit the British private investor but not to the extent that the Canadian bond sale figures for recent years would indicate. The stream of British capital which in the eight years preceding the war flowed into Canada is now being directed to some other and presumably more profitable channels.

The system of this pope and church and state has always been their ideal for mankind to suffer here, this means submission to their will and power, and point us to oblivion for the reward and recompense, for all this patience in and through our suffering, a promise we cannot perceive and know not of blind faith even without a shadow to realize upon. Can our brains not consider reason and realize the consequence of such persuasion and teachings in the twentieth century, let us

flee from the appearance of such evil, prove all things, hold to that which you know is true and meet the future as we must go and leave all things.—Daniel.

Dear Sir: I have come to the conclusion that an elementary education in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland is only a dummy alphabet to convey meanings from one to the other and these meanings are not scientifically numerated for an elementary school to compromise and utilize for their advancement in knowledge to carry them through this world to their advantage. You all say it is a grand thing to be able to speak and write this English language. Dublin, Inverness, Wales, Lancashire, all claim a proper understanding of this language but ask yourself the question Does it profit you anything to advance your interests No doubt the real English language spoken correct, sounds beautiful, but with so many broken English dialects and Scotch thick doric, there is no grammar could be rightly applied to it, they may group words in phraseology, but how about applying the meanings to be conveyed through all these dialects by sounding the letters of your alphabet? No wonder I have written, sounding words grammatically will never prove emphatically the things I really mean, your surroundings are too compact, inexpansive and confined, you are in a circumspect instead of circumspective, your geographical position camouflages your little and small surroundings, makes little and small ideas and also small comprehension in generosities and gratitudes towards your fellow creatures It is all owing to the greatness of your surroundings and communications; that your variations in acts and deeds grow larger or smaller.

Lord Hewart, Lord Chief Justice, of England, speaking at Toronto, denounced the press as hypocrites for suppressing the truth and the Scotch Free Press, of Winnipeg, could not palate it, and they descended to the level of the volcano, vomiting out their lava in heat and vapor that would cover a ship with their createries, denouncing him and like Lord Cecil in the Naval Parley, said they did not suppress but only selected, which is the meanest suppression there is, no worse suppression than ignoring and the Scot editor, Mr. Daffoe, thought about Robinson Crusoe on the island amongst his goats. He knew what kind to select, that would be the best milkers to get his remuneration from, and he knew who had the power and the means to support him. When he did select he was not only suppressing the truth and hiding it to an end, but I knew him to defame and apologize and misrepresent, he confuses and abuses in criticism to persuade a certain class and they want free scope for to do so. I know it is not so long remote since he would have to pay dear for his besmearing proselytisms, and I just wish it soon to come again, his directions as if he were the beacon light on every corner or coast, enlightened man doesn't need his selections or suggestions, he will do the reasonings and criticisms within himself to define his realizations. The brazen cheek, idiocy

and supposition of any editor or journalist to pretend to be able to direct and guide the destinies of men to their ideas or ideals is monstrous in the twentieth century, and then with vaporating trades unionist, clamoring for free speech through this same Free Press, ignorant of the fact that they never were tied till this public Free Press tied them up by ignoring them and denouncing their unreasonableness, and as long as this public Free Press has the freedom to select at its will, so long will a certain class of the population suffer at its hand. There never was a labor meeting to my knowledge directly or indirectly, but was suppressed. Anyhow what they call labor men are mostly trades union men, and hangers on, a middle class; about production and the commercializing of distribution and where all the profit and loss go and come, and all he knows about it when his money is done. He begins to count how much it cost him in boat and train fare and his eating and drinking and his clothing of ware, but he never takes thought of how much he lost on strike and contributions and levies, not alone to his union but to support these exploits of leaders marauding the country at their expense to deceive them in great harangues of how we will beat the masters and in addition to these exploits they have a first group of political fiction which is the worst fiction of all, and that is these fraternal societies that undermine society itself, and constitutional governments are over thrown by them for power to possess, and when these trades unions leaders see their funds far enough spent, that there are sufficient left to pay them their salaries, then they say we are beaten we will have to give in, nor he couldn't see how the masters are combined because he is a financier in distribution as well as production. If they give them anything one place they take it back in another. This is how the masters visionize the future and then laugh at their calamities and mock when their fear cometh. The average laborer knows nothing about production or distribution or any kind of commercial affairs whatever nor economical cause or effect of profit or losses. No wonder their confusion about the ways and means of commercializing today when we have got the British creeping into the American trade by inducing the American capitalist to be shareholders in their shipping combines, to commercialize, the whole trade of America, knowing these American shareholders would use all their influence to procure all the freights of their country's transportation to these combines they were connected with, no wonder President Coolidge, said American ship owners and shippers would have to own their own bottoms, no wonder Britain owned the greatest fleet in the world by this kind of manipulations, and its feasible to believe she is working the same game in European and other countries, a nice way to exploit but her ends in view and not satisfied with this exploiting, this Free Press is in a dilemma about their allies the Japanese, 70,000,000 of them on

little islands, an empire with no room to expand, and he refers to them in a lot of geographical bunk about the tradition of how the nation's races spread over the earth, he would like them into the United States to help his empire out. Why cumber an over-populated country when you have Canada and Australia, a climate that would be suitable for them. If they are good for the United States of America, they are more adaptable to Australia. He is a great imperial protector, he would like to suppress other nations by his selection and to finish up his diction he wants to select tariffs and impose them on other nations to protect the empire, and destroy the trade and commerce of the world. You think these Japs would be able to assist you living in a country you would like to regain. The enemy would be in the republic's own home then. My but they are great Scotch Jews, they are supervisor.—D.

It seems the priests is like a rat catcher with annased all over him to get them to follow him, that a French woman told me not to speak to her daughter-in-law for fear of disturbing her, she said she was just confirmed into the church and it took the stuff three weeks for to settle in her. Pretty strong dope I guess.

There was a conference held in Geneva, 1927, early in the summer, about over-population. In a hundred years meant there would be more hungry mouths than the world could feed. Professor H. P. Fairchild, of New York University told the conference that there was five major causes for attaining the maximum in-world population. He listed these as follows:

- 1 The desire of nations to maintain their military strength;

2. The desire of despotic rulers to have the largest possible number of subjects;

3. The religious evil of various sects desiring to have the greatest possible numbers of followers;

4. The desire of certain nations to dominate the world with their particular traits;

5. Sheer megomania, which desires bigness, for its poor, its own sake. Fairchild insisted on the eventual necessity of limiting population.

Since the war they have transferred the capital, and a great lot of the trade and commerce, and now they have great assemblies of confabs or they call them conference of their religious beliefs, from one Godhead to another, but the great blockhouse they have to contend with, was the fear of their financial remunerations been transferred to a strange God. That would leave them wandering in the wilderness with nothing but garlic and wild onions and they know worshipping one God as well as worshipping three, would not pay them so well as there are less masters with one God and more slaves, and more masters with three Gods, and less slaves, so they found out politics was just the same. There must be an opposition so that a remuneration must be sure, they could not preach about a heaven without a hell, there must be opposi-

tion or the business won't pay. They see the result in the Roman church, all the money goes to the boss, and his chosen few. There must be no rivals there, all slaves and master servants obey your masters in all things with fear and trembling, that is Rome and the slaves passport. Since the war, that church has not been idle, she has forced her way into all corners of the earth, all over Europe, Africa, India, Asia and especially the latin parts of America, West India, yea, into the great republic of the United States itself. This church took all the advantage of the peace-making proposition of the world to promote the interest of her creed and dogmas, she has envoys to kings and empires, and proceed into republics to influence with a will and force, even to dictate and try to defy presidents that never was preceded since Luther's day, and their inquisition by cunning investigation and deviations has taken hold on the unwary protestors by their supposed kindness and charitable dispositions in obliging and showing kindness, by distributing other people's means, but none of their own have they to distribute. The poor and ignorant slave is the source of their income and they say they beg for the poor, but they create the poor by keeping them ignorant and of the civilized they beg to feed the ignorants they create. In France the Pope sent bulletins to their priests to prohibit some of the people from reading the papers. In Canada the Press claims in part to educate the people. Why does the Church of Rome teach the people to read and prohibit them reading for themselves. Rome and their priest craft in Mexico and other Southern republics today stink in the nostrils of the world, priests wanting to teach creeds and dogmas, and doping them with dope at their confessions

Sir Arthur Keith, delivers presidential address to British Associations, claims fundamental of Darwin, outline of man's history unshaken. It could not be otherwise, because all matter generates, degenerates and regenerates again, matter reforms into different forms in animation through heat, or the energy of force ignited causes similar ignition of natural forces. In the process of that animation, in and with other animating forms produces a different formation which will be evolution, ascending or descending according to the mould of animation. This is not a possible but a demonstrated fact and to my mind Darwin stands erect.—Daniel Mooney, Banbridge, Co. Down, Ireland.

Written at Purdis Burn, County Down, Ireland, 1907.

O Macarthy you're my darling,
O Macarthy you're my dear,
For when you treat the lasses,
Sure for us you make them queer,
And to drink your ale and porter sure
For me I never fear, so good luck to you
Macarthy and the night we drank your beer.
That night in old Macarthy's,
There was hundreds round the door,
For to hear us dance and singing
Round old Macarthy's floor,

Next door in Missus Matchett's
 They were having tripe galore
 Along with pork and bean and potatoes by the
 score
 And when that treat was over,
 Sure then the hat went round.
 For we had to pay Macarthy, and something—
 to the clown.

There was Milligions Magillivians,
 And them that a will for to drink the porter,
 But we had to pay the bill,
 There was Roonigans and Dumigians
 Along with the Bob Medowel,
 All into Macarthy's from of the street did
 roll
 And the men without the women sure
 When they came into town, they all went in
 Macarthy's and drank the whiskey down.

The first verse is the chorus.

This is about me and the boys in Bridge
 Street, Banbridge, on Saturday nights amuse-
 ments when young—Daniel Mooney.

After the war, H G Wells, selected or
 singled out Mr. David Lubin, as the religious
 man par excellence because he is the initiator
 of the International Institute of Agriculture.
 He took the word religion in this first sense;
 whatever may be thought of that conception
 of religion, a conception from which, let it be
 noted, all transcendental beliefs have been ex-
 punged. We are not going to insult the in-
 telligence of our readers by inquiring whither,
 when so understood, religion is reconcilable
 with science, we shall assume that no reader
 of these pages sees an antagonism between
 science and devotion to the public good. The
 second way of taking the word religion so as
 to avoid conflict with science is to oppose it to
 materialism, that experience is religion they
 say which implies the existence of another
 world alongside the world of matter. A per-
 son he says is religious when he thinks of the
 ultimate of reality as spiritual in nature, and
 feel himself in some sort of relation however
 vague with the reality. I think he is a cun-
 ning reasoner and to infer another world of
 spirit was in correlation with this material
 world, is like inferring himself to the moon.
 This co-operation business began with Christ
 Jesus, matter and force is the only spirit in
 any animation in this world or any other,
 there is no theory outside of nature to con-
 vince me of religion being anything but real-
 izing our duties to ourselves and our fellow
 creatures with your heathen ideas worship
 what you like in doubts and fears but as Kent
 says it is superstition.—Daniel.

Science investigation and analyzing and
 finding out the forces of material nature and
 utilizing them for the benefit of mankind has
 got nothing to do with churches, creeds and
 dogmas. To live on the people and corral
 them for that purpose has nothing to do with
 science. There is no room for this God in my
 nature and I believe a prayer to any unknown
 God or Gods is the greatest hypocrisy and
 blasphemy that any civilized man, far less a
 pagan heathen, could be guilty of and there

are too many of them among the civilized
 population today, and if savages hear thunder
 and see lightning and think some God su-
 perior to themselves has done this, and sees
 trees torn up, their huts knocked down and
 has no sense of revolution coming out from
 the crawls of superstition, is it fair for any
 professor that is living on the people's blood
 and sweat, to make analogys to bunk tradi-
 tion of savages, to prove that supernatura-
 lism was correlated to evolutionize educated
 men, through and in material forces. We all
 that know what ignorants create has no doubt
 about the fear and cowardice of such believers
 in a power which we know not of superior to
 themselves. I never knew a God but what
 man made from superstition. We don't know
 from whence they came, these Gods and we
 don't know where they will go. I don't de-
 clude any man and believe me I never will be
 led in any thing by blind faith. These usurp-
 ers of other men's opinions that profess to
 know what they can't find out nor see, ever
 confusing but never enlightening is the faith
 of all these exploiters.—Daniel Mooney.

London, September 6th. The plea of the
 Bishop of Ripon, for a scientific holiday has
 caused amazement and amusement in the British
 scientific circles. Sir Arthur Keith, whose
 presidential address on the Darwin
 theory provoked the Bishop's suggestion when
 interviewed, said the suggestion was typical
 of the attitude of the Church. The Church
 did not realize that science cannot rest, that
 nothing in this world can rest, everything is
 moving forwards except religion and the
 Church. Instead of helping humanity is
 attacking those who are doing their best to
 assist the world. Sir Daniel Hall, scientific
 adviser to the Board of Agriculture, said the
 proposition is equivalent to asking the busi-
 ness man who finds difficulty in keeping his
 end up commercially, to go to sleep and stay
 in bed in order to save worry and expense.
 Major Church, an official representative at
 the annual convention, said that this theo-
 logical outburst was indicative of the funda-
 mental incapacity of the average churchman
 to deal with new knowledge if the Church
 wished to be regarded as the fount of inspi-
 ration, its clergy must have a scientific out-
 look. I must state here Daniel, that though
 the theologian has not started to move for-
 wards, at least since 1870, he has ceased
 looking back like Lot's wife and now he looks
 forwards. In Belfast I seen the Presbyterian
 clergy stand and preach and pray with his
 back to us in Billasilen Orange hall, so when
 they have turned round there is a desire to
 look before them and moving forwards, but
 after all they are material and no super-
 natural about them, and whether they like it
 or not they must move on. The worst of it
 is, these ministers and priests have been so
 long looked up to by an ignorant unthinking
 heathen race, has really become to think they
 have some supernatural power handed down
 or up to them, because they always think
 they are looking up. So they do in Australia,
 because they see the shadows of other planets

moving around them and I have come to the conclusion that there is no superstition about these ministers and priests about their dogmas and creeds, it is Juda's conjuring wickedness and Roman witch-craft, and these cursed Jews by all mankind, that wrote such abominable books, to be handed down to the future faces of men, is gruesome to contemplate. They are filthy conjuring immorality and abominable, low in the extreme, only fit for the filthy Scotch and the dirt that wrote them. I am sick reading their literature they set forth in their press and periodicals to persuade and influence and enslave the poor unthinkable, and tell us this book shows both the good and the bad, for to give them a job to emphasize the good, why not take away the bad, because you would need no preacher, so they must have the devil or what they call the bad part of the Bible, that if you did not know good and evil you would be happy and they don't want you to be happy, so they must camouflage you and preach this book.—Daniel Mooney.

O Erin my country, with love I adore thee,
Lamenting your wrongs do cling with me
still,
Had I but one glimpse of the bards that sang
or thee
What love with emotions my soul they would
fill
There was Moor sure he sang of your lakes
and your mountains
The dells and the vales where he played in
your scenes,
With Emmet a bard though he was a martyr
With blood never purer has flowed through
his veins
With love for his country his life didn't bar-
ter
But offered it up for the souls that remain,
In music your songs they shall ne'er be for-
gotten
They shall roll like the bellows the tempest
unfold,
And if love for your beauty shall ever be
thought on
It will come from the feelings your sons have
untold,
There was Davis a bard whom no one would
thought on
Nor the broad views he took of the sons you
enrolled,
He travelled a path none others had trod on
And he sang in your praises in letters of gold,
Though doomed here a Martyr myself am un-
worthy
To try in your honor thy sons to extol,
Who has laid down their lives and broke all
the characters
That enslaved them to tyranny in ages of old,
But to sing of your wrongs here what have
we begotten
But sorrows thy sages around thee have told,
But now is the time for our souls to awaken
For the scenes that around thee have all been
of old,
But if I could express from my lips all the
feelings in praise

Of the deeds of your sires so bold,
I would draw from the hearts and the souls
that are kneeling
Praise in thy glory that never was told
O, could I with the thrills of my heart ever
light on
The strings of the minstrel that now thee
deplore
I would throb with the lays, he would there
lay his might on
And there with pure love my country adore,
In love sure your daughter we oft here caress
them
And sing of your praises when far from your
shores
Though exiled from home we ever will bless
them
Though you and their beauty we never see
more.

Great Britain after the war and before it saw the declining rays of her setting sun in her trade and commerce with other nations and she adopted the plan of a League of Nations as she said, for a world's peace, and then applied or is trying to apply a handicap system of penalization of tariffs and customs of what they call a leveling-up system, but her ambition is to hold back the progress of production and distributions of certain countries, till such a time as she thinks would enable her to get ahead and possess the trade again of the world's markets, but to enforce her coercion of tariffs and customs would be taking away self determination itself which would deform the existence of that nation and in and through this economical reaction would be a barrier against Britain's progress. She will bring unemployment and distress to these nations and unrest that will effect her own trade. Opposition is the life of trade, leave them to the freedom of their own will. When you try to dam it you dam yourselves, and Britain's economics are the height of extravagance to all nations. She has inflicted a crime upon the world by trying to enforce them, she has induced the disloyal capitalists of many countries to join in her combines of shipping and transportation and commercializing the products of their country, that their own ships and transport should be employed in and for the benefits of their countries, and these British combines are for the sole purpose of exploiting the nations, that these disloyal renegades of other nations have joined for greed of gain, and because of their influence owing to their residence in the country, knowing all the systems of production and distribution, use all their influence to get all the freights and commerce for their companies or combines, and in many cases commercialize them, these shipping combines of Great Britain, these are the worst enemies of any nation, they suck the blood of the loyal capitalist as well as the hard toiler. This is the system that has to be stopped. This is the visualizing the nation's need now. Economics are the apotheosis of force, greed volume, speed.—Daniel Mooney, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, 1927.

While history seems to show that the goal at which mankind is consciously or unconsciously aiming, is a world-wide unification and allow me to tell you that the Jews were and are the commercializers to this unification, they have been running over the earth and mixing with all tribes, until today there is no Jew left, but their language and their commercializing exploitations, and a great many of the Christianizers with their priest crafts believe in it, for my part I can live beside any sect or cast so long as they don't interfere with me, but no assimilation with me nor any kind of unification associating with them externally is as close as I can go, even among the English speaking people. A difference of accent alone is a potent cause of irritation and estrangement, while difference in race and language cause so wide a breach between the white and the dark races that it cannot be bridged at all. There are almost as many theories of history as there are historians. There is first the naive and very ancient theory that the Gods have fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass, almost as naive is the stock-breeders view that advance in culture is due to race. This view simply assumes that the white race, to take his favorite example, has by its very nature a greater capacity for upward progress than the yellow, brown or black race, in other words the whites are the favorites of the Gods, the chosen people. It is still to be proved however, that a white skin provides a better receptacle for heavenly gifts than a black one, but the point may be conceded to the stock-breeder, that the stocks which have made history are those which have conserved their vitality and adaptability and by their taboos, exclusiveness and pride have prevented that over hybridization which, in the long run leads to decadence. To say that the Nordic race was possessed of a higher capacity for civilization than any other modern stock is to leave out the significant fact that the Nordics came early in contact with Mediterranean culture which they partly assimilated and by rejuvenating it with fresh energy were able to make further progress in some respects than their teachers, but if the Nordics in the early migrations had met only people as barbarous as themselves, there is no reason to suppose that they would have made the phenomenal progress of which they are so proud today precisely, says the geographical historian, but the configuration of Asia and Europe and the routes of travel are such that the Nordics were compelled to move southwards into Greece and Italy, therefore the first cause of historical achievement is to be found in the configuration of the earth, migration is historical, some remains static, and others explore, our environments adopt us to high or low degrees.

Now the Nordics owing to them being Islanders were liable to migrate or immigrate more than other nations or races, that they merged their way into Asia, but owing to the circulation of the earth, always going westwards. The Mongolian race was drifting west-

wards, and they had reached Europe and America long before the Nordics had reached them. That accounts for them being the first scientists, for they made the first compass for navigating the unknown seas, and when I take the natural experience of myself being lost in a large lumber bush for ten days and eleven nights and no scientific appliances with me such as a compass to take the degrees from the sun circuit to direct my course not knowing the degrees for to go by, I myself striking out for a place and keep looking at the sun not knowing the degrees to go by, kept always turning to the right, till I actually arrived at the place I started from. No matter what the Free Press says about the races spreading over the earth in prehistoric times in the primeval days when the most races worshipped the sun, they never thought of circle or how many degrees were in one, they had no scientific appliances to direct them and guide them in any kind of travel or exploration, they started by the sun in the morning regardless of their latitude the night before, which was and is the cause of all being so long static, and as the Hindoo discovered that as he thought the sun went round the earth, but Galileo said the earth went round the sun, and to this day where they have no knowledge of the scientific magnet needle and compass, all migration travel by circle of the earth and sun from east to west. I mean where they have not obtained these scientific magnet needles and compass, to direct them that these priests and ministers think we would be better without them, but since the red race gave us the compass and white race being able to improve it and make it more near perfect, has enabled the educated and civilized races of the earth to migrate and explore without doubt or supposition. The Christian Church and the teachings of the Bible, Jewish and Roman priest craft is a curse and for the sake of a low mean living and existence they denounce the scientific fundamental principles for the maintenance and sustenance of all mankind. Now as to the Jews and their knowledge as to devisations I take it from the natural animals themselves, because we are all animation. I watch the wolves planing to procure their prey as we call it, and they just go about it as any general in the field of battle in his best of strage would do to robe his adversary to obtain his prey, and the wolf has a careful way to hang on to the place where he can procure his prey like the Jew, and the priest, but when they increase in numbers they become a pest of affliction on the people they live upon and amongst, and they will become like the Jews in Russia, in the United States and the Roman Catholic Bishops and priests in their exploitation to live on the people, and as Soviet Russia said, so will the United States of America say, they are a pestilence in the midst of them, and they will say, let us destroy them as Russia. I do believe in the destruction of pestilence of any vermatic animation and all the sympathy I see for them comes from those alien-

ated to them, and Roman Catholics if even have got an elementary education I leave out concerning them. I am old and experienced enough to know the education of a twisting lawyer and editorial scribbler, and as for the education of a theologian minister turn to Billy Mounday.—Daniel Mooney.

Now it is a common occurrence for theologians, priests and ministers when expressing themselves about Heaven, and praying to look up to the sun when it is above them, and say "O Heavenly Father." Now there is no such place as heaven or hell in our planet, except where there is pleasure or peace or rest and any reasonable thinker will know it is quite feasible to believe that there is neither heaven nor hell in any other planet, any more than is in this one where we revolve around the sun and as I presume the sun around us. One part of the time we are above the sun and another part of the time we are underneath the sun, then where are the heavens, they look up to and pray to. Is it in the milky way where the planets inhale and digest. There is no heaven or hell in our planet apart from man and beast and these have been ensnared and taken from the freedom of their own will. There is a natural magnetic elastic spirit of animation in the planets, but without the energy and mighty magnetic force of the sun, our planet and others would be null and left incapable to animate and bring forth, and would not inhale nor digest. We all look to the light whether above or around us and there is a great magnet electric power and force, within that light and the reason we don't look up in the dark but downward, is because of the magnetic force of the sun underneath our planet by its energy of magnetic power and force on and through our earth, draws us to it although we are on the other side of the earth or planet from it. It effects us the same as the earth in its circle in its travels from east to west, it effects the mentality of man and sways him with it westwards. I felt it in my travels, to describe the sun in my opinion is past the power of man, to devise and construct an instrument with magnetic power enough to penetrate into the sun, the magnetic force of the sun is too enormous in size and power, for man to invent a glass powerful enough to analyze it, and in the earth or these planets there is no supernaturalism of any kind and man is earthly. The only visible God of force we cannot describe to any amount of certainty is the sun. He creates animation of all shapes and forms and moulds them to his will and degenerates and regenerates them through and in matter at his will, apart from this sun God there is no supernaturalism exists greater than ourselves. Well may the Hindoo bow down and look up at the morning sun when it appears and cry out Ala, father, when all is taken into account, science is as yet but normal and the uncivilized Christians, priest crafts, both of the Protestants and Catholics, with the dogmatic myth eating Jews superstitions of revelations been revealed to prophets and inspiration bestowed upon men, is as bad

as Moses' grave being hid in Mount Horobe or the waters of Jordan standing up on every side to these filthy germs of microbes would pass through the chosen congerers of the world, the curse of progress and of time.—Daniel Mooney, September 30th, 1927, in the Library, William Avenue.

The astronomers say there are four sunless planets, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune, one thought to be hate. They say they are so deeply shrouded with extremely frigid clouds that their surface temperatures remain unknown. Now these spots that the astronomers see on or around these four supposed sunless planets, as they think, but has our sun no effect upon these planets and is it possible the astronomers make mistakes in their calculations, about the cause of these spots on or around the surface of these planets, about the cause of these spots and different colors that sometimes disappear for certain times. These planets no matter how any sun effect them, less or more that force of energy will cause them to inhale and digest. Now these planets I presume have elastic matter of lavas and mineral gasses, quite different to our planet, and the vaporation of these different planets will have different colors floating or driving through space until they are become solids, and the astronomers wading through this radium with his glasses will see the different streaks in color and when this redum is become solids they are a dark color and hover around the surface of their planet, and these solids cause the astronomers to think they are black spots around and upon the surface of the planets, and what makes them think they disappear, and so they do for a certain time, is because the electric forces break up the solids around the planets that have become generated, and they return to where they came in the form of dew or rain and snow, this is the cause of the black spots disappearing and the lava matter or mineral gasses of the different planets are not of the same force or nature or color any more than man, these problems of the calculations on and about the forces of nature and color bother the astronomer.

Now as to my wife. I married in Greenock, Scotland, on conditions owing to her mother being a drunken and immoral woman. My oldest brother was married to her oldest sister, that was how I fell in with her, their father's name William Williams, was an Englishman from Chesshire, their mother's name was Margaret Cuthbertsen, a Scotch woman, as Scotch tradition tells us they were followers of bloody Mary, Queen of Scots, and me and my brother were born in County Down, Ireland, our father was a Roman Catholic and our mother a Presbyterian. We were all brought up in the Presbyterian creed, and we always went to that church. My father's name was Charles Mooney or Rörke, and my mother's name was Burns or Care, so that our name is Mooney or Burns. My mother's father was William Burns. Jane Care was her mother and Robby said such a wife as Willy had he would not give a button for her. Well my

father's mother Mary Rorke had two brothers, died in Natal, South Africa, where they discovered a drift of gold and they call it Rorke's drift to this day and they left ten million pounds to my grandmother Mary Rorke, near Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, and my grandmother died early in the seventies and the money lay in chancery till 1903, and King Edward took it, and I told this wife of mine about it and I went from Greenock, Scotland to London in 1888, to work in Abraham Lyle's sugar factory, Plastow Wharf, North Village Road. Abraham Lyle was married to the Duke of Argyle's sister and the Duke of Argyle, was married to King Edward's sister, and these were the Campbells of Argyle, so the King heard about the ten million and in 1894 he sent Josephine Campbell and her sister Mary Campbell, to Abraham Lyle's sugar factory where I was working and they sent for my wife from the office that they wanted to see her. She went and they gave her their nature in a bottle when in their changes to give to me, to open my mind, that they would know what I was thinking about, and suck me after them to get me to do whatever they wanted me to do and deceive me, this Josephine was Robert Scot, the shipbuilder's wife, she was a bad woman and he divorced her, they were Lady Blood and Sir Cohn Campbell's two daughters, and my wife give it to me in my porridge and I did not know it was her gave it to me till Doctor Graham told me. I was blaming a man the name of Russell, an Orangeman, for giving it to me, as I was rooming and boarding in his house after I left the wife, him and his wife gave strychnine to me when I was on night work and I was very near dead, and an Englishman told me to go out to the hotel and wrap them up and get some mustard and hot water to make me vomit and I did it and it saved my life. Then the people knew he poisoned me and I heard him and his wife talking about it in the next room to me. And he said to her, I didn't think you would give him so much, and she said, now you told me to give it to him and I gave it to him. So they were going to be killed in London, but him and her went to Ireland, to Banbridge, beside my mothers, where his mother lived and shot themselves. This was because he forced me into the Orange Society and never enquired where I was baptized; against the rules of that society, and I told him to find out before he put me into it, so I seen it was a desperate society and I left it so then they were after me to kill me. So when he was caught he thought the best way was to poison me and he did, and this wife of mine, when she knew I found her in the public house with men and women, she knew I would not live with her and she was glad to get the chance to destroy me, so she helped the King and the Campbells all she knew. I often watched her premeditations and emotions. I saw her in bed at night when I would tell her about her wickedness, lifting the little child and hit it against the wall till I told her I would get the police for her, and she said, you would give me in charge.

Her Scotch mother was a sister to Lawrie's mother that murdered the young Englishman at Goat Fell, Argyleshire, in the Highlands of Scotland, in the eighties and I didn't know he was a cousin of hers, and I saw the scaffold erecting to hang him on, and I wouldn't sign the reprieve sheet for him and my brother did and he was killed by an Orangeman, the name of Hamilton. I was not married to her at the time and I wouldn't have signed it anyway. I suffered by Scotchmen ever since and at the time he was to be hung, a Scotchman the name of Dickson, said where I was working, that Dan Mooney, an Irishman, wouldn't sign the reprieve for a Scotchman for killing a bloody Englishman. These are the Scotch Britishers that holler out at political meetings, we are not Englishmen, we are Britishers, and that wife was dark haired and dark eyed with a creole skin, she would sit and smile in your face and repeat Burn's most deceitful and cunning verse, and here it is if you will:

I may tell something to a friend,
And something to a bosom croney,
But I'll eye keep someting tay mysele,
I would nay tell to ony.

John Stuart Mills, what has made the European family of nations an improving instead of a stationary portion of mankind, not any superior excellence in them, but their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, nations, have extremely unlike one another, they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable, and although at every period those who travelled in different paths have been intolerant of one another and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road. Their attempts to thwart each others development have rarely had any permanent success. Europe is in my judgment wholly indebted to this plurality of paths for its progressive and many sided developments, but it already begins to possess this benefit in a considerably less degree, two things are necessary, conditions of human development, namely freedom and variety of situations the second of these two conditions is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and individuals and shape their characters are daily becoming more assimilated, if Britain would take this into consideration instead of assembling a League of Nations to create a babylon of confusion by trying to assimilate them in tariffs and duties, to camouflage them by trying to understand one another, squandering time that the nations don't realize how to produce nor distribute, leave them to their own freedom and come out of there with your abominations of confusions. Labor Unions, newspaper men, lawyers, professors of all kinds and colors assemble at this league of brigands, each one looking his gain from his quarter, they are all greedy dogs, they might as well try to alter the circulation of the earth, as to change a nation's opinion

about its own determination.—Daniel Mooney.

Now I am after reading about two of the British trades or Labor leaders going to fight about birth control, a Mr. Jones and a Mr. Cook. The boy Jones has always been noted as a fanatic, but I listened to him in 1913, in Sidney, New South Wales, Australia, and to my mind his tendencies are to influence a certain class to further his interests, and to gain that influence he like King David, does act the madman too, the froth runs out of his mouth. He denounced the priestcraft but indirectly he supported them by advocating an over production of the being race. Do they know in any way the cause of our over-production and its effect upon demand in material things. If they did they would know to produce less apprentices for the workshop and less girls for professional work and domestic labor, this is birth control and there is no unnaturalism in it and I never knew one to speak against it only for greed and gain. It is unnaturalism to produce an offspring you cannot support nor sustain. The priests and ministers and masters demand them for their own financial ends, but not for the love of justice. If they control the production of material things to level up the demand, is it a sin to control the birth rate of man and women for prohibiting marriage and punishing illegitimacy or immorality. They claim all Gods and Saviours come from virgins, there is no control of labor troubles by trades unions or any other unions but by birth control. There is nothing so inhuman as to bring forth an offspring for to suffer and die in starvation. Cursed are the priests and ministers and masters, that want to accumulate the human beings to live on the suffering and blood and sweat of such creatures, is the greatest of inhumanity to live on these ignorant beings that know no better.—Daniel Mooney.

Just a few observations about Mr. Baldwin's ovations at Cardiff, Wales. He told them he would give a vote to all the flappers in Britain over twenty-one years of age, regardless of culture or education, but of course he knew they would need none, because of their ignorance about what this vote means. They don't know he has coupled it with that great lever, the reformation of the House of Lords, that it will enable him to so consolidate the House of Lords, in power and authority to throw out all measures of any kind that would benefit the toiling masses, and there will be none feel it more than these poor deluded women, and his cunning wicked devastation of the meaning of the word reformation of the House of Lords, there is no reformation of that House but by electing them as a Senate. Lloyd George disestablished it, and the capitalists want to re-establish it with more power and a longer and safer consolidation. His vote to the women is the Pope and Mussolini, to be controlled by diction and an imperial arrogance, to hold the people in fear and dread of something they know not of, but leave a woman to man's dictations and she will forsake all reason and destroy both him

and herself. And as to Ramsay Macdonald's advice to Britain concerning Russia is very good in some respects, to renew trade with her, and leave her to mind her own affairs. Britain has no business in any country's internal affairs except her colonies. Internal affairs are their own, external affairs are optional and without compulsion, otherwise it is coercion, and for Ramsay Macdonald to speak about Russia and imperialism shows his own weakness. Russia doesn't want imperialism which is authority and not reason. Ramsay Macdonald wants it, as it descended from the Jews to the Scot, by that mystifying old Mosajic historical theology. Bible, he likes to carry in his hand of a Sunday by Buckingham Palace, to let the Prince of imperials see him. He is called a socialist. He shows some nice specimens of it, and Mr. Baldwin knows by casting this bait to catch the poor ignorant women, he will be able to snare them to carry through parliament his powerful consolidation of the House of Lords. That would enslave the people of Britain for another fifty years. This is what he calls the reformation of the House of Lords. There is evolution ascending and evolution descending, but this is going back and their Scotch Free Press in Canada would say if Britain was going into war, that a majority vote of the people of Canada would be sufficient to keep Canada out of that war, but when there was a large petition sent to the Premier of Canada, Mackenzie King, to adjust the tariffs on certain products of the country, he said it was a large petition of employees, but what about the intelligence of these employees, about the cause and effects of these tariff duties upon the people and country. I believe in avoiding war but you must understand no man or nation of men will suffer oppression all the time and it is the duty of every loyal citizen to take his part and stand up for civilization and the forward march for justices and the right. It is the true and sure road to the welfare of all mankind.—Daniel Mooney.

Winnipeg, Man., Canada.—Dr. O'Leary, lecturing in the Fort Garry hotel, about the second week in October, 1927, on venereal disease, as to his theory if he has one. He says the women after childbirth gets rid of the disease. - Then the corruption is in the child. Why produce them, but does he understand that all the core veins of matter blood are generated from the stomach through the whole core veins of the body and that when the fluid blood matter is in the womb of the male and female, the womb only receives and absorbs part of this generated blood matter that feeds and nourishes the child in and through this circle action of the blood, by the frequency change of food will change the purity or impurity of the blood in its generating process through the body, and as all dross goes out of the body by this generating refinement of the blood, and impure foods that feed the germs in and through this generating of the blood, who can tell when the blood is pure. I fail to see how the woman's body after childbirth could be pure, and free from disease while this impure blood is nourished

and fed within her, that if ever would take a long time to run into drought. If the woman could receive all the blood from the core vein system at one time, she could be pure after delivering the child, but if she could do that according to human nature she would exterminate herself, so there always remain the drags of the impure blood, like the cancer in the core veins of the blood and to run it out of the system of either man or woman, they must take into consideration the effects of the chemical drugs upon the system they give both man and woman, this is my theory, and these cores in these arteries of the blood that are tributaries to the veins, are all through the porous system and the porous system both inhale and digest, even all the senses of the body and, they do inhale the infection of disease, both physically and mentally.

Now as I was previously defining the meaning of religion. It is better to define it minutely, in the first place it is reason to realize my duty to my fellow creature and myself and to realize what course to pursue to obtain the object I have in view for my sustenance and preservation without injuring or offending my fellow creatures through life. Christian churches composed of creeds and dogmas are not religion, but communions directed and guided by dictations and authority and power. Man must be elementary educated and then left to the freedom of his own will to judge for himself without dictation or persuasion after he has seen and felt for himself. The Christian church kept us in darkness, kept us from education, guarded the positions with jealousy in this world for their sons and daughters, as they guarded the tree of knowledge in the so-called Garden of Eden, with sword and gun. This Christ come that we might have life more abundantly, of murder, strife and ignorance and hatred among the sons of men.—Daniel Mooney.

Now, as to the prevention of diseases of mankind, the greatest mistake of all physical professions and authorities of governments, whether ignorantly or for some selfish end, is to allow hospitals for the insane, asylums, penitentiaries and orphans homes to be built inland on small rivers or lakes, without a sewerage in direct access to the sea.

If on inland rivers, with a deep and strong current to the sea, they should not be built on tributaries or small rivers that come in contact with any population, with their incomplete filthy scourges in their course to the sea.

They should be built at the mouth of large rivers flowing into the sea, to discharge their filth so as not to contaminate the rural population with pestilence and disease.

Inland, internally, it is from these sources progress and procedure to their base in the sea that all inadvertence takes place. It is through these courses that the odors, with germs and microbes of animation that inoculate the incarnation of assuming flesh.

Rats especially adhere to this course and many other sources of scourge hunters, of garbage, that carry with them on their bodies this plague of vermin from their mouths the

sting of many deadly diseases, with their migration from one animal to another of this animation, that fan us with plagues and pestilence.

These are the sources that need no diverting but extermination from the face of the earth, for man has created them.

We have cruelly exterminated many clean and pure animals and taken away their food and shelter by using the wood and bush of the country for our comforts and luxuries at the expense of these animals we condemn for being too thickly populated.

But the capitalist wants us thickly populated, to live on our misery and distress, so that in exterminating the so-called lower animals he has increased us in misery to exterminate ourselves.

And while they wear those beautiful furs they are decorated with, that are taken by cruel extermination of these animals, they preach the doctrine of inhumanity about the beast and the so-called lower animals, but they love their pelts and skins as the capitalist loves our sweat and blood to live by us.

(Daniel Mooney—experience and opinion of what he saw and heard and felt).

The Minneapolis Journal, 24th October, 1927, he is a very loyal British American, but he could not refrain from naming himself what he is. He signs himself Saint Judas. Big Thompson he says when he gets around to his proposed library prescriptions, let him for his own glorification spare Byron's Don Juan, at least down to and through the passage, oh, for a forty parson power to chant thy praise, hypocrisy, oh, for a hymn loud as the virtues thou doest loudly vaunt, not practice Bill Thompson preaching patriotism is no analogy to the hypocrisy of a Christian preacher, that Byron speaks about, and why does he select this part of Byron's Don Juan and leave out another part of his filthy vulgar immorality. Let us go to yonder cliff and ball myself off. Nice to be in an American school, then as he thinks, speaking of Burns' praise about Britain, as if every American was British in the American schools, be Britain still to Britain true. Among ourselves united for ever but by British hands may British wrongs be righted, that does very well for the British, but it looks very like disuniting the loyal American school children, what grilles me most is this quoting from these chanting rimers, what these newspaper men think is plausible, to suit some occasion, why not quote Bobby Burns, where he says, lament him Machlan husbands all he of tan did assist you, for had you been hale weeks away your wives they nare had missed you, and Tennyson was writing and singing in praise of his native land, and Bill Thompson is right to have the American children taught to love their native land, instead of Britishizing them to dislike their own country and make them believe like Canada they were British subjects or an integral part of the British empire.

In a lecture of Robert Ingersoll, intitled, "The Mistakes of Moses," I think made his greatest mistake in the defence of Thomas

Pain, for his mistakes for signing the reprieve of the King of France. After the revolution and insulting the name of Washington, because he did not intercede on Pain's behalf. When the French were going to behead him he said it was the most human act Pain could have done, but humanity is very elastic and when it is stretched its full length it will annihilate justices, these kings often come back again to cause blood shed or their progeny. And Washington was right in not interfering for him if he had all these abilities. Pain wrote the book of reason and common sense and a man with that wisdom should not need any to intercede for him if he had all these abilities to guide him. He should not have asked Washington to interfere for him. Ingersol quotes Burns' humanity by saying to make a happy fireside clime for weans and wife, is the true pathos and sublime of human life. I like that, but why did he not give the other side of Burns' human life, where he says: "lament him Mauchlen husbands aw he often did assist you for had you been whole weeks away, your wives they nare had missed you." When the good we have done is put beside the bad we have done, we all look very small indeed. And Ingersol saying Washington, sitting in the serenity of power ignored Pain's plea for to intercede for him. I think it was the best consistent act of forethought and judgment of Washington's that directed and guided his whole life to not recognize Pain's plea, because he wrote the book of reason and common sense. Washington knew he fought to take away the power of kings, and had the sense and reason that Pain wrote about, and would not recant it to save kings and the French found Pain out, and Ingersol in his great oration on independence day at Indianapolis said, "here's to those who give their lives to chance." Was there ever a man gave his life to chance more than Washington? Ingersol was not consistent and Washington was, and that is how we find the right man in the right place. Ingersol spoke of their nationality playing with their philosophy, suspicion haunted his guilty mind. He was the son of an Englishman and Pain was an Englishman, so I think Ingersol was the one was most effected by his nationality's philosophy. We all strike out our own trail and if we are not prejudiced to tell the truth, we would admit we often chose a bad road. Ingersol spread the light, but for or in fear he often camouflaged it or lulled its glow. That might have been more illuminative and appreciated but his time was in the dark ages and therefore he had to direct his demonstrations with care. But he was one of the lights of illumination, that carried the torch that is shining bright today.

Love serene is but a screen, a mantle in its time,
That garbed a few that from me drew a true dramatic rhyme,
The greatest plant that ever grew and bloomed here forth a flower,

Was surrounded by infestering weeds though washed by every shower,
Sometimes choked by masquerades and life itself o'erpowered
With filthy lucre I'm afraid pure nature is devoured,
Concerning my enemies that troubled me as pretenders.—Daniel Mooney.

Essay

Dear Erin thine Isle is an emblem to those who have travelled o'er land
That see here the lakes and the mountains and valleys where river streams ran,
But to me their emotions still fountain, when I think on the banks of the Bann,
The green hills and valleys around thee the streams that flow gently and grand,
From me draws a word of consignment when I think o'er the banks of the Bann,
Your green hills were spread with white linen that were bleached by your streams as they ran,
It flows through the meadows and wild woods, with verger on every hand,
The wild bees, the lavrich and the stock dove, echoes in praise of their land,
The woodbine, the hawthorn in blossom, the wild bird that brood round the strand
The blayberries there in their mossey beds, that feed both the crane and the swan,
There are breakwaters dame and counterpedes, for factories, mills in their plans,
The fruit trees, the parasites cottage, the hamlet, the lone and the wane,
All these I have seen in a jiffy on these beautiful banks of the Bann,
I have read of the Lee and the Shannon with chanting bells sounding so grand,
I hear of the Nore and see the Liffey, by that noble pile flowing so grand,
There we have Moore, Swift and Emmit, O'Connell and Sarsfield at hand,
Wolfstone a hero, with Michel and Martan not far from the stand,
While Goldsmith and Davis were switching their knowledge and wisdom for man
But to me time itself seems a river that flows o'er my memory so grand,
That green of its freshness won't sever when I think on the banks of the Bann.
O, the calm when we pause in the silence, when we listen to things that command,
Our feelings and thoughts to the wild winds, that blows over river and strand,
The scenes of our youth never vanish no matter whatever's at hand,
As rivers runs on to the ocean and in vapor comes back here again.
This change here is just evolution, deny it to me if you can
This earth is a creature in motion, it slumbers and sleeps in commotion and awakes to its vigor and verger again.
I sailed on the Great Mississippi and scanned but the great Amazon,
The St. Lawrence I was swept by its current and driven almost to land,
But these are to me but a ditty when I think of the banks of the Bann,

The homestead that stood by the river, where
my brothers and sisters oft stand.
To view here the wild birds that quiver
around both the duck and the swan.
A castle there towered above them, built with
both stone, lime and sand.
The verdure and trees grew around there that
reached from the road to the Bann,
With the sound of the loom and the shuttle
worked both by woman and man.
Resound through the trees in a mutter in
praise of the banks of the Bann.
They wove here the white linen damask with
patterns the best could command
That are known in every country, and worn in
every land.
These boys and these girls are the fairest no
matter where river streams ran
I never seen none to compare with, those on
the banks of the Bann.
What have we got here but martyrs for light
here like lightning has ran
The greatest, the bravest and truest has mus-
ed on the banks of the Bann
If life here is only worth living for oneself
here its not worth a darn.
Martyrs their lives there are giving for fellow-
ship, love and its charms.
O, to die for the love of another is gratitude
greatest alarm.
It leads us to know we are brothers and each
of us here has our span.
With our light here the gray dawn is break-
ing the day here will have a bright morn.

This is written in an essay way in praise of
the place and river where I spent my boyhood
days, Banbridge, County Down, Ireland.

If a man kill a man illegally it is called
murder and we are hanged and go to hell, but
if our government tells us it is proper to kill
a thousand men, we kill them and we are
called heroes and a chosen place is kept for
us in heaven. Our conceit blinds us to fact.
Just where does necessity end, and wanton
cruelty begin in the instinct to kill. Where
is the vitally important kernel of reason?
—Winnipeg, Man., Canada, Daniel Mooney,
December 15th, 1927.

Essay on Christ and Moses

While life circulates here in pleasure, yet
misery's still in the van.
How soon will the nations all treasure the
day of community's plan,
To look upon sisters or brothers, no matter
how distant their land.
To me it is not the least bother to do justice
to every one.
Self is a link separated not wealded by know-
ledge and hand,
That will rot in the garbage of lumber while
lives wealded chain runs along,
The links that are worn and withered that
are times in the lives of all men.
Shall be regenerated together and revolve in
this circle again,
The simple ones cannot behold it, the wise
are kept back in their plan,

The King and the Pope here abhor them,
its the real evolution of man,
They tell me that Christ has arisen and come
with a salvation song,
But believe me he was a conjurer and cruci-
fled here for his wrongs,
Joseph himself here disowned him and David
proclaimed him in song,
An illegitimate child was before them coming,
rushing and roaring along,
O, but it is laborous, the Popes and the Kings
in a throng,
O, But it is laudorious, Pharoah's own
daughter belonged,
The world's greatest historian Moses came
out from her prongs,
Songs to oblivion are blessed, to the ignorant
as they pass along,
Look at that faker's great mantle, when
Elijah at Jordan did stand,
Every thread of that mantle was woven with
a fakers own hands,
Whilst Moses himself had a hand at twisting
and turning the serpent out of wood into
nature's own plan.
No wonder they hid him in Horrobe where
the eye couldn't reach nor command.
To deceive the poor innocent Hebrew that
roved over the desert land.
O, when I remove from the boredom while
revolving in nature's own plan,
I hope some will read with adoredom these
beautiful lines from my hand.

An essay on the Bible, and nature's evolu-
tion in and through change. We are material
and in change from the cradle to the grave,
all the time.—December 11th, 1927, Daniel
Mooney, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

Now as to this League of Nations that has
carried away the sense and reason of the
nations. To believe this a millennium will
accomplish all things like a visionizer's
dream. We all read of that fanatic's dream
on the Island of Patmos, John's, new heaven
and new earth. All astute men, political or
economical thinkers must know in their dip-
lomacy there must be secrecy in doing their
business in one nation with another and in
their cabinets it is so, and to try to make
the people believe they are honest to make
peace, for the benefit of all nations regard-
less of their own nation's interest coming
first, is a delusion and snare and to say the
least of it, it is ridiculous. I have listened
to the British in Canada, in Winnipeg, the
time of the Naval Conference say the British
will put it over the Americans yet. Where
did they get this idea from, they were seeking
their own advantage and peace if you will.
This desire is inborn and inbred in the British
race, and some other nations inherit the same
instinct as well as they. Austin Chamberlain
in his school learned skill could not hide his
wild culture in definition when he says we
will be ready for war. This lets you see there
can be no peace with or by a League of Na-
tions. They use threats, and force, is their
end in view, and that is coercion. Every

nation must be free to make its own treaties with other nations for trade and commerce and defence of the same and any nation thinking otherwise is deceiving themselves. A League of Nations can't make peace, they in some respects can hasten a war. It is a farce got up by Britain and the British in the United States of America. With British American newspapermen like Churchill's New York Times and Saint Paul's and Minneapolis' Daily Journals, and other British editors on many American papers use their articles for British interests in the States and British ministers of the gospel in the American churches proselytize in colleges with propaganda as Bill Thompson says, professors in colleges, lawyers and judges on the bench of British descent, added by British investors of all kinds of interest in the United States of America that rushed them into the war and these would be professors from Canada, is the worst proselytizers amongst you. The United States need to separate herself, from these British Americans, this and these were and are the propaganda in the United States. The British investors in the States are the greatest enemies of the United States of America. Your greatest enemies are in your own country, migrating back and forwards like a lot of detectives and moving among you like a lot of stool pigeons and your British alien flappers with their cries for mercy rush you into the war and caused you all this trouble and expense to be a surety for all Europe and a banker for all those with no reset. This confab of British Americans are the promoters and advocates of this league of conjurers to protect themselves in their last struggle for an existence amongst the nations of the earth. They would do anything to join an alliance with any nations to recapture their trade and commerce back again to be masters of the seas. She cannot conceive nor acquire the scientific knowledge that would guide her to succeed, and these retrials never come back and she is trying through Canada, your deceiving neighbor to get back United States of America, prepare your own selves by land and sea, to defend your nation for Harding and Coolidge were and are housewives of home domesticating duties, but you are now a colonizing commercializing producing distribution trading nation of the world, and no longer domesticating only for yourselves, but for others. Your enemies are Britain and Japan and her colonies that pretend friendship and whosoever she can get in alliance with her. Leave nothing to chance, get your alliances to stand by you, and be sure they are alliances before you trust them. To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not prove false to any nation, be friendly with few, as Mr. Mellen said, affection was a commodity that neither could be bought nor sold, a shore protection, a sea fleet far reaching and substantial, and ways and means for a network of supplies. Winnipeg, Man., 17/12/1927—Daniel Mooney.

Poor creatures they are microbes and ignoring germs with ignorant women behind them, that judge everything by their hearts and the important things of this world without reason. As Plato said, every government official should be tested in the fire of durability to know his value and his worth, to himself and his master and the state, bit by bit and not as Samuels the Jew, said to trust him the whole lot, is not my theory to get the experience by testing, it is little by little that he would not take the whole lot intrusted to him. If we trust him the whole lot in some cases we would have nothing left but the experience, and then it would be too late to use the experience with nothing to invest, and investing experience at the best is only a breach of trust given to chance, one of the worst experiences I ever had was to listen to a judge express from the bench encouragement to a dishonest thief, that was you should not have left that money in his way to tempt him. The very thing we should do to prove his worth by testing him to see if he was true to himself. Then as Moore the poet said, shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried. I think that judge must have been a Scotchman or a Jew. Suspicion haunted his guilty mind that servant being left in trust should have realized the honor imposed in him to do his duties more faithfully and be true to the honors attached to his duties, and imposed in him. If you are learned and read Shakespeare, this is where you will realize his worth when he gives this advice. To thine own self be true and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not prove false to any man. The Scotch like the Jew has been born and bred in deception and it is an inborn inheritance, and by their cunning Judaism, they get into many positions of money grabbing situations in these lands of their adoption, and no matter what they say or anybody says about them, they got what they have and their positions by deception and dishonesty, and I don't begrudge them these things, but they are dangerous if they know you have money and them none, and you in a lone place your life is not safe. I have known them to kill men that way, at the best they are seemey civilized, a school learned skill is all they have got. It does make an outward show, they are heathens and have got no inbred culture, with a persistent stubborn instinct that they call patience to endure to succeed, but I never like an erratic seemey would be humanity.

Mr. Samuels, was a Liberal, and now he sits beside Mr. Baldwin, a Conservative. He is an educated Jew and knows how to twist his book learned skill. He says the Socialists are unreasonable, but in their programme they set forth there is some things the Liberals and Conservatives might utilize to their advantage. He says the Labor men don't use their reason at election times but vote as their leaders tell them. A Jew's sofeyism won't do. He does know the Conservatives votes for their propoganda leaders and their leaders the Conservatives goes around with the hat for that purpose because like the Labor man

its, a foregone conclusion what their interests is, and he knows it is a good bait to catch the middle class vote, by saying the Labor men didn't know what they were voting for. The Labor man doesn't need to go into decimal fraction to know his profit and loss nor economics nor any method of calculation to define the profit and loss of his labor. He knows how much it takes to feed and cloth him and a place to rest his bones on, and greater than that, he knows what the master has laid by for future embarrassments, but he had none, so the Labor leader is like the Conservative, he does what he is told to do, by labor, he needed no dictation to him to see it, and feel it, in his bereavements and he has many, then like all Jews and the Pope of Rome, he laments about free thinkers whom he says is not under control. There some of these labor men older than Mr. Samuels and it was a Jew Lord Beaconsfield, that said, a natural education always beat a school education for time develops all things. For Mr. Samuels, or any other Jew trying to mislead men that has toiled and travelled and investigated the profit and loss of production and distribution from its source to its base of consumption. To my mind, when this Jew is referring to these labor men he is like what the American Ambassador said about the Germans, he is always underestimating the intelligence of those with whom he has to deal, so the Jew, Mr. Samuels, underestimates the intelligence of the working people, not alone of Great Britain, but of the world, who will read what he says and writes. A Jew is a proselyte even in selling his own wares, he persuades and forces, dominates, wriggles, argues and is a seasoned liar, he exercises incorum a real discipliner in seduction and rebuttal, he has no parallel nor zeal in specializing, his mark of object tremendous mirage of a aggressiveness with a democratic intrigue of choosing and judging with a vague sincerity. They have many analysis to contrast but momentarily delusions veiled and miraged with no abstract to take from nor concise of abridgment, this is the financial and economical Jew.

In 1903 there was serious occurrences took place in Belfast, in Ireland, at this time, the government of Great Britain kept secret as they always do when royalty and the exploiters are implicated, for them to keep it secret, when they are in their nefarious and vicious criminal acts. At this time and this occasion, owing to me hearing and seeing them it was impossible for them to keep it secret. At this time Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was Premier of Great Britain. At one time Winston Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt went boar hunting together and I presume they could do a little government political business for the British government, when circumstances required it to be done. King Edward visited Belfast, in Ireland, 1903, and opened the Victoria Royal hospital on the 23rd of June, 1903, and believe me that is and was a memorial visit to some people in Ireland, to this day, including your humble servant. On this visit King Edward had two prize fighters as

his body guard, Bob Fitzsimmons and his brother Tom, they located in a house near Sanday Row, in the Orange quarter of the city. At that time they had in their house Princess Victoria and the King. The Duke of Argyle, and his daughters, his brother Sir Colin Campbell, and his daughters, and Sir Colin Campbell's son, alias Sir Henry Robison, a man the ignorant Irish never knew by his right name, although with the Chief Secretary of Ireland, he was the principal ruler in Ireland for many years, he is dead now, it is the best I can say about him, he was married to a Miss Lynch, in Ireland. To the records of his life I will refrain to explain, and Miss Williams and her brother Tom were there, they were cousins of my wife Margaret Williams, from Queens Cliff, Victoria, Melbourne, Australia. Well, at King Edward's visit there must be a fight if not a bull fight, a man fight. So the fighting fans was there, and they arranged a fight with Jack O'Brien, of Philadelphia, and Bob Fitzsimmons to take place in Broadway Orange Hall, Belfast, and the newspapers said it took place in Sidney, New South Wales, Australia, but that was untrue, I was there, and they fought thirteen rounds and O'Brien broke Fitzsimmons spinal cord, and ended the career of the great fighting Bob Fitzsimmons, in Broadway Orange hall, Belfast, where the two Fitzsimmons executed a great many before the fight for fifty thousand pounds for King Edward, to get ten million pounds of the Rorke's money, my grandmother. After the fight the next morning, I seen Fitzsimmons and his brother Tom on one side of him and King Edward on the other side of him. While he staggered down from the hall after the doctors were with him all morning after the fight, they were a miserable lot to look at, and before this fight took place at the arranging of it, John L. Sullivan, was in among these Campbells with the King and at one time King Edward stopped Sullivan's prize ring belt from arriving in England, at the Customs and would not let it land, and the King did not like Sullivan because he beat all Britishers and when among these Campbells they teased him, and he had made a little free with some of them, and King Edward told him these are my people, keep your hands to yourself, and I didn't hear what Sullivan said, but King Edward screwed off the head of his walking stick and drew out a bayonet 18 inches and drove it into Sullivan and said, there you are now, then got Churchill to communicate with President Roosevelt, and Roosevelt sent over Bryant, one of Roosevelt's ministers, because Sullivan was an American subject, and had his passport with him, and if the American people had come to know about King Edward killing Sullivan it would have caused Britain a lot of trouble, but I know because Sullivan was an Irish American prize fighter, and beat so many Englishmen, and Sullivan telling Fitzsimmons he was a fighter with no legs, or a fighting man with no legs, and they wanted to kill him and did kill him. It was premeditation, and the Belfast Telegraph said the Washington commission

was sitting in the rotunda in Dublin, over the O'Sullivan estate, but it was Mr. Bryant sent over by the President Roosevelt to investigate the cause of Sullivan's death and settle the indemnity with Britain and the King for killing Sullivan, and when he was dying I heard him say, King I didn't think you would do that to me. I heard him say them words when he was lying on the floor before he died. I said at the time the fighting man was more human than the King's followers that praised Sir Colin Campbell's daughter, Mary Campbell, for kicking him when lying dying on the floor. So the American commission granted two hundred thousand pounds to Sullivan's friends for the loss of his life in Belfast, and I think they got off very safe at that and it was unfortunate for Mr. Bryant to have anything to do with the settling of the indemnity to Sullivan, for the American people came to know about Sullivan's death, and in the Scop school case he was prosecuting council for the state, and he had to get protection at the trial Darrow was defending and during the trial Mr. Bryant took sick, he said he ate too hearty a dinner and died, when the case was going on.

Speaking before the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower descendants at the Hotel Somerset, the British Ambassador said the truth about this peace of Anglo-American friendship, but he twisted it and didn't want them to know the truth, and he named it properly when he called it dangerous malady, both for the peace of the world and the financial safety of the United States of America. The love and peace Britain wants is to rule the world at the expense of the United States of America, directly and indirectly in wars as well as her expense of her intrigues. It is really a desperate malady of friendship for the United States of America, to have anything to do with it, a friendship to enable Great Britain to dictate to the world in war or out of it, and as all Ambassadors are selected to be the greatest swindlers of nations, this Howard and his Mayflower hulk is a sordid one, and he exemplified it well when he said, I was beginning to wonder whether the descendants of the pilgrims' fathers gathered here to celebrate the landing of their ancestors at Plymouth, might not have feared that the presence of the British Ambassador tonight might bring with it some dread infection of the terrible disease known as Anglo-American friendship. It is of course a most dangerous malady. So you will see he is sensitive to the fact that he believes in this British propaganda when he says it may lead to results almost too appalling to contemplate, no wonder Shakespeare said, suspicion haunts the guilty mind, and again he said, guilt is so jealous of itself that it spills itself in fearing to be spilt. So is this British Ambassador speaking at the Somerset Hotel to these so-called descendants of this hulk the Mayflower society in Massachusetts. It was propaganda just like Howards at this confab that caused the scaling of the tea at Plymouth docks or wharfs, that caused the

war of Independence and wrecked this propaganda got up by this pregeneracy of this Mayflower society celebration at the Somerset Hall, Massachusetts, and it was propaganda of friendship and good will that gave the chance to these disloyal descendants of the Mayflower to plan the overthrow of the United States of America, that all England praises as the God-fathers of their race in the United States of America, but they were those who tried to enslave and heathenize the people of America, British Ambassadors like Mr. Howard, are very slick and well aware at such gatherings, this praising their own race in a republic like the United States of America, that is composed of many nations and races of people, and race jealous of the other for position and place in the republic is no place for any Ambassador to air himself about the greatness of his nationality, but for his own races' interest to get ahead of the other, this game is played out, and as Benjamin Franklin said about the minister's sermon, he was doing more to disunite the people than unite them. All this friendship and good will is for that nations interest alone.

Sensations delusion enact many parts,
They say its a science an womans own art,
The scene is designed the eye is alert
The feelings are twitching, and then takes a part.

O, this sensation that senses combine,
Wrecks man's constitution and also his mind
Longing for pleasure regardless of pain,
Keeps up a measure of sacrilege and shame,
Then there's the suffering of thoughts
through the brain

That once found a pleasure in emotional flame,

Then cool calculations in thoughts from the mind.

Will emotional feelings to oblivion consign,
This is the science that men should combine
To cultivate nature for all humankind,
Avoid the temptation that's scattered around
They belong not to nature they are nature's confound,

There are no greater pleasure in life to be seen,

Than man in pure nature without grafting machines.

Avoid all the feeling of emotional scorn
Created by woman unnatural born,
Transfer of matter, disgrace and a shame
Poor deluded woman and she is to blame,
I never had pleasure with such to constrain;
It defies all the art the brain can contain,
It fureates passion and demoralize train
Its a sense that is formed for the greed of gain,

The Jews often used it and got themselves slain,

The wise here that thought about sensual things,

Knew what confusion this trouble would bring,

They were taught here to know by incultures constrain

That woman alone blasphemers to blame,
For greed and affection of lust she's the same
Man's her unequal and cannot be blamed,
This I have proved here in life's varied round
That wisdom and knowledge too late I have found

And when I received it I must lay it down,
For all that comes with us goes back to the ground,

Some has made fortunes and wealth in their round

And all to no purpose they must lay it down
In life's circulation this planet goes round
In the cold or the heat this sensual abounds,
In this we do know no deception is found.

I have had a variety of life and in all its sufferings through its oppressions there is a delight in the richness of its youth, that time cannot deface. It has been the creation of philosophy that will give pleasure to endeavor to dissect and discover the meaning of my counsel, whose visualization of my own time and its efficacy I trust will remain with you.

An essay on the transfer of matter fluids to mankind by woman. Daniel Mooney, 2/12/1927, Winnipeg, Man, Canada.

If man to himself can ever prove true.
He will flee from the presence of those that construe,

Honor and gratitude is no alarm

It grows like a flower and blooms in its charms,

It has not a solitude hour in its gloom

It blossoms alone and grows on our tomb,

Honors rejoicing still drawing nigh,

Like the sun in the summer at noon rising high.

These British investors in the United States of America, what money they draw out of the United States of their profits, after paying their workers to go to Great Britain is something that no other country or nation would tolerate. All that profit should be utilized and invested for the benefit of the country it was produced in, and not taken home to Great Britain for a people that never produced one cent piece of it. Tom Pain and Tom Jeffreys, William Penn and Benjamin Franklin, and the great Washington, hero of all heroes, and great emancipator, all honor to his name in the midst of his vicious enemies. He stands unequalled and he never desired a friendship with supplanters the British deceiving traitors. Washington proved the loyalty and disloyalty of all these British of his time. There is no nation talks about peace only those that are afraid they cannot defend themselves after making trouble, and dictate to others and the weakest and most cowardly plea of all is, for the British to say we are of the one race which is a wretched untruth, and because the founders chose the English language they say we are the one people. Can you make a Jew, an Englishman in instinct or desire, you can force him partly to adopt your laws but you can never force him to be loyal to them, and be true to himself. Let me tell you Britishers

that this republic of the United States of America is composed of people from all parts of Europe and the nations of the earth and your race is not nor will not be the dominating race in this republic, because you speak the same language, it is a help to you over other nationalities but like the French with yourselves in Canada, you will be held in check and get justices but no favors. Now as this British race are troubled about peace and good friendship with the United States of America that is at peace with all nations, and Britain and her League of Nations in Europe is always wrangling and because she sees she cannot make peace and keep peace she wants the United States of America into the embroil to pay her expenses in these wars she cannot keep out of owing to her bad geographical position with her so-called colonies and still after trade and commerce.

Let us see what Cicero says, the great philosopher, about wanting good will and friendship, he says he that is offering something expecting something in return, he may be cunning but he is not good. This is the case in this British parley to try to outmaneuver and deceive the United States people and statesmen, and entirely at some future date tie up the trade and commerce and progress of the United States, and as I have said until you elect your American born and bred and raised up in your own country, cultured by the nourishment of your own soil and inculcated with the literature produced within your own country from your own ideals and principles, these are the kind of men should be in the House of representatives and the Senate. These naturalized citizens from any foreign country should not be allowed to be elected to either House. Their nationality plays with their philosophy, if they got any and when any decision or vote takes place in the House, about the land of their birth interest, they are liable to vote for it at the expense of the land of their adoption, that they have taken the oath to stand by and defend. They are always a thorn in the flesh to depend on in the day of test or adversity. To your own selves be true, let no man or men deceive you these are the times and days of adversity. Nation shall rise against nation and one nation shall deceive another after swearing allegiance to her at the hour of your greatest adversity. They will forsake you and will receive and accept bribes, for doing so. Trust your own sons and use your own wisdom, put your trust in no nation to your own selves be true, keep your plans and directions within yourselves, let no commander by his alliance be instructor to you, but make your alliance receive the command from the general of your own country's defence, that employed him. If the aggressor the confidential general that has been proved worthy but on no conditions take orders from any of those you have not proved, alliance are uncertain, especially Romans keep them where they will have to defend themselves. Remember Italy.

Now as to this propaganda about science that I know, these theologians know nothing

about. Their creeds and formulae and dogmas of church religion has nothing to do with science of any kind, it is a religion of blind faith. It is a dope for unthinkable people, got up by cunning devised schemes of preluded inquisitions and capitalist press magazines with great would-be sermons in editorials display of craft art, paid by the capitalist through the churches and the press to enslave the ignorant toilers to obey in fear and dread of another world that is impossible to exist. As the Chinese philosopher said about their supernaturalism, it is something dreadful, and a person realizing between right and wrong of what is true and what is untrue is no science at all, it is reasonable investigation, and as to evolution in vegetable matter and when I say matter, I want you to understand we are all matter. I know by ingrafting one seed with another dissimilar under climate conditions suitable, will produce different species of shape and form to admiration or deformation towards degeneracy. So that there is evolution descending as well as ascending, and unfortunately it is so in our environments of seeing and hearing the teachings of others, how it effects our own mental equilibrium, it is in all kind of seeds, fruits, plants and flowers and at one time these species were in very low forms of origin, and so it is with the animal race, and man is animal whether he likes to know it or not. I have noted the crosses of many kinds of animal life one with another and the largest and strongest animation of seed will predominate in the development of the race, no matter whether it be male or female and carry the reformation of that species, and so on from the lowest reptile to the noblest and highest animal, so there is always variation in stature and form and certainly there must be care taken to develop fast if not evolution is slow. Men such as Charles Darwin took notice of evolutions process and that is the reason he knew we came out from a very low state of existence to what we are today and in some places they are not very far out today, and our slowness is accountable in a great part to the evolutionary and revolutionary changes of our earth, and the selfish unreasonable thinkers of my time condemn revolution among mankind and appreciate war of slaughters of the being race, and the ants in the mole hill revolutionize avalanches, earthquakes, eruptions, cyclones, blizzards and storms, seas and oceans shifting from place to place over the earth obliterated more than the records of time possessed and give us. These changes are variative which is cause and effect, therefore this revolution is universal and cannot be controlled by any conjurer, they are natural laws this is the reason they think we are slow of coming out to where we are. This evolution of the earth has driven man's civilization back in many places and parts of our planet that they call this world. I am no hypocrite, I say what I believe to be true. No man has a right to say God is behind this or that when he doesn't know. As Bruno said that the Pope burned at the stake, the universe is governed

by natural laws. There is and never was any man knew God at any time, and when man doesn't know what God is he has no right to assume his authority. Man does know there is no attention paid to his prayers. It is a low mean existence for a priest and ministers supported by capitalists for to pay large sums to newspaper men's editorials, to print long sermons for the poor slaves to read to make them fast with fear and dread to serfdom. This is the League, is the curse of mankind and it must end church and state. I see your fate going tumbling to the ground, blind faith they tell us the consequence of offending God, but all animated nature is God, and what I do know if any God made me to do what I have done and it is wrong, he is responsible and not me, but for me to believe prophets of predictions without a cause is impossible, any other oncarry with clergy and capitalists is a curse on mankind. If it was possible that there was a hell, this crowd would be there surely, and their company is the only one I wouldn't like to be in. I have the good fortune to be personally free from them here and I don't want their company in any other world.

Now Britain a small nation with her attached bespattered colonies after her exhausted inventions and her physical strength degenerated and her brain power abdicated, and other nations has run and over run her and has fetched her to the end of her last shred of extension in her elastic appliances, and her social, religious, political, economical diversifications has broken up the combinations of her genius, and separated the binding links of the chain of utilization and consolidation and in her declining years she wasted her strength for greed and gain in the orient by intruding and advancing her interests in that part of the hemisphere the orient, her ships of war were and are her God and Godfather. She has and had many interests in these colonies of productions and distributions to foster and protect, especially in commercializing these productions, over the world that in shipping and transshipping her trade was enormous, that cause her to think she should have privileges that other nations like the United States of America should not have upon the high seas, that are public highways, and she has misinterpreted or disguised the fact, that the natural laws of growth and development of other nations, that with intellect space and bounds would outgrow her, and genius of thought and design and construction is not confined to any one nation nor cast of race. Only in accordance of its wealth and growth of its environments can it become great and as some writers have said, Britain has tried Czar and Peter the Great's way of warfare and failed and now she proceeds by alliance with Japan and whomsoever she can deceive to join her, but as she is alienated financially in the Orient and Japan, being on the main highway of the Pacific is in some ways a protection for her with her fleet in these waters but is at the same time afraid to trust Japan with as strong a fleet as herself, so that Britain always plays safety first, she educated Japan in her prin-

ciples of the ideas of war, and for this alliance she assimilated her wealth with her to make her possessions sure in the East, and as greed outgrows itself so does the philosophy of different casts or races of color outgrow one another, and there are nothing at a like goodness still, and these oriental people Japan and India will outgrow Great Britain politically and scientifically then economically in the East and will dominate her there and Britain will be a sea dog instead of a sea lion. The torch she illuminated in the East will inflame the oriental with a glow that will dim and lull the light of the vacant past. Evolution in nations is like hereditary birth, it comes at different periods of time and with a jump it is awakened by observation through environments, it is not dead in the races but sleepeth. The evolution of the earth taketh away and bringeth forth. Man misses what he lost and rejoices at what he has found, man observes the cause and effects of variation of change. The United States of America, by its colonization of products and commercializing them over the world requires a greater naval fleet than Britain, because she has no shore fortification to protect her fleet and Britain has. She requires a greater naval fleet than Japan and Britain put together and a naval fleet is the only civilization for the high seas today, without them no shipping would be safe, life and products would be confiscated, trade and commerce would be in doubt and nothing reliable nor sure.—Daniel Mooney, Winnipeg, Man., July, 1927.

Here is a Jew Rabbi wise, defined education as judging, choosing, seeing and thinking. He is head of the free synagogue, New York City. He is a Jew in an address today, 28th of November, 1927, before more than 2,000 students at the second Communal Northwestern convocation in the first Methodist church of Evanston. He also warned the students not to become swayed by fanatical patriotism who he said might just be as dangerous as fanatical radicals. Now any man who teaches boys or girls to be unpatriotic is an enemy of the country he is getting his living in, and is a dangerous subject to be in the nation and should be deported. You will easily see and know he is a Jew, that teaches and discourages loyalty to his country or the nation of unpatriotism like this Jew. Patriotism is the mainstay and protection of any nation and without it we have neither ambition, desire nor pride for ourselves nor the country supports us. A Jew would commercialize man's soul and body. He is a commercializer in all material things and now he has started to divert and commercialize the brains of the unwary unthinking Christians and humanity at large that reads his lecture. He has no country of his own to be patriotic for to be proud of nor never had. They are citizens of the world and no matter where his abode is on the earth, he knows he is in communication with his cast in and through his commercializing on the earth, and he can at will shift from one country to another and he don't

want to be patriotic for fear of offending another country for his commercializing and his race's sake. He is at the best a degenerated citizen and his accumulations and wealth is to be dreaded simply because he is withdrawing and investing all the time and the nations has to protect their invested exploitations and they take advantage of it. They are a race diversified over the earth in all languages, they cause wars and rumors of wars by their withdrawals and investments of their capital through and in exploitings. They sneak into the corporations and government councils of all positions and trust of cities and towns, and they approach as social gentlemen and advocates of the rights of labor. They get into positions of trust of the people's money, he is as wise as a serpent, but he feasts on the doves, they are always moderates till they get possession and Pope and priests when in power. I never saw an honest Jew and when known and scorned and found out, their enmity is idiotic deformity and the fury of hell. A Jew was born a grafter, a deceiver, a betrayer, a curse among the sons of men, leave them alone. Look at their books of fraud about the creation of the earth, 6,000 years ago there never was a creation it was and is evolving and devolving all the time. The Bible is fiction and some of it very badly fixed at that. The Jews and Roman Catholics are spread over the earth and one is united with a religious dope they call universalism and the other with a superstition and united by the one language. No one nation can depend on them they are loyal to their sect and cast but dangerous to any nation.

Now as to my experience in Canada and the Old Country among these immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland and other parts of Europe. My intention here is to show the dangers of assimilations with these different sects or casts of these different nationalities. In the Eastern provinces, except Quebec were located the Scotch element, but with the exception of Ontario they as a race are extinct, they assimilated with the French and French Indians that now the old Scotch names are all Roman Catholics, they turned with French women to Rome, and they are the sleekest, treacherous Roman Catholics in Canada today with these three bloods you are in danger. They assimilated and married to these ignorant French Indians, half-breeds and heathen creeds to instruct and dope these ignorant women at sacraments and confession to enable them to induce these uneducated men that can read and write, but don't understand what they do read and write about, and know nothing about, philosophy nor any scientific design of any kind, they are taught in all things pertaining to the faith of creeds and superstitions, and the Scotch that are taken hold of by these French women are the most vicious and criminal class to contend with, simply because of the Scotch has inherited a sneaking, panky cunningness that the Jews could not beat nor equal in hypocrisy, with Austrian and Italian attached to these alienated casts and sects added by the pater-

nal care of this creedcraft you will have in Canada a population of fanatic mentally degenerates that no power could sterilize and in Scotland itself the people of the cities and towns are complaining about the migrating Irish over running them for employment, and professors for their greed and for cheap labor for their friends, the masters favored the movements of these immigrants, like the professors of Columbia College in the United States of America, taken upon themselves the authority to dictate at will what the government should do and not do, and tell us what is good for all from their beautiful fruit position they receive from the State. They never think of change but for their own good, but allow me to tell you this ignorant superstition ridden assimilated mongrel race, will bring forth its seed for the overthrow of civilization and democracy, that the civilized world is seeking to maintain. By craft they try to get into city councils, yea, into the provincial and state parliaments of the nation to degrade and demoralize the nation itself. Then and not to then will the masters or capitalists realize for the sake of cheap labor he has lost the control and power that rules cheap labor at the election polls.

And the creed ridden mongrel population of ignorants that they created for gain for themselves, has taken the power from them and use it like a Mussolini dictator, and no war with any other nation will reinstate you to your old power again and position. Then let us look at the unworthiness of this sect or race collectively, they are participants in all crime, the Mikes, Peters and Barneys are a nuisance in the police courts. They are in all intrigues with enactments of agenda alienists of anxiety, seditious relics of deterioration, sophisticate by creedcraft, sceptical, dubious, a nicety exorted but never innocent. They fill the penitentiaries, glut the labor markets as a show but avoiding the work and always begging of the free thinking people and always vaguely sincere that you are a country man of mine when he wants something of you. These are mongrels of all nations under the name of universalism which is only dope, and they are thieves and murderers because they believe in the forgiveness of sins. They have been the fall of all nations and in power shocking immoral, sacrificial frequently imposing penalty on the innocent paschal to those that believe in their faith appreciative to all that honor his craft, insane or immoral the clergy wants them all to marry and accumulate that the reasonable and wise will be taxed to support their criminals and lunatics and a mass of clergycraft and filthy lustful. There should be a law for birth control, and no man or woman should get leave to marry that were impure and had nothing to support them but their daily wage, when sickness or unemployment comes thrown unto the taxation or social welfare or collections of their fellow workmen, or the alms house, not alone to degenerate themselves but their fellow creature that hurts himself by assisting them, the clergy and ministers

should be put in jail for a certain time for marrying such poor people. This Rome is amalgamating with the Jews in immorality the annals of history record to you the hypocrisy and scandalous exercises of the Jews in their decorum enticing dispositions that are only the relics of Roman Catholics Judaism, these are the two creeds and casts that have no nationality but wandering serfs of cosmopolitans of the world. They leave no inheritance of example behind them for the benefit of mankind, but the records of ill gotten gain and immoral exploiting, this is Judaism and Rome's mongrel race, that is on the way to destroy the civilized nations' culture and morals of the earth if not checked by all the other sects, of rational religious beliefs at once, this is the spotted horse before his time all murderers and thieves and swindlers by tracing up false names and proving who they really are and were, proves to the world that directly or indirectly 90 per cent. committed crimes were committed by Roman Catholics and Jews. As I said, if not committed were caused to be committed by Roman Catholics and Jews. I believe this is true according to my experience amongst them and I had a lot to my cost. Let the nations of the earth act at once or they are back to the heathen witch craft and barbarism, superstitions of the dark ages. Now the time has arrived that intelligents has examined the universal phenomena and the evolution in our own short time and age, upon the earth and paying strict attention to the investigation of geology pursuits, from the biological history in the past. Men of research has directed the way to discover the relics of some material things that would and does convince us that all Biblical mythology is a farce and a creation a falsehood. We see the evolution and revolution in progress, it is a fact the Bible is superstition, supposition as well as proposition and no foundation of anything in it but what is revised fiction. To this day we are living amongst the puppets of heathenism, and superstition and bordering on barbarism. We have calculations as well as miscalculations and would be devisers of sentences and construction of their meanings beyond measurements and weights compounding and dissolving. I fail to see apart from natural evolution man's theory of advancement. Apart from science and invention with their philosophy all professors are a nuisance and an exploiting system upon the sons of men. The planets form and get old, and dissolve and reform again with age and time all things change, like ourselves we see the process and march of nature and nothing behind nor before it. Bruno still like Darwin lives the master of all time. The Universe is controlled by natural laws and not by Gods. The planets grow and decay like mankind and all nature goes on in change of forms, forming, growing, decaying, reforming, they have their magnetic forces of contract and detract, they have their elastic nature of moulding forms in volcanoes of gassic flames that evolve and devolves and marches on in digesting and inhaling in its celestial flights. It is like our-

selves, it ushers out its perspiration and inhales again. Our planet is just a living being, the seas will change from place to place over the earth and many shall perish or be lost. Of course you will call this revolution but the land or bed of the old seas will be to explore again. This was and is the way men lost their scientific development that they call flood, and in parts have to emerge from the crawls again. Do not despair, this is a world of change. Three parts of this earth is water and the land is easily covered when this planet of land and sea wants to balance itself again as it surely will. Look at the excavations shifted from one part of the earth to the other. Don't you think she would need balancing as water is one of the heaviest minerals there is and to replace these lighter minerals in the earth that have been excavated and shifted to other places. It is more than likely that water will take their places and fill up the empty mines and other excavations, therefore the earth must needs balance itself. In that day or hour there will be no time to run to the mountains or any other place, but as to the nubilous dissolution or growth of the nubilous reformation into a planet in the milky way, as the gasses and vapor become solids in space to condense or frigate, then in their revolting they are broken up into radium.

We are fragments of nature that is scattered around,
Like leaves that are falling from trees to the ground.

---Daniel Mooney, Banbridge County, Down, Ireland, December 31st, 1927, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

Now as to the laws of the Statute Book of Great Britain and the United States of America. They seem to look good, but Daniel O'Connell said in the British House of Parliament one time and he was a lawyer, said he could drive a coach and four through every act of law they passed in that parliament for the people, and in the American court it is so. According to how much money the lawyer's client has got, they will appeal from court to court till he has got all the money of him, then they will hang him or electrocute him or set him free, but the lawyer must get the money. The judge was a lawyer and practised the same game and he must be in cohesion with it, it is like a natural philosophy to him, it has become inheritive. Even when the money was collected by charity to defend and with co-ordination and pleasure the judges patronize these erroneous acts of the bench, that are requisited and illegally and irritatingly granted, and when an indemnity is to be imposed for damage done, the judge often for example sake refers to other cases that will follow after, departs from reason and justice by telling the jury that if they give this man so much damages the next claimant or any case similar as his, would be claiming the same amount, and it would be a bad procedure to follow to recompense him so much. This is the worst kind of judge ever set on the bench, this is the kind of ethics and justice is administered

in the British and American law courts, discarding justice for example to say the least of it is an abhorrence to the dignity of the bench. Where justice should be administered regardless of position, time or place, and Judge Gibson said before an assembly of lawyers in Dublin, in Ireland, when accepting judgeship, justice knows neither religion nor politics and he should have added financial economics, when the moral law is administered fearlessly, the nation is progressing and the atmosphere is sweet and the grandeur of her culture and conduct on her streets are like the faintly adorned suburban gardens.—Daniel Mooney Winnipeg, Man, 21/12/1927.

The public press in every state and city and town, they are directly or indirectly proselytizing and perverting the American people to ideals of the British empire, and their so-called statesmen winds economically or politically up in and to patriotism appeal for loyalty to Great Britain, warning them of the dangers of the United States of America, and that we should have that country as well as Canada, and the danger of the republics and their principles is always reminded, their whole fear is that Canada will become a republic, and this hatred of having to pay their own national debt, and trying every scheme by agitating other nations to help them in their projects; it is some British empire; suspicion haunts their guilty minds; they are like Richard lying on his couch in dread of something horrible to appear. These alienated citizens and the progeny of the Mayflower, that is teaching in these United States schools of America with these British and Canadian born that sneak over from Canada across the line are fed up with all this dope of British history in their colleges and schools at home, leaves them unfit to take any part in the life of the republic. They are a danger to loyal and patriotic up bringing of the children of the United States of America. During my twenty years in Scotland, I made a consideration of them, they had young men's and girls' religious society rooms with a library attached, with all kinds of history about Britain and her great sons and heroes, from Bruce and Wallace, and the greatness of their warriors, Nelson, Wellington and their Highland chiefs that rolled the stones down the hillsides to kill the English in the valley below at Bannockburn. Like James Watt that saw the lid lifting off the kettle with steam, but he could not devise a chamber to hold and contain it until Stevenson invented one to utilize his cranks and pistons. The doctors and lawyers all aired themselves before these inexperienced boys that had to take all for granted, not seeing nor knowing anything about the subjects submitted to them, and they had to take in hand to prove a theory from their book learned school. They were all Protestants that lectured every week on old British history, about the great valour of the British in war, and their great war statesmen the world could not equal, and they are teaching their foreign aliens that in Canada in their schools today, and in Scotland they taught the

boys that their Irish Protestant friends knew nothing, and were not as good as them, no matter how, or where they were educated, and these Carnegie free libraries are a curse in these British colonies. They are filled up with all British edited magazines and newspapers edited by Scotch Canadians and Britishers denouncing the United States laws and their people, and these papers published in the United States and there has been nobody taking notice of this propaganda that is so dangerous to the young people of the United States and all true people should honor the name of Bill Thompson, and I asked one of the Scotch gentlemen that was teaching what was the meaning of the word Protestant, and he said, "It is a person that believes that Christ Jesus is mediator between God and man." I thought to myself the Roman Catholics believe that, and they are not protestors so I take the literary sense of the word, and that is, I believe what I think is right against wrong, and if protesting against wrong is a religion, my religion is a reasonable protestor. This Review says: "The conflict over the American history books is now raging in the city; he says one of the works was publicly condemned because it was said it described Washington as a tyrant, dictator, despot and step-father of his country, and added that the Boston tea party was the last straw the colonies added insult to injury. This was pretty bad he said and seemed to stamp such books as unworthy of use in the schools. He goes on and says examination however, shows that while the words quoted are indeed in the books, they are merely cited as horrible examples. Now just consider the conscience the editor of this North American Review has saying this citing was just showing the horrible example of Washington, the first and greatest president of the United States of America. He says it is right to educate the young of America, with bigoted rot, he goes on and says thus the author says, he always refers to the authors to hide his criticisms. In King George's eyes the Boston tea party was the last straw and had added insult to injury, and in another place recalling the infamous campaign of Duane and others against the first president. If this had been put in an Irish school book in Ireland, in my time, by the Irish Education Department, the king would have ordered him to be hanged and M. Andrews goes free. He says the press on both sides became coarse and abusing. Washington was revealed in language fit to characterize a Nero, tyrant, dictator and despot, were some of the epithets hurled at him, he was called the step-father of his country, you will notice this pleases him, he likes to show that there are a section of Britishers on the public press of the United States of America, daring enough to be malicious and to falsify these American leaders, and referring to M. Andrews, he says: It is sought to discredit men of high character and beneficent attainment and to grapple and pervert the instruction of hundreds of thousands of children, but could I tell him he should go home to his im-

perial Britishers and not be a rebel in the republic of the United States of America, and use these insulting attainments in his progenitors country he hails from where, he would not have the chance to garble and pervert the children of republics, and then use his low pokey slang to insult the Mayor of Chicago, Mr. Thompson. And he says all to promote the peanut politically interests of a Parochial boss, you will see this is another Scotch-Britisher, they always descend to where they rose from the dust of the school. He is a poor sophist, his venomous venality is vicious, his own criticisms stings himself. A man that teaches or puts in the way of teachers any ideals ignoble to those of the country or nation he gets his living from; he is a curse to that nation no matter what his attainments were or are, he is a malefactor to the children of that country, and could not be a benefactor to anything; it is him that garble and pervert the children from all ideals of loyalty or patriotism of their country. That makes the child a great and grand subject of his country, and without these ideals they are weeds, thorns and briars to be redecated and burned. It seems to me that this Scotch Jew Carnegie, who made his money off the blood and sweat of the people of the United States of America, by the stocking of these free libraries of Christian and proselytizing, perverting literature to captivate the simple and unreasonable brains, he seems to be a Cecil Rhodes to teach everything British and against the United States of America, whether he intended to or not I do not know, but this I do know all newspapers no matter where from are selected for the interests of the British empire politically or otherwise. And what Britain is working on now is to get all she can off editors of newspapers and magazine writers and professors of all kinds and teachers of perversion into all colleges and schools of the United States of America, for the British ideals to proselytize the people and the ministers of the gospel in all cities and towns of your country to retake the United States of America. When I read the editors remarks I can tell whether he is a Britisher or not, his article is enough for to judge him. You have sheltered and received and entertained even at the White House the exiled prince and princesses and even queens of the despots of Europe that are only smoldering volcanoes ready for eruption to burst in rebellion against your republic, your foes are within your own house. These disloyal alienated Britishers in the United States of America, ministers of the gospel and professors of all kinds of theories and school teachers, newspaper men, and magazine writers from all parts of England, Scotland and Wales and Canada, priding themselves on how they can pervert the young people of America, from their native ideals and principles to those of Old England from Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Magill College, Montreal, to Prince Edward Island, and many more Old Country seminaries, that are now teaching in your public schools and high schools of the

United States of America, along with the British investors influence in your country that are imbued with all the Old British history of vain and vicious hatred against the United States of America, since the War of Independence. I speak from experience by listening to their conversation of these British Canadians in Canada. It is impossible for a Britisher or a Canadian to teach the young American his own history to make them patriotic to love their own countries ideals and principles, simply because their own British history is inculcated into them to be base and unpatriotic towards the people of the United States of America. It is enough to let them exist in your country far less to employ them to insult and injure your country by these means. They have taken command of your people and then it will be easy for them to take possession of your country. And these Carnegie libraries are a curse in Canada and the colonies; when I read this literature that is supplied to these libraries that Carnegie instituted, believe me, it is a free poison, it serves the purpose of two things, one is to destroy the unthinking ignorant masses and enslave them and to proselytize the people of America back to British ideals. It is like Cecil Rhodes' dream leaving five million pounds for a sacred service fund to pervert and proselytize the United States of America to make her an integral part of the British empire. And this Pierpont Morgan gang are a danger to the United States, they are Welsh Jews, they are a hot bed of British interests, and they select the newspapers and magazines for the purpose of ridicule against the United States of America. This is your British Scotch Balfour's scheme to get all these British teachers into your schools and colleges and high schools to proselytize and pervert your young boys and girls to everything British. Even your judges on the Bench are supplanted by alienated Americans. This is the ideal of this man Balfour that sucked you into the war, and then wanted a clean slate wiped off the debt, went to Washington and pleaded for some months to get you to assist them, saying we are the one people and after that he succeeded to camouflage Harding after the war to consent what he wanted and doing you and got you under his claws and fleeced you of your money and wealth, then he began to dictate to you of what you should do; then Harding poisoned himself, and Balfour was exalted to the House of Lords with all the honor of the realm for the greatness of the feat he performed at Washington for the British. While you are denouncing Bill Thompson, here is what the Canadian Britishers teaches these youths of Canada, how to be patriotic in a speech of welcome at an official opening of the second Calgary Akela training for cubmasters on Monday. Be proud of your Canadian history he said, and the stirring tales of heroism stretching back through three and a half centuries, said the speaker, and endeavor to instill a love of it in the minds of the young you are teaching. He stressed the value of teaching patriotism,

by means of the wonderful example of the Canadian pioneer in the Y.M.C.A. building, District Scout Commissioner Sir A. McDonald, and you have Jews and Scotchmen like Rabbi Wise, and McAndrews and Professor Hull, all disloyal and unpatriotic Scotch and Jews. But this patriotic British Canadian did not let us know the aims and methods of the training was outlined by Deputy Camp Chief W. Solway, of the provincial headquarters who is conducting the courses, assisted by Assistant Commissioner, Calgary Herald, February 15, 1928. This is the British Canadian teaching patriotism, while McAndrews, of Chicago, wants to put all examples of American history's traditions of example out of the schools, and your greatest example of all Americans, Washington. When they are shooting men in Chicago, I don't know how they missed McAndrews, it is high time he was deported over to Britain, along with Pierpont Morgan's crowd, and Wise and Hull and Carnegie. And since Scotch Macky got Lord Mayor of Philadelphia, he put up that crowned thing, King George, along side of Washington, in the public library. If there were any progeny of the real American patriot they would haul it down and throw it out and trample it under foot. Such acts of sedition and insult is intolerable to the loyal and patriotic people of the United States of America. And a Toronto professor declared he taught this British patriotism of British history's tradition for twelve years and was proud of it, to the American boys and girls in colleges. And you still employ these sedition mongers, in your schools and colleges of the United States. They talk about the Roman Catholic encircling since the war on Protestantism, but Britain is seeking their aid to overthrow the United States and Protestantism as well. Britain and her conjuring at her League of Nations, using every deception to regain her trade and commerce and naval parleys to rule the seas. And to think to regain her trade or ever will is a lunatic's dream. Her colonies are now confiscating herself and it is them she is jealous of they are outgrowing her, poor old woman, her children are forsaking her, no wonder she aches. She is frail and deserted and is looking for alms that the beggars are throwing on the road. I am just after reading McAndrews attempt to defend his disloyal sedition at Chicago, in his school management: after he had advertised like Harry Lauder for all his fraternal and British friends to hurrah and applaud his disloyalties. He commenced his snake like retreat from exposure. He said it was all lies and half truth the charges made against him. Now he knew he put President Washington's picture out of the school books, and he talked about wooden heads in Chicago. But a man professing to be a high school teacher in Chicago, and a true and loyal subject of the United States of America, to do such things, was not only a traitor to his so-called country, but the greatest wooden headed school teacher or director the United States has ever known since Emancipation day, when he admitted half truths

against himself, who does he think would listen to a half defence by him. The time has arrived for every nation to teach its own history and elaborate the greatness of her own sons examples. This internationalism, historically, politically, commercially, economically has destroyed the principles and the foundations of the social structures of the constitutional government. And a League of Nations got up by Balfour for to fool the people about peace, but it is got up for coercion and exploitation and force for a combination of strength to overcome the weak. Britain will by all means seek the support of the strong nations to accomplish the end she has in view. Britain wants to control the seas and no nation has helped them more than four presidents of the United States, Taft, Wilson, Harding, and not least Collidge, housewives of the United States of poor domestic affairs. Although I am a republican, I believe standing apart from politics, the only one I could trust to be a true American, and to steer the ship of state at the present time would be Reed, of Missouri, he is a democrat, but one hundred per cent. American, and that is what is needed to direct and guide, and protect and defend the United States of America, at and in these perilous times. There will be many schemes invented and tried on by Britain, and those she can get to assist her, Kellogg and Davis, Root and Hughes, and some others of combine investors on both sides are a danger to the state, because of their investments, what is their gain is a terrible loss to the nation, where their treasure is there their hearts will be also. Elect at the polls real American born and bred, no alienated stuff should be elected to either house. This is the time for seeding your new crop of legislature. The alienated capitalist is a usurper and a pestilence. The knowledge and wisdom of investing in speculations in a life amongst crooks and manipulators in this present age of the nineteenth century, for to assume to devise or plan and construct any kind of a foundation for any kind of procedure in business of production or distribution is impossible, excepting to stave off the combines of manipulators and exploiters, when he knows he has designed a good plan or scheme then he has to visionize the circle of the magnetic combined forces against him that will try to destroy his plans or annihilate them, he has got no protection from the intruders of aggression that has submerged the port of trade to which his ship is sailing. If he succeeds it will be because they did not perceive or discern his ship of business coming out from among the breakers amidst their crafts to proceed on her way. In this trade business the race is not to the swiftest nor the strongest, it is the combination of minds that rule the road when they are in action, and if it is possible to get clear from them never let any one know the goal you intend to reach; the secrets of the designs is greater than the demonstration of them, they may see you on the road but they do not know where you will turn off to; each man knowing his business and letting no man

know his intentions is the secret of success in business of any kind. It is not selfishness, it is his duty; he must investigate and find out and trace the road that may lead to failure or success, then by reasoning and considerations over and through these investigations the results of the reasoning and considerations of these investigators will speed him up or cause him to drive gently along; investigation first, reasonable consideration of the investigators second, action and procedure third. Examination and choosing is the reasoning and considering about the investigations. After this we have to wait the results of time to know the value of our reasoning, considerations and choosing about these investigations, whether they have been of profitable durability and of permanent value to us in our partaking or using of them and of our procedure. As night approaches day we reason and consider how fast we should go to reach our destination before darkness takes command so it should be in the progress of our business and our lives. —Daniel Mooney.

Now I have no friendship with the Chicago Tribune, but when I read what the Free Press of Winnipeg, Manitoba Canada, says about the journal of Mr. Hurst's, I am inclined to think like what Bob Ingersol said about the Protestant and Roman Catholic religion. They are both practically the same—he calls the Tribune the self styled, greatest newspaper in the world, but without any style or art the Winnipeg Free Press has that ambition. Why is he jealous and contumely insolent and he says from its dizzy pinnacle you get a wonderful vision of movement and now is revealing to its readers the destiny of Canada. That destiny is or ought to be according to this oracle, to become a part of the United States of America. This is because the Tribune comments on the number of Canadians who cross the border to live in the United States. He says because Canada is a part of the economics system of the United States and so it is, the Free Press knows as well as I do, that it is nearly all American capital that is running the pulp and paper mills and mines and a good lot of the lumber limits in Canada—and other industries—he says perhaps the greatest newspaper in the world would explain, why there is also a northward current across the border. He says the migration varies from the United States to Canada, and he might also say he varies himself in telling the truth about it. He says in 1913 included, 130,000 people who came from the States to live and seek their fortune in this last year, he says, there were only about 22,000. Then he began to visionize himself what he condemns the Tribune for doing, but it is quite certain, he says, that the number will increase again. He tells us about the prospects, but he didn't tell us about the propaganda carried on in the United States by Canada with their immigration agent. Colonel Walker and his staff and many others on the stump murdering the States, telling them of the land prospects and land for nothing in Canada, till they en-

ficed the migraters over the border and in after years when their money was all gone and nothing left but a team of horses and wagon and a few cooking utensils, they were glad to return to the States again. He never explained how the 129,000, every way they could get legal or otherwise in 1927, from his own Canadian government's statements, when questioned in the House about cross-coming into Canada at one door and going into the United States, the back door. They said it was a general thing to mix up some of the tourists of America as immigrants coming into Canada and if the Tribune is not correct about these immigrants going into the States from Canada. Why does the Canadian officials at Washington plead for preference over other nations to get her subjects into the United States of America. Until the cause of this is explained by this Winnipeg Free Press, let it forever more hold its dust of the school propaganda from the gaze of intelligent readers that is fit to reason for themselves. This migration back to Canada was for the war in 1914, in hopes of getting land for nothing but it did not work out after the war as they thought it would. He goes on with his predictions from this high pinnacle of his ambition as a visionizer, that he condemns the tribune for. He says in fact, it might be safely predicted that in future years will see a much greater migration from the United States to Canada, than the other way, but I can assure him, its the other way now, I am no prophet but the people will have to wait for a long time for all these glowing and growing opportunities even for his own people in his land of promise. He says, the pressure of population in the United States, which will seek an outlet in this spacious country. This is a great vision from a troubled brain Richmonds on the seas my lord. He is in a great state about this Chicago American rebel McAndrews. He says big Bill's policy is costing Chicago dear. You will see a man that hates American patriots, is in great concern about the United States ratepayers of Chicago. He is a beautiful critic, that writes to this Mayor of Winnipeg, Dan McLean, he says big Bill is a contemptible politician, swat him when ever you can. He says he is big Bill Thompson, and the advice is friendly, he says, but firm. Indeed it would be a poor day for the United States of America, when the influence of a British Canadian, Mayor of Winnipeg, would affect the destiny of the city of Chicago, or mayor or one of its humblest subjects and swat him, he says, such a Canadian microbe. This letter he says was handed to Mayor Dan McLean, by one who claims to be an American citizen and a friend of Canada, in a letter which His Worship received from Chicago, this morning. The only one I know Dan McLean the Mayor of Winnipeg, could swat, would be a Winnipeg bootlegger, for it is the greatest bootlegging town for its population on the continent of America, however, he says a clipping in the letter points out contemptible politics are costing friend Bill a nice sum of money, running into many millions.

Now you will see this Chicago American citizen, must be a British rebel against the United States of America, because McAndrews is of the British race and this character according to the Winnipeg Free Press—writes to Dan McLean, mayor of one of the greatest towns of bootleggers in Canada, denouncing the Mayor of Chicago, and says he is a friend of Canada. Nothing but the dust of the school would publish such rot. When he is such a great friend of Canada, why doesn't he live in Canada. He is like MacPherson I met on the boat coming from New Zealand, to Vancouver. I asked him why are you leaving here for, this is where the Scotch are. "Just the reason I am leaving" he said, "there is too many of us here." So I guess this Canadian British, citizen of the United States, that writes to Dan McLean, Mayor of Winnipeg, is like MacPherson, he can't get a good enough living in Canada, there is too many Jews there. He likes to send them the desire of his heart, of what he would like to see happen to the city and country he gets his living in. He is like his country man McAndrew, he can't get the authority to rule Chicago, and the United States of America, sedition of proselytization dictation of propaganda of British bunk tradition to poison the young Americans against the patriotic ideals of their own country. This I do know without prejudice, there is too many like him in Chicago and the United States of America. These are the reptiles that should be deported to whatever land they belong to. The worst of all these North Britishers is, they all try to predict but they are all bad discerners of the signs of the times. They are too slow to visionize or interpret the results of their confused dreams and they have many of them. This is the reason they are so economical and slow of making their fortune and when they have got it, are too old to enjoy it. He is a Jew and squandered his time watching and searching for it. An Irishman would not waste his time searching for it when he sees it coming along, he would take possession of it or pass it by not desiring the bother and trouble it would give him. This is real economies any other waste of time is extravagance. All these migraters he talks about coming back to Canada in 1913, came with promises of free grants of land for to fight for Great Britain. But when the war was over they found out their mistakes and they were glad to beat it back to the United States again. He says, the Chicago Tribune, reviles the chief magistrate of Chicago, he would like the United States and integral part of the British empire. All this because this rebel McAndrew is of British descent. But I presume big Bill Thompson does not care where he hales from, for he is a true American and good luck to him, he is a man after my own heart. These British patriots always supported plundering, exploiting, highland, clannish chiefs. That they rose to the throne of England to be fogey, despotic, British kings, so that the Scotch would get preference over the English, so that he would get place and position in the British empire and they have got it

today in all the imperial colonies. This British bunk tradition did not succeed in the proselytizing of the schools in Chicago. The rebel teachers like Professor Hull and others along with McAndrews reviles the priests of Mexico, but they did not shoot McAndrews and some of the press that supported him, that causes the bombing in Chicago.

When Bill Thompson came on the scene, they got sore about it because they knew he was elected to put the rebels out of the city. If there was any political work done, it was the wise men of Chicago who put him into do the job and he did it well to rid the city of its rebels, educating hirlings of traitors and sedition mongers. Bill Thompson is the only man in the United States worthy of the name American, and any newspaperman or any other man denouncing his acts are traitors and rebels against the constitution of the United States of America, and should not be in the country. They need a mayor in every city of the United States like him to do away with all British traditions. When found out he rolls the stones from the height of his ambition down upon those that exposed him as he did upon the English at Bannockburn and Stirling Bridge. He knows patriots long, that is how he remembers the Irish and Bill Thompson. The Scotch Britisher wants all Canadians to be British patriots but he thinks it a great crime for an American to love his country and be patriotic. He is not pleased at the Chicago Tribune, the Tribune said paradoxically some thread of politician sophistry keeps Canada to an English aristocracy that patronize and relegates Canadians too.

A class with the conquered races of India on whom the Canadians look down on, so long as Canadians continue to ignore social geographic and economical facts, so long will Canadians continue to cross the border into the United States. The Free Press says this reference to Canadian relations with Great Britain merely indicates that the Tribune is several generations behind the times. He says it seems quite unaware of recent development and apparently does not know that Britain is just as democratically governed as the United States. Let me tell him Britain's tradition never was democratical, and it is not several generations since Gladstone governments and Lloyd George is still living and Great Britain had no democratic government before their time, within the British domain. He may try to quote as many petty reforms as he likes. This Winnipeg Free Press is I believe the most construer of facts on this continent of America. Why does he think any sensible man would swallow his garbage. I am sixty-nine years of age and I never saw yet Britain's development outside her own domain of her democracy, only after coercion imprisonment, exploitation, exile, murder and bloodshed. And is it several generations since Egypt the Soudan Afghan and Boer Wars, of Ireland, and in India at this present time, demanding you to get out of their country. What does it all mean? We know in Ireland you maintain the religion of King William and the Pope as

a cause. In India you are busy with Buddhist, Moslem, Braman, and Mohammed. You always find or create religion as a cause. Nothing but suckers after despots and exploiters of the rights of men would dare to write such igitonics in this twentieth century. He has got or taken the freedom of the press employs him and like his brother Scot Camarn on Mr. Ford's paper extends and over-reaches himself. He tries to deface and deform the illuminated truth. He talks about the journalistic apex of the Tribune causing amusement and perhaps some hilarity but his dictations and bombastic formulas of infusions however prescribed by his pen, will neither amuse nor cause hilarity but they may cause a gruesome contempt, and Gladstone passed the compulsory and free education acts and demonstrated the rights and justices of the workingman's franchise vote, and Salisbury passed it, and Lloyd George's bill to disestablish the House of Lords, that blocked all reforms before Lloyd George's time and he did disestablish their power and it was the greatest reform ever the British democracy saw or felt inside the British domain. It is and was the bill of bills and Baldwin wants to give them that power back in a different way, that will leave the representatives in the House of Commons of no use to the people. It will be a Mussolini in another form: pulsvive women's vote will destroy democracy, it will be the worst constitution ever formed for civilization both for men and womankind. Reason has abdicated from the white races and its defects is affecting the red race that are coming in by its example and teachings. The few intelligent and wise cannot stop this tide. Seventy-two years finishes the white race, I have passed on, the red are here, production, distribution and commercializing will then belong to them. You all can guess and calculate on what you may, but you are mixed, confused, demoralized, degraded and degenerated to that effect that in high places you cannot realize it. Evolving and devolving is not so slow as some of you would think. Evolution proceeded that way, whether ascending or descending.

This professor, Doctor Warthin, speaking before seven hundred students in Detroit, in his address on religion of biologists, he just told them what I had written over twelve years ago. Forgiveness is impossible when one injures you, you cannot trust them any more. I never believed in this handshaking and expressing of sorrow for bad deeds done, keep from me after injuring me I cannot trust you any more. Out of sight, out of mind, a man through loose living, he says, contract a disease and then seeks the mourners bench, he may imagine all is well, he may in fact take medical treatment and be pronounced clinically cured, but I say, that he will carry the spreoch acta pallida in his body so long as he lives, and in damaging the protoplasm will damage the race for the second and perhaps the third and he might have said the fourth generation to follow. I have been asked he

said, whether one can be happy with the biologists religion, why not, life is a thrilling adventure, but its full meaning and purpose come only with understanding. We must understand that man has come up through millions of years for no other reason than the inherited protoplasm has been able to rise above its environments therein. Only does man differ from any other combination of matter and energy. He is right, we see other combinations of matter run out of shape and form and exterminated and void. But man with all his degeneracy and deformity has still kept up to his environments without extermination. I say all matter is in animation when awakened by energy and force, which creates motion on and in the earth. This is the reason that nothing is perfect, it is in change all the time. Men and all things, included with himself is in a state of change and he said the truth, when he said, it is for us to determine whether it will change for the better or worse, men and women must abstain from the lusts and passions of the flesh and not exhaust their physical strength. Before wedlock they must trace back to the pogeneity of their forefathers and mother parents to find out what they were in acts and deeds of humanity and their mental soundness of mind, their ambitions and ideals and how they succeeded in life and above all to sustain their nature before wedlock that they may produce a strong offspring and abstain from immoral practices with men and women, so that when they get married they shall have plenty of pure strong nature or matter fluid for the womb to produce strong mental children, exhausting the nature before or after marriage reduces the physical strength and stature of the child and then the strong and pure and beautiful of the man's and woman's stature and features is to be taken into consideration and always with love of humanity for men, women and children; be moderate, abstain as I said from all the lusts and passion of the flesh. I am well aware that many will say I am crazy over the head of this and go to far and expresses too plain, but I am doing what the professor did not do, I am telling you how to develop and improve the race of mankind.—(Daniel Mooney). I have often said it is blasphemy for to teach mankind, he could or would be forgiven for the wicked deeds and acts he has done, if he would repent and seek mercy, such teaching is the curse of the being race. So long as this teaching is continued to be taught, so long will this earth continue to be a deluge of abominations with the people on it. It is cowardice and unnatural to teach such things. Instead of teaching this doctrine it is better I believe to tell the philosophic truth and that is to teach men and women to understand they will be branded for the crime they have committed and shall have to suffer for it in this life and that it shall be a scorn and a reproach to their friends that believe not in justices nor the truth towards their fellow creatures. Why redemption to encourage murder, plunder and outrage. If there is a God, He has broken the commands He gave to

Moses on the Mount by offering this so-called redemption of a man we know not of, only by a lot of conjuring Jews and a Roman inquisition written from Rome and conjuring Jews, they call apostles or impostures of disciplinaries that were crucified themselves like the rebel priests that were shot down in Mexico for sedition and breaking the law. A lot of imposters should be shifted like the Salvation Army. All pretenders and deceivers of the people and the children of men should be cut off and they are followed up and assisted by lawyers, doctors and would-be professors, newspaper men, to delude the poor unthinking wandering slaves of serfdom from one country to another, as they shift their capital so do they shift their slaves under the name of immigrants. For serfdom aided by half and between social hypocrites to insnare and usurp their share of his hard earned cents to provide for the slushers and all to promote lecturers to preach and write and publish this doctrine of obedience to the creed of redemption. When they say, them that believe not in their creeds and dogmas of an orthodox church of worshipping ideals of men or spirits is a heretic. I am one and proud of it, because you might as well believe in the orthodox of the rules and regulations of a trades union drawn up by its leaders and members of that union as believe in a creed drawn up by bishops and passed by the House of Commons or the House of Lords. Just think of men known no more than you or me like these men of the Christian churches orthodox drawn up by bishops, priests and ministers, general assemblies and inquisitions, elected by their assemblies of men to devise means and ways of the so-called orthodox creeds, supposed to be guided by a supernatural power. But I warn you like Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, who was born 500 B.C. in Shuntong, when addressing his students, he said, I warn you to have nothing to do with those who pretend to have dealings with the supernatural, if you let supernaturalism get a foothold in your country, the result will be a dreadful calamity. It's as true today, as when the Chink said it 2000 years ago.

For Hegel's phenomenology may not inaply be viewed as the confluence of the major follies on mankind that are assembled here as in no other book, in universal array. Redolent of actuality strikingly indigenous, hardly a variety of human experience is over looked, types of temperament in perpetual collision are sounded with singular depth, the old familiar faces, the subtle theorizer and the canny man of action, the worshipper of facts and the tidy rationalist, the austere moralist and the hypersensitive aesthete, the callous cynic and the devout soul, the timed Conservative and the impetuous radicals, the insouciant conformist and the reckless rebel, the sour puritan and the jocund wordling, the crafty politician and the dusty pedantic stoic, and the officious reformer, the cocksure dogmatic and the chronic doubter, the apathetic stoic effeminate, the mystic and the blatant philisting, they are all here, coming under the ever

wakeful eye of the comic spirit, these types, divergent in the extreme partakes according to Hegel of the same absurdities and extravagances analysis, the poisons of delusions, effects them all, they are all self deceived because they are all so self confident. It is the incorrigible self assurance, disbelonged by the advocates of any particular theory of practice, upon which Hegel wields his dialectical scourge, the illusion of perspective, to which every sort of partisanship is apt to condemn us. Hegel discerns as the source of all those fatal collision of idea or interest that render human life so everlasting unstable, and how is this illusion to be dispelled. Hegel finds the specific for it as Meredith in a vision of comic sobriety. This is to be achieved by a method commonly called dialectical which simply consists in impugning self assurance by making it logically for the partisan, is to idiosyncratic to perceive his on lack of rationality, the want of congruity with his own intent or profession from which every partisan ordinarily suffers, the dialectical method aims to render manifest, the logic called dialectical is thus essentially of the logic of comedy.

And this dialectical is the phraseology demonstration of the comic actor, and in his variations in his demonstrations in acts and deeds he performs, there is times the appreciations for to laugh is on the wrong side, and shadows and offends many of the sensitive hearers, instead of illuminating and enlightening them and enjoying them, and how many of them do not admire the comic when they really know his acts and sayings are combined with a slang of immoral filth though cloaked and garbed with a lunatic phrase of concealment, those that do not admire when they really know what the ignorant are laughing at, and have known and experienced the effects of such as insult or admiration. Harry Lauder, was one of these kind of comics, the moral comic never leads up to an immoral drama and cannot draw emotional feelings towards a tragedy of any kind, but the trouble is to act the fool, and some of them has not much acting to do to show that the fool is in them, the real and true philosophy is to choose the good and leave the bad, all these characters are really in the comic sections, but experience is the only teacher that is true and as Shakespeare said it has taught us to know this world is but a stage and men and women are the actors, and all these parts are in the comic that Hegel and Meredith demonstrate so well in their dialectical phraseology and all these parts has been played and acted in the comedies of men and women in life, and the more comical the actor is, he becomes the more aggressive, and irrational and how easily are they incorriged to the extreme by the irrationalist applaudits to partakers of their own self's greatest absurdities, and like a rising tide they heave on the waves of ambition at the applauds and laughter of their comic egotism, their exhibitions are no hilarity they are imaginations of mystic dwarfs.

—Daniel Mooney.

Manitoba Free Press, Winnipeg, Saturday, May 12th, 1928. Evidence of Shakespeare's religious belief, by Marshall J. Gauvin, 503 Dominion street, Winnipeg, May 8th. To the Editor. The interesting criticism of my lecture on Shakespeare as a rationalist which appeared in the Free Press, of April 28th, signed with the initials H. H. H. takes it for granted that it is impossible to infer anything regarding Shakespeare's views on religion or any other topic, because, forsooth, any statement of the dramatist's personal opinion would have been a violation of dramatic art but what is this dramatic art that would erase the man from the plays. Can it be that the world's supreme dramatist, who was not altogether a stickler for rules, who sounded the depths of all human passions, all hopes and fears, who put the life of humanity on the stage and laid bare the subtle secrets that move its myriad phases, can it be that such a thinker appears in his abundant work as a masked nonentity, and that merely for the sake of what is called art, far more reasonable than such a view, I think is the view that Shakespeare could not have imparted to his characters feelings, love, hate, jealousy and attributes humor, imagination, eloquence, without himself possessing these qualities, likewise having pondered the problem of existence as Shakespeare did. The conclusions regarding that problem found in the speeches of his characters must be regarded. I believe, as Shakespeare's conclusions, I did not say, as H. H. H. states that Shakespeare was "an avowed rationalist." What I said was that there is nothing in the plays indicating that Shakespeare was a believer in Christianity, that there are many speeches in the plays which are decidedly unchristian in spirit speeches which a Christian would not have written, and that therefore a legitimate conclusion is that the great dramatist was a rationalist, certainly there is nothing in any of these passages cited by H. H. H. to indicate that Shakespeare believed in the doctrines of the Christian religion, for instance the words of Henry IV., to chase these pagans in those holy fields over whose acres walked those blessed feet, etc., are precisely the words one would expect from a Christian warrior undertaking a crusade against the heathen. Shakespeare was artist enough to know that he must put Christian speeches into the mouths of Christians, but for Shakespeare's personal views we must go deeper. We must go to those things which Goldwin Smith refers when he says, in his essay on Shakespeare the man, "there are things which strike us as said for their own sake more than because they fit the particular character, these things which could not be written even dramatically by one whose beliefs and sentiments they were repugnant" as an example of such things. Take Bassanio's speech in the Merchant of Venice, "Act III., Scene 11, the world is still deceived with ornament in religion, what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text," hiding its grossness with fair ornament, that passage is

prophetic of Voltaire Mirand's lament in "The Tempest" Act 1, Scene 11, that had she been a God, she would have sunk the sea within the earth rather than allow it to destroy the ship with its precious lives is a challenge to the doctrine of special providence, quite in Ingersollian style. Hamlet's soliloquy is as frankly agnostic a statement regarding the doctrine of a future life as though it had been written by Huxley. What still is more, in the first edition of Hamlet, Shakespeare made his dying philosopher say: Heaven receive my soul; but in the second edition published in 1604, Hamlet's last utterance was changed to its present form, the rest is silence. Would a Christian have made that change? Shakespeare's source for Julius Caesar, was North's translation of Plutarch, in which Brutus declares that he shall live in a more glorious world, but in the play, when Brutus parts with Cassius, Shakespeare makes him say; and whether we shall meet again I know not, therefore, our everlasting farewell take, would a Christian have suppressed the assurance of another life and in its place put the agnostic utterance, I do not know, and what shall we say when we find even agnosticism supplanted by a decidedly negative note in Prospero's speech in "The Tempest" Act IV., Scene 19, we are such stuff as dreams are made on and our little life is rounded with a sleep, so frequently does Shakespeare recur to the idea that death is a sleep, that the orthodox Samuel Johnson was moved to declare: I cannot without indignation find Shakespeare saying that death is only sleep. Of the many Shakespeare students who might be quoted regarding his attitude toward religion one may suffice. John Richard Green, a clergyman, in his history of the English people writes as follows regarding the great poet.—On the deeper grounds of religious faith his silence is significant, he is silent, and the doubt of Hamlet deepens his silence about the after life. Often as his questionings turn to the riddle of life and death, he leaves it a riddle to the last without heeding the common theological solution around him. We are such stuff as dreams are made on and our little life is rounded with a sleep.—Marshall J. Gauvin, 503 Dominion street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, May 8th, 1928.

St. Paul's Tribune, May 4th, 1928. My attention has been drawn to a lecture or harangue of the so-called Professor Lodge, hypnotized by Spiritualism, one of Great Britain's supposed scientists, that hears the echoes of voices from other worlds, but let me tell him that these voices he hears are in this world, and sometimes not so far away from him. This insanity of imagination through ignorance of not knowing the experience of the transfer of nature fluid is a great delusion. There is no such thing as Spiritualism, apart from the transfer of nature's fluid, from one person to another, man or woman, and to make it plain that nature is the seed, get the child put into your food, that opens up your mind, but it cannot change thee, although they keep sucking at you to do so or tempt you to do some

act of violence on yourself or some other one, and no matter what you read about in 'any books. Even in Aristotle's works that discovered this theory, or method of inoculating the bloods feeling and desires, this philosopher's genius was the scientific art of mentality which is the science of discovery by investigation to design and construction of the mental mind, no scientist or doctor nor professor of any kind can explain it, unless they have like experienced it as I have, and this so-called Professor Lodge must have been doped by it and don't know it, or else he is hiding for the royalty's sake, as King Edward and the Royal Campbells lived by it, they think it is a great converture, but they found out it reacted on themselves by me, he says, the soul does not die with the body. I never seen one outside of it, to assert such a thing is unrational, does he know in any sense what he is talking about. Physiologists he says do not find any spirit in the brain. By analization I would like to know where it did exist apart from our blood germs. I always believed this shadow spirit without substance was a beautiful sunshine ray of superstition, but the transfer of nature is no superstition but a beastly fact, and he says the professors have a different opinion altogether from him on the reaction of the brain. He thinks the brain is an instrument used by the mind, but if he thought the germatic substance of our brain created the mind, he would have some sense, and be nearer the mark, it oozes forth the desires and motions of expression to what we call the mind, but the rational way of thinking I believe the blood is a fluid of germs becoming more animate as our blood begins to work in our blood circulation through our veinal system and the heart is the receiver and distributor to and from the brain, and through this circulation the brain feeds with germatic desire and emotion to express all thought of what they call mind, as I term this mind vaporizing expression from the germatic blood, the yearning of our hearts and brains go and come from the circulation store house that are fed by the blood which is created by masticated food that germinate into blood fluid, and from the heart to the brain does the mind originate in desire and designs actions of the present the visionations of the future, the recollections of the past, and the cause of all thoughts is because of our many environments and these environments we have come through is the cause of all reactionary thought and deeds of our or from our brain. This is as revaporation from recollections of our environments. The seeing, the feeling, the hearing to express this is what they call mind. When our germatic blood ceases to be fed, all these germs within our blood that make the echoes and sounds dies, then all spirit and soul is gone. We are in oblivion.—Daniel Mooney.

The germatic substance of the blood to and from the brain and heart becomes nullified and dies. Then and there, soul or mind is no more, and to say any or think any physio-

logists could find a spirit in the brain of man, amongst animated matter apart from that animation is a fanatic's dream, and how could any physiologist analyze the brain of man when living and his blood in circulation, and between the living and dead he knows not, then he draws contrasts to dead matter, such as machines, violins that man made and type-writing machines, that man made from the animated knowledge of his brain and by his hands. There is no mind or brain nor soul of any kind apart from the germatic substances of animated fluid which is our blood, nourished and fed by the animated living fruit of the field, the heart and brain from their womb nourishes and fosters the desires of feelings to express by what they call the mind. The blood is the life and the essence of animated substance, it is body, soul and spirit apart from animation, there is no soul nor spirit of any kind — Daniel Mooney.

The cunning devisations of the Scotch, Welsh and English, popularly called the British Jew, Britain in my earlier days proclaimed that the secret of her colonizing schemes of their government was their firm govern and that firm government was all obey, or we will shoot you down, that is and was firm and exterminating, and do you know it is that firm they are shooting the poor Indian slaves down today in India, for looking for sufficient food to sustain their bodies, and they sing, God save their King and Britains never shall be slaves, but I am waiting for the day they will be slaves for they have enslaved others, and when they couldn't get enough of their own Britishers to their so-called colonies, they tried the next best thing for themselves, and that was the nationality with the most saxon blood in their veins to immigrate to these colonies, and the pregeneracy of some of these very Canadian Britishers stagnated and paralyzed the United States of America by stopping the progress and forthcoming of the international pioneers. In King George the third's time, for fear they would become a majority and out vote them at the poles for control of position and place, they are in the same dread today in Canada, but the day will come, Britain's power and rule in Canada will be no more, by this rule misery stares the toiler in the face, and stared the pregeneracy in the States in the face, till necessity compelled them to open up the country to almost every nationality of the white race, in spite of the British, in time as the foreigners increased in numbers and advanced in knowledge, the British began to get jealous and afraid of losing power and authority as they are today in Canada, they sought the assistance of all the British Protestant sects, and in some cases the Roman Catholics themselves, of whom they dread, but on they come and the country was and did develop, but in Canada the British Jew, which are the Scot, Welsh, English, are still in dread of losing their positions of their power to any other civilized race, they know their nice easy life will cease, but the world will not stop if the British Scotch Jew is not

at the helm, he is visionizing the position of his power, he has from time to time started immigration and stopped it again for fear of the balance of power being against them, but one day they and their British will be driven through the fence, for they cannot work the land nor the pick nor shovel nor the lumber axe nor the miners drill or hammer, it will be Bunker Hill with you from your ignorance to your cultured college, you are degraded, degenerated and deformed and defamed the wide world over, and you have to claim the genius of those you hate; through time the colonizers of the United States mixed up with the exiled oppressed Irish and French and a few of the British themselves that did not fare very well at the hand of George the Third, and these were the men and these alone, no matter about any British American historians, that united together and freed themselves from the selfish place hunters of the British race, that had exhausted all their power by giving bribes to different sects of religion to keep them in office. — Daniel Mooney, May 19th, 1928.

As they are doing in Canada, it is the same system carried on in Canada, crying out against the immigrants because they are not British, nor of the Protestant faith, where do you hang your hat on a Sunday, is the cry of an Orange Britisher, and if they turned from the Roman Catholic faith to the Protestant faith, as I know some to do, they would say what I heard an Orangeman say in Belfast, about a Roman Catholic, that turned to the Protestant church, let them stay where they are, there is enough of us here, he was afraid of losing his job, so there is the religion of these Ulster Scots and Welsh and English Jews, in a nutshell. They are Jews, but not of the Palestine origin, this means wandering Jews everywhere, position and place, possession and power, is a Britisher the wide world over which is a Jew, well these foreigners increased and they grew tired of this British rule and predominance of authority and power over them, and so the result of that war with George the Third, it looks like the same in Canada, with George the Fourth, and they may say what they like about the war of independence, a Britain fighting Britain in the United States war of independence. But the true fact of the matter is, it was the exiled Irish, and French and a few exploited English men like William Penn and Tom Paine, and their admirers that followed them that fought and won the war of independence of the United States of America. In 1885 they sent to a friend of mine from Washington in Donegal, Ireland, 1,000 dollars for the recognized services of his father in the war of independence. At the same time the Irish that fought for the British in the Russian war were dying in the British and Irish poor houses, for the honor of Great Britain, and just consider all the United States army were fighting at one time, not more than twenty thousand men proves that the British were lookers on, and like the Scot, when they seen victory, was on

their side, ran to get their names on the roll call and Washington was descended from the real French Lóuis, these Britishers always called it a religious war in Ireland, but they found out this British Fin in the Protestant Dutch war in South Africa, and in India, they say we must protect our subjects and they shoot down the Hindoo, so-called heathen, and their God directed missionaries must be protected from these foreign savages, and then they were making peace by the way between the Buddhist and Mohammed, as an excuse for shooting them down. Here I begin to think of the acts and deeds of this British nation, and of its serpent like trail, where a foreigner committed a crime in London, the judge had to discharge him by the twist of the serpent's tail, to show to the world, the civilization and humanity of this great British race, but if any of these subjects rebel against the tyrannical rule and authority of oppression by this imperial government then the British government shoots them down this sacred of British government is the rifle and all colonies under British rule are beginning to use it against herself, they see it is firm.

So I changed my opinion of this British rule and began to think of the words of Shakespeare, damn him that don't change, with their Jewish conjuring and snakish bluff, they have fooled the nations of the earth since the Battle of Waterloo, in Canada and Australia, they pay the government officials for contracts received, and in other cases the government officials has made gentlemen by giving them contracts and lending them the money to accomplish the work, that had no money to start the contract with, for religious or political service done, at this present time it is exposed by Coxshot in Australia, one man was asked for 10,000 pounds to get a contract and was told if he didn't like to give it, he could get 15,000 pounds from another man for the same contract. He asked him who got the money and he said 2,500 went to himself and 7,500 to the gang of officials and there is other ways of bribery in Canada, they give bribes for their votes at election times, and privileges in granting licenses and contracts are granted for services done, at election times, whether municipal or provincial or federal, all campaign contributions are given for value received, it is apparent that most of the abuses in governmental administration have one common ancestor, they are spawn of the system of financing political campaigns. So long as a candidate must depend on contributions from a few wealthy men, and a few great corporations to conduct this campaign, just that long will abuses and corruption persist, campaign contributions are given for value received, no matter how granted or received, to get into power and to pay those in return that helped to put them there, of the public's money directly or indirectly there is no use in these British Jews thinking they will still rule Canada, because at home and abroad that race is degenerated below physical manual strength, they cannot

any more stand in line with the strong pioneering north and south European from the cities and towns of Great Britain and Belfast they are dwarfish, physically weak, you should put them into the envelope making or packing business or the typewriting machines if they wouldn't quarrel with the other sex, if their mentality is strong enough to exercise in the methods of key work of the numerals of calculations, but as they are all phraseology like bush lawyers or camp doctors and Bible thumpers, they might adorn the law courts or the editorial bench of the Free Press, or Doctor Morgan's or Professor Kerr's pulpits, it would be a danger to trust them on the streets as message boys, the automobiles might run them down. I know they are artists in performing many tricks but to attain to fortitude in deeds or good business. You know yourselves you require partnership or steersmen to direct your course, excuse an Irish ignoramus to dare to intrude near to the enlightened glow of a British Jew.—Daniel Mooney, May 19th, 1928.

The Hebrew Jew and the British Jew, and when I say the British Jew, I mean the Scotch Welsh and English themselves, and I question if the Hebrew Jew can hold his own amongst them. They take advantage of the toiler in dealing with him. When the toiler is hard up he has to sell all his belongings for the necessities of life, he has to part from them at an unjust value, necessity compels him to sell them, and when the capitalist buys his labor in the labor market, if there are a surplus of labor men in the market, he undervalues the labor man's wages in the market, not because of necessity that he should do so, but because of greed of gain that he should possess in the buying or selling the material of the necessities of life, its the same, he represents the goods to be worth more than their face value, and hides the cost of their production and worth, this is deception and they tell us to keep the commandments, but how many bad and good ones have lived and died that never heard about their commandments of orthodox churches and creeds and formulas of all your Christian sects and schisms, but they send out spies to other people's countries in the name of Christ Jesus to find out the rich spots and then these missionary spies claim them in the name of God and of justice for themselves and their country, and then they kick up a row with the poor natives that rebel against them for taking their possessions from them, there and then the capitalist and their government throw overboard these commandments, thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not kill, and sends out an army to demand surrender and give us what we want or we will shoot you down, and they do shoot them down. What does this stealing and this murdering mean? Moses is supposed to have written these commandments, but when amongst the Egyptians he killed one of them and the next day he attacked one of the Hebrews, and the Hebrew said to him, will you kill me today as you killed the Egyptian yesterday? When I told the Jew that he said it was after he killed the

Egyptian that he made the commandments, but I look very shy at the commandments of a murderer, so you see all these Judases repent. They are all like Peter, soft hearted after they have murdered and are caught, and they were living in a heathen state at that time, but I said and maintain they have no right to hand down the records of a heathen barbarian race to enlightened civilized people for a guide or director of the human mind, no matter how revised or reformed or supervised by any inquisition of priestcraft or any conjuring fakirs claiming to have dealings with the supernatural or ministers of the graft of interpretation in this enlightened age of the twentieth century.—Daniel Mooney.

I was sitting on a seat in the Central Park, Winnipeg, Sunday, 13th May, 1928, and a Hebrew Jew came and seated himself near by me and there were several men sitting there right opposite Knox Presbyterian church, and an Irishman was there and said there is a church I would blow out of there, and we all discussed about the religions of different beliefs, and the Bible and about heaven and hell, dishonesty and murder, the Jew said the Bible said nothing about heaven or hell and he was right. It was the inquisition in Rome that invented, that blasphemy and Luther carried it into the Protestant camp and popery clings to the Protestant to this day with their heaven and hell they know not of, and they put it all into the New Testament that these supposed Jews apostles were supposed to write which is absolute falsehood, it was all written in Rome by their inquisition of priesthood, and Luther descended with and from them, and no good thing could come out of Rome for there is nothing good there nor never was and I told him if there was any such men as the apostles they were like the Salvation Army, they were imposters living on the toilers, and no wonder they were killed, and he said no man should murder and I quite agreed with him, but I wanted him to define to me what murder was, or what he termed murder. The government sends out to another man's country an army to kill them, because they will not agree to let them take something belonging to them and if the soldiers refuse to do so they will shoot him down as well, and call him a traitor and coward for refusing to murder, but if he stands up manly and shoots men down he never knew, they call him a hero and calmly decorate a dead stone as an emblem for the heroic deeds he has done for his beloved country, thousands of miles from where some of their carnage lay, and he gets nothing for it, but pain and suffering from his wounds, whether he wins or loses the war, he gets nothing but hard work, and his food and clothing and sometimes not that, whether he wins or loses the war, and he cannot live without trade and commerce, without reinstating the nations they defeated financially to trade with them, so that murder-war means the transfer of capital as the bandit transfers the money from the bank. There is no difference, it is theft or murder to transfer the capital from one place to another to live by it, and I think

the bandit is the most honorable of the two, because the bandits know the banks are armed, therefore they are brave enough to risk their lives to remove the capital which very few of the capitalists would do. It is one thing to record history; and another thing to teach it and practice it as a theory direct from an unknown God in another world, as perfect truth and always revising it to suit the times, its anything but harmonizing in itself, the New Testament is a fable of fixture of superstition and the propositions still continue, it will never be a finished book, to cut it short it is a testament of superstition pass words and signs, but not of the times, but of abominations. All children that are taught wisdom shall avoid them and all that book testifies about, this opinion looks I know confounding to some people, but it is the light of day to me.—Daniel Mooney.

I have not read all of D. Weldon's history of the Israelites, twelve leaders of their tribes that has established themselves by their names of places, and their relics of their tabernacles and symbols of their covenants in different parts of the earth, he is an Irish writer but one worth reading, he traces the tribe of Dan from Asia to the Danube, to Denmark, London and many other places. He was a colonizer and a lions whelp, he leaped from Bashon, Jeremiah went to Ireland that is where the Jerrys are. Joseph represents Scotland with his coat of many colors, denotes his deceiving character like the Scot, he agrees with every sect and deceives them all. Jacob the supplanter and deceiver of his brother was a conjurer with rods and sheep, and a dreamer on stones about ladders up to heaven, of a suspicious mind because of his wicked heart. Jacob and Joseph represent England, Scotland and Wales. Joseph like the Scotch was immoral and loved Pharaoh's wife but he blamed it on the woman, like the Scot Joseph is a cunning dangerous race, never to be depended on, their coat of many colors is many deceptions to possess the inheritance of others, that is the Scot and Ulster in Ireland, and the real Judaism of Jacob and Joseph, and they go out to all lands as missionary spies to spy out the land to find the milk and honey and to exploit the unwary natives of their possessions, wherever they go to spy out, and their friends at home, the British Jews has an army ready to follow after them to fight for these exploits of what they claim belongs to them, Judaism is the rule of the road and to curb it and hold it in check it will take another Lenine to do it, and the Scotch and British Jews when they see it coming in their way, they cry out, surely to God they will not resort to murder and them busy at it. And the wisdom of any common people to cope with them goes for nothing, but means and ways scientifically must be taken to deal with them. They live upon the sweat of serfdom and cunning deception, the government of any country by these Scotch Jews or clans of Scotch tribes, is above all things something dreadful, and outside of them all knowledge and wisdom should be us-

ed against them simply because outside their own clan there is no sense of justice, and yet they preach equality and the rights of man to deceive men. The British Jews have deceived the world with their Judaism, buying nations to help her to overthrow nations, and how does she do it? It is because the Jews are diversified, scattered over the earth geographically but universally united in the Jewish language that enables them to compromise and discuss all political, economical, financial subjects, concerning all nations, that enables them to visualize the future of the world all or because they are the bankers in all nations and how and when to withdraw their capital from one nation to another, and how and when to transfer it and help those they desire to win wars. This is the British and their international Jews whether in any part of the world, the British Jew is the heliograph or the telephone and any nation that wants to beat them don't let the British nor the Jew know your financial and political economic circumstances to beat the British and the Jews, let them know nothing through the press or other ways, they will heliograph.—D. Mooney.

Just a few lines concerning immigration to Canada or any other British colonies. The Scotch and English are crying out against East, North and South Europeans coming to Canada, and calling them foreigners to Canada and Australia, but are they not like myself, all foreigners to this continent of America. And the British Jews which are the Scotch and English, are afraid of losing the financial power of the political purse at the election polls, but they are also aware that it takes the intelligence of an industrious people to do this, and as to the castes there is no difference only a little sunburn in climatical condition in color, and their creeds are varied like our own, but if they are afraid of losing their power. It would be a long time before it would come, owing to their system of their teaching of dogmas of creeds of superstitions about a rebel Jew, they call Christ Jesus in their churches and schools, and that dope is well grounded into the children from the cradle to the grave, and when the change does come I don't think it will be for the worse, as far as morality and industry is concerned.

Mrs. Handcocks—and I must say any company I have seen her in at her speaking assemblies, were not very desirable looking gentlemen, they were mob orators, bums and hoboes, and if there were any doles this same crew would surely help themselves directly or indirectly, and they are all Canadians whether born or naturalized, but they are not subjects nor are they subject to anything, they migrate on freight cars to the States and back to Canada again, and by their environments they can all go on the orange box or the beef can, and expound to you the systems of monopoly and the confiscation of labor, they are all bush lawyers or cow town solicitors, they are a floating population with no citizenship and it is me that knows them. I have passed

through their mill and they are afraid that some one would ask them to work and the hobo is trained to his arts as well as the college boy, by his old professors when the summer and harvest is over, when the old hobo has taken all from the young one, then he proceeds to the lumber camps half naked, he goes to the store and gets an outfit of clothes, if they know he payed for the last he got the winter before, and around the camp fire they tell with pride how they blew in their stake, and how much the women took off them when they were drunk, and what clever things they had done and how they have done themselves. These are almost British, Irish and French Canadians but now there are a lot of Canadian born nationality mixed up with them that's useless, that are undesirables, are they not foreigners themselves from Europe: unable to stand the climate of either Canada or Australia. Britain has held up the continent of Australia by reservation till it has become anomalous reproach and disgust, to every realizing right thinking man. I am convinced they will have to open up Canada and Australia to the survival of the fittest of the labor market of the world, the able and willing, industrious workers never were enemies nor undesirables to any civilized country in the world, and industry is civilizing and not christianity which is controversy and the diversification of mankind. No matter what his caste or creed may be, these British will have to get away from Balfour's and Cecil Rhodes' dreams of anglicising the world, this watching and waiting and reserving is like the coming of Christ. This earth is in evolution and revolution all the time, and don't you worry, it will adjust itself whether we drown, are buried or burned up, and prayers of any priestcraft or old doped Presbyterians will avail nothing in that time. To stop the results of these revolutions of perpetual motion, evolving, devolving we rise and fall. Preparing for our children is enough in this life, we know not what a day may bring forth, but there is one thing I must say and that is I travelled from Halifax to Vancouver, and I have been in almost all the principal towns of Canada, and found out all the bootlegging dens and houses of ill fame, gambling, bandits, burglars and murder are carried out, or aided and abated by Roman Catholics and Scotch and Jews, no matter of what nationality, directly or indirectly. Why is this, because the Roman Catholic church teaches the forgiveness of sin in this world if you repent, and so does the Protestant church teach to repent for the wicked deeds they have done here. They will get into some other world or a paradise beyond oblivion and the Scotch and Jew makes the best of this life and leaves nothing to chance for the next if there was one.

He knows and is well aware there is no heaven in any other world and they make the best of this one, and they graft and exploit to the best of their advantage, and the world still goes on but the slaves groan and pine, and the end is not yet, this end means his own

life. This scripture that the Christians believe in, reads this way. If a man do not work neither shall he eat, and it also says he that provideth not for himself and especially for those of his own house, is worse than an infidel and the truth is not in him, therefore by my acts and deeds I am an infidel and proud of the fact, because I cannot nor never could live on blind faith. Blind faith and hope cannot extend charity, there is no substance in them, there must be a substance, a spiritual shadow is a fleeting ray we cannot maintain to grasp and withhold with feelings of satisfaction of any kind. All spirit and all good whether in thought or action, is the animation of our blood in our bodies.—Daniel Mooney, 13th June, 1928.

To be a poet you must be born with a sense of true nature. Apart from this, all is art in the placing of sentences without the feelings of admiration. I have read poetry from the hands of immoral men, committed for crime. Because of their environments in and through life, for the sake of expressing them so with feelings of remorse and lamentation of their own lives, with no admiration for their greatness of them, that surpasses in meter and meanings some of the so-called classic scholars and honored writers of poetry. Rhythm in meter however expressed is called prose or poetry, but if the meanings of these sentences in rhythm are not phrased to be really understood with the knowledge and charm of true facts, you have no poetry, and apart from the feelings of the true meanings in metrical admiration in song or rhythm, all is art, and these writers pride themselves in this art to entice the essay reader for the greed of gain as all art is for gain, even deceiving love is an art, and Bernard Shaw believes in it, he says he writes with an art, but Plato says the philosopher needs none of these arts of the poets, because of his experience, he knows all their imaginations and he doesn't need, like the poet, to paint or picture any of these things, the poet rhymes about.—Daniel Mooney, County down, near Banbridge, Ireland.

The need for progress. There is nothing so revolutionary, wrote Matthew Arnold years ago, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive to society as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world by the very law of its creation is in eternal progress, and the cause of all the evil of the world may be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption that our business is to preserve and not to improve this is the ruin of all alike.

One that watches the progress of propaganda by these Britishers in different parts of the world, for their own soul interests is amusing to one who considers any people or nations interests without impartiality and respect. They are scattered over the continents of the world that these Anglo British Saxons calls the British empire, and to read their ideas far less their ideals of this British press of Winnipeg and the Free State. The Winnipeg Free Press and Dublin Irish Times,

seems to be true and loyal brothers of the Orange and Free Masons fraternity, the Free Press thinks it is terrible that the Free State doesn't close down its little industries, by giving Britain free trade as an excuse that there are three million Irish living in England, regardless of her own population, and for the sake of these three million alone, the Free State should throw overboard all protection of tariffs and duties without a thought of the benefits Britain would receive at their expense, while the Free State workers would be idle in destitution with unemployment, and why does this Winnipeg Free Press want this, simply because the British requires these necessities of life from Ireland to keep her in existence, and for this reason the Free Press thinks, Ireland should give them something in return for purchasing their necessities in or from Ireland, that they could not get as cheap from any other country. Where there is no requests granted in return, and if I purchase my necessities cheaper and better in any country, that I cannot produce in my own, I have no right to look for favors in return, because I have to do so empire or no empire, and let me tell this Free Press, when the Irish Free State came into existence, his countrymen, the Scotch and the Canadian Scotch held a conference to supply from Canada all these necessities the British required, to run the Free State into the authority and power of the British Ulster Scotch again, but you Scotch Orange Free Mason Canadian Grits, found your dead houses of cold storage meat and butter and eggs and canned stuffs uncompetible with pure free products of Ireland but your own kith and kin found out your bluff was imagination, and to say Ireland should buy goods from Britain, she can produce for herself, because Britain buys from Ireland what she can't buy from any other country, purchase cheaper and purer and better than she can in Ireland, is not propaganda but Scotch wicked enmity and spite, which is the deformed offspring of egotism, because she purchases pure butter and eggs, bacon and beef and mutton received by her in twenty-four hours from its source, and because of these benefits to Britain we have in Dublin a newspaper they call the Irish Times that gets a living there to take note of speeches in the Free State parliament to belittle the character and honor of the assembly, and with all the vigor of his heart and soul's integrity he says that parliament should open up within the empire absolutely free trade. When I take into consideration this man's barefaced deception of the poor people that reads his wicked assertions for not to improve but fix up, they have Blyth, Akin, Crage, Wolf, as independent members of the House of the British, Scotch, Orange and Free Mason brothers ready at any time for Britain's sake to overthrow the Irish parliament, there never was such a snaking serpent existed amongst the people as an independent member of parliament, and this Blyth says now is the time for British capital to be invested in the Free State, all

foreign investments in any country is taking the wealth out of the country, all profits made are taken away that should be the assets of the country, it is imperialism and the curse of nations, it is Judaism and real British. Britain robbing China, Egypt, India and Ireland by it, and there are too many Scotch in Canada to do it any harm, but the Hebrew from the States investments in the pulp and paper mills bothers them, and many other little industries in Canada are run directly or indirectly by the Jews and Scotch Jews. There is no country would purchase another country's goods for friendship's sake that can produce it in their own country. This imperialism is got up by Britain's self to coerce her subordinate colonies, to sustain and support herself at the colonies expense, and all their schemes are so well planned by their Scotch British propaganda in and through their imperial press to proselytize and pervert the unrational reader, and thinker to their own desire for their own souls' selves end, and interest. In every magazine and newspaper edited and supported by British imperialism and planted in every Scotch Carnegie free library in the English language to delude and ensnare every reader to support their race, and turn the minds of every other nationality against the welfare and interests of their own country, would any true Canadian purchase American products that he could produce cheaper and better in his own country. Why ask the Irish to buy British goods when they can make them to their own advantage out of their own material in their own country, simply because Britain is compelled by necessity to purchase Irish products because she cannot get them any cheaper or better from any other country, leaves no obligation upon Ireland in request of Britain to purchase their goods in return. You try to make us and others believe it is Ireland's duty in return to purchase British goods, simply because Britain is compelled through necessity to purchase Irish goods for her requirements that she cannot purchase to her advantage in any other place. Therefore, there is no obligation on the Irish Free State people in return for Britain to request anything of the Irish Free State for the Dublin Irish Times or the Winnipeg Free Press to assert such things. It's a low, mean Scotch ideal propaganda.

I would put this Dublin Irish Times out of the Free State, and their Free Masons and Orange lodge to Ulster as Mussolini done in Italy, they are a proselytizing curse against the freedom of trade and industry. There is no survival of the fittest where they exist. The Dublin Irish Times is not alone ignorant but they are ignorant of the fact that they are ignorant. You might think it impossible that a flip flap newspaperman was or could be ignorant. The time of the rebellion in Ireland, there was a British gentleman visualized his own end, because of his exploiting in Ireland as Shakespeare said, suspicion haunts the guilty mind, his name was Mr. Brooks, chairman of the Wicklow County Council, he was a friend of General French, or Lord French,

and he told his friends before the heroes killed him, if these blackguards kills me, he said get as much out of the government as you can. He knew the Irish taxpayers would have to suffer the burden, and after they got the money of the Irish taxpayers through the government his nieces went through the streets of London collecting money for the Irish poor, and in his will had sixteen thousand pounds in England, and only five hundred in Ireland, so you see where these British take the money to they make or get in Ireland. These Scotch Britishers has got in their heads this idea that all Irishmen are ignorant. They seem to forget what their countryman, Lord McAlley said about them, that if they stopped in Ireland they would be hung, but if they went abroad they would become presidents and rulers of nations, but the Scotchmen of my time always seem to underestimate the intelligence of those with whom they have to deal.—Daniel Mooney.

History is the records of man's pregeneracy that teaches us to know the advancements men has made from savagery to civilization and also to know where the reptiles came from that are amongst us today. Though a great many of these histories are prejudiced and inaccurate, they are the cause of us making a more strict investigation of the records. A fact is a living exhibition of what has been proved a fact. Man's desires are but his principles that may satisfy him or not.—Daniel Mooney.

Prolongations are but peregrinations that will collapse. True emancipation is the development of free and mental knowledge that increase physical human strength and the enjoyment of life.—Daniel Mooney.

Men are half developed because their ignition is nullified with no varied illuminations around them to awaken the spark to ignite and take hold of the energy and force that is within them; and that illumination comes forth by our vast varied scenes in our travels and surroundings. Perceptions must come to prove deceptions.—Daniel Mooney.

We can imbibe in many things but the best things we can imbibe in are the principles of human knowledge, and pondering over anything with rational consideration through and in investigation is the essence of human knowledge.—Daniel Mooney.

And apart from this all is reckless supposition, thinking. Every friendly society is got up for the few to live on the many, and they are all used as a political pawn for positions in the financial administration of the state or country. Imagination is the forerunner of perception and perception has discovered the records of men and women, that has lead to the realizations of designs of acts and deeds, and the construction of demonstrations both of speech and actions. It is the provider and preserver of all mankind. Imagination is the surest surveyor of investigation. Some laugh and scoff at imagination but believe me it has revealed many a theory.—Daniel Mooney.

Philosophy is more than the principles of human knowledge. It is the records of men's deeds and actions, that has been cast aside and neglected or kept back by the desire of hiding their misdeeds. It is the filling up of what was lost sight of, and the losing sight of these acts and deeds, and the keeping of them back from the sight of mankind has been the curse of the human race.—Daniel Mooney.

At some date which has not been very clearly ascertained during the first century of the existing era, St. John is supposed to have wrote his mystical pageant of the millennium. One of the modern writers who ventured, with a restrained and almost tender irony, to differ with St. John on the ultimate destination of mankind was the late Anatole France, who was exceedingly sceptical about the march forward. Men might be on the march but it was a circular route they were following. They began as a simpleton and they ended after a series of social extravagances, as simpletons once again, they started on a great march to nowhere. France makes the futility of societies progressive evolution the theme of his penguin island, and it has again to be confessed that he has all the historical and political evidence to substantiate his scepticism which St. John didn't have for his apocalypse. The apostle and all his followers possess in man an intelligence and personal unselfishness which will finally save not only the individual but the community. France sees no such universal solvent nor no more do I.—Daniel Mooney.

Man's animal selfishness and primordial cruelty persists through all the succeeding phases of his social life, and are interwoven in the fabric of his social organizations. It is a struggle from savagery to civilization, of the weak against the strong, of the dull against the clever, and the strong and the clever are never strong nor clever enough to give the dull and the weak a square deal, and the social disease engendered thereby finally corrupting the whole body of the state and bring it down crashing to its long predestined doom. It is the unrational dialectical phraseology of construction of men's ideals unable to realize one another's principles that this babel of tongues in demonstration in speech and press has confused the dialects and these dialectical demonstrations which are unrational to my mind, and mixing truth with untruth for selfish ends, will never form a social consolidated fabric base to build a mental human structure for all mankind. Paul with his guile and craft, and with all his grafting in his sects and schisms, and St. John's lunatic dreams in or on the Island of Patmos, could not nor cannot accomplish it, because this being race of mankind has an instinct like all other animals, of self preservation regardless of any other animal. Each one is jealous of the other and they demonstrate acts and deeds to deceive others. Judas Iscariot and the tale of the serpent drags over them all. (Daniel Mooney). Criticism is not the proof behind us in Egypt. Tyre, Carthage

civilizations which endured for ages touched the heights and died. Anatole France looks with delicate sorrow across the ruins of the dead civilizations as he muses on the behaviour of this latest one, which is hardly old enough yet to be called a civilization. How old was Rome before she fell? How old were those semi-fabulous cities of Ahab before their substances evaporated and their splendor became a silver mist in the night of history? Ages old, ages gone, and it is only nine centuries since the Saxon kings reigned at Westminster and the Conqueror had not been born. The race of kinguins may go far forwards into an extraordinary future, but they carry their doom forwards with them, and when the tower rises to the last curve, when the city is packed in the final concentration, when wealth has reached its ultimate control, when freedom, liberty and manhood are empty signs, down comes the edifice, civilization goes back to the goat herd and beekeepers of the hillside, and the whole tortuous grinding of revolution begins all over again. This is not the least like the Apostle's vision, St. John, Anatole France smiles across the interesting intervening years at John's naivete and apostolic optimism. It will not be golden nor four square, nor pure, that new Jerusalem. Towards what Mr. Robinson says science is galloping us all, but let me tell him it is the theologian priestcraft and dogmatic agnostic teachings of superstitions and suppositions of blind faith, without a rational investigation on the part of those who listen to their teaching and this old apostolic priestcraft from Rome both of the Protestant and Romans that is galloping them to the end, regardless of the facts science has proved. This editor says no one will of course accept the conclusions of Anatole France. St. John he says is still assured of a lengthy reign but I believe it will be in the heart and soul of these standstill believers in supposition and prepositions, and with priestcraft the fables of dreams and supposed visions from some unknown world will be worshipped by them far less remembered by them, it is signs and symbols instead of science that Protestants and priestcraft teach, and follow after. This present day is Babylon and it is here with us now whether you call it city or nation, and the dialectic of phraseology which means the extent of varied speech to demonstrate the meaning of one language is still a confusion and a dislike among the people, and even cause a distrust and a pragmatic of suspicion for and against the persons of these different accents, and of which of the accents are the most proper expressions of their speech or language, and thinks themselves better personally because of their difference in accent. No wonder Paul said he caught them by guile, and became almost as one of themselves that he might gain some of them. Like Lloyd George the wizard of Wales.

The criticism is my own opinion of the writers visualization of times and his suppositions of the future state that will exist in this New Jerusalem upon earth or heaven, that is

ever obliterating and a plowing up by the quirks and quacks of a would-be civilization that are dogmatic agnostics coming out from the crawls of hissing snakes and apes of venomousness and hate, bunk tradition is only a reference to the bed we sleep in, and although we may have sleeping dreams, they are never a true record, they are generally confusion and prejudiced man or woman is not a hypocrite but a dangerous and vicious creature, a pretender is an abomination in any act or deed or any shape or form.—D. Mooney.

A confusionist is not a flowery thinker but Confusius the Chinese philosopher was. This man Christ must have been doped by the transfer of nature's fluid, either by Herod's or Pilot's or Caesar's deputies, when he thought he had some supernatural power it was the prelude to imperial kingship and the inventors of inquisitions.—D. Mooney.

A man that is intelligently incapable to instruct his children growing up by his side, is a blot on civilization and the human culture of mankind, no school outside the home of the child's upbringing of any teacher is equal to an educated father's instructions, it is what I call inborn, and to marry a man not educated and cultured is not only a so-called sin but a curse among the generations of mankind, a school education is under authority and dictation but the parent is patient and kind with the heart and soul to improve and preserve their own dear offspring. Parallelism, false reasoning authorized is authority, but to carry out reasonable judgment by some persons are often incapable of doing so, and by this parallelism of false reasoning has deceived many and got into these positions. I am three score and ten years old and I fail to see where Christianity has ever done anything to promote the interests of civilization. These Christian beliefs variate and differ in their forms of worship and honoring this man Christ, that they hate each other and murder one another for position and place, and within the internal part of the nation itself, this Christian religion is political economics and commercialization itself, and no social consolidated structure of civilization can or ever will stand where it is, they carry their prejudice of the different sects of Christ's religion, even into the external trade and commerce of other nations; by giving favors and getting some in return, it used to be industry and trade was commerce that employed the people's mind, but now it is this Christ Jesus religion that is the trade and commerce of this Great Britain and America, its the only means they can use to possess the inheritance of others, with these missionary spies of Christ church in every land is their sure fore-runner to exploit the people of these lands, and prevent the people and proselytize unto death, cursed is the ground for their sakes.—Daniel Mooney.

There is nothing awful but when there is a storm or revolution of cyclones, blizzards and volcanoes, that destroy man and beast then we stand at awe when we see this end approaching, in the records of all great leaders

of men. I find the leaders of them have all been pretenders to believe in some kind of a supernatural power, but the Chinese philosopher who warned us to have nothing to do with those who pretend to have dealings with the supernatural. The wizardom of St. John and Paul and conjuring Moses, not naming many other Jews is detestable to speak of, with their sacred signs, grips and pass words that pass through into a hell of doubts and fears of distrusts and suspicions. We have handed down to us a book called the Bible, from these despotic Jews that their own records prove them to be, scribbled upon leaves of wood bark and stone, by a heathen savage race not long out from the crawls of the hissing ape, and ordained by the laws of this twentieth century for us to believe and obey, and imprisoned in some places if we rebel, without any evidence of this book being true, and it has been revised and construed by all the conjurers and exploiters up to the present day of mankind, and the minister stands up in the pulpit of his church and the uneducated creature at the street corner that does not know the meaning of the name of the street he stands in, and holds up that Bible in his hand, and tells you that book reveals to you the words of a personal living God, and he must know that is an untruth and they know no more about another world or a God of any kind no more than you or me, even Gladstone Disraeli, Balfour and Lloyd George the wizard of Wales, are all detestable to an honest reasoner no matter what his personal desires or principles have been, and after they performed their conjuring, tricks and deceived their own people and other nations, they lay back in their throne of state amidst the applause of those that knew not why, save for their own gain, these men have been handed down to their nation as heirlooms for deceiving nations but they leave their people and their nations downfall behind them, and after all their wizardom that preserved their nation till it reached its topmost notch has and will also fetch them tumbling down below the lowest of nations, because they had not been true to themselves, by being false to other nations. Honesty is the pride of life and when we forget it, it destroys ourselves, all statesmen must learn to know they can't get something for nothing or anything cheap, where honesty is used there is no such thing as cheapness, but these Jews priestcraft till Rome with its inquisitions and those Apostles of this man Christ has caused all the wretchedness on the continents of the earth for to read the Bible and New Testament to be true to myself I must say I'm disgusted with them, I can't for the life of me understand when an educated man reads over or through it ten or twelve times how he can look at it again where there is conjuring, where there is fraud and deception set forth to the children of men by such a lot of heathen savages with sacrifices and offerings of man and beasts some supernatural God they nor we know not of, is more than any reasonable thoughtful man can bear, its no wonder the Christians say

we must be born again to understand or realize these things. I would I never had been born to have read such rot, it would drive a sane man to the mad house and millions it has put there, it is cruel to teach such things to be true, and they never think of the present history that is around us about the acts and deeds of other nations that are not Jews. How prejudiced and bigoted they are, and varied in records they give us in this modern and enlightened age, and only some truths here and there are recorded and to know any people you must know the acts and deeds they perform and no man knows the acts and deeds of the Jews better than me.—Daniel Mooney.

There is no man engaged in production and distribution financially but is conservative, the very principles of investments in productions are for profits and gain, and regardless of justice in the remuneration to the toiler that produces and distributes these productions of his labor, the capitalist is dishonest in the distribution of the remuneration of this productive and distributive wealth, made from his financial investments to the toilers that are always in the majority of the consumers, therefore the capitalist if he does pay the toiler honestly for his labors in these productions and distributions, he dishonestly takes it off him in the purchasing price of these productions he has to purchase for his sustenance, as the financial capitalist is always linked up in the selling of these productions for our sustenance as well as the producing of them to the toilers directly or indirectly and for any man to say the investor will or would consider the toilers' and consumers' just reward, for his labors in this production and distribution before his own interests in consumption prices to the toiler is an assertion not worth criticism. To define socialism in my opinion is coming in contact with a man who bids you good cheer and good day while he is doing you. This is the socialism of all Conservatives and Liberals and a great many of the trades and labor unions' leaders. While there are many of them loyal and true to the cause, but this instinct of their own self ends and interests with no sense of justice to help the weak, nor no knowledge nor wisdom to direct the strong and ignorant and with the varied self desires of this being race for greed and self possession that it is blasphemy to call them human. There is no socialism I can apply but Confucius the Chinese philosopher, and that is riches and honor acquired by injustices are to me but floating clouds, and the man who in view of gain thinks of righteousness, recompense, injury by justice and kindness by kindness, this is my socialism without any Christ's sermon on any mountain, of cursings or blessings, to my mind it is the only true teaching can be given to man or woman, it is not gospel but the honest truth the surest virtue and the greatest morals, it is sweeter than honey and stronger than a lion, and higher in honor than any tower to the so-called Heaven.—August 7th, 1928, 195 James street, Winnipeg,

Man.—Daniel Mooney, born near Banbridge, County Down, Ireland.

This British imperialism and its so-called colonies, their proper names are the dependencies and an Orange Belfast lady, and you know what I mean by the name lady, called these dependencies the British reserves, and she said us men that believe in freedom for our countries died on these reserves, so I'm proud to know they are homes for those that has escaped the persecution of this great imperialism, and these heralded great British imperial subjects that propaganda has proclaimed is the building up of the human race is degenerates no matter how you analyze them. In the month of August, 1928, I sit in the Pacific Railway station and the Canadian Northern to gaze upon their physical forms and watch their gait, and listen to their dialectical speech, and their uncultured acts and expressions, the one towards the other, and their erroneous ideas or opinions of the people and the new country, to populate this country with British degeneracy. It will be the ruination of Canada, and Mr. Bennett, the leader of the Conservative party in Canada, is right, when he says Canada first and Canada last, and he will show no favor to any nationality but freedom to all the physically and mentally strong and willing to work to make an industrious and prosperous country of Canada. In the labor office where there is notices put up on the walls no smoking allowed in English, the British walks in smoking his cigarette or pipe, and even goes up to the clerk at the desk and if he has any authority or position he seems more ignorant than the poor man. I never have seen culture in a Britisher in Canada, even in taking his right hand side of the street, culture is a growth from experience and practice in fact it almost becomes hereditary, there is no instinct about it, it is perception. A Scotchman, the name McKenzie, a so-called professor in college in the United States, said in his lecture there is no difference between a man of culture and a man of instinct, but we have all an instinct, but we have not all culture. It is the preception of observation and practice.—Daniel Mooney, near Banbridge, County Down, Ireland.

The rights of man are the just reward for what services he has done in acts or deeds performed, and equality means an open acceptance to all; but they can not all get the first or second and third prize, in position of place in the race of life. They all run or compete in the race of life, but there are times and chances in the race of life that you must be awake to accept them, and embrace them, and these rights are rewards in justice according to whether they are good or bad deeds or acts done in services performed, this is where ethics won't work, there is always equivalence the scale will not always stand a true balance. All nature evolves and devolves, degenerates, assimilates and regenerates again in some shape or form of substances, and the storms of disease and affliction overthrows our evolution and degenerates us sooner than

we expected, so that our natural balance is scarcely always rightly adjusted physically and mentally. We evolve and devolve through all our grades of existence, and the cyclones and blizzards and avalanches often wreck our ship of life before evolution has reached its crisis and the application of evolution to and in our sustenance springs from necessity to improve our conditions, as we see and feel the necessity of these improvements. Evolution, which is change, grows within us and some of us see and know the necessity of these changes sooner than others, and our lives are too short to keep those on the trail that are still wandering because of the confusion of the propaganda of the capitalist, and the instinct of self existing regardless of the many, is a barrier against the unionization of the many, so that evolution grows in men by necessity and it is an impossibility to get all nations developed at one time, because of the varied languages and conditions and no chance of the different nations seeing these varied conditions for themselves, leaves them in darkness, and by this contention of capital and labor, evolution comes and goes with the wandering and unstable mind.—Daniel Mooney.

You seem to me a lot of loons,
That all around me gather,
To scoff and mock and try baffoon
That man you might here bother,
But here's the wisdom of a coon,
That all of you will smother,
I do not like to claffin a boon,
That here belongs to others,
But just a lesson I presume,
To give you all together.

—Daniel Mooney, County Down, Ireland.

It is amusing to read the ideas of some of these British imperialists, about these step-children of the empire dependency that they call their colonies. To Rhodesia, East Africa and West Africa and the West Indies, and other dependencies she would offer every facility for marketing their produce here in Britain and by making grants to the British shipping companies, to enable them to reduce their freights on British goods carried to these colonies. This delusion looks very nice to an unintelligent and inexperienced commercializing people like the British working classes. He is a Yorkshire Herald delusionist of a would be editor of a newspaper. He seems to not know that the British government give grants to her sugar factories in the shape of bounty fed duties to enable them to compete in the markets of the world with their refined sugar at the expense of the British taxpayer to gain the market, and millionaires made in the capitalists of this industry. It would be the same with the shipping companies to market the British goods at the expense of the British taxpayer. It is simply a case of the British working classes being taxed to get a living, and why did Britain so long exclude Rhodesia, East Africa and West Africa and the West Indies and all these other depend-

encies they never thought of developing that they thought insignificant till now and why did they not develop these colonies and give them the same chance as those she preferred and now condemns? Because they are developing Canada, Australia, South Africa, India, Egypt and Ireland. These have served her long and faithful, but evolution is a growth and all growths grow themselves out, but Ramsay Macdonald doesn't know that and all socialists except myself has been brought up in a book learned school, but, I, Daniel Mooney, in a natural one I learned my evolution in the school of nature, it evolves, devolves from maturity to degeneracy again and as Shakespeare said, there is nothing at a like goodness still. There is no number of us matures alike in knowledge nor no two nations at the one time, and for all nations of the being race to become evolutionized at any given period of time, to agree together on any vital question of the day is like looking for the end of the world that will never come, but there will be an end to some people and the conditions in the world, this evolves and devolves this earth of ours and we are animation of earth, so that the reader will see from that evolution can do nothing permanent, there is no man far less nations or colonies can afford to give benefits to others without doing harm to somebody, and he that giveth something expecting something in return as Cicero says he may be cunning but he is not good. All men as well as nations sells in the dearest markets and buys in the cheapest, and he threatens Canada for dealing with the United States, and South Africa for dealing with Germany is also a great crime, and Mr. Hertzog and De Valera are great rebels, and he always talks about the Irish Free State and preferring Ulsters. Who does he think he is trying to fool? Britain always favored Ulster, she subsidized Campbell's flaxspinning mills because they were friends of the royalty and Barber & Combs foundary, Queen's Island Shipbuilding Yards and Workman & Clarks, and several others in Belfast, all of the taxation of Ireland and when they visited Dublin they burned all these records. They should be ashamed to speak of Ireland. According to the statistics published in Winnipeg Free Press, Ireland purchased more goods from Great Britain than Canada, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa put together, and the only one purchased more from her was India whom they now denounce. Mr. Hertzog and Mr. De Valera are great criminals according to this imperialistic Yorkshire Herald of England, the Calgary Herald, Alberta, Wednesday, August 29th, 1928. But without prejudice I could tell Great Britain that these dependencies existed before she was Great Britain and knew not where they were, and they will exist when the name Great Britain is no more, the idea of a nation like Britain trying to dominate over any civilized people or nation determining to pursue their own destiny, is not civilization but barbarism, all this fear of being attacked by other nations comes from the apes of the dugouts and not from

civilization, Britain is always in fear and fear is the sure forerunner of disaster, because it belongs not to reason. Why because you believe you are doing wrong. Wrong causes suspicion and a dread, that is how great Britain finds herself today, among the nations of the earth. Britain's safeguarding of industry today in either bounty fed duties or any kind of protection from the taxation of the people is the ending of their great British empire. This system of safeguarding by taxing the toiler to pay for it, and co-operation with the masters is the return of feudalism and slavery, then as Mr. France says all the hard grinding of revolution begins all over again, and with those nations that have the varied scenes around them to awaken and quicken the spirit to ignite the energy that is within them to perceive the wisdom, that will lead the other nations in evolution again but the nations isolated and nullified by no varied scenes or communications lies dormant with nothing but slow evolution, and nothing in the shape of revolution to awaken the senses within them. One nation shall rise, another shall fall, one shall succeed and another fail, time and chance happeneth to them all, evolving, devolving, evolution, devolution, generating, degenerating, assimilation is the process of all nature, it is the course all nature pursues and no book learned school can replace it.—Daniel Mooney.

Oh Liberty float not forever on the far horizon, remain not forever on the dreams of the enthusiast, the philanthropist, and poet, but come and make your home among the children of men.—Robert Ingersol.

There is no man can be convinced of the theory of evolution but experienced men, and he must know by experience the whole course of procedure, nature takes. The book learned skill in colleges will not convince him without seeing and feeling for himself.—Daniel Mooney.

Revolution is a necessary attachment to evolution. It is a kind of hereditary pregeneracy in and through nature, it comes in lumps and jumps at different periods of time and places, and it comes in these forms of the being race, such as rebellions, wars, pestilence, plagues and cyclones, blizzards of wind, frost, snow and rain, and it is in all the animal races, and all animated and nullified matter. It is necessary in cyclones, blizzards and storms of wind and rain, and all other revolutionary action, to wash away all the corrupted filiation of evolution processes. It is one of nature's fundamental laws that cannot be tampered with nor prevented, and any man that don't know these things, is ignorant of the science of natural laws, and Protestantism believed in evolution when it came out from Rome, but now it stands divested of its exclusive control of its code of practical truth seeking. The rule of reason which it fathered and championed having long since escaped the parental roof now returned only to assail and beleaguer the intellectualism, the metal it uncovered and out of which it fashioned its implements of conquest now has been forged

into weapons, that are effectually turned against itself. Science, which Protestantism nurtured directly or indirectly, is now increasing power of its own, and stands now upon its own firm feet and armed with a steady increasing power of its own, vigorously assails attempts of the Protestant establishment to regain its original control. As you will see time after time, both the Roman Catholics and Protestants has been claiming alliance to the scientific men, and that science is in conformity with their religion and supernatural things, they are unscientific assertions to make such statements, because all scientific men believes in the evolution of all natural things, without any interference of any supernatural power. Them that contrasts supernaturalism with material evolution knows nothing about the evolution of evolving and devolving animated or nullified matter, they are no friend of research in the investigation of material things for the benefit of all mankind. Evolution and devolution and revolution are all natural laws processes with no analogy to any kind of religion or supernaturalism whatever. Any man who makes comparisons with nature and beliefs about supernatural things has no knowledge of what the nature of science means, he is a pretender groping his way and has no answer to give any man when he is asked a question about natural laws, but an insulting answer you are a blasphemer. These kind of Christians are all enemies of those who want to spread the light of human knowledge, and every scientist who does not express his beliefs about a supernatural power is taken for granted by the Christians that he holds their belief, while he only reserves his opinion upon those things that he may consolidate and not excite the minds of those ignorant and unenlightened people about those things. He is spreading the light in rays before the great illumination comes, he loves social order in the producing of his ideals, he scorns not at the deformity of their unreasonableness but treats them as children coming forth to the light.—Daniel Mooney, Dagmar street, Winnipeg, Man.

Them who believe in supernaturalism are no material scientists, they are supposed to be foreordained creatures that need no investigation, they are all clairvoyants knowing what is to be, waiting until it comes to them. these are worse than the Caldean stargazers, all these are naked farces to the gaze of the human eye, and mind. Its away from the laws of nature, the emotional barrenness of Protestantism has already been alluded to, so long however as control was retained of the formulas of practical truth seeking, and the methods of progress and prosperity, this barrenness was little noticed and made small difference, but now that these have passed almost entirely into other hands, Protestantism's emotional emptiness is become a glaring thing, and the cause of this emptiness in emotional Protestantism is the decampment to capitalism and that is Romanism's authority and power, where Protestantism comes from and through this capitalism Britain

would have consented to Mussolinism only she was afraid of another reformation. Her church prayer book in her parliament showed that, here now since science is on a sure and sound footing, the Church of Rome is calling out to all Christendom to join with them to run down all these infidels of material scientific men and opinion. Rome was and is authority and power and what is capitalism but Rome, creeds and dogmas is the realization of this Roman imperial worship, capitalism of authority and power they plan the sciences of exploitations of and for the commercialization of the bodies and souls of men and women, and the capitalist knows how and when to give the vote to these poor slaves of men and women, there is not one quarter of the slave population knows how to vote for their own good and interests, nor who to vote for that won't deceive them. When they get into power in parliament and harnessed with authority to make the laws for them it is then they deceive them, because they are not perceptive nor educated politically, economically nor commercially to vote, they are unconscious slaves and they are blindly lead by the ministers and priest education to look up to the so-called heavens and pray to some unknown god for fear they would know how to vote on election day, and their masters buys them with bribes and gets their managers and foremen to proselytize them at election times, and even gets the storekeepers to canvass and proselytize them at election time of whom they buy their goods to sustain their bodies, but worse of all at election is the deception of those whom they elected to represent them, they get the ignorant creatures that have no discernments nor preception to vote for men that are paid to deceive them, such as Ramsay McDonald, Mrs. Astor and Liberals and offspring of vicious Tories to presume and assume to represent the labor slave in parliament, with Cleanse, Henderson and Thomas. What a hurricane of persecution is coming over the poor slaves, this is the curse of the working class, when they get into parliament then turn round and deceive the poor hopeful and trustful creatures that put them there with good faith, they are dupes and henchmen of the capitalist class, pretending to be the friend of the toiler and the slave, in this religion one must not overlook the influence of the Puritans that were the early controllers of Protestantism, at least in America. Came into the hands of the Puritans who laid such emphasis on ethics, the Puritans were incapable of anything like true religious feelings, and accordingly made sermonizing and rules of conduct, later rigorously enforced, paramount, accounts that one reads of the Puritans' churches and of the ceremonies that went on inside them, give only the impression that the churches themselves were not unlike so many jails, and the services conducted inside them hardly more conducive to the inward beauty and serenity on which voluntary worship feeds, than a modern murder trial, the decline of Protestantism.

"Of ignorant propaganda that I term noise to feelings, as well as the noise in material progress to brain and mind in industry. I use the word ignorance, as I know of no other that quite accounts for that baffling indifference to harmful noise that's so characteristic of the generality of people who are not called upon to think, such people are usually careful in conserving their eyesight, but do not seem to worry when their other pre-eminent intellectual sense (hearing) is all affected by noises they dislike. It has ever been so, but he who understands the working of the aural organ, the most wonderful and most exquisite piece of mechanism in the human body, is ever careful to protect this gateway to the mind and conscious of all our realizations through which our feelings are exalted or tortured, the complacent toleration of distracting noises to which I have referred is due to the fact that sound always in ear is hardly heard, as it is a law of nervous stimulation that a continued activity of any animal structure results in less and less psychic results, and when a stimulus is always at work it ceases in time to have any appreciable effect thus a constant noise as of some kind of traffic, may cease to produce any conscious sensation and this explains why harmful noise may be mistaken for silence, an illusion that is far to prevalent, hence the danger to public health as although noise may not be heard the nerve force suffers the power of the nerve pores, and corpuscles being affected by the stimulations until it declines from exhaustion thus does physiology explain the paradox, but at the same time points out the fallacy of supposing that noise can be harmless because we get accustomed to it, or that our nerves are adapting themselves to the multitude of strains imposed upon them, strangely enough there is a remarkable similarity in the insidiousness of the action of noise on the nervous system and of that of vitiated on all the organic functions, for as is well known, when we enter a vitiated atmosphere our breathing becomes laborious and we may become slightly faint. The consequence of this is a depression of all the organic functions for as is well known then the breathing is easy again because we no longer require so much oxygen and we no longer produce so much carbonic acid from our lungs and skin. It is a strong fact that many professional men in writing on the subject of noise, tactily assume that traffic and industrial noises cannot be abated and suggest that this being so we ought to learn to enjoy them, this common fallacy cannot be too emphatically denounced, as such statements display a lamentable amount of ignorance as to the pathological powers of the modern engineer, it is also a medical and surgical untruth, its the capitalist's plea and idea to proclaim such propaganda he always throws dust in the people's face to blind their eyes. When the scientist has found out a true fact and is going to invent some new things, that will be the means of making the capitalist shift his investments to some place he is not very sure

about its safety, as changes sometimes don't agree with their principles and evolution has its changes and sometimes a little revolution between to consolidate the erratic and confused mind. After a storm there comes a peaceable calm that gives time for rational meditational thoughts, this is advanced human knowledge. Daniel Mooney.

Then they proclaim in their pulpits and halls and colleges the dangers of these scientific men's inventions, but when they can profit by it they grasp it quick and then tell the preacher to keep quiet, he has got his machines and capital transferred. I remind you that none of these capitalists are in any way ignorant but they are grossly greedy, laying up for children's children yet unborn, while millions starve with hunger and cold, but let me tell them the (scientist) is young and strong and it will not be long till he stops the noise of the motor cycle, the motor car and flying machine, and he will even go so far as to stop the noise and propaganda of the Jews and Christian churches and confiscate them to where they came from, and so-called professors of all kinds of theories in colleges paid of the taxation of the people, aided by the newspapermen to fool the poor toiler, and help to confiscate his flesh and blood, where their treasure is, there will their hearts be also, the three quarters of any country's population is not educated in politics, economics and the arts of commercializing in the transfer and trans-shipping of their necessities of life, how can they be able and capable of using their brains at election times, not knowing the meaning of tariff duties of the export and imports of their goods how it will affect them, when perhaps they vote for a man or woman who knows very little more than themselves, why such people know not when they are proselytized for their vote at election time, for any person to use his vote, he must be educated to do so, and for to use this in human knowledge one in a thousand have I found, variated tariffs and duties in variated countries and variated languages and variated conditions to compete in or against in this country is a theory for a philosopher far less the toiling slave. and when they get into parliament they all do what they think suits themselves best, and they give the slave a vote like a toy for a child to play with, they know he is harmless vote or no vote, and with this self preservation leave no posing for the few far less the many, the strong in physique and in mentality are now and has been the survival of the fittest, and even after a wild revolution they go back to the hillside and the dug-out, and appoint their conjuring chiefs of clans and the greatest exploiters are appointed heads of tribes to be worshipped by barbarians again, and to think of emancipating the being race at one and the same time is a fool's dream, with us in natural change all the time, one nation of people will be going back to darkness and another coming to the light, all things are given to change and this is cause and effect, world without beginning and world without end, is the reasonable theory, all is

natural laws dead or alive, we are in nature, but let us not fall below civilization in being kind to one another, and let us be honest, just and true in all our dealings with one another, this is the belief and philosophy of D. Mooney.

Now these are all false assertions for to make, for to say that Lancashire part of their machinery is sold to competitors at scrap iron prices, while it is true that more than one-third of their machinery is lying idle, but there are a great lot of the best of it transferred to India, China and Egypt, by these same capitalists of Lancashire for their factories in the East, for cheaper labor and cheaper raw material at their hand, it saves them all the shipping expense and trans-shipping expense, both in procuring their raw material and the expense of shipping back to the East, their manufactured finished goods, this means all profit to them, and they know they can't have factories working in Britain for goods they can produce in India, China and Egypt, cheaper and with double the profit to themselves. Therefore they are nearer the Eastern markets and the South Eastern markets of Europe to supply these markets, Lancashire did supply, therefore she saves the freights of shipping of these goods both of raw material and manufactured goods, and she procures the raw material of these goods cheaper where she manufactures them, this is the science of British economics and commercializing, transferring her capital to other countries and making her own people believe at home the foreigner beat her out of the markets of the world, for her trade in Lancashire and Yorkshire at the same time she had transferred all she could to the East for cheap labor and raw material; Canada couldn't get her to invest money in Canada, the cotton and jute trade was paying her better in the East and while she was doing all this she made the ignorant Britisher believe the foreigner had done her out of the trade since the war and while living on the slave labor in the East she wants a place to dump down her unemployed in some of her dependencies, to reduce the living of the colonial slave. This is the scientific economically system of the British capitalist, they have lost no trade but they have transferred it from one part to another of her so-called empire, this counts for the standing still of the cotton mills of Lancashire, the woollen and silk mills of Yorkshire, and jute mills of Dundee, its the transfer of capital and machinery for production to these countries, and the toilers labor leaders are paid to blind the eyes of the workers, this may be thought absurd of me by the workers that are blindly lead, but I was and am the friend of the toiler, and never thought of self interest while I was so, but it is the philosophy of me. D. Mooney, 123 Dagmar street, Winnipeg, Man., October, 1928.

These generalizations may claim to have held the field since the organized state emerged from tribal conditions, and ordered government, in some form became possible. As constitutions came to be evolved, affecting to regularize the machinery of government, they

appeared to assume more actuality the duties of the statesman, where he could be found, seemed to have become defined and his powers in dealing with national affairs to be increased, orderly progress depended upon him he could analyze the strength of the forces which were swaying the destinies of nations, and he might prove capable of directing them to the common good and of controlling those which he recognized to be productive of evil. History abounds in shining examples of governments under which nations enjoyed orderly progress and prosperity but also supplies appalling instances of failure, disorder and ruin. We ascribe these sharply contrasted periods to the genius and virtues or the ignorance, incapacity and wickedness of individuals and on the whole this judgment is not unjust, the assimilation and inbreeding of our species, as a whole, never has been considered nor taught by a genuine honorable balanced mind or brain, to make the race compromise how to develop the whole human structure of all mankind. The self ideas and prejudices for position and place and power of authority has and still will create struggle, and instead of illuminating the race with light to know how to proceed in life, they are with sectional confusion of propaganda, deluding and derailling the whole human trail of emancipation from the development of the brain power to the knowledge and wisdom of how to express and infuse from the brain, as it were the steam condensed through and in the blood from our germatic system, this is what the supernatural and Christians call soul, the ignorant men and women are powerless, and they are kept ignorant to make them powerless, laws indeed are merely the crystalization of custom, or the social expression of a collective need or a means by which society as politically organized can attain a practical end, if this is so, and so long as this is so, the law continues and deserves to exist, if this is not so, or ceases to be, the law loses its function and should fall out of use, in the mean the Greek mind was too intellectual and rationalistic for what the Germans call schwaymercie, what we call gush if it does not happen to meet our approval, to the Greeks emotionalism of this sort was associated with the unrestrained passions of the barbarian oriental. The keynote of great literature as of Greek ethics, is of self-restraint but in this self restraint it becomes hardened into a stoicism which at times passes into insensibility and brutality, the Italian is more emotional a fact, which is the salvation of Latin literature, it is giving to change of observation and feeling, which is rationalism, the mind don't get stagnated, but works without restraining the germatic action of our blood, which the Jews and Scotch do, and owing to that restraining with no emotional variations to guide and direct it, it breaks out at times with uncontrollable savage and brutal actions, and those that hide and conceal thoughts of evil design, are liable to mental derangement, and deeds, of vicious accomplishments, the very nature of steam when it is too high and

cannot escape, bursts its chambers, is sufficient for us to evaporate and express.—Daniel Mooney.

An education for those that take part in the making of our laws is one of the essential problems for our constitution to take hold of and should be brought under the notice of producing and commercializing educated men, an impartial tribunal should be appointed to examine and decide if they were thoroughly endowed with all the arts of production and distribution, and in knowing the meaning of tariffs and taxation, and to understand how they affect the interests of all the nation, and to know the time and where and when to make the changes in these tariffs, and duties of taxation, that affect the people most, and to understand the economical means and ways of making sanitary improvements for the health of the people. These are the most needful at the present time instead of putting men into parliament sitting with their mouths open, waiting till the division bell rings, and then lead by a party clique for self interest with no consideration for the welfare of the whole people of the nation, this is the problem to be solved and always trying to compose and consolidate the unity of the people as one family for the nation's good and well being, these are the qualities required of the man to make the laws for the welfare of any nation, these is the kind of statesmen the nation need.—Daniel Mooney.

And there should be night schools to teach the masses of the people in the knowledge of these politics and economy in production and distribution, and a real sense of how to commercialize their necessities for their own benefit for all commerce is necessary, all these means and ways should be taught the people for to be able to know how for to vote on election times, and teach them to have perception of every member they are going to vote for, what his parents and grandparents were, if they were mentally, physically strong and sane and whether they were moral and separated from exploitation and crime, and if they were honest and prosperous and succeeded in life, and if they were human and kind, and where he was educated and what kind of an education he got, and what his principles were and are, and what his occupation was, these things with his religion or realizations the electors should know before they vote for him, this is the wisdom of learning, but the ignorant pass it by, and with capitalists propaganda in controversy confusion, it is no easy matter to educate the working classes to be astute politicians, because the working man knows nothing about parliamentary affairs, they know nothing about how one class interests affects another class interest, and a great many get into parliament to learn parliament affairs instead of being able to demonstrate the rights and wrongs of the people, and the majority of the people take no time to think, and a great many of them is lead by incapable thinking men. They tell us about what we got in knowledge from the Hebrew philosopher, a few of them got a

little knowledge from the Arabs and Philistines that chastened them and made them more perceptive in their future proceedings, the Jew's knowledge is in communionism, they get 'all together in cities and towns and get placed in the public thoroughfares in the cheapest buildings, where they will draw the attention of the unwary passers by, into their jungle jumble stores of all kinds of junk of exploitation, this is the knowledge of the Hebrew but they are like all other races that have no scientific knowledge, they fall out of the race of gamble, when no one runs the risk of gambling with them he produces no material and I am a materialist.

The knowledge of the Jews never give us anything, they never produced any material things, scientifically, commercialization is the gambling part of life, and the Jews know that graft, all the knowledge the Jews ever give us was a sophisticating lot of proverbs of ecclesiastics that proves nothing but what we knew, but conjuring schemes of deception but the Greeks give us philosophy, which is the culture and refinement of human knowledge. The Romans give us laws of morality to direct and guide our social lives, but our law directors have made bad use of them. Titan enlightened us with his painted scrolls upon the walls to the admiration of our eyes and minds. Angelo gave us sculptured statues of stone and marble that resembles our own shapes and forms, that we might admire our own bodies and improve them and they also satisfied those with unvariated observations that had no experience of analogy to compare with them but with all this great panorama before us, I believe we are in the midst of the greatest civilization the world has ever known in any one given period of time with all our scientific arts of design and invention and engineering, construction has given man and beast more ease and pleasure than all the satisfaction derived from the discoveries of the archaeologists and biologists that have uncovered from the ruins of all previous modern times, we are evolving to greater and higher things, but for any one nation to advance forwards only requires unity of action, to educate them in the knowledge of production and distribution of all their material sustenance, this is science and necessity is the mother of invention from which art and science all spring, a spiritual education will advance us nothing in material things, we had as the legend says. Jews like Saint Peter legislating in Rome for heathen gentiles, and also we had Jew premiers in Italy and Great Britain and other countries legislating for the heathen Christian gentiles, and now we have a Roman Catholic Irishman legislating for the Jews in the State of New York, Al. Smith, and now trying to get elected as president for the United States of America, to legislate for the Jews and Christian heathen gentiles both. You will notice that the Jews are all financiers and the Irish are all politicians, this accounts for them being so great deceivers of the people, the Presbyterians and their church has a great emphasis of faith, hope and charity.

and the greatest of these three is charity. They say faith is the substance of the things not seen, the evidence of things to come, and they say charity suffereth long, it is kind, it is true. If I be permitted to give my opinion I will express it, and that is I can see no substance in faith which is a simple belief apart from the one holds that belief, and hope as you all know is as collapsible as a dump wagon and charity does suffer long, because it has a restraint that withholds it from extending its charity, and it is true when its kindness reacheth the sufferer, the sufferer is dying, then it rushes to him and incumbers him with help when he is dying. Men without experience hold to many dogmatic beliefs. I was one time in the same position myself but when experience in investigation has proved a fact, we soon throw away these dogmatic thoughts that make us look so much deformed.—D. Mooney.

As to the word or phrase ignorance, I look upon it from a natural point of view, not from a scholastic one, e.g.: is the cessation of thought or the stagnation to think, reasonably in investigation about things that took place around them in acts or deeds they perform, a naturalist doesn't use it in any sense as an insult to such ignorant persons, he uses it in a sense of instruction for him to understand the knowledge and wisdom in reasoning to find out right from wrong, and what really is a true fact, instead of being an insulting phrase when used right, it is a cultured phrase that awakens a sympathy within them, for that kind of knowledge that is a human cultured one, too many laugh and scorn at this word ignorance, and refers to persons as such without a natural human sense of feelings towards such people, and how many of us ignore this sense of ignorances, for the sake of position and place and for our greed and gain, there is, I think, nothing so much hurts the feelings of human man or woman than to say to them abruptly, you are an ignorant creature. While these same people they refer to are as sensible as themselves as to what ignorance means, I must say education without culture is a myth, all the phrases ever used by education without a cultured mind and brain, to use it in demonstration to show the beauty of natural humanity is no education. This culture shows respect and honor to the wisdom of justices of a good government of and for the people, this is a natural education based on the knowledge of evolution and change, and effect which cause men at times to change their opinion which is not ignorance but the experience of time develops all man's ideas and ideals in mind and brain and all things. It is then they say he is not consistent and becomes stubborn to their modes of conduct, and because of this experience he has changed his mind to pursue other methods of procedure through and in life. Then to their minds he is ignorant and inconsistent, the Romans forced their modes of conduct till the people got sick and cast them off. Protestantism so permeating and tenacious was the influence of the Puritans upon Protestantism. The mor-

ality code which they fastened to it was accepted as one of its essentials wherever it was enforced, persisting frequently at the cost of true religion, this subordination of everything else to rules of conduct is unmistakable, the original source whence directs the present attempt of Protestantism in America, so to control the civil governments that there may be forced upon every man a code of moral conduct which finds sanction neither in Christ nor the Bible, nor yet in the tenets of any true religion that ever existed, the enactment of the prohibition law, and the attempts equally high handed as futile to enforce it, are at once proofs positive that a code of moral conduct, obedience may only at best be exacted by penalty prescribed and administered by civil authority, is all that remains of Protestantism, obedience to codes of morals and formulas fetched Rome crumbling to the ground, and now it is bringing its reformers crash to our feet, with its codes and conduct and morals, always interfering with the civil governments for more power to enforce their codes of moral conduct for the people, till the people get sick of it, then down they come, Well may Emerson have said consistency is the virtue of cowardice, which means afraid to change your opinion.—Daniel Mooney, Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, October 15th, 1928, 123 Dagmar street, Winnipeg, Canada.

Now as to education in this land of my adoption, Canada. It is far too expensive. In my humble opinion there should be but one system of education to suit the whole people, and that should be a system of public national schools—regardless of sects or sobisms of any religion and no Bible or Testament or any dogmas of creeds to be taught or spoken of in it; all religious teaching should be done in the church and all church property should be taxed to help to support the public national unsectarian schools, and all appliances for the teaching of both day and night schools should be free, and the boys taught in rooms by themselves where it is possible, and the girls by themselves the same, and they should all be taught and compelled to learn the language of their own adopted country no matter where they come from, for the morality, harmony and unity of love and honor of their own country. Roman Catholics and Protestants and all other sects should be taught together in these public national schools, that will be the means of putting away fear and dread of suspicion or enmity in after years when they are young men and women. All bigotry should be kept down amongst the boys and girls and these sectarian schools are giving no satisfactory returns in remunerations for their services, and there are too many sectarian schools that are not required because they are not enough of that sect to occupy them, where if sects were not recognized the school would be filled or else it would not be required in that place, and dividing the taxation and collecting it separately increases the taxation of the people, it is not necessary, and all the col-

leges of research in physical matter both of men and beasts should be open to all and free, and all science of arts of design of construction should be open to all young men and women, and the mineral science of investigation of compounding and dissolving, finding out the value of these compounds for men and beasts and how to utilize their ingredients for the benefit of all. There are too few scientific professors of intellectualism, and too many would-be professors. I desire to see a new dawn, but I can not see the use of taxing a people for teaching a language that is not nor will not be of any use to them, what use is there in teaching the French language in Canada, as a compulsory language when it is not the language of the country. It is only a pride in it. It is no benefit to them and if anything it is only a handicap to them and against them when it is not the predominating language of their adopted country, and too listen to them speaking it where they are not understood and where they have to make the best of life amongst a people, don't understand them to say the least of it, they are a silly lot of people. We have another example of them in the Highlands of Scotland, when they come down to the Lowlands, the people there don't understand them and their language is no good to them because they must migrate to where another tongue is spoken, then we have Ireland speaking and teaching a language of its own and they know they will have to emigrate to the English language in the most of places they go to. Then when they go they are taken advantage of because like the French, they don't understand the very language they should have learned. That is the position of the French in Canada today. Not learning the language will be the most beneficial to you through life.

I reckon now my book is written,
O'er twenty years, without a pittance,
From any man, or aught admittance
To associate its claim.
It's Mooney Burns at every turn,
That worked and thought with strain
To overcome the work he done
Without assistance-claim;
To participate or assimilate
One word or thought to gain;
I now will sign within this rhyme
My inference plain,
This book is mine,
In thought and mind,
I saw and filed the same,
With heart and soul,
I now enroll,
Success to every swain,
That reads with pride,
These visions tried,
By Mooney Burns' brain.

—Daniel Mooney.

Although I'm gone,
I'll still live on,
In thoughts and words the same,
Although with pride
They may deride

My humble peasant's name;
 My work will show
 A shining glow,
 That cannot be disdained,
 To illuminate
 Both man and state,
 In wisdom's path to reign;
 I now resign
 An leave behind
 To you, all I have gained,
 The end does come
 To everyone, I now must disappear.
 —Daniel Mooney.

Thursday, January 3rd, 1929, the Western Jewish News, Page 6, Canada. A Jewish Rabbi lecturing to the Jews, about Moses and an Egyptian taskmaster. He said he went out to his brethren and mingled with them and enhanced their deplorable condition. He said instead of concealing his identity in the cloak of a princehood, he asserted himself in behalf of his brethren to the extent of assassinating an Egyptian taskmaster who was brutally attacking a fellow Hebrew. This act he told them he thought unbecoming an Ish Eliahun. A saintly man nevertheless proved his sincerity and eagerness to intercede and protect his brethren in distress, so you will see the Jew believes in the sincerity and eagerness for to kill those who oppress them.

In this twentieth century they are a long time getting away from this old Bible stuff of killing and exploiting those who differ from them. Now let us see who this saintly man Moses was. He says he didn't cloak his princehood. I presume Pharaoh's daughter was a princess and this Moses was her son. As she was watching him where she put him among the bulrushes to see who would pick him up and to make herself known to these Egyptian Jews, to get a nurse for him. These are all nice, fairy tales of these Jews' Bible, and what else was this Pharaoh but an Egyptian Jew. How would the masters of the laborers today like if some Moses would murder one of their taskmasters for brutally maltreating their workmen. You would be seeking the justices of the law courts. This Moses was a law maker, and this act lets us see what the law makers have done and would do. But not always in sincerity and eagerness for the love of the laborer to deliver him from being hard oppressed. It seems to me these Jews are too long of getting away from these dark ages of Bible ridden Judaism. The teachings of the exploitations of the Jews, the crimes and murders they have committed to one another and their so-called enemies is too black to record in this civilized age, far less to have it taught to innocent people and children in the public schools, for honor and purity of character, there is none of it in that book. It is heathenism and barbarism and by this heathen barbarism of Moses from the bulrushes has demoralized the Christian race, and the old fusty translations of this Jewish so-called Bible, gathered up from Jewish priestcraft, is still camouflaging the unthinking people, and there are millions of

them. They are still wandering in their hearts desires, for the sheep he says though under the constant eye of the shepherd were allowed the liberties of wandering and roaming unmolested in the open spaces of God's world, while his brethren were in bondage.

But the Jew is never in bondage only where he cannot succeed, but these Jews must be taught to know that the sheep of any fold cannot roam at will over all open spaces, for there is many sheep and many flocks and the shepherds will be guided and directed by the constitutions constituted by the people, and for the people, and this world or earth is inhabited with many flocks and they are not all Jews.

And although these rabbis' flocks are in the habit of wandering over all God's world, there is their brothers landmark, that no kind of an Egyptian Jew will get leave to wander over at will. These rabbis are wonderful demonstrators. One of them in the city of Belfast was telling the people there that the Jews were the chieftains of England and the North of Ireland, but I could tell him there is a good lot of them in the Southeast of Ireland as well, and more to be dreaded there than the Hebrew from Palestine. This is the very reason I call them the English and the Scotch, British Jew in my book. It looks very nice on paper print, but the Irish people must come to know that these Jewish British chieftains of the north and southeast of Ireland are the offspring of Cromwell's marauders that has and is exploiting the people of both the north and southeast of Ireland. They did and has surrounded their villages and towns of Ireland and took possession of both their lands and properties from them and taxed them to support them, these are the British Jewish landlords, chieftains in Ireland and out of it that is fleecing the poor Irish peasants to pay them five million pounds a year to enable the Ulster Jewish chieftain Orangeman to manufacture their products and peddle them over their so-called Free State again, and sell them at the grand sum total of six million pounds a year, added to the five million pounds to buy out these Jewish chieftains which could never be until they exterminate them from their country.

This is eleven millions a year to strengthen the British garrison, and reinstate these British Jewish chiefs all over Ireland again in all manufactures of industry but none for the so-called Free State. This is Cosgrave selling Ireland for position and place and a ghost of a Free State instead of a republic, for the poor Irish to get leave to exist in their native land. Cosgrave an Irish Saxon a Roman Catholic sold the country at its boundary by letting in the Orange British Jews production into the so-called Free State, paying the Orange working man and woman for goods they could have purchased cheaper in Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool and London, and start their own factories in their so-called Free State, free from the productions of the Orange bandits and exploiters, these are Jewish chieftains I would rather see back in Egypt again

amongst the Pharaohs, they have surrounded too many countries, cities and towns in my own time, they are a lot of brigand chieftains, I do not want to come in contact with, these chieftains, are what I call the hole and corner, economically commercializing undermining the political governmental systems of the country and they are indirectly and directly in opposition to all public government in the world.—Daniel Mooney.

On February 24th, 1929, I was at a debate in the Walker theatre, Winnipeg, Man., on "Fundamentalism and Rationalism." Mr. Sturk and Mr. Gauvin. Mr. Sturk said Mr. Gauvin reminded him of being in the country watching them, threshing, looking at a man pitching in sheaves and the straw coming out at the other end. By him reading these scientific books and demonstrating them out of his mouth to the people. This he thought great for a comic exposition for the silly ones to laugh at, but when it came to the rationalism the people seen that Mr. Gauvin by reading these works and reasoning with them in his mind, which was the threshing machine separating the grain from the straw which Mr. Sturk couldn't see, that this was the seed of knowledge pure and refined from his brain, that would take root in their hearts and minds that would spring forth in due season, and feed the children of men with knowledge and wisdom, which is the provider of the bread of life. Mr. Sturk was blind and couldn't see the grain coming out from the spout of the separator. He could see nothing but straw, he was consciously blind to the reasoning in the man's mind when he was separating the straw and the chaff from the pure words of knowledge. He was that ignorant he could not see the seed and grain, the bread of life, in his own supernatural fundamentalism coming through the spout of his mouth, which was separated for the good of all mankind. Time develops all things, their energy will awaken. The book they call the Bible is old mythology and revised supposition of Jewish priestcraft, clear your minds and brains and investigate nature itself as learned men's opinions and writings about the life of nature, analyze well before you form your opinion then write it and demonstrate it, that the light may be spread abroad to illuminate the minds of men, and awaken their intellects to a sense of knowledge, where is the use of rabbis and clergymen trying to make us believe that every word in that Bible is fundamentally true and infallible. They know nothing about the natural laws of the universe, its evolving and devolving, our matter fluid that moulds the form of the babe in the womb, evolves and changes several times in the womb, before man is shaped and formed a complete figure of mankind. Let us take the frog in the tadpool and watch his evolution, as I have done when nine years old. You see the spawn spread out in the water with little black dots all over or in it, in a certain time they evolve to a larger size and comes out from the spawn and evolve with round body and tail, in what we call a little form

and swims and feeds around the spawn, in time they lose the tail, and with exposure to sun and climate he evolves the arms and legs and the hands and feet, and changes from black beetles to a yellow frog in color, he is a good swimmer, then, this evolution is the natural process of all living matter, conscious or unconscious and in time we devolve just as we evolved to other shapes and forms of matter, conscious or unconscious, on or in the earth or planet, and we assume and have every right to assume that all other matter planets under similar climatical conditions evolves and devolves just the same within this universal system, and let me tell you right here that no Christian beliefs nor Christian farcical science of any kind has anything to do with man's investigations and discoveries of this evolution or these theories I have illustrated here.—Daniel Mooney.

It is just as Robert Ingersoll said, one man has got a bushel of brains and others a handful, and all the schools that man can invent will never awaken somnolent or unconscious matter brains to a sense of intellectual perception of things in general, and even in my time the preconceiver is confused by interludes of construction for deception's sake, and a man unstable will fall and degenerate because of illusions and delusions in this time of life. It is strange but it is also true. I have seen men who could not write their own name and yet by their travels over the earth and seas, by this experience of and through their environments in and through life, I could get more true sound facts from them than the greatest professors in some of their so-called colleges, that had not the experience of travel and investigation for themselves, a book learned school education without experiences is only a pilot trying to travel over an unknown sea, without the knowledge of the grounds and the position of things there is no possibility of us not being deceived.

The day will come when we shall no longer talk about God idly, nay, when we shall talk about Him as little as possible. We shall cease to set him forth dogmatically to dispute about his nature. We shall put compulsion on no one to pray to him. We shall leave the whole business of worship within the sanctuary of each man's conscience and this will happen when we are really religious. The style of Macauley's in the essay on Milton, is a religion indeed, that we know so well. A style to dazzle, to gain admirers everywhere, to attract imitators in multitude. A style brilliant, metallic, exterior, making strong points, alternating invective with eulogy, wrapping in a robe of rhetoric the thing it represents, not with the soft play of life falling and rendering the things very form and pressure, for indeed, in rendering things in this fashion, Macauley's gift did not lie. Arnold Macauley was a writer, but he wanted the knowledge of what Hale said he comprised it all in two words, what and wherefore, that part of his burden which contains what he willingly took up, but that other which comprehends why, that is either too hot or

heavy for him. He dare not meddle with it, but I must add that also to his burden, or else I must leave him as an idle person, for without the knowledge of why, of the grounds or reasons of things there is no possibility of him not being deceived, how countless are the deceived and the deceiving from this cause and the fanatics of the what, the neglecters of the why, are not unfrequently men of genius.—D. Mooney.

At this stage, rhetoric, even when it is so good as Macaulay's dissatisfied, and the number of people who have reached this stage of mental growth is constantly as things now are, increasing, increasing by the very same law of progress which plants the beginnings of mental life in more and more persons who, until now, have never known mental life at all, so that while the number of those who are delighted with rhetoric, such as Macaulay's is always increasing, the number of those who are dissatisfied with it is always increasing too. Human progress consists in a continual increase in the number of those who ceasing to live by the animal life alone and to feel the pleasures of sense only, come to participate in the intellectual life also, and to find enjoyment in the things of the mind, the enjoyment is not at first very discriminating, rhetoric, brilliant writing, gives to such persons pleasure for its own sake, but it gives them pleasure still more when it is employed in commendation of a view of life which is on the whole theirs, and of men and causes with which they are naturally in sympathy, the immense popularity of Macaulay's is due to his being pre-eminently fitted to give pleasure to all who are beginning to feel enjoyment in the things of the mind, it is said that the traveller in Australia, visiting one settler's hut after another, finds again and again that the settlers third book, after the Bible and Shakespeare, is some work by Macaulay, nothing can be more natural, the Bible and Shakespeare may be said to be imposed upon an Englishman as objects of his admiration, but as soon as the common Englishman desiring culture begins to choose for himself, he chooses Macaulay. Macaulay's view of things on the whole, is the view of them which he feels to be his own also, the persons and the causes praised are those which he himself is disposed to admire, the persons and cause blamed are those with which he himself is out of sympathy, and the rhetoric employed to praise or to blame them is animating and excellent. Macaulay is thus a great civilizer, but I think as well a deluder from investigating.—D. Mooney.

Arnold says, in hundreds of men he hits their nascent taste for the things of the mind, possesses himself of it and stimulates it, draws it powerfully forth and confirms it, at this stage, rhetoric even when it is so good as Macaulay's dissatisfies.

When we are threatened with a standstill in our progress, it is because we are trying to live on with a social organization of which the day is over. Certainly equality will never of itself alone give us a perfect civilization, but

with such an inequality as ours, a perfect civilization is impossible, that where one of the great obstacles to our civilization is, as Arnold often said, is British nonconformity and a main obstacle to our civilization is British aristocracy, and this while we are yet forced to recognize excellent special qualities as well as the general English energy and honesties and a number of emergent human individuals, in both nonconformists and aristocracy, clearly such a conclusion can be none of our own seeking, then again, to remedy our inequality, there must be a change in the law of bequest as there has been in France, and that change must not be in giving it to them they never made a cent of it off, but it should be bequeathed directly or indirectly to them who were the means of producing the wealth they accumulated through their productions and distributions of the same either in sick benefits or grants to their benevolent institutions for their infirm and destitute and poor, there is too much bequeathed to useless seminaries for to educate theologian demagogues about supernaturalism, they could never know anything about, and too little left to scientific research, and investigation of all material things. Nothing should be hid from the toiling masses of the people in education about all scientific invention, about natural material things, spiritual things should not require any financial aid, because it belongs to man's own conscience which is the only God he has here or within him, and requires no assistance at his hand to tell or teach us about a heaven or hell, it is no knowledge nor wisdom for man or woman here or hereafter, and to teach them to fear such things is only driving weak minds and bodies to the madhouse to pauperize the people by taxation for to keep them there. This is my experience, and I know I will be called a brute for telling you so, by your Christian theologian priestcraft.

Milton's opinions and sayings about the poor laboring man, with his ignorance was impossible to be gentle, he said, Milton in my opinion is agnostic in the extreme, towards us poor laborers, he says how could a laboring man know how to be gentle. Milton, I have read went physically blind, I presume when he made such remarks about a laboring man being incapable of being gentle, he was mentally blind also, this weakness in mind is the effects and the results of a book learned school education, apart from a natural education, amongst the aristocracy, without knowing the life and laws of nature. Well may Burk have said, our charity ought certainly to extend a due and anxious sensation of pity, to the distresses of the miserable great, the laborer sees both the rich and the poor's existence around him, and all animal life as well. Is he not capable of noting their acts and deeds, he sees taking place amongst them. He sees their mothers directing and guiding their young with gentle and tender care and providing for them, protecting the weak from the strong and forceful for fear of them being afflicted or wounded. Now why should he not have human nature within him, as well as the

rich man? He has all the environments of nature around him and has his sense of feelings not the same affections as the book learned rich man. There is no man has the knowledge and sense of tender and gentle feelings but from human nature and the love of nature, not men's opinion of nature but his own by seeing and feeling the sensation and investigating the bosom of nature. He must know the life and laws of nature, and how did the first man write his biology or utopia or utilitarianism, the doctrine that virtue is defined and enforced by its tendency to promote the highest happiness of mankind, and there is no gentleness nor tenderness to be got, but from nature and the love of nature, and as Milton had gout, he would likely be avaricious an inordinate, or insatiable desire of gain, covetousness, cupidity, greediness.—Daniel Mooney, 123 Dagmar Street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada.

Monsignor Capel may elate his auditory today by telling them that Protestants are more and more discovering that their Bible which they used to oppose to the Catholic church is not infallible, how delightful think his devout heroes to have an infallible church since the Bible is not infallible, but sooner or later will come the irrepressible question, is there, can there be either an infallible Bible or an infallible church, what a ridiculous argument will the argument be, because there exists no infallible Bible, there must exist an infallible church, be then perceived to be, its like arguing because there are no fairies, therefore there must be gnomes, there are neither fairies nor gnomes but nature and the course of nature its dogmas and its confident assertion of its dogmas are no more a real source of strength and permanence to the Catholic church than its ultramontaniam, its poetry. I persist in thinking that catholicism has from this superiority a great future before it, that will endure while all the Protestant sects in which I do not include the Church of England dissolve, and perish, I persist in thinking that the prevailing form for the Christianity of the future will be the form of catholicism, but a form of catholicism purged, opening itself to the light and air, having the consciousness of its own poetry freed from its sacerdotal despotism and freed from its pseudo scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma, its form will be retained as symbolizing with the force and charm of poetry a few cardinal facts and ideas, simple indeed but indispensable and inexhaustible, and on which our race could lay hold only by materializing them, from this ideal future of catholicism, truly few countries can be farther removed than the Ireland of the present day, all the mischiefs of catholicism are rampant there, Irish catholicism is ultramontane priest governed, superstitious self confident it could hardly be otherwise, the Irish Catholic has no public education beyond the elementary school, his priests are educated in the closest of seminaries, the national sense has been so managed in him by us, with our oppression and ill government, that na-

tional sense as a member of our nation and empire, he has none, his national sense is that of a conquered people, held down by a superior force of aliens, and glad to conspire against them with Rome or any one else, if we want the Irish to be less superstitious, less priest governed, less ultramontane, let us do what is likely to serve this end. The Irish will use Catholic schools and no other, let us give them secondary and higher Catholic schools with a public character, they have at present no secondary schools with a public character. As public higher schools the Queens colleges have been offered to them, but they will use the Queens colleges no more than either are disposed to use colleges of that type, the Catholic layman has, therefore, neither secondary nor higher school, the priest has for a higher school Maynooth, a close seminary, what an admirable and likely cure is this for Irish ignorance, sacerdotalism, ultramontaniam, and dissatisfaction, a clearing and enlarging spirit is in the air, all the influence of the time help it, wherever the pressure of the time and of collective human life can make itself felt, and, therefore, in all public and national institutions for education the spirit works, the one way to prevent or adjourn its works is to keep education what is called a hole and corner affair, cut off from the public life of the nation, and the main current of its thought in the hands of a clique who have been narrowly educated themselves, Irish catholicism has been entirely disassociated from the public life of the country, has been left to be an entirely private concern of the persons attached to it, its education has been kept a hole and corner thing, with its teachers neither of public appointment nor designated by public opinion nor as eminent men; we have prevented all excess of the enlarging influence of the time to either teachers or taught. In no country probably is catholicism so crude, blind and unreasoning as it is in Ireland, the public institution of Catholic education in Ireland is not only therefore what the Irish themselves want, it is also just the very thing to do them good, the public institution of Catholic education with the proper and necessary guarantees, our newspapers always assume that Catholic education must be under complete clerical control, we are reminded that the Irish bishops claimed from Lord Mayo the entire government of their Irish university simply a religious seminary, with a state payment, but the state has no right, even if it had the wish, to abandon its duties towards a national university in this manner, the state in such a university is proctor for the nation, the appointment and dismissal of the professors belong to no corporation less large and public than the nation itself, and it is best in the hands of the nation and not made over to any smaller and close corporation like the clergy, however respectable. The professors should be nominated and removed, not by the bishops, but by a responsible minister of state, acting for the Irish nation itself, they should be Catholics, but he should

choose them exercising his choice as a judicious Catholic would be disposed to exercise it, who has to act in the name and for the benefit of the whole community, while the bishops, if they have the appointment of professors in a Catholic university, will be prone to ask who will suit the bishops, the community or the minister representing it is interested in asking solely, who is the best and most distinguished Catholic for the chair—"Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism," by Matthew Arnold.

Prince Bismark says after all, a benevolent rational absolutism is the best form of government, the one fatal objection to it is that it is against nature, and the one insuperable objection to inequality is the same as the one insuperable objection to absolutism, namely, that inequality, like absolutism thwarts a vital instinct, and being thus against nature, is against our humanization, on the one side in fact, inequality harms by pampering, on the other by vulgarizing and depressing. A system founded on it is against nature and in the long run breaks down. I put first among the elements in human civilization the instinct of expansion, because it is the basis which man's whole efforts to civilize presupposes, general civilization presupposes this instinct which is inseparable from human nature, presupposes its being satisfied, not defeating the basis given, we may rapidly enumerate the power which upon this basis contributes to build civilization, they are the powers of conduct, the power of intellect and knowledge, the power of beauty, the power of social life, and manners, here are the conditions of expansion, should be shown and practiced by us, examples by us towards real civilization in and through our social lives, this conduct should be shown in science, and in beauty, and in the knowledge and manners in and through all our social lives, which will be the first preconception of the onlookers at our conduct of acts and deeds, which will be the most honored and respected part of our lives, example is the guiding star, and it should be shown in respect of place and position towards all mankind, a fine culture is the compliment of high reason, and it is in the conjunction of both with character, with energy, that the ideal for men and nations is to be placed. Culture without character is no doubt something frivolous, vain and weak, but character without culture is on the other hand something raw, blind and dangerous. Here are the conditions of civilization the claimants which man must satisfy before he can be humanized, that the aim for all of us is to make civilization prevalent and general, that the requisites for civilization are substantially what have been here enumerated, that they all of them hang together, that they must all have their development, that the development of one does not compensate for the failure of the others, that one nation suffers by failing in this requisite, and another by failing in that, such is the line thought which the essays in this present volume follows, and represent,

they represent in their variety of subjects, there is so frequent insistence of deficit in the present actual life of our nation, their unity of final aim, and undoubtedly that aim is not given by the life which we now see around us, undoubtedly it is given by the sentiment of the ideal life, but then the ideal life is, in sober and practical truth none other than man's normal life, as we shall one day know it, as Matthew Arnold said, and my edition agrees in nearly everything he says in his essays, there is no original sin in us but what we inherited from our parental birth but a mighty great urge from the animal nature we inherited. The notion that the nations lay in darkness and the shadow of death before Christ is quite unhistorical. During the last six decades the principles of evolution have been applied to every reality known to us, not even stars and flowers, rocks and animals, creeds and politics, every idea and institution in the world has been brought under the true fact of evolution, not one thing in the universe stands outside that universal law, the crust of the earth on which we build our cities contains millions of our predecessors on this globe, the stars which brighten the firmament or Milky Way in their thousands of millions, have been patiently studied. Not one object in the universe has ever been discovered that does not tell of evolution, and does not emphatically demand an evolutionary explanation. There is no evidence against evolution. You have only the ignorant chattering of clergymen, like Dr. O. Riley, there is sufficient sense of humor in Canada and the United States of America, of the educated class to know which side is likely to be right. Evolution we find is the law of the universe, we therefore assume and have every right to assume that life itself has evolved and was not created in six days, until someone can show that it could not be produced by natural evolution no one has ever shown that, and now there occurred a revolution in climate which even more strongly suggests that there was nothing but blind unconscious nature. So the Jews old Bible will have to grow out, and regenerate again, but I suppose they will refer to me as Milton did in his doctrine of divorce, how should he a serving man both by nature and function, an idiot by breeding and a solicitor by presumption, ever come to know or feel within himself what the meaning is of gentle, no wonder he wrote his "Paradise Lost," such rhetoric brilliant writing gives to such persons pleasure for its own sake.—Daniel Mooney, 123 Dagmar St., Winnipeg, Man., March 23rd, 1929.

The worst of all the commentators is, they force upon the public, not alone their ideas, but their ideals of admirations and hatreds, about writers and the things they write about regardless of their modern and temporal capabilities morally of being able to do so. It makes me feel as when I read Victor Hugo's set out to give us his best of the sovereigns on the world's roll of creators and poets, here is the deluge he gives of them,

Homer, Eschylus, Scophotles, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Dante, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Moliere, Corneille, Voltaire, here we get them great and big looking and the most of them have sucked the one from the other. Goethe the great poet of Germany, Yilik in his introduction to the collected writings of Lenz, noticing Goethe's remarks on Byron's Manfred, that Byron assimilated Faust, and sucked out of it the strangest nutriment to his hypochondria, says tartly that Byron when he himself talked about his obligations to Goethe, was merely using the language of compliment but I believe that compliment was given in return for some benefit he received from Goethe's writings that helped him to elevate his own, no wonder he would have been highly offended if any one else had professed to discover them, for Byron was the man used them to and for his own advantage. Well may Arnold have said, many and divers must be the judgments passed upon every great poet and upon every considerable writer.

There is the judgment of enthusiasm and admiration which proceeds from ardent youth easily fired, eager to find a hero and to worship him, there is the judgment of gratitude and sympathy which proceeds from those who find in an author what helps them, what they want, and who rate him at a very high value accordingly. There is the judgment of ignorance, the judgment of incompatibility, the judgment of envy and jealousy, finally there is the systematic judgment and this judgment is altogether worthless. The sharp scrutiny of envy and jealousy may bring real faults to light, the judgment of incompatibility and ignorance are instructive, whether they reveal necessary clefts of separation between the experience of different sorts of people, or reveal simply the narrowness and bounded view of those who judge, but the systematic judgment is altogether unprofitable, its author has not really his eye upon the professed object of his criticism at all but upon something else which he wants to prove by means of that object. He neither really tells us, therefore, anything about the object nor anything about his own ignorance of the object, he never fairly looks at it. He is looking at something else. Perhaps if he looked at it straight and full, looked at it simply, he might be able to pass a good judgment upon it, as it is, all he tells us is that he is no genuine critic but a man with a system of suppositions to judge anything, is a proselytizer to his own vanity, he has no pure nor clear reason of judgment which should come at the age of forty years, but it is not an advantage then for the youthful enthusiast for Chateaubriand, to come to know that the eternal did not create Chateaubriand to be a guide to the universe, it is a very great advantage because these overcharged admirations are always exclusive and prevents us from giving heed to other things which deserve admiration.

Admiration is salutary and formative, true, but then things admirable are sown wide apart, not all in one place, and until we have gathered them wherever they are to be found,

we have not known the true salutariness and formitiveness of admiration, when personal man knows he is not the whole light and knowledge of the universe alone, but he may be a great man and a genuine of his time in some things, but to realize the principles of human knowledge aright, of what they mean, is to know the internal and external fundamental value of the permanent knowledge; for the assurance and the sustenance of mankind, and to shed the light of that knowledge around him for the benefit of others, and to be carried forth to the generations to come. Where one generation leaves off, the next generation takes up and follows the trail, the greatest never come, but they all go that do come, and there is no poet or writer however great but has learned something from those that have been before him, and beyond this all is visionizing a future state of things beyond our comprehension. No man knows who will or what will come after him but as of old all will evolve and devolve just the same. We have great men of science and invention come and will still come, and philosophers will still lead the van in visionized writings to awaken the somnolence of the unconscionable minds of the children of men, and if not covered over with the avalanches of evolution and revolution and time, those that come after us will inherit what knowledge we have left to them. It is for them to follow the trail.—Daniel Mooney.

We have had Cromwell in Britain, Voltaire in France, and Lenin in Russia, and they all knew how the wealthy taxed the poor. They let us know the Jews were the first to tax the poor, no wonder they march under the red flag to deceive the people, to increase the poor's taxation. Since Moses they have lived by taxing the poor.

I believe the sun or sons of the universe is the only son or sons of the unknown God if there is any, and we are the creatures that live on this earth, of this planet in the universe, and Jesus Christ if there was such a man, lived on this earth, he was a creature, and not the son of any unknown universal God, and being so he could not be equal with any supposed supernatural being or God of this universal system, and although we know there is a natural universal power exists, in and through this universe, no man knows whether there is any supernatural power behind it or not. If there is any power behind these natural laws, no man can define that power. The supernatural is unknown to all mankind. The sun that moves around this earth of ours is the only creator and generator upon it, or in it, and it is natural to assume that all other planets generate the same under and above other suns. Christ Jesus has nothing to do with it. That mystic power that is supposed to exist, if there is any, that man cannot perceive behind these natural laws, has never yet been revealed to any mankind.

Moses and his conjuring burning bushes visions and dreams are out of the question, nothing but proved true facts will stand the

test of reasonable investigation. This is my rational opinion, rejecting revelations of any kind until proved true, making reason my sole and only guide, in the interpretation of the scripture and dogma, and the why these universal forces do exist or come to exist apart from evolution or devolution, no supernatural power has ever shown it to any natural born man. and if Christ Jesus did, exist he was a natural born man on this earth, and behind these natural forces of the universe, no man knows whether it is a natural force or a supernatural force, and I believe it still will remain so from man's comprehension. I stop at the line when I don't know what is on the other side of it.

Just a few lines about the social conditions of life among the nations of the earth. I never believed in equality of all men or of all things at all times. But I do know what would make the social conditions of life a great deal nearer the margin of equality. Adjustments of bequests and a good secondary education and a higher standard of a lower education, to draw them more in line with a good culture, and a higher civilization, birth control and the prohibition of emigration from one country to another for serfdom and slavery, then the supply of labor would not overcome the demand made upon it, and without force, or compulsion he will have to give a just and generous remuneration for the service he received, and then equality will be in equivalence towards a just and even balance for the sustenance and enjoyment of a civilized life which is the only course any just and right thinking people can pursue, and for any poor working man and women to get married with nothing to depend on but their daily toil, not knowing when sickness and unemployment comes to their door, with nothing but charity to depend on, leaves them vagrants to wander to and fro in the cities and towns of the earth. To my opinion there is no greater crime or a so-called sin than for a priest or minister to marry a poor laboring man and woman, to bring forth nine or ten children that they cannot support, to pine with hunger and starve with cold in a state of degeneracy. There is nothing so cruel and so gruesome as to see and listen to a little boy or girl crying and saying, "mother I am hungry, and want a piece of bread," and the mother can't get it for them. These priests and ministers should be in jail for leading these creatures to their doom, for the sake of big congregations and to get the money for them and their henchmasters, regardless of the suffering of those poor deluded creatures, and they mock at the idea of birth control, but I see very few rich people with large families nothing but the ignorant do so, but I am giving up hopes of the working classes ever being educated to a sense of their condition because unity is impossible under the system of migration of different languages and confusion of capitalists public press of propaganda, keeps the ignorant in controversy of disagreement and distrust of one another, and ends in them all.

leaders as Allison said, about the Poles and none of them fit to lead, and the capitalists are all communists, church and state, and they denounce the soviet communists as diabolical and savage but I say, woe be to the would-bes for there are many of them to pity.—Daniel Mooney.

What is a rebel, and why are there rebels, I ask. We are told that he or they that rise in rebellion against the constituted laws of their country are rebels, and in time of change as all things are in change all the time, but the ignoring people won't realize it, they are and want to be like the Jews, and Moses' laws. They think they are fundamental and should not be changed, but the man Jesus condemned them two thousand years ago, so when conditions warrant an alteration of the laws for the welfare of the people, while the people are oppressed and unjustly treated and when a public demonstrative demand is made by the people for new and better laws, and no hope nor signs, being made of redress, and when it becomes better to die than to live and suffer persecution, after pleading for an alteration of the laws to the constitutors of the law, is it not right to revolt against wrong for that which is right? Is there any place in this wide world today where the emancipation of mankind has taken place, that there was not a revolt and a struggle took place to obtain it. It was no wonder Senator Reed, of Missouri, in the United States of America, attacked law before the president and the senate of that House, before he retired to private life in the beginning of 1929. After being nineteen years a senator in the House helping to make and amend laws, and he was a lawyer himself, and he learned law at a night school while working on a farm, to support himself and his mother and her family, and after all his experience of practicing law at the bar, this is what he said about law: What is law, sir, it has been the instrument of tyrants and the weapon of brutes since time began. By it despots have sought to justify and cloak the villainies that have stained the earth with blood, and saturated it with tears, and filled it with the groans of the dying. Then and now I ask who are the rebels, are they not those who keep back justices and the truth, a man who does not know right from wrong, and does not comply with what is right, is not responsible for what he does, and should be directed and guided to know right from wrong by them that does know. But a man who does know right from wrong and does not comply with what is right, is not only an ignorant man, but a wicked man that has ignored the truth, and a hypocrite blasphemer. Moses as we read was the first Jew law maker, and he cloaked and conjured in his burning bush, and after he killed the Egyptian, he gave and made commands and became an expert at making laws and patent laws to protect the ointment manufacturers for the perfumes, for Arran's beard while in the tabernacle performing his conjuring tricks. When Mirriam and the Jew fair maids were performing on their timbrils all these performan-

ces had to be paid for. No wonder Christ said lawyers made burdens heavy to be borne, but they would not touch them with their little finger, and Moses was the first Jew lawyer that extended his liberal laws of taxation, to the British Jew lawyers, to tax the Indians, Egyptians, Arabs, Africans, Chinese and last but not least the poor Irish Arabs. No wonder the Jews don't want to be too patriotic in one place, for they are in many places and yet these Christian Jews tell us these laws of Moses are spiritual laws and should not be reformed and if we dare to reform these fundamental spiritual laws, the armageddon, the vision of great destruction will come upon us, but I am glad it is only a vision, because I never was afraid of shadows. The Pharaohs are in the high places still. They are the only fundamentalists and it takes a Voltaire and a Lennin to remove them. The people is so much in subnollence and unconscious of knowledge, and as Professor McCabe says, they are like oysters living in comfortable shells, and the price of security is the abandonment of the power to grow.—Daniel Mooney, Dagmar street, Winnipeg.

The Ulster Scot at home or abroad are British Jews, and they are always at home in a good position with little work to do and plenty to eat and drink. And always abroad when in a bad position and hard work to do, with little to eat and drink. It is then they are running all over looking for the green spots to lie down on, to make a home of them as in the case of Ireland, and they are like the Palestine Jew, they are never too patriotic in the one place or country, because they are spread over all countries, and it would spoil their schemes of graft and exploitation to be patriotic in any one place, and if you should speak about them not being patriotic, they would tell you they were broad minded people. Very generous indeed to their nearby friends, the money and money's worth is their manna of life and they never want it to diminish below the omer, they are fundamental there and the gates of hell could not prevail against them in these deeds. They are the puritans that received the inheritance of Judea's knowledge, that they think is the only fundamental knowledge in this world for all mankind, but they are and have been mistaken, and when they shall say peace and safety, sudden destruction shall come upon them, and the walls of their enemy's safety shall not fall if they encompass them seventy-seven times, far less seven times like Jericho, and they shall be taken in their own conceit for their knowledge shall fail them, and Jewry and their constructions shall be no more. The Jewish priestcraft by their sacrificial offerings to some unknown God for their heathen barbarous people's sins, their slaughtering of the young innocent animals, creatures, and birds and fishes to feast upon to satisfy their glut. These traditions and habits handed down to us by the Jew books or Bible has enslaved us to killing and eating of the innocent carnage of the animal race and birds and fishes, instead of living on the fruit of the field, and the milk and butter

and cheese and eggs and honey provided for us by the animal race and birds and bees. We are now existing in the same condition of life as the heathen barbarian Jews existed six thousand years ago, save in a little invention of scientific machinery. This book of theirs they call the Bible, instructed them they say by some inspiration when in war and victory on their side, to kill all the old men and old women and all the young men, and to preserve all the young maidens for their own dirty filthy lusts of their so-called enemies. These books of theirs they call a Bible, has no foundation to stand on in this investigation in this enlightened age, far less to build on a new condition of things, for the rock which means justice and truth. That cannot be moved, is the only foundation to build on and neither the Jews of Palestine, nor the Christian Jew has any of these virtues. Cursed is the ground for their sake, all their communions are for deception of preludes to delude. All their conjuring miracle workers are dead, they cannot produce one now, and their false dreamers and vision seers are an abomination today, not one of their prayers are heard and still they pray and pay the bookies always in hope of gaining some one day, but the bookies are the priests and ministers that grow fat and their sons become bankers and money lenders. No wonder Lord Beaconsfield, the Jew said, Christ Jesus done more for the Jews than ever the rabbis predicted he would do. He made the heathen gentiles believe in him and the Jews were proud when they worshipped him, and extolled and heralded the knowledge and wisdom of the Jew, that he would trust him to rule over them, and they ushered him into their fold, as the equal of any God in the Hosannahs to the highest. No wonder the despotic Jews would be proud of such a proclamation to their honor and fame of producing a God from their ranks for the world's heathens to follow after. The records of some writers and their analogies to the Jews about their knowledge and me knowing how these phases can all be construed by ministers Jewish priestcraft, makes me the more divert from their hideous horrors. No wonder there are earthquakes in divers places, eruptions and avalanches and seas running over from place to place, over the earth to drown and cover up them and their written abominations that their records never more may be seen. They eat and make us eat under their conditions, the carnage of the animal race. The Jews I think were the first murderers and sacrificers to the satisfying of a heathen barbarous, and will I say, a cannibal ungodly race. Both man and beast they have sacrificed to their vanity, such people following their traditions amongst us today cannot be civilized human beings, no matter what their outward show may be. Judaism is the cross skull of the secret hidden concealed best, they are the criminal inner workers of all secret societies, from this Bible is taken and from the New Testament are taken all oaths and vows and signs and passwords that all hidden and secret societies contain. In that book the Bible in it

contains what is used for exploitation of body soul and mind, and confiscation and deception. To them that understand it and the inner workings of secret societies, if they are human, to them it is a gruesome and horrible aspect of survey, and an inspiring gloom of horror. To know its utilizations by mankind, for the persecution of mankind alone, it is a book of artless heathenism and barbarism; open to be used for and applied to anything that will exploit or confiscate the means of the simple ones, and deceive and delude those that believe the truth and its injustices is without screen or cloak, and all this is done by wizardom of priests and ministers, twisting phraseologists can reach so many extreme points as Ingersol says, by these twistors' system of applying it to any subject, this kind of interpretation by priests and ministers should be sufficient to condemn the whole book alone when all the copies of it is burned, as Ingersol said, it will cultivate a bank of violets, and Robert Green Ingersol, was no ignorant man, he was a real searcher and a finder out, he was wanted to stand for President of the United States of America, and would not because of his opinions of christianity and the Bible. Lincoln held the same opinions but violated them to be president and he was shot and President Grant was on the platform with Ingersol, when delivering a lecture not in favor of the Bible nor christianity.—Daniel Mooney, 123 Dagmar street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Revelation of John's Vision. About the great whore of Babylon, 1st Chapter of Revelations.

John's vision of the great whore, a woman arrayed in purple and scarlet, with a golden cup in her hand, sitteth upon the beast, and upon her forehead was a name written mysteriously. Babylon the Great, mother of harlots and abominations of the earth. There is no use of me quoting every verse in these two chapters of St. John's Revelations, 1st and 18th chapters. My interpretation of the seven heads and the ten horns, the punishment of the whore, the victory of the lamb. The great whore is the City of London, that sitteth upon the beast, and the beast is the King of Great Britain and his residence, and London is the great Babylon, the mother of all abominations. The great whore that sitteth upon many waters, with whom the kings of the earth have committed fornication, and the inhabitants of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication, and the scarlet colored beast having full of names is King Edward, with his scarlet coat and titles and names, of many secret societies of blasphemy, because your John tells you when he refers to the beast he means the king. And the beast that rose up out of the sea of many waters are the kings of Great Britain that rose up in the British Isles amongst a sea of people moving to and fro like a moving sea to be the greatest nation in the world, and London was made that wealthy by bringing in all the riches of the world into her that made them say

our city is no widow for she sitteth a queen. This is the great whorish woman, Great London, that drinks out of a golden cup in the midst of all, decorations of gold and precious stones and pearls, with golden cups in their hands at their banquets of abominations, with the filthiness of her fornication. No wonder there was written on her forehead the name mystery and mother of harlots, Babylon the great and abominations of the earth. No wonder the woman, which is the City of London, was drunken with the blood of saints and with the blood of the martyrs. When I saw her I wondered with great admiration the revelationist said but I never had any admiration for that Babylonian harlot, and the angel said unto him, "wherefor doest thou human marvel, I will tell you the mystery of the woman and of the beast that carrieth her." You will see the beast is the king which hath the seven heads and the ten horns, the beast that thou sawest was and is not and yet is, shall ascend out of the bottomless pit and go into perdition, and they that dwell upon the earth shall wonder whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundations of the world when they behold the beast that is and was not and yet is. The interpretation of him, the beast, is very simple. King Edward is the beast that gives his nature to his friends, so that nature which is the semen that gets the child when put into your food assimilates through your blood, and them germs of that semen blood echoes through the blood of those he gives it to. This is the reason he was and is not and yet is. And here is the mind that hath wisdom—the seven heads are seven mountains of seven kings London was built on. Five of them are fallen and one is and the other is not yet come; and when he cometh he must continue a short space, and the King is the beast that was and is not, even he is the eighth and is of the seventh and Edward goeth into perdition, and the ten horns which thou sawest are ten kings which have received no kingdoms as yet. And King Edward the eighth is of the seventh son, and these ten kingdoms, which have no kings but receive power as kings one hour with the beast, these are Britain's ten colonies. Their representatives are assembled together as an imperial nation and they have one mind for a little time to give their power and strength to the beast which is the king of the British empire. These shall make war with the lamb and the lamb shall overcome them for justice and truth is the lord of lords and king of kings, and these chosen that are at the head of truth and justices are faithful to that which is right. And London which is the whore of harlots and some time or other has been the home of every filthy bird that is always on the wing after their prey, she is sitting in waters and these waters are moving like waves of the sea with multitudes of people of all nations and tongues. And these ten horns or colonies upon the beast, which is the king of Britain, they shall hate the whore which is London, where all wickedness is done concerning them and other nations. All ex-

plottations are done in her, as Lloyd George said, we will keep the machine here, and he was one of the whores greatest conjurers. These imperial colonies without kings under the beast will hate the great City of London, which is the whore, and shall make her desolate and naked and shall eat her flesh, which means her food stuffs, and burn her with fire, and God has put in their hearts to fulfil His will and not agree to give their kingdom unto the beast, which is the king; and this imperialism, it will be disloyalty to their king as their head, will be the fulfilling of the revelations of John's visions. If these revelations from the unknown personal God will be fulfilled. And he said the woman which thou sawest in that great city, which reigneth over the kings of the earth, for all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death and mourning, and famine, and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. And the kings of the earth have committed fornication and lived deliciously with her shall bewail her and lament for her when they shall see the smoke of her burning, standing afar off for the fear of her torment, saying, alas, alas, that great city, Babylon, the mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come. And the merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her, for no man buyeth her merchandise any more—the merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple and silk and scarlet, and all thine wood and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of precious wood, and of brass and iron and marble, and cinnamon, and odors, and ointment, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men, and the fruits that their soul lusted after are departed from thee, and all things which were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all. The merchants of these things which were made rich by her shall stand afar off of her torment, weeping and wailing. How much she has glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore her plague shall come in one day, and they shall say! alas! alas! that great city was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet and decked with gold and precious stones, and pearls, for in one hour such riches is come to naught, and every shipmate and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off and cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, what city is like unto this great city, and they cast dust on their heads and cried, weeping and wailing, saying: Alas! alas! that great city wherein were made rich all that had ships

in the sea, by reason of her costliness, for in one hour is made desolate. Rejoice over her thou heavens and ye holy apostles and prophets, for God has avenged you on her, and a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone and cast it into the sea saying: Thus with violence shall that great city, Babylon, be thrown down and shall be found no more at all, and the voice of the harpers, and musicians, and pipers and trumpeters shall be heard no more at all in thee, and no craftsman of whatsoever craft, he may be shall be found no more at all in thee, and the sound of the millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee, and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee, and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee, for thy merchants were the great men of the earth that deceived the people of the nation and robbed them; these are the men of London with and in their exploitations of all nations; in her is the head offices of all nations' exploitations; in her is the head of the beast of lust, and passions of abominations, she is the Babylon of all tongues and nations, she is the scarlet whore. King Edward the Eighth, and his scarlet admiration that goeth into perdition. She sitteth on a sea of glass and on the king, which is the beast, and in his palaces surrounded by all foul birds of ravenous prey that has corrupted the earth with migraters from place to place; they are the vultures the Jews that call themselves the English chieftains, and the north of Ireland chieftains. But the British race in that great city, London, the great whore of whores, and the mother of harlots, are Jews, and the inventors of all the abominations, the vices of the seven churches has nothing to do with these facts of John's conception on the Island of Patmos, about the mother of harlots, which is great London. This is the interpretation of the great whore, that sitteth on the beast which means the king, and their heads, that is the reason they sit on him; he upholds them in his proclamation, by his name, in all the doings of the city and nation. This is the meaning sitting on the king or beast's head. This is the interpretation of and about the great whore of Babylon, in all her glories of decorations of signs and symbols of the old Babylon king and priestcraft, purple and scarlet and all gorgeous decorations of vanity and abominations. I am Daniel Mooney, which means Light that interprets this part of John's visions on the Island of Patmos. There is nothing in this vision, or this part of John's vision, concerning the people of Rome in any way, it refers solely to the great whore of Babylon, which is none other than the life and end of great London and the fall of the British empire, but it is certain the Pope has nothing to do with this Babylon whore, mother of harlots, dressed in purple and scarlet, which is King Edward's coat of symbols. It is concerning the destruction of the greatest city in the world, the mother of harlots and whore of whores—is the City of Great London. If there is any supernaturalism in these

visions, I know not. I interpret them as prophesy, and it is easy to do so, because a true prophet visionizes and compromises, and as well as the destruction of great London its the fall of Britain.

Fourth chapter of Genesis. And the Lord God said: Behold the man is become as one of us—when he had eaten the forbidden fruits. I ask, who is one of us this Lord God speaks of when he said us? I presume it was some king or to the lordly priestcraft Jews. He was speaking about the good and evil, and now lest he put forth his hand he said and take of the tree of life also and eat and live forever. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden for fear he would eat of the tree of life and live forever to till the ground from whence he was taken. So God drove out the man, and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubim and a flaming sword which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. These lords and gods keep the way of the tree of life. Well, just look how Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are keeping it now from the poor Arabs, with their college and revolvers in Jerusalem. He said unto the serpent, because thou has done this thou art cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field, upon thy belly thou shalt go and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. Unto the woman he said I will multiply thy sorrow and thy conception in sorrow, thou shalt bring forth children and thy desire shall be to thy husband and he shall rule over you—but in my time the women rule over the men—and persuades them as she did to eat the forbidden fruit and here is the man's reward for obeying her. And unto Adam he said, because thou hast harkened unto the woman's voice, of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, saying: Thou shalt not eat of it. So this is what he gets for obeying her; cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shall thou eat of it all the days of thy life, thorns and thistles, shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herbs of the field, in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground for out of it thou wast taken. But how does it come to pass these that are hereditary lords and kings, that live filthy lives, never have to eat their bread by the sweat of their brow? They are Joshua's chosen few, for dust thou art and dust thou shalt return, so you will see, sin or no sin, this God has his selected few. No wonder there are rebels. The rich capitalist always eats the garden fruits and takes the herbs now and then as medicine. This is a wonderful God and does move things in mysterious ways, that ordained such proceedings in and through life. So he drove the first man out of the Garden and he placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubim and flaming sword, which turned every way to keep the way of the tree of life. This knowledge, which means the tree of life, is well guarded with shot and shells, to enslave the poor toilers on this earth, but isn't it amusing how these

Gods change their plans. In John's gospel, he says: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish but have everlasting life." Its just a matter of opinion with them. In the third chapter and 22 verse of Genesis we have God casting out Adam or the first supposed man out of the Garden of Eden for fear that he would eat of the tree of life and live forever like one of themselves, and this God or gods changes His mind about everlasting life, and His only Son, begotten of God, He sends to suffer and die upon a cross that man might have everlasting life. He shows a little revolution physically in this part of His arrangements. This God sent Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac to test his faith on an altar for experience for himself, and when he was going to slay him this God sent him a ram to sacrifice instead of his son, and this immortal God that made all worlds and breathed into man the breath of life, as if He didn't know the mind of His own spirit, He put into Abraham, without testing His own wisdom of strength in or on man, if He knows all things and commands all power, why this experimenting on man? The fact of the matter is man is at his own free will amongst the enmity and spite of man. This Bible is no puzzle. It is a lot of Jewish priestcraft handed down generation after generation, officiates of the crafts of priests that be. The Bible and Testaments are farcical suppositions and revisionations of all Jewish and Christian churches, and apart from the heathen they are all Jews, and such a book to be put into the schools for innocent boys and girls to read at their own free will, without some intelligent person to read it to them, separating the bad from the good that they may not know the evil, but to let the boys and girls read it themselves, it is an insult to civilization.—Daniel Mooney.

And Paul making allusions to man and potters clay, is no contrast or analogy to be compared with God making man and breathing into him His spirit that he became a living soul. The analogies to potters clay won't do, potters clay is dead matter, but we are supposed to be living souls of animation and meditate within ourselves, the dead matter can't think to ask questions. Paul said the potters clay had no right to say to the potter that was living matter, why hast thou made me thus? But the potters clay was dead matter and unable to ask any questions. And this supposed God said when He was supposed to have made us, He breathed the breath of life into us, and if that spirit of life which is supposed to be in Him and He give part of it to us, He should know the reason we ask and demand an answer about the writing of these books, the Bible and Testaments. Christ said He needed no one to testify of man for He knew what was in man and He is supposed to be the Son of God, then how much more will God know what's in man, that He should have to experiment and try man's faith in anything and prove with His own spirit that what He

put in man would do, in the fleshy matter of man. If this God knows all things He needs no experimentation with His own spirit He gave to man in creating him. We are living creatures till we lose our energy and then we need no food or fuel to make blood to generate it, because this part of nature is devolving to be moulded into other shapes and forms of nature. Therefore, there is no need of me commenting on or about things that are impossible. They have tried to run in a testimony of apostolic frauds of Jews with the writings of kings and capitalistic Jews, and the priestcraft of Judea that have overrun the earth with and in their exploitations and abominations in the twentieth century. Let me tell you the blood is the life and light of man. When it ceases to exist and all its germinating dies your spirit and soul is gone, our lives or any other cease to have any spirit then, there is no resurrection with any animation without the seed; all else is oblivion and anything else for man to try is vain, compromizations of another world or life after this one is beyond the true and real realizations of any mankind. I cannot conceive it, and Paul says all things were decreed beforehand. This election excludes a great many and with the same tongue he tells us to make our calling and election sure, which we have no power to do. When God decreed all these elections beforehand, and Paul said the gifts and callings of God are without repentances, now according to Paul, though God breathed into man the breath of life, that spirit had no power over the flesh—he said them that are in the flesh cannot please God, so that breath He breathed into man, apart from life, has no power over the flesh according to Paul's reasonings. And if God has fore-ordained anything about man's destiny, what's the use of prayers or worship of any kind or honor to him. We see King David redeemed according to his craftiness by praying to this God and let him have fore-ordained it or not. Now according to Paul he said the scripture saith unto Pharaoh: "Even for this purpose have I raised thee up that I might show my power in thee and that my name might be declared through out all the earth." So you will see the people knew nothing about God nor His power, and that spirit or breath He gave Adam did not reach all men only in life. Of the flesh there is no resurrection without the seed raising it from the ground or womb that germinates and generates it. No matter what seed, all is fed and generated from or in the grounds, it must do so by nature; it devolves and evolves and animates again in some shape or form of mould that cometh forth again by nature's process. This evolution by the resurrection of the body arising from the dust of the grave in its old form complete to meet the soul that is supposed to have left it at death, which they say means the spirit of God, to unite the body again at their supernatural command, is no evolution but proves, as Enoch says: "If there are Gods it is certain they pay no attention to the affairs of men." This resurrection is no evolu-

tion, therefore, not in conformity with this God's natural laws and has no consistency with reason. And according to Genesis and Paul to the Romans this breath of life God breathed into Adam in the Garden of Eden, was just an animation breath of life to exist or live in the flesh, and all animals and creatures of the earth sex received the same breath of life, but it shows no proof of any supernatural God in them to direct and guide them in the flesh. And apart from this supposed God's directions to Adam in the Garden of Eden, after He is supposed to have breathed the breath of life into him to exist, and according to God's word in Paul's writings to the Romans, this spirit of God only comes and goes to and from man because Paul said he done what he would not have done and left undone what he would have done. It was his environments of life that caused this, so we see he was at the freedom of his will; so we see this breath or spirit of life was no use to Paul to guide and direct him in the flesh. If always decamped from his mind or soul when he done wrong and was always with him when he done right. These in our environments is a terrible thing; this God always seems to be experimenting on man or with his supposed own works by this so-called spirit. It's a great electric flame this wit of God's as Moore, the Irish poet, said about it, shooting through the frame swiftly from brimming glasses. And this being in the spirit on the Lord's day puzzles me for I don't know what the Lord's day is. The Hebrew Jews buy and sell every day and the Christian Jews work their slaves every day they can work them, and this God that gave life to all creatures, as man and woman, to become living souls, it seems to me this spirit of the living soul is dead and the animated flesh is living. And do not all creatures think as well as man, and have knowledge of their own and they use it for their own providence. Tell me how is man better than they? And if He created these bodies of ours and left us to the freedom of our own will to commit what these fanatics call all kinds of sin that seeks this God's mercy for redemption, and if He should judge us for doing these things why should he condemn us for the things He lets us do? The very idea that God knows we did wrong and let us do it is sufficient for me to know He wanted us to do it. If He has the power to direct and guide us through life, and this lustfulness and murderous passion He has given men and women in their fleshy bodies, without any control of His supernatural power to direct and guide them in and through life, and this talk about the Testament written by men to be the words of God is a wretched blasphemy. This God was supposed to be talking to men out of burning bushes, and fanatics' dreams like Jacob's stone for a pillow and wrestling with angels, and climbing ladders, where is there a reasonable man today who would believe the story about the Red Sea opening up at the command of a man and standing up like a wall on both sides till a lot of exploiting Israelites or Jew marauders would pass through, and pray to God for

winds to rise and dry up the river Jordan, that Jew marauders would pass over dry shod, and forty years in the wilderness and their clothing not get old upon their backs nor their shoes upon their feet. Everything grew as they grew and their manna food never grew any bigger nor diminished to less. This God, according to the Jews, does move in mysterious ways. Was there ever anything so damnable printed for reasonable sensible people to read in this twentieth century. It is and was plain man is at the freedom of his own will so long as wicked men do not interfere with him and obey the laws of the land they live in. Then why does God want to judge him or condemn him for using his own judgment in conformity with the laws of his own countrymen or the land that he lives in. This whole theory of the Bible and Testament being God's word is blasphemy, and only delusions of confusions got up by Jewish kings and Jewish priestcraft through their old Bible to entangle the minds of all unrational thinking people. And through and in these delusions they have filled the jails with murderers and thieves and filled the asylums with lunatics who have been imbedded and carried away in their minds by thinking and trying to reason with and about these puzzles of Judaism. Since they built the first tabernacle or temple it has been sacrifice of men and beasts, rams, lambs, bulls and goats, and Christ, the supposed Son of God, a Jew himself, they crucified on a cross for their own redemption, because they are Christian Jews; bloody murder in war to redeem their trade and commerce, bloody murder in the internal affairs of their country's productions, to redeem the capitalists interest from the just reward of their slaves. This is the wisdom of the British and American Jews, blood and nothing but blood is their redemption,—religion is the frantic and fanatic argument about a world they know not of, and the real Jew never sheds his blood in war but reaps the spoils of war. No wonder they are not patriotic because of the spoils of their prey.—Daniel Mooney, 123 Dagmar street, Winnipeg.

It is amusing in my time to hear the Protestant Christians proclaiming that the Roman Catholics keep no Sunday. They go to mass or prayers they say; after that they go to sports or games the rest of the day to play common or hurly, and jump and run, and throw the hammer, or put the ball, which is a clean and innocent exercise, and no sin. The most part of the day, while the Protestants themselves go to church part of the day to listen to an old preacher lecturing out of an old Jewish history of superstition and blasphemy, about a Bible got up by Jewish kings and Jewish priestcraft, of conjuring suppositions that are impossible and unreasonable for some of them to ever have taken place. We have prophets in our time, and we know how many of them are false and how few of them are true. And the Protestant Christian Jews as well as the Hebrew Jews call the Roman Catholics and rationalists free thinkers,

an ignorant people and pagan heathens for not believing these writings of the Jews to all be true. And they call the Jews a wise and far seeing people for writing such conjuring fables to deceive the people. And in this Great Britain and the Ulster Scot in the north of Ireland before going to church, and after coming from it, breaks the law of their land by running bootleg dumps, and if not running them they are in them before their churches open and after they close to satisfy their gorgeous lusts in all kinds of immoral actions. And the Hebrew Jew or wandering Jew keeps no Sabbath day of any kind. In the city of big London, England, where they claim to have the whole knowledge of God and His supposed Son, the Jews keep no Sunday. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning the Jews in Petticoat Lane and all around it begin to sell and buy all kinds of wares, and are authorized to do so by the powers that be, and praise them for their great knowledge and commercializing capabilities to buy and sell the products of toil and labor. And on what the Jews call his Sabbath day, our Saturday, he buys and sells all day like his friend, the Christian Jew. Both are commercializing and accumulating to themselves the good things of this world. And the Jews meet in their tabernacles or temples not to pray, but to discuss the safe and sure ways and means of how to invest their capital in their speculations, and to visionize clear the certain results and consequences of their speculations. And they study well the economical profits of commercializing productions, but they will not put forth their hand to any hard labor to produce any kind of material. It is no wonder they call us workers materialists for we produce the material these Jews live upon. Well may Shakespeare say by Bassanio's speech in the Merchant of Venice where you will see the Jew, Act III. Sc. II. "The world is still deceived with ornaments in religion what damned error, but some sober brow will bless it and approve it with a text, hiding its grossness with a fair ornament." So this Jewish Bible is a fair ornament. It is written to put the people off the trail of life, for the progress and betterment of their lives. They have written it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven, and they cloak it with that cowardly assertion that with God all things are possible. After all this they teach us commandments and the consequences of breaking them, but you will see it never keeps any of them back. After all this they continue their old Jewish priestcraft, setting it before you with fair ornament, and says, with God all things are possible. This Bible is always putting you in dreads and fears, and then redeeming you by saying there is nothing impossible to God. It seems instead of this God being a supernatural God He is an unsupernatural because He has departed from the work He is supposed to have done according to these Jews' Bible. Their puzzles of needles and camels are a fair ornament.—Daniel Mooney.

When Plato wrote his New Republic it looked very plausible to those of no experience in and through the life of nature, but to the natural man of experience to whom alone that knowledge is given, to think out and reason with the problems of nature through life for the sure paths of life for men to pursue. Then we see the fallibility of Plato as Jeremiah Bentham saw the fallacies of Blackstone at the age of thirteen. It is just like Bentham that analyzed the sayings of Blackstone, that I see the fallibility of Plato, that he was a man thought out and reasoned with the environments of nature of which he was only a part, and could only act and tell his part of life in and through nature. And we know that all nature changes and variates so that Plato could not be always at a like goodness still in all phases of life. And he believed in wars and the invasion of countries for spoil as well as self defense. I am not going to worship him as the British pagan lawyers did Blackstone, flocking over to London from the United States of America to do homage to a despot that twisted and cloaked the villains that stained the earth with blood and saturated it with tears, and filled it with the groans of the dying. When he says, "Shall we not teach the young men to taste the blood and put them in front of the battle with the old ones," what part of nature did he take this idea from? You will see here he wanted them to know the value of spoils of war by putting them among the old soldier dogs to teach them how to know the scent and the way it would lead them to their prey, and how to enjoy it when they got it. I presume he took that lesson from the hunt fields when he saw the hounds hunting after the hare. The old dogs who have tasted the prey know whether the prey is far off or near at hand by the freshness of the scent, and the young dogs run after the old dogs but do not know what the scent means although they smell it till they taste the prey. Then they become scent vigorous and desperate after the prey. This is the reason, when in the hunt fields when the old dogs kill the hare the huntsman gets down off his horse and takes the hare from the old dogs and tears it up in pieces and divides it among the young dogs. Then the young dogs know the meaning of the scent when they have tasted the blood of the prey. Because they have tasted it they know its value. This is a token of the missionaries of this so-called Great Britain, scenting out the good things in all nations and vacant places of the earth before the old capitalist soldier dogs teach the young soldier scouts how to get the prey that they may become ravenous and devour other people's belongings. This is Plato, the great Greek, and his part of this world's knowledge, but only his part of that conception of this world. We are all only particles of this universal system.—Daniel Mooney. Written in 123 Dagmar street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada, 31st of July, 1929. Born near Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, in the year 1860.

I, Daniel Mooney, have made a study of all this financial economic question, its causes and effects upon the rise and fall of nations. Every nation less or more has suffered by its effects for the greed of gain of some of their own producers and commercializers of their country's industries by joining into external shipping combines of other nations. Such men have added to the demoralization of their own nation's commonwealth. In the first place, as I have said before, no individual of his own state, whether producer or commercializer, should be allowed to invest money or wealth financially for his own gain in any external combines of any kind that would or does lead to the exploitation of his own country's wealth or resources. Any manufacturer who joins in any shipping combines to commercialize his products and persuades and entices others of his countrymen to join with him is an enemy of his country's welfare, and should be exiled from his native land. Such men even use their influence to persuade other merchants to send their shipments by his external combines. Every nation should have its own fleet of merchant ships, whether nationalized or private ownership. They should be under state control to carry all their exports and imports that it sells and buys. It is their own interests and belongs to no others and the little states such as Ireland, Australia, Africa and Egypt suffer most of all. The control of these shipping interests by every little state itself is the key to success and prosperity of the state. By these shipping combines Britain has robbed the world because every manufacturer or producer that had anything to commercialize in foreign or any external country from hers, has made it not alone a practice, but a theory, to proselytize and canvass every state to get some of these kind to join her combines; and by her plausibilities to these men she knew would be easy to seduce, and join her combines to destroy the very lifeblood of their wealth, which is the commercializing of their own country's exports and imports. Regardless of these British Jews who have robbed the world with their combinations of merchant ships through this conjuring sham of deceiving the nations by getting their merchants to join their shipping combines for fear they would get merchant ships of their own, this is what has made her mistress of the sea; not her navy. And when Ireland and these other little states realize this, and some of the big states, then this British mistress of the sea will cease, and every nation shall retain and maintain its own wealth within itself. The fact of the matter is the nations are asleep, and the British Jews' press, and Bible still camouflages them; but this wretched fog will clear away one day, and the British Jew will be like Adam in the Garden of Eden; he will stand naked with no place to hide himself.—D. Mooney.

And Abraham took him and Jochebeds his father's sister to wife, and she bore Aaron and Moses:—Chapter XVIII. of Leviticus;

chapter XIX. 3rd verse; chapter XXIV. 3rd verse. If man wants to know Moses' laws laid down to these children of Israel, he should read the chapter XXIV. of Leviticus. If he did he would know the people in my time do not believe in these laws Moses taught. When Darrow, a criminal Jew lawyer himself, pleaded and advocated for the doing away with these laws Moses taught, and that is doing away with capital punishment, which means a life for a life, and an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and these are the very parts of Moses' laws I believe should be carried into effect. Then I say if it is a fact this God of the Jews commanded Moses to make such laws when talking to him, if the Jews had or have any faith or belief that this God of the Jews commanded Moses to teach Jews such laws, why do the Jews now want to annul them. This all goes to prove there was no personal God of any kind talked with Moses in or through burning bushes at any time. The Jews' laws, let them be supposed to be what they will by the people, are all farcical and dreams of superstition. This planet of ours is in a horrible state of unreasonable thinking men, leagues of nation of men and women to combine confusions to blind the eyes and stupify the intellects of the wisest and intelligent of the best of reasoning thinking men.

Well may Mathew Arnold have said that our inequality materializes our upper class, and vulgarizes our middle class and brutalizes our lower class. We do not need financial equality to make us a humanized family; it simply means to be well acquainted or intimate with and in our domestic affairs, affable and easy, constrained towards one another. This is the greatest of charity towards our civilization. If you have the sense of feeling if humility within you; you will find in this intercourse of familiarities a harmony of socialities that cannot be surpassed in or amongst the human family of any nation; and as for the poorer class, who, that has seen it, can ever forget the hardly human horror, the objection and uncivilizedness of Glasgow, and Port Glasgow, and Greenock on the mouth of the Clyde. The miserable existence in these places, in their filthy dens of what they call closes, could produce nothing but the worst of degradation and immorality, and shame, and degeneracy, from 1880 to 1900. I lived or existed in Greenock and married a wife there and with their floating population in their good and bad times of shipbuilding on Saturday nights and Sundays in their filthy, drunken, dirty, procedure was gruesome to behold. They had no sense of morality laws, nor the laws of nature; all was the uncultured animal acts and deeds in the most exposed ways and places. And my wife sacrificed her children and her own two cousins to be mutilated and killed, and my father and mother and three sisters, and a brother to be killed for King Edward and the royal Campbells and the Orange society, so if you can get any woman in Britain more loyal to the king

and Orange society than that Scotch woman, Margaret Williams, or Courtberthen, (her Scotch mother's name). She destroyed my life and killed my friends, or got them killed. This is the great Scotch race, but their low wage could provide nothing but the meanest hovels for them to live in, and after paying for their food they almost drank the remainder in beer and whiskey after getting their clothes out of the pawn or loan office, and they must get the price to go to the football match. And when their clothes are in the loan office they are like Arabs, and very little to cover them in bed at night. No wonder they marry the Indians for they are the most of them Highland serfs or tinkers themselves but as my countryman, Burke, said: "There ought to be a system of manners in every nation which a well formed mind would be disposed to relish," and the power of social life and manners is truly, as we have seen, one of the greatest elements in our humanization. Unless we have cultivated it we are incomplete.—Daniel Mooney.

A canon says he no longer regards the Bible as God's word. "Book is only broken record of men seeking God," he declared. London Times, Southam special service copyright, London, October 19: "British people are rapidly ceasing to read the Bible just as they are increasingly averse from attending church." This condition in national life was deplored by the Bishop of Worcester, Doctor E. H. Pearce, in an address to his diocese conference. However, on the same occasion members of the conference were startled to hear from the Canon of Worcester Cathedral, Reverend Y. A. Lacey, that he no longer regarded the Bible as the word of God. There is nothing in the Old or New Testament, he declared, to suggest that they are to be called the word of God. What we find is a vast collection of literature, which I read only as literature. I find in the Bible the only broken record of men blindly seeking after God, and I do not find anything else. Reverend Canon Lacey's declaration follows that of the Dean of Peterborough earlier in the week, that he did not believe in Noah nor in the authenticity of the flood.

An Essay

If wisdom means the light for man, then why not let him see;

And why is light restrained from man, if conscious he may be.

The minds deranged cannot understand the twisters here that be

Delusions spread both far and wide amongst the swains I see.

Why are the sleeping souls annoyed when they awakened be,

In fury they do rise and strive to insult and martyr me

Because the light here I have shown to them I mingle free,

But still in darkness and in dread that light they cannot see;

But give to them a flowery bed with pleasures
 great and glee,
 It's then they wish that I was dead, my light
 they don't want to see.
 But when my rays are glowing bright in
 knowledge where they be
 They look up to the starry night where wis-
 dom's light won't be.
 But when old age, that's darkest night to
 them, does come they'll see
 That joys and pleasures have taken flight; and
 left them all but me.
 Surely then their misery will enlight the path
 they could not see;
 It's then their joys and pleasures are a fright
 when they remember me.
 Show me where pleasures are delight when
 thoughts are roving free;
 It takes great moderation bright to keep them
 from going a-glee.
 Conceptions ever in their flight, they catch
 here what they see,
 And analyze them with their might to prove
 what they can be.
 I see men here in sorrow's plight about things
 that are construed
 That others did possess all right and properly
 them diffused.
 But where can our wandering thoughts alight
 like roving winds that's free;
 Can they echo forth the heart's delight to
 warbling birds like me.
 Youth is a frolic with no sense, that thinks all
 things they see
 Should come with pleasure and consent to
 suit the times that be;
 But all things change without consent, save
 nature's only plea,
 So here in every stage through life our nature
 must agree.
 Youth's fragility is a stage that's reckless,
 wild, I see,
 Then manhood comes with cares and strife,
 the struggles great that be
 For to here sustain a life that man would like
 to see,
 Then old age, this stage of life we dread let
 us agree.
 When joys and pleasures do take flight this is
 the end, must be
 To stare them all up in the face every stage
 we see
 Man never here yet has embraced these facts
 from youth, I see.
 Our parents never taught us to realize, they
 knew
 That life when entering into this world had
 stages vast and true.
 This life of youth, manhood, old age, no crea-
 tures can construe,
 So let wisdom in your manhood days remem-
 ber not the few,
 But the many that have trod the road that
 wisdom never knew.
 Man can never realize these facts till experi-
 ence him imbue,
 Then like all mankind he looks back to regret
 what he did do.
 Old age is mourning, sore with grief, with re-
 gretful sorrow too,

Because the future he can't know while life
 he's going through.
 Then to his past he must look back to know
 where failures brew,
 Alas, too late, he knows the fate of man and
 all he knew
 That life when run is not all fun, but sorrows
 not a few.
 The wise and great, I do relate, are not so
 vast and true
 As some would think, when on the brink of
 this great how do you do.

—Daniel Mooney, 123 Dagmar street, Win-
 niipeg, 21st September, 1929. Born near
 Banbridge, County Down, Ireland.

My opinion of an unsocialist's socialism and
 material production and commercializing of
 our British Empire at home and abroad. What
 is going to be the end of it all? Socialism or
 smash. Socialism if the race has at last
 evolved the faculty of co-ordinating the func-
 tions of society, too crude and complex to be
 worked any longer on the old haphazard pri-
 vate property system. Unless we organize
 our society socially and humanly a most
 arduous and magnificent enterprise. Econ-
 omically a most simple and sound one. Free
 trade of itself nor other ways can never ruin
 England. But a farcical Free Trade will ruin
 her. Bernard Shaw says, "When his father
 made his fortune we had the start of all other
 nations and the organization of our industry,
 and in our access to iron and coal and other
 nations bought our products for less than
 they might have to raise them at home and
 yet for so much more than they cost us. That
 profit rolled in like Atlantic waves upon our
 capitalists." When the workers by their
 trades union demanded a share of the luck in
 the form of advanced wages. It paid them
 better to give them the little they dared to
 ask than to stop gold gathering to stop and
 crush them. But now our customers have set
 up in our own country improved copies of our
 industrial organization. And have discovered
 places where iron and coal are even handier
 than they are by this time in England. They
 produce for themselves, or buy elsewhere
 where they formerly bought from us. Our
 profits are vanishing, our machinery is stand-
 ing idle. Our workmen are locked out. It
 pays now to stop the mills and fight to crush
 the unions when the men strike. No longer
 for advance but against a reduction. Now
 that these unions are beaten helpless, and
 drifting to bankruptcy as the proportion of
 unemployed men in the ranks become greater.
 They are being petted and made much of by
 our class. An infallible sign that they are
 making no further progress in their duty of
 destroying us. The small capitalists are left
 stranded by the ebb. The by-gones will fol-
 low the tide across the water and rebuild the
 factories where steam power, water power
 and labor power and transport is now cheaper
 than in England, where it used to be cheaper.
 The workers will emigrate in pursuit of the
 factory. But they will multiply faster than
 they emigrate, and be told that their own ex-

orbitant demand is driving capitalists abroad. And must continue to do so whilst there is a Chinaman or Hindoo unemployed to, under bid them in the labor market. For this the time of change, the discovery in other lands of production equal to our own. And the physically degeneracy set into the white race. Physically and mentally are going back to the goat herds on the hillside.

As the British factories are shut up they will be replaced by villas, the manufacturing districts will become fashionable resorts for capitalists living on the interest of foreign investments. The farms and sheep runs will be cleared for deer forests, all products that can in the nature of things be manufactured elsewhere than where they are consumed will be imported in payment of deer forest rents from foreign sportsmen. Or of dividends due to shareholders resident in England. But holding shares in companies abroad. And these imports will not be paid for by exports because rent and interest are not paid for at all. A fact that the Free Traders do not see or at any rate do not mention although it is the key to the whole mystery of their opponents. The cry for protection will become wild but no one will dare to resort to a demonstrable absurd measure that must raise prices before it raises wages, and that has everywhere failed to benefit the worker. There will be no employment for anyone except in doing things that must be done on the spot. Such as unpacking and distributing imports, ministering to the proprietors as domestic servants. Or by acting, preaching, paving, lighting, house building or the rest. And some of these as the capitalist comes to regard ostentation as vulgar. And to enjoy a simpler life will employ fewer and fewer people, a vast proletariat. Beginning with a nucleus of those formerly employed in export trades, with their progeny will be out of employment permanently. They will demand access to the land and machinery to produce for themselves. They will be refused. They will break a few windows and be dispersed with a warning to their leaders. They will burn a few houses and murder a policeman or two. And then an example will be made of the warned. They will revolt and be shot down with machine guns. Emigrated, exterminated anyhow and everyhow. For the proprietor class have no idea of any other means of dealing with the full claims of labor. You yourself though you would give fifty pounds to an immigration fund readily enough would call for the police, the military, and the riot act, if the people came to the beaches and made you turn out and work for your living with the rest. This superfluous proletariat destroyed there will remain a population of capitalists living on gratuitous imports, and served by a disaffected retinue. One day the gratuitous imports will stop in consequence of their occurrence abroad of revolution and repudiation, fall in the rate of interest purchase of industries by governments for lump sums, not reinvestable or what not. Our capitalist community thrown on the remains

of its last dividend, which it consumes long before it can be rehabilitated; its extinct machinery of production in order to support itself with its own hands. What I have described to you is the inevitable outcome of our present Free Trade Policy without Socialism. The theory of free trade is only applicable to systems of exchange. Not to systems of spoliation. Our system is one of spoliation and if we don't abandon it we must either return to protection or go to smash by the road I have just mapped. Sooner than let the protectionists triumph the Cobden club itself would blow the gaff and point out to the worker that protection only means compelling the proprietors of England to employ slaves resident in England and, therefore, presumably, though by no means necessary, Englishmen. This would open the eyes of the nation at last to the fact that England is not their property. Once let them understand that and they would soon make it so. When England is made the property of its inhabitants collectively; when England becomes socialistic, artificial equality will vanish before real freedom of contract. Freedom of competition or unhampered emulation, will keep us moving ahead and free trade will fulfill its promise at last. But my opinion is a part of Mr. Shaw's unsocial Socialism. Great Britain with her much exhausted mineral resources, at expense now to pay, a substantial remuneration for their productions. And with her over growing population leaves her now begging for assistance, from her colonies, through and by the principle of free trade all around, the British colonies, and with her textile industries transplanted to other lands by her capitalists, for cheaper labor and cheaper raw materials, and cheaper access to the commercial markets of the world, leaves her like an old feeble woman in her declining years, begging for assistance of her children. To whom some of them she had not been over kind to in the bringing up. Her colonies and free trades all round for the Imperial Commonwealth, would only be coercion and the colonies with the most wealthy resources would be afflicted and crippled the most. In manufacturing and all kinds of agricultural products it would become a competition of dumping amongst the colonies. And Britain the fact of the matter is any large nation with a wealth of mineral and fibre resources, must adopt protection. It supplies its own necessities internally and develops its production by the aid of its exportation. All non-producing nations with small resources must adopt free trade. And notwithstanding all these truths we have newspaper men and would-be statesmen propagating the necessity of free trade all around, that idea is the worst of inequality, and the destruction of an internal socialism amongst the colonies of the British Commonwealth. And the continual rise and fall in the price of raw materials in the markets of the world, instead of tariffs that would be the result of free trade all around.

Here is a Christian man drawing some kind of assistance of the public. And he says why does rationalists, or free thinkers, or athiests depend on Christians. But he has no knowledge to ask why does Christians depend on free thinkers and Rationalists, to subscribe to Christian charities or the building of Christian institutions. The Christian churches educate the missionary in these Asiatic languages, and sends them out to China, Turkey, Egypt and other lands throughout the world, by subscriptions gathered from all-kind of believing and thinking people, and they never ask them when they are getting it if they are Rationalists, or free thinkers, infidels or any other belief and this to proselytize or pervert and convert them to beliefs that is to become Christian. That they may be able to live upon them, and these races of people that you think are heathen savages are more civilized and humanized towards their own caste in acts and deeds, than your supposed great God-loving Christians. And they have just as good a right to believe; that their prophets that mean a mediator between them and their supposed God to get into some other world I know not of. And they have just as good a right to believe that their mediators, Buddhist Brahman, Mohammedan, and others have as much power to intercede for them to their personal God, as you Christians has to believe that Christ Jesus can intercede for you to same unknown personal God. Both you Christians and Buddhists, Mohammedans and Brahmans are only suppositions. Propagated propositions which means a mist in oblivion of vanishing imagination. Here is a sample of the Christian life as it is seen by their acts and deeds in their so-called human lives, back-biting enmity, swearing lies, defrauding one another, seducing one another's sisters, seducing one another's wives, and makes the home a hell to live in, is this not the lives of the Christians. Yea, they lie behind the ditches and lanes to murder one another. All your Christian secularity is worldliness, and still you are looking for another world. This is the reason I don't want another world forever and ever, with undesirables. No wonder the wise man said "how long ye simple ones will you love simplicity and you fools hate knowledge." We are bad enough in this world with the kind of stock that's in it. But to associate with them in another world is more than I could endure.—D. Mooney, 27/11, 1929.

It is a true fact and one to be deplored that our so-called Christians are not humanized enough, from instinct, to be sensible enough to be agreeable to reason. And the Jews have recorded to us their history in a book called the Bible. And the Christians have recorded to us a book called the New Testament. And these so-called Christians are unable to link these two books of history together as a real chain of evidence, feasible enough to make the people believe they are the real written word of God. We know all civilized nations have come and gone and disappeared by evo-

lution and revolution by the changes of the earth and on and in the earth nations have disappeared and explorations take place again. Until men realize and understand these things, they will never know the cause of one nation being civilized before the other, or civilized more than the other. It is the changes of the earth that hides from us the modern civilization that has been covered over by landslides or washed out of the way, or covered up by the seas changing from one part of the earth to the other. It must be so to balance her flights in circulation owing to excavations taken out of the earth, causes these volcanoes and earthquakes and seas to change from place to place in time and floods some other part of the earth as I have said and wipes out all our modern civilizations and leaves not a record to be seen of our mighty past. There never was a deluge or a flood or Noah's ark, it was simply the seas changing from place to place. There never was nor will be any warning in these days all shall drown as before. There will be no use or time to run to the mountain top or house top all will be a rush of waters over the plains and valleys of the earth. No astronomers or scientists will be able to warn you in those times.

I am very sorry to say I have to deplore the administration of President Cosgrave's government in the Irish Free State. He must have a short vision indeed of the future events that are probably to take place in time to come. I am told by a young man from the Irish Free State that the Free State had closed down eight flour mills because they could buy the flour cheaper on the American continent. Preference for cheapness often goes too far. But that government in the Irish Free State will come to see that there is nothing at a like goodness still. They must not forget the seven lean years and the seven fat ones they had down in Egypt of their corn and flour, these cheap supplies of flour from America and her continental ports will get dearer in time and then the Free State will have no flour mills to grind her own wheat when she grows it. It will be like the coal strike in Britain with them then when they were sifting in coldness and darkness without fire or light. President Cosgrave had no vision of the coming British coal strike but if he had any vision while the miners and masters were wrangling about the rise and fall of wages, he would have chartered steam boats and brought to Ireland as much coal as would have done them for two years and would have paid nothing extra for that consignment and there would have been no excitement nor discontentment in their country over miners strikes and at the present time there are thousands of men idle in Dublin and other cities and towns in Ireland. Free State demanding work without doles, and if some of these men were employed in these flour mills that are closed down and restarted again it would give the men work without dole, then the doles would be saved and the men's wages would give them more purchasing powers to

purchase other commodities of their own production manufactured and made in the Free State and this cheap flour that the Free State purchased abroad and comparing the purchasing power of the wages lost to the men by the mills being closed down and adding to the doles for walking the streets idle. This leaves less purchasing power for the commodities in the state with this purchasing power of unemployment to the men and the losses to the state in doles of unemployed pay, put these losses of doles and wages of the men and state into a scale and weigh them in a balance. These cheap purchases of flour and other supposed cheap commodities from abroad. Is this kind of economics, I ask President Cosgrave and his government, not the height of extravagance. And not naming the same conditions of trade and commerce between the Ulster counties and the Free State, I believe that kind of government in the Irish Free State is the height of extravagance. A government that has no idea or ideal but to raise a revenue solely for nothing else than to pay for the government of the people and to show a clear balance on the right side of the slate regardless of the development of the resources of the country's industries, and utilizing them for their own country's good, and you should arrange your tariffs and duties so as to never mind this preference scheme with imperial colonialism. It is a dead horse to the interest and welfare of the country. You must learn to know you cannot get anything cheap. You must pay the cost of their production and the transportation to the place where to utilize them or consume them, the maxim I have proved to be liberal, be just and courteous to all people and nations and be friendly with few.—D. Mooney.

And as for the Irish Free State trading with Ulster counties, or governments that won't agree to one government for Ireland, or come under it, it is foolishness and weakness of mind to propose or have any dealings with them till such time that they themselves shall see they are fools. While I do believe the Free State people are a capable people, yet I believe some of them have not learned the old adage and that means, a man's foes are those within his own house. And these foes of the Irish Free State are within the Free State and they are the British commercializers and merchandisers—men that are in the Free State's own country taking advantage of the Irish Free State's government and living at the expense of the Irish Free State's consumers, that has not yet got stabilized tariffs nor duties on their bunders against the entering into their country of all merchandise of manufactured commodities in Ulster. This free intercourse of trade between the two governments separates them more apart than unites them, because these manufacturers of Ulster are sucking the blood out of the Free State consumers to close down their industries and prohibit the rising up of Free State industries, to nourish and foster the North of Ireland industries. All this would

cripple and run out of existence the Free State government of Ireland. They should raise a high tariff wall in the Free State against all goods manufactured in Ulster, and shipped in to the Free State from Ulster industries from the North of Ireland, that are imported into the Irish Free State as I have said it would be better to pay a little more in freight to add from England and purchase your requirement from Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds and London, of your commodities, and buy or charter your own steamboat service. It would help to give work to these loyal Irish men in these cities and towns in England and also give a little turn of money to the English people themselves. Every cent spent in purchase money in Ulster is helping to keep down the industries in the Irish Free State or prohibiting them from rising up. The only way to beat a Jew is to have no dealings with him, neither to buy nor sell to him and Ulster claims to be the Jewish chieftains of the North of Ireland, and if the Ulster men shipped their manufactured goods to England and rebrand them and tranship them back to the Irish Free State as English made goods I would bond them for deportation. I am sorry to say that this Free State government has no sense or knowledge of applying the theory of diplomacy in their financial economical dealings in their transactions of their productions and distributions economically in and through their exports and imports. It is certain the real Irish can visionize and detect it but it also is certain that there are many of them don't realize how to apply the theory in time and place. As I have said before in another place in this book, that I read an account of a speech at a place, called Portadown, in the North of Ireland, by a subject of the Irish Free State the name of Barry and he addressed a crowd of people of Ulster men, about the trading of the two governments of the Irish Free State and the North of Ireland government, and he stressed the point that the people should trade in spite of their governments, and he tried to camouflage those that did not understand his theory and he said "Mr. Barber, the head of the North of Ireland thread and linen mills, and a Mr. Beats and Archdale, should trade with the Irish Free State in spite of the government to draw the two peoples together in harmony and good will." Independent he said to the government of the Free State and him a subject of the Free State. He knew Mr. Barber would benefit by getting a contract for his company of thread and linen for the Free State army and the police guards, and Mr. Beats and Archdale with some other merchandise to exploit the Free State and keep their Ulster garrison working while the Free Staters would have to emigrate and he said he was twenty years in that part of Ireland, the Free State, and they just killed him with kindness. He knew well how to canvass for Ulster trade and well may he have said they killed him with kindness, for if it had been Mr. de Valera used that propaganda against the government of either states, he would

have been pounced upon and put in jail as a rebel and dangerous as a sedition monger. They try all schemes to keep their factories working at the expense of the Free State workers. I would not buy one pound weight of material from them, I would buy it in England.

Here is a problem to be solved in these English speaking countries, and many other countries as well. It is a problem that requires the experience of the best rational reasoning thinkers of the scientific school of men to deal with it and to solve it. And the problem is this: If the nations want a human united civilization within themselves in their own country of a humanized people, it must be along these lines: They must discard from the midst of them all secret societies and their so-called friendly societies from amongst the people and elect a government to annex laws for the sick, and funeral benefits of the people, and to enforce birth control, and settle all labor disputes by arbitration. And the old men and old women pensions should all be paid out of the Federal government revenue from and by the taxation of all the cities and municipalities of both the Provincial and Federal State governments of the people, and all working men and working women should contribute their share while they are in work or working so much a week or month to this scheme, and the masters should also contribute their share towards that scheme according to their income and profits obtained by them. This scheme when carried out in its proper form will do away with all sectarian bigotry and unite the people as all nations should be united within themselves. This will do away with all conjuring, exploiting grafters and it shall do away with the hatred of murdering secret societies that makes man persecute his fellow man. It will take away his necessities of having to take an oath to promote the interest of his secret society he belonged to, regardless of his poor innocent suffering brother in the flesh that knew not his designs and ignorant of his wicked crafty schemes, to keep him out of work or the position or place that he was entitled to occupy, that he may get one of his own sect into the position or place that he was the means of keeping him out of, because of his oath and vow he takes in his secret society to support his secret society brother, regardless of the persecution he has inflicted on the man that is true and free from all secrets and vows and oaths, of all fraternal secret societies that are used at election times for the interests of the exploiting classes, regardless of the suffering innocent creatures that are struggling for an existence in life, and these capitalists never think that are benefited by these secret societies; that there is a smoldering fire of enmity and revenge raging in the hearts and breasts of these oppressed and suffering ones, waiting for a time and opportunity for a revolution or war to get satisfaction for the sufferings they have endured at the hand of these fraternal-

isms, because of the keeping back of this broadcasting of justice. That is the leveller up and repairer of the breach, which is the satisfier of the hearts and souls of men, that makes a nation strong and great and resourceful to withstand the inroads of her enemies. And this broadcasting of justice amongst the people will be the means of maintaining and sustaining by this progress the physical and mental strength of her people; that will enrich their minds to a sense of unity; that will make any nation strong and great. And just allow me to tell you that any nation that encourages secret societies to exist in the midst of her people; that would and does shed blood to maintain a place or position in the state or country of any kind, and, not that alone, but they get men imprisoned in jails and insane asylums for their secret societies sake, to hide and cloak their wicked designs and acts and deeds by wretched doctors opinions, and judges on the bench, and lawyers prosecuting for the crown or state, yea, and lawyers defending criminals in the dock that help to make the laws in parliament and partly help to administer them to and for the people. I say any nation that allows such things to be done is going back to the crawls from whence their first animated barbarian offspring came from. Here is a quota of this class, directly or indirectly, living by their influence on or over these secret societies, professors in colleges, high school teachers, clergymen in the pulpits, judges on the bench, lawyers to prosecute for the crown or state, and lawyers to defend criminals in the dock; doctors to give their opinions on physical and mental diseases, as paid state officials, from the cities and municipalities of the state, of which they contradict one another in their opinions. That only goes to prove they know nothing about the physical constitution of man and womankind, only by the scientific process of the X-rays. And they are as ignorant about the mentality of man and woman's mind as a prospector knows about his claim he has staked out till he works it and finds out what it is worth in the mineral resources of the earth, because he has no means to prove the fact until he has got experience by working with it. And it is only a bluff of a judge or a magistrate to call into court an inexperienced doctor of the street about insanity, to give his opinion about his soundness of mind in a law court, without experience in that special department of the asylums for insane is most ridiculous, as a doctor told me that had the experience for years as head superintendent in the Belfast Asylum for the Insane. Over thousands of patients in his time there in Ireland, and he had visited many parts of different countries to see how insanity was treated in the insane asylums of these places, that by what he seen there he might be able to improve the treatment in his own institution of insane patients in the city of Belfast himself, and after all his experience amongst the insane patients there for years, when him and me was walking in the asylum grounds amongst the insane patients and lis-

ten to what they said and what they were most interested about their condition before they came into the asylum, they would explain their troubles of how they came to be put into the asylum. The doctor's name was Mr. Graham, or William Graham,—Daniel Moon-ey.

They would explain how they were threatened at home for telling some things about their people's private affairs or something they seen the mnister or priest doing immoral with some woman person that was a dishonest act, or some people that knew them told them something about other people that he should have kept a secret. Then these ministers and priests, when they were exposed, ordered their people to put them into the asylum for they were dangerous spreading news like that broadcast amongst the people. Or some girl had a child to some of them and her brother or father was threatening to shoot him. Or they had cohabitation with some man's wife and he was going to poison him. Or his own wife was threatening him. And others were real mad with syphilis and drink. Some quite feeble or silly by accident and concussion of the brain and paralysis, and an unrecoverable burden on the state. Others their people threatening to kill them to get their homestead or the place they lived in, with no supposition on their parts, and when the doctor and me talked it over we both came to the same conclusion, and that was there is a cause for everything. Then this superintendent in the Belfast Asylum for Insane said to me, "It is all owing to what they term insanity, all begins and ends there."—D. Moon-ey.

Now to speak off this world's evils. Since the beginning of the nineteenth century, into the beginning of this twentieth century, it has been a rush with all imperial kingisms and the Christian church for a big and great population in their nation to accommodate the capitalist in his supply of immigrants and migraters, that has over-populated the earth and is now overrunning it, while we have the priests and ministers crying out for young men and women to marry to fill their churches, that are not fit to support themselves, far less to beget an offspring, to persecute them and degenerate the race by starving them with hunger and cold. That if there is such a thing as sin by wrong doing, that surely is the greatest, for nothing else but for to support a lot of lazy slothful preachers, or confabs of how to ensnare or camouflage, to deceive the poor innocent creatures. Although it is a hundred and fifty-five years this 1930 since Thomas Paine set forth to the world his book he called *The Age of Reason*; and yet, notwithstanding the lapse of all that time, I see it is not sufficient to convince the clergy of all kinds of what the age of reason means, nor what the word reason itself really means. When they stand in their pulpits and tell the people that that Bible and Testament is the authorized word of God, which is an insult to that great and universal supreme power in

this twentieth century. And they call to the scientists to halt, and they denounce science and the invention of all new machinery for the production and distribution of our commodities that is and has been the god of nature to all the human race. It has given man and beast less toil, more ease and greater pleasure than all the gods of mammon they worship today, that they get down on their knees to and persecutes ther bodies. And they are afraid the people of these countries would adopt the wisdom of France to inforce compulsory birth control. There is no unemployment question can be solved apart from birth control. The nations of the earth's capitalists and the church is megomanna for big populations, for war and imperialism, for colonization's sake. To live on his slaves of serfdom by immigration and migration, and they send out the missionaries to spy out the green spots, then the guns of war follow them to murder and confiscate the lives and homes of the heathens in the name of God and civilization. But at home if they don't adopt birth control they will be like the ants in the ant hills, eating and devouring one another. —Daniel Mooney, March 10, 1930.

And here lies the enemy of all the human race, first the crafty signs of Adam, in the so-called garden of Eden with his cherubim and flaming swords protecting this tree of life which is the fruit of knowledge which provides life for the parasites of capitalism. These were the first signs to keep the people in ignorance on the face of this earth. And this Moses turning rods into serpents and his burning bush and commands, one of which was: "Thou shalt not kill," and he killed an Egyptian himself before he gave the commands, coming out from his crawls of slime and bulrushes to conjure and do Egyptian feats. Elijah and Elisha with their fiery chariots going up in a whirlwind and doing charms with their mantles. Saul and his witch of Endore. Samson and his Philistine whore and his foxes. Joshua and his Jordan standing up the waters on both sides for a lot of murdering Jews to pass over. Job and his comforters and the devil proving him. Abraham and his beautiful Sarah, getting her to deny herself for fear the Egyptians would outrage her; and he was the father of the faithful, but he hadn't that much faith in God as to believe God would protect his wife from the Egyptian. David and Uriah's wife he called a ewe lamb that became the mother of the greatest whore monger the world ever knew; with his nine hundred and ninety-nine concubines; with his temples of crafty Freemasons' secret societies and murder. Isaiah and Jeremiah manufactured false prophets, and I need not speak of the lesser prophets. And Jesus Christ and His apostles, all miracle workers of conjuring imposterisms. These are the supposed chosen people of God. They have all the signs, vows, and oaths would sink Noah's Ark, and it was a real fable. They are all pious brigands of plunder, pillage, and murder, confiscation and fraud. And all

those that follow after them are Babylonian worshippers, to impeach God of giving these conjurers inspiration through dreams and visions to commit such horrid and hideous acts and deeds to men, women and children, is to humiliating a mortification upon the civilization of this twentieth century—Daniel Mooney.

Nothing can present to us a more strange idea than that of decreeing the word of God by vote. Those who rest their faith upon such authority puts man in the place of God and have no foundation for future happiness. Credulity, however, is not a crime, but it becomes criminal by resisting convictions. It is strangling in the womb of the conscience the efforts it makes to ascertain the truth. We should never force belief upon ourselves in anything, as Thomas Paine says, he has spoken of three frauds, mystery, miracle and prophecy, and he might have included revelations as fraudulent. And the Bible was established altogether by the sword and that in the worst use of it, not to terrify but to exterminate. The Jews made no converts; they butchered all, and it is false to say Christianity was not established by the sword. And the revelation of anything to man is only for himself, because if you told it to others they would laugh and say you were crazy, and it prevents the imposition of one upon the other, and precludes the wicked use of pretended revelations. The Bible is the sire of the Testament. Paul said there was a spiritual body and a fleshy body, but he was lying. No wonder they told him he was beside himself. And he said the seed must die before it brings forth, but, that is not true. The seed in the ground or womb must generate to bring forth its own kind of fruit, and the seed that dies in the ground or womb degenerates to and with other matter for to animate and regenerate again in some shape or form we know not of. As Darwin says, we go to nourish other plants and growth that sustains men and beasts. Dead seed begets no offspring; it degenerates to and animates with other matter as I have said, to regenerate again in some form or shape we know not of. And this belief in the blind faith is the substance of nothing. When we cease eating and drinking gradually our bodies and souls begin to degenerate and when in the grave assimilate with other matter to animate and regenerate again. We are in change all the time like the earth we live on. We evolve and devolve and revolve all the time. This is the natural and supernatural universal God. There is no spirit apart

from nature.—Daniel Mooney, Banbridge Co. Down, Ireland.

This is one serious thing will have to be rectified in Great Britain and some other countries, and that is the mixing up of criminals in orphanage homes with the humanized and civilized children, that are free from hereditary crime that are placed in these homes of serfdom with no fault of their own, by accident or misfortune happening to their parents. And no matter how kind their keepers or teachers may be they must obey all orders of discipline no matter how they feel. They have no mothers nor fathers sympathy with them. They are serfs and the hereditary criminals, children that their fathers or mothers has committed murder or other criminal offences, which hereditary is liable to follow the children's children if not bred out to the fourth generation after them in and through time by intermarriage of the human people of the civilized race. It is cruel to mix up humanized children with the children of inherited crime. It is a danger in some cases to mingle with them, and the worst of it all is, these unfortunate human children after serving as it were or is a penal servitude in these orphanages, homes or institutions, are sent abroad as slaves to far distant lands to work as serfs amongst the strangers in their so-called imperial colonies. From their cradle to their grave they are still under the bond of serfdom. And then their Prince of Wales congratulating them on their prospects in these lands of serfdom and slavery, and telling them when they succeeded to not forget their motherland. Why not find work at home for these boys and girls that has spent their youthful days in these solitary homes of confinement and serfdom. Why not send out your own sons and daughters that has enjoyed the fruits of freedom in their youthful days to build up your so-called colonial empire. I do not want to see one section of pioneers of British colonial imperial slaves and another of parasites in pleasure seeking living on the toil and sweat of these colonial imperial pioneer slaves. These friendless civilized human orphans should be the nations accord to promote the interests and welfare of these friendless boys and girls at home instead of transplanting them to foreign climes for usury. It should be the doctrine of utilitarianism with them and to them. That virtue is defined and enforced by its tendency to promote the highest happiness of mankind.—Daniel Mooney, Banbridge, County Down, Ireland, Now residing at 123 Dagmar street, Winnipeg, Man., Canada, December 22, 1929.

